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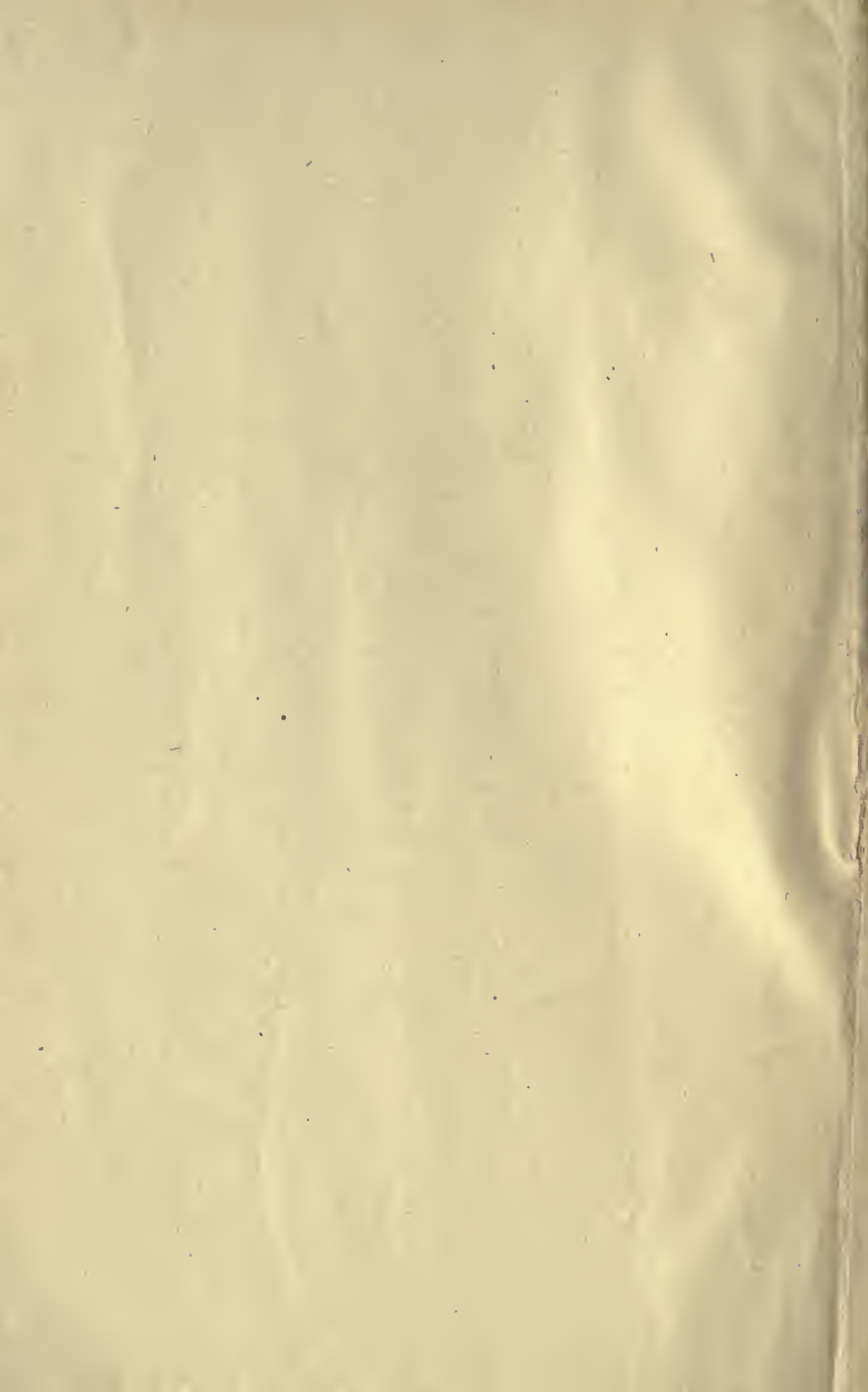
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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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In Excelsis.

BY JOHN C. REVILLE, S. J.

THIS eyrie spurning, up, with pinions spread,
The eagle soars above yon Alpine snows,
While rolls the thunder and the lightning glows
In awful majesty above his head.
He rides the billowy storm, nor quails in dread
At hurtling bolts, but higher still he goes;
When, lo! a flash, a scream—in mighty throes
Down reels the mountain monarch, bleeding, dead.
The mounts of God fling out their bugle call:
On crest and crag some golden trophy lies;
Unsheathe thy blade and scale the rampired wall:
On, higher still! The daring win the prize.
But, mortal-like, if thou art doomed to fall,
Then nobly fall while climbing to the skies.

Catholics and the Blessed Virgin Mary.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

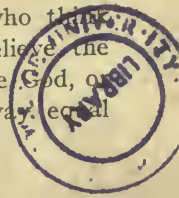
ATHOLICS who live in a Protestant country are frequently called upon to defend the doctrine and practice of devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of our Divine Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. That is as much as to say, in other words, that we Catholics are often called upon to *explain* this devotion; for objections to it can arise from only a misunderstanding of what it really is, or failure to grasp what is its rightful place in the scheme of Christianity. When this is understood, Catholic veneration

of the Blessed Virgin needs no apology; for it is seen to be part and parcel of the religion taught by Jesus Christ and His Apostles.

But to explain successfully our devotion to the Holy Mother of God, it is not enough to be able to state merely what it is *not*: to tell people, as we often have to tell them, that we do not look upon the Blessed Virgin as divine; that there is a vast, infinite difference between our devotion to her as the highest of God's creatures and the supreme worship of adoration which we pay to God alone. Besides this, we must have a *positive* knowledge of the Catholic doctrine about Mary; we must know that doctrine as well and as completely as we can.

It is true that often we have to begin by denying some strange caricature of the Church's teaching. Only the other day the present writer came across an instance of a person who seriously believed that Catholics do not worship God at all, but address all their prayers and worship to the Blessed Virgin! It is hard to be serious in dealing with such notions: sometimes it is difficult not to be angry. I suppose all we could do would be to assure persons laboring under such an impression, that we really do worship Almighty God.

We may hope, however, that such extreme ignorance is not common amongst our non-Catholic friends. Nevertheless, there are many among them who think that, if we do not actually believe the Blessed Virgin Mary to be above God, or at least divine, and in some way equal



to God, we, at any rate, pay more attention to her in our worship than we do to God Himself, and give God the second place. And when non-Catholics hear the Litany sung at Benediction, or notice that in the Rosary there are ten "Hail Marys" to one "Our Father," they consider these facts a decisive proof that they are right. It requires considerable patience to explain to them that Catholic worship is not based upon mathematical computations; that the worship of honor given to Mary is something entirely different in *kind* from the supreme worship of adoration given to God alone; so that a thousand "Hail Marys" can not enter into comparison with a single "Our Father" or one brief aspiration of the heart directed to Almighty God, since what we offer to Him is divine honor, while what we give to the Blessed Virgin is no such thing at all.

Far be it from us to judge harshly those who misunderstand the doctrine and look with disapproval upon the practice of devotion to God's Mother. Usually it is not their fault. They have been educated in false ideas, and fed upon misconceptions which for many generations have filled the mind of the public. We must patiently and charitably strive to undeceive them; to persuade them that our ideas and practices concerning Mary are not what they think them to be, and to show them what the Catholic doctrine really is.

And—to repeat it, for it is important—if we are to do this successfully, we must ourselves *know*, we must know well, we must know as completely as is in our power, what the Catholic doctrine is, and upon what solid ground it rests. Without that knowledge, with only a partial and incomplete knowledge of Catholic truth on this subject, not only shall we be unable to explain it to others, but our own devotion to Mary—and, more than that, our love and worship of Jesus and of God our Father—will be in some respects wanting; for it is only when we realize

as fully as we may, as accurately as we may, the true position of Mary in the plan and work of our Redemption, that we can grasp as we ought the wonderful condescension and wisdom and exceeding great love of God exhibited in the Incarnation of His Son,—the full meaning of those words of the Apostle of the Gentiles: "When the fulness of time was come, God sent His Son, born of a woman." (Gal., iv, 4.)

The Catholic theology on the subject of the Blessed Virgin is a vast and grand edifice, second only in vastness and importance to the Catholic theology about God and Christ Himself. Indeed, it is not a separate edifice at all: rather, it is like a splendid and magnificent chapel in some vast cathedral, so wrought into the building that to destroy it would be to spoil and ruin the beauty and harmony of the whole. And that is what Protestantism has done to the edifice of Catholic Faith, even as it did to the old cathedrals in which our forefathers worshipped. It has spoiled and defaced, the grand edifice of Christian doctrine by pulling down the Christian, Catholic truth concerning the Holy Mother of God, leaving an ugly gap, through which, as was inevitable, the winds and storms of heresy have entered, and have defaced, when they have not wrecked, other parts of the building; so that the truth about Mary, the Mother of Jesus, having been lost, the truth concerning the Incarnation of her Divine Son has not remained intact; and much beautiful truth about the Fatherhood of God Himself in the supernatural order has become sadly overlaid and obscured.

Naturally, it would be impossible for me in one article to put before my readers the whole Catholic doctrine concerning our Blessed Lady; or even, in a short space, to give the baldest outline of its wonders and beauties. I shall confine myself; therefore, to one point, to one aspect of the theology of Mary; and I have chosen it because it is one which

even Catholics themselves are apt to lose sight of; though it forms, as is plain, one of the fundamental reasons for our devotion to her.

One of the earliest Fathers of the Church, Tertullian, who lived and wrote in the second and third centuries, has summed up in a few pregnant words the aspect of Marian doctrine that I wish to emphasize. "God," he tells us, "when man, His image, had been taken captive by the devil, won him back by a *parallel operation*." And, going on to explain what he means by this, he adds: "For as into Eve, when yet a virgin, entered that word which was the cause of death, so also into a Virgin entered that Word which is the cause of life; so that man, who by the female sex was brought to destruction, by the same sex was brought to salvation." St. Justin Martyr, at the same period, says: "God was made man through the instrumentality of a woman in order that the disobedience which began through a woman should be made good through a woman." And the great saint and martyr Irenæus, also one of the noble band of sub-apostolic Fathers, says that Almighty God in His wisdom decreed that, since the devil won his victory over man by means of a woman, so he should be finally defeated through a woman.

These great Christian Fathers did not speak at random. They lived immediately after the time of the Apostles; their doctrine was Apostolic doctrine; and they taught this great essential truth of Christianity: *that Mary has the same part in our salvation as Eve had in our unhappy fall*. Let us see, then, what precisely was Eve's part in bringing about our fall, and that will show us what was the Blessed Virgin Mary's part in bringing about our Redemption.

Now, Eve's sin alone could not cause the ruin of the human race, for she was not the head and representative of humanity. Therefore our common human nature was not despoiled of grace and

innocence by her act alone. Adam, not Eve, was the head and representative of the race: only his sin could ruin us; only in him could our common nature be despoiled. Yet in our fall Eve co-operated; in our ruin she had an active and important share; for she first listened to the lying words of the serpent, and then, by her persuasion, tempted her husband to sin. Thus, then, was the fall brought about—by Adam's sin and Eve's active and wilful co-operation. As the Fathers tell us, God willed that Redemption should be brought about by a parallel process.

Only Christ, the Second Adam, the new Head and Representative of our common humanity, could stand in our place before God, and take our sins and our punishment upon Him, offering to God that atonement which we were powerless to make. Yet this He did *not without the co-operation of a woman*, and that woman was His Blessed Mother.

Just as, in the beginning of human history, the fallen angel Lucifer, jealous of the happiness of God's new-made creatures, came upon earth and spoke to Eve the lying words of deceit, so at God's appointed hour the bright and glorious Angel Gabriel came from heaven and spoke to Mary the words of truth: "Hail, full of grace; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women.... Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bear a Son; and thou shalt call His name Jesus.... The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee. And, therefore, also the Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

And as Eve began our ruin by yielding to the words of the Evil One, so Mary began our salvation by her obedient consent, her willing, personal consent, to the word of God spoken by the Angel: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to thy word." And then, whereas Eve by her blandish-

ments induced Adam to sin, Mary by her lowliness, her purity, her faith, drew down the Word Eternal to become Incarnate within her, that He might undo the mischief of that sin; and at that most happy moment "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," taking for His holy temple her whom from all eternity the Father had chosen to be the Mother of His Son.

This was but the beginning of Mary's co-operation with Christ, her Divine Son, in His Redemption of us. She was His Mother,—Mother of God, Mother of the Word Incarnate. Think what that word "mother" implies! All that a mother does for her child, from the first moment that the tender spark of life is lit up within the frail environment of the delicate and tender body,—all that, Mary did for God, her Son. And when He had grown up under her tender care, she did not cease to be His Mother; and, therefore, in His ministry, in His sufferings, in His death, they were not separated. In all these she had her share, by sympathy, by help, by suffering with Him. Willingly she offered Him in the Temple; willingly she offered Him upon the Cross. And she has not ceased to be His Mother. His dearest interests have not ceased to be her dearest interests; His work has not ceased to call forth and to receive her utmost sympathy and her perfectly willing co-operation.

Is there, then, anything strange—is there not everything that was naturally to be expected—in the Catholic teaching that she, the Second Eve, who co-operated with the beginning of our salvation by giving flesh to the Son of God and bringing Him into the world, still co-operates in Christ's work of salvation carried on in the Church,—co-operates in that work by her mighty office as our advocate and intercessor with the King, her Son? And is it not, therefore, true that Christianity without Mary, without the doctrine of Mary's share in our salvation, of Mary's place in our Redemption, of Mary's love

for us, and of Mary's prayers for us, the redeemed of her Divine Son, is Christianity deformed and shorn of one of its essential features,—a temple, as it were, with a part pulled down?

Space will not permit me to show how it is that the displacement of Mary from her proper place in the scheme of Christianity has reacted upon the doctrine of the Incarnation and of the Fatherhood of God; has logically led to low views about the divinity of Jesus, has opened the way to errors and heresies concerning His Adorable Person. I will conclude by exhorting all who read these words to cherish the Catholic *doctrine* about Mary, the Mother of God, as a bulwark and safeguard of the true faith in Jesus, her Son; to cherish the Catholic *devotion* to Mary as a most precious privilege and treasure of our Catholic life. If we love her who shared in the great work of our Redemption it is a sign and a pledge of our own salvation. We should avail ourselves to the full of her powerful pleading with Jesus on our behalf. He is as ready to hear as she is to ask; and, verily, no soul that earnestly and devoutly and perseveringly seeks her maternal aid shall be lost forever.

MAJESTY took upon itself humility; strength, weakness; eternity, mortality,—without impairing the properties of each nature and substance that unite in one person. In order to pay the debt due by man, the inviolable nature of God united itself with our frail nature in order that, according to the requirements of our case, one and the same Mediator between God and men, the Man Jesus Christ, might be mortal according to one side of His being, and immortal according to the other. The true God was accordingly born in the full and perfect nature of a real man, complete in the attributes of both His own nature and of ours; for He that is truly God is also truly Man.

—St. Leo.

A Far-Away Princess.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

I.

A MAN of something more than middle age, but sturdy and erect as an oak tree, with a complexion that, in its clearness as well as in its tan, spoke of a life largely spent outdoors, with well-cut features, blue eyes with possibilities of fire in them, and gray hair and moustache of fine softness, stood at the window of an exclusive club in Baltimore, and watched the passers-by with an air which clearly indicated that he was waiting for some one whose coming was delayed.

It was an hour of the day when there were few members of the club in the house, and those few had quickly recognized that Governor Harcourt was in a less genial mood than usual; that he was, in fact, preoccupied and impatient of any attempt at conversation; so he had been let alone, and was at present the only occupant of the apartment in which he stood. Presently his waiting was rewarded: a young man passed hurriedly by the window, ran up the steps of the clubhouse, and a moment later entered the room in a rather breathless condition, and with an apologetic expression on a striking, though not handsome face.

"I'm extremely sorry to have kept you waiting, Uncle Gilbert," he exclaimed; "but it has been impossible for me to get away from the office a moment earlier."

"I expected to wait," Governor Harcourt answered, as they shook hands. "I knew that it was not likely you could be exactly punctual to the time I set, but that you would come as soon as you could. I was sorry to disturb you in your busy hours; but I've run up to town simply to see you, and I must return home this afternoon."

"As far as that's concerned, all my

hours are busy ones," Paul Lyndon told him; "but none of them too busy to be interrupted if I can do anything for you. What has happened?"

"Almost the worst thing possible," replied his uncle, as they sat down. "I have had a letter from Royall, informing me that he is married."

"Married! Royall! To whom?"

"To a French actress—some creature whom he has met in that Bohemian world of adventurers and vagabonds in which he has elected to live."

"Good Heavens!" Lyndon could say no more for a moment, but sat staring silently at his uncle, as if trying to realize this startling news. What he thought was finally summed up in the half-involuntary ejaculation: "I wouldn't have believed it—even of Roy!"

"Why not?" Governor Harcourt asked sharply. "Hasn't his choice of life prepared the way for it? When he threw over his natural duties here, to go abroad and become an artist—who ever before heard of a Harcourt who was an artist!—it was inevitable that he would fall to the level of his associates."

"But really artists are not, as a rule, either adventurers or vagabonds," Lyndon ventured to suggest; "and, therefore, it does not logically follow that because Roy became an artist he should end by marrying an actress."

"I don't agree with you: I think that it follows quite logically," his uncle returned. "It's the natural result of the kind of life he has been leading, and I may add that it is a result I have feared—I might even say expected. But it has fallen on me as a terrible blow, nevertheless."

"I am sure of that," Lyndon said, his eyes as well as his tone full of sympathy. "Roy must have lost his senses before he could have done such a thing."

"On the contrary, it is a thoroughly characteristic act," his uncle answered. "I recognize that now. We have all allowed Roy's surface qualities of charm

* Copyright by the author.

and gaiety and general attractiveness to blind us to the essential defects of his character, the selfishness and lack of any sense of responsibility, which have been fostered by indulgence. For that I take blame to myself. Especially I should never have consented to his going to Paris, under the pretence of studying art."

"Being the kind and reasonable father that you are, I don't see how you could have refused to let him follow his strongest inclination," Lyndon remarked.

"*That* for his strongest inclination!" the older man answered, with a contemptuous snap of the fingers. "It amounts to nothing, and I was always sure that it amounted to nothing in the way of a serious talent. It was merely an excuse for Bohemianism and idling; while the associations into which it has led him have lowered all his standards, so that he has ended by wrecking his life with this act of unspeakable folly."

There was again a short silence as Lyndon cast about in his thoughts for some word of consolation or hope, and finally fell upon that which is the first idea to present itself to the modern mind when there is a question of unsuitable or unhappy marriage.

"If he ever comes to a realization of his folly, and if the woman he has married is what she possibly may be in life or character, he can divorce her," Lyndon said.

Governor Harcourt frowned. Feelings which have come down from many Ages of Faith still die hard with the older generation, especially with those who have been trained in proud and conservative traditions.

"Divorce is an abominable and disgraceful thing," he declared,—then added with a sigh: "But sometimes a desperate situation requires a desperate remedy."

"What does Roy say?" Lyndon asked. "How does he excuse himself?"

"He doesn't excuse himself at all," the father replied. "He writes like an absolute fool. I haven't patience to repeat what

he says, but I've brought his letter to show to you."

The letter was produced and handed to Lyndon, who opened and read it with keen curiosity and interest. Well as he knew the writer, it astonished him. It seemed incredible that even Royall Harcourt, volatile, self-loving, and self-absorbed as he knew him to be, could make such an announcement as this letter contained to a probably (and justly) incensed father, without a word of apology or regret. Indeed, so far from this, there was a clearly evident tone of self-congratulation, as of one who has achieved a triumph which has intoxicated him.

"I am the happiest man in the world," Lyndon read; "for the most perfect woman in the world has condescended to marry me. She has condescended in every sense, but particularly because in order to do so she has given up a brilliant career on the stage, where her genius and her beauty would have given her fame and wealth far beyond anything that I can offer her. But we have loved each other from the moment of our first meeting; and, since she is entirely alone in the world, it seemed that the sooner we were married the better. I have not, therefore, waited to announce my engagement to you; knowing that, since you have always desired my happiness above all things, you will be glad to learn that I have secured it in this manner. And you will not, I am sure, be prejudiced by the knowledge that the enchanting woman I have married has been for a short time an actress. Her name is (or was) Moira Deschanel; she is of blended French and Irish blood, and I am confident that when you see her you will acknowledge that I might have searched the world over without finding such another combination of all that is delightful and fascinating in woman."

"It would certainly be necessary to go far to find such another effusion as this!" Lyndon dryly commented here.

"One might think that Roy was positively out of his mind."

"I told you that it was the letter of an absolute fool," his uncle responded. "He was undoubtedly out of his mind when he wrote it; for it's clear that the woman has completely bewitched him, and against such an infatuation there is nothing to be done."

"Yes, that's quite clear," Lyndon assented: "there's nothing to be done until the infatuation subsides. But Roy's infatuations hitherto have been of very transitory nature, you know."

"With one exception," the older man said. "He has always had such a strong fancy for Elinor Fane, and returned to it so often from other fancies, that I've entertained the hope that some day I might have the happiness of seeing him married to that charming girl. It would have been a marriage so suitable in every respect, and one which would have settled him down where he should be, among his own people. But now that hope is over!"

It was so evident that such a hope was over in a final sense that Lyndon did not feel it necessary to assent to the statement. He glanced again at the letter in his hand, and read its concluding sentences. Then he looked up at his uncle.

"Roy evidently means to wait for an invitation from you before returning to America," he said. "He writes here of having taken a house outside of Paris, and of intending to continue his work in the atelier, and also—"

"Wants to know how far I will increase his allowance to meet his increased expenses," Governor Harcourt added. "Well, the answer to that is short. I shall not increase it at all. He did not even pay me the compliment of consulting me with regard to his marriage, and I shall not recognize it in any way. The allowance which I have up to this time given him, I shall not withdraw; for I don't feel that such a step would be just, since I am largely accountable for the fact

that he has no capability of supporting himself. But I shall not increase it, and I shall make him clearly understand that he must never bring the foreign actress whom he has married under my roof."

Lyndon looked startled at this.

"But that means that you banish Roy himself from your home," he said, "since he is not likely to enter a house the door of which is closed to his wife."

"I'm aware that it means just that—the virtual banishment of my only son," the other answered. "But there's nothing else I can do. I have no intention of playing the part of a melodramatic father, and declaring that I have no son; but I feel that Roy has acted in a manner which I can pardon only in a very limited degree. I will continue, as I've said, the allowance I have given him since he left college, and I will provide for him in the new will I intend to make; but I shall not leave the Manor to him, and I will not recognize the woman he has married."

Consternation was now clearly apparent on Lyndon's face.

"My dear uncle," he remonstrated, "this won't do! Roy has acted very badly toward you; but, after all, you must remember that a man has a right to choose his own wife."

"Those are modern ideas, I know," his uncle returned; "but they are not mine. A son, especially in Roy's position, as the sole inheritor of an old and honored name, has no right to think only of his own fancies or his own desires, when it comes to the serious matter of marriage. He should consider the claims of those who went before and of those who are to come after him. Roy has chosen to disregard these claims; and, having made such a marriage as he has, I on my part refuse to let him bring this French actress to the Manor, to fill his mother's place."

"Wouldn't it be well, before making up your mind, to learn something more about her?" the young man suggested.

"Why should I need to learn anything more?" was the stern rejoinder. "The

facts he has given are enough. She is an actress—a *French* actress—whom he has met in the Bohemian world of Paris, and whom it is impossible to imagine other than without morals or any decent standard of life. She is no doubt an adventuress, who has entrapped him into marrying her because he is known to be a rich man's son. But I am determined that she shall be disappointed at least in the wealth she expected to gain. I have written a letter in which I have explicitly told him all these things, and I have brought it with me for you to read."

Another letter was then produced and handed to Lyndon, who read it with a very grave countenance. The gravity had deepened to serious concern when he presently returned it to his uncle.

"I wish that I could induce you to reconsider before sending this letter," he said earnestly. "It is so severe—"

"I intended it to be severe—"

"And seems to leave so little hope of reconciliation—"

"There is no such hope as long as that woman is his wife—"

"That I really don't know what desperate thing it may drive Roy to do," Lyndon ended urgently.

Governor Harcourt lifted his brows.

"What more desperate thing can he do than he has already done?" he inquired. "I knew that you would remonstrate against what I have written, but I can not consent to change or soften anything. Royall must understand that indulgence is at an end: that at last he has done the unpardonable thing, and must bear the consequences. And I have showed you this letter because I wish you also to understand my position exactly. I have always regarded you as a son, and more than ever now I wish to God that you were my son."

"As far as affection goes, I am," Lyndon said, in a voice full of feeling; "but Roy is your son by nature as well as by affection, and nothing can change that; so you mustn't do him an injustice by

putting me before him in any degree or any manner. I could never consent to that, Uncle Gilbert."

His uncle gave him a quick look.

"You are a good fellow, Paul," he said, "and always loyal to your cousin; but I shall not ask your consent for what I choose to do as the head of the family. You understand my position as far as this marriage is concerned, and that is all I had in view in coming up to see you. For the rest, this letter goes."

"I'm sorry to hear it, sir. I believe that if you waited a little you would write it differently."

"You are mistaken: I shouldn't write it differently if I waited a year," the other replied. "But I have no intention of waiting a day: Roy can't learn too soon what I think of his conduct." He deliberately sealed the envelope of the letter as he spoke, and then rose to his feet. "Come," he said. "After I've mailed this, we'll lunch together before I go to catch my train."

An hour later Lyndon had bidden his uncle good-bye and returned to his office (he was the junior member of an eminent legal firm), where important work awaited him, for which he felt singularly unfitted. It was a new experience with him not to be able to command the attention of his mind; but for once he failed almost entirely to do so, owing to the preoccupation of his thoughts with the news he had just heard, and the unhappiness which would be its inevitable result to those toward whom he felt a deep affection.

For, as he well knew, his mother would be as much distressed as Royall Harcourt's father by the reckless marriage which, for the present at least, had alienated the young man from his friends and home. And in this distress, notwithstanding a natural sense of exasperation, Lyndon himself shared; for the cousins had been brought up together as brothers, both Lyndon's father and Governor Harcourt's wife having died early, and Mrs. Lyndon

having made her home with her brother for many years, managing his household and filling a mother's place toward his son. Thus neither of the two boys had ever felt any lack of a father's care or a mother's love. It was, indeed, well known in the family that Royall Harcourt was Mrs. Lyndon's favorite; and that Governor Harcourt held Paul Lyndon in higher esteem, if not in deeper affection, than his own son. As a matter of fact, Lyndon's steadfastness of character and tenacity of purpose appealed strongly to the older man's kindred nature; while Royall Harcourt, who was understood to take his characteristics from his mother's family, although charming, lovable, and possessing many facile gifts and powers, was volatile and pleasure-loving to a degree which often roused his father's sternest reprobation. Between characters so different as those of the cousins there might readily have developed antagonism and dislike, when brought into such close contact. But it spoke well for the two that, both as boys and young men, they were, despite these differences, sincerely attached to each other; though the attachment was on Lyndon's side tinged with somewhat contemptuous indulgence for the other's lightness of nature, and on Harcourt's side by an undisguised scorn of his cousin's austere ideals.

Those ideals were austere indeed, as the clear-cut face, the keen gray eyes, and the firm mouth indicated. Even the most casual observer, looking at Paul Lyndon, could not doubt that here was a man formed to "scorn delights and live laborious days,"—one whose eager ambition would be guided by a clear and disciplined brain as well as by a resolute will, and who would never be swerved from any path on which his feet were set by the impulses that are such potent factors in the lives of many men. Young as he was, these qualities had already told, as they must always tell in a man's career. Through his inexhaustible energy and avidity for work he had forged so rapidly

ahead that he was recognized, both by those who liked and those who did not like him, as a force to be reckoned with in his profession and outside of it. A character so strongly marked is, however, seldom very popular, and of Paul Lyndon it could not be said that he was popular in any degree. A large number of people respected and admired him; a small number liked him cordially; and a much smaller number—in fact, only two or three persons in the world—loved him.

Among these last his uncle, as he knew well, stood chief; therefore his uncle's trouble was not only heavy on his heart, but even able to distract his mind. And the more he reflected upon this trouble, the more his anger rose against the utter selfishness as well as the arrant folly of his cousin's conduct. It was to him an incredible thing that a man could allow a passion for a woman to dominate and control his life, and lead him to forget the duty he owed to his father and his family by making a marriage which to Lyndon, as to Governor Harcourt, appeared an almost criminal act of madness. For although the younger man had endeavored to encourage the elder with hopes that his son had not become the mere prey of an adventuress in that Bohemian world of Paris which represents the antithesis of everything moral and respectable in the mind of the average Anglo-Saxon, there was no doubt that he himself took the darkest view of the possibilities involved, as far as the character of the woman was concerned. His stern, final verdict was:

"They are equally inexcusable—the entrapped and the entrapper,—and no punishment would be too bad for either or both."

(To be continued.)

THERE'S one sure cure for the blues in this world. I recommend it to you, for it's safer than cocaine, and just as sure. Go and do something you don't want to—for somebody else.—*Kathleen Norris.*

Epiphany.

BY KATHLEEN COONEY.

"**S**USTROUS gold from Orient mines,

Lady, for your royal Son."

But, oh, the mother heart divines

The crucible such gold refines

As from her eyes adoring shines

Softly on her Little One!

Dimpled hands reach to her face,—

This the gold He would embrace.

"Frankincense of perfume rare,

Lady, from our balmy land,

Within the alabaster fair."

She moves her tender lips in prayer,

And breath of lilies lingers where

She has kissed a tiny hand.

Breath of lilies virgin bought,—

This the fragrance He has sought.

"Myrrh, my Lady, amber clear,

Jewel matching in its glow."

Then silently there starts a tear

From maiden heart surcharged with fear;

The shadow of His cross falls near.

Close she folds Him, sighing low.

Sinless penitent for sin,—

This the pity He would win.

"Lady, for our gold dispense

Store of love's pure worshipping;

For aromatic frankincense,

The fire of prayer that burns intense;

For myrrh, the strength our souls to cleanse

Whitely for the Infant King."

Since your prayer was granted thus,

Holy Magi, plead for us!

CHRIST lived His hidden life to give men an example of industry, poverty, and contentment. That is the life that the bulk of mankind should live. The rich must always be few. And in a well-ordered nation the miserably poor ought to be very few. The immense majority of men should have to perform moderate work, and be able to enjoy moderate comfort.

—Rev. J. Duggan.

Irish Scenes and Memories.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

I.—WICKED DANAWEE.



F you walk the "cross cut" from the north side of the parish to Knockfeen chapel, midway on your journey you will see to your right the ruins of some forty-five or fifty houses. Only bare walls, many of which are fallen, point to where men lived in the misty past. There is now no family living anywhere near, as the land round about is owned by a rich Protestant from the North of Ireland. He has a care-taker who looks after the cows, sheep, and horses, that wander as they will about the deserted acres. If you stray in among the ruins of a summer day, when the sun is warm and the air still, you will catch the spirit of the place. For any man with a fancy who stands amid ruins, with the silence of death all around, must lose himself in the mazes of the past to follow the winding pathway of his dreams.

Here is a house, with one gable still standing, in which a window looked to the west. The other three walls are in part fallen; and between the fallen stones, nettles and thistles grow tall and strong. As you look through the space where the door once was, you notice a cairn on a rise of ground a short distance away. A solitary cow wanders in, looks at you, then at the crumbling walls, exhales a great, relieving breath, whisks her tail, and walks away to where the grass is rich and green. A bumblebee buzzes by, hovers for a little over the thistles and nettles, rises and vanishes through the vacant window. Down among the stones, the frog and lizard are in the damp places; while above you a lone crow is perched on the top of the gable, turning around suspiciously; for experience has taught the crow to be cautious.

Outside runs what was once a village street, called the "King's Journey"; for

tradition holds that one of the Irish kings went by there once upon a time, on his way to the more southerly portion of his province. There is a stone at the end of the street called the "King's Chair," where the king rested for want of a better seat. To tell the truth, the stone bears no special resemblance to a chair; but 'tis called the "King's Chair" anyhow, so that ends it. A short distance from this chair a flagstone is buried deep in the earth, with only its rain-stained upper surface showing. In this stone there are two holes, somewhat resembling two saucers. It is called the "Monk's Kneeling Place." A monk from Mungret once made a pilgrimage to the village, and spent the night kneeling on the stone praying for the villagers. Where he knelt is marked forever on the flat surface.

The street is grass-grown as far back as the memory of present-day people goes; but ruined houses are lined up at either side of it, to prove that men walked over a gravelled surface once upon a time. A short distance outside the ruins, you can trace the foundations of what was a rectangular building; and at the south end, three feet of wall still stand. Out from this wall, but attached to it, is a sort of stone bracket. On the rectangular foundations which you trace beneath the tall grass, was erected the village chapel, and the stone bracket is all that remains of what was once an altar.

But how came the ruins? And the people, what became of them? That is "a very strange story entirely"; and Grandma Hogan, who lives by herself in a bit of a house near the Athery road, will have to tell us. She is gathering nettles for her young turkeys in one of the ruins, and she will be glad to rest a bit and give us the narrative.

She is a small woman, wearing a white cap, neatly frilled around the border, and caught under her chin with linen strips. A dear little old lady is Grandma Hogan, with her check apron, and her gray shawl gathered snugly over her shoulders and

pinned at the breast. She carries on her marriage finger a plain gold wedding ring, which she has worn for fifty odd years, and which she will wear till the day she dies. And, please God, she will wear it to Kilmeedy graveyard, where she will be laid down beside Owen,—him that went from her twenty-five years before. Owen—God rest him!—and she lived a happy life together back there among the turf fields of Ballyfin. But that's another story.

"God save you, grandma!"

"Wisha, God save you kindly! And isn't it fine weather we're havin', praise be to God!"

"Indeed it is, grandma." Then after a pause: "So you're plucking nettles here in this lonesome place?"

"Faix 'tis lonesome enough, sure. But the dead and thim that's gone don't do any harm to people as don't interfere with thim."

"This must be an old, old place, grandma?"

"Oh, indeed it is! 'Tis hundreds of years ago since people lived here, but they're all dead an' gone now, so they are."

"Doesn't anybody here know anything about them?"

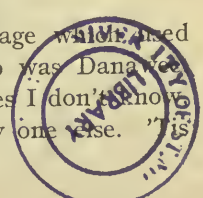
"O faix they do! Paddy the Thatcher, who used to live down near Ballysteen, told us the story many a time whin I was a little girl about that high." Then the dear old lady held her hand two feet above the ground to show how tall she was.

"Maybe you'd have time to tell us, grandma? It must be a strange story entirely."

"I have a little time, thin; an' if you sit down opposite me on that stone over there, I'll tell it to you—lastewise so far as I can rimember."

She sat down herself too, paused for a little, and began:

"The name of the village was ~~was~~ ^{was} Danawee. Now, what Danawee manes I don't know, no more do you, nor any one else."



a strange name, anyhow. The people o' the village were a wild an' wicked set, so that the divil himself couldn't keep up with thim. They were converted Danes who came out from Limerick an' settled here. But, the story goes, they weren't converted at all, only pretended to be. They were drunk all the time—at laste the min were; an' by all accounts the women weren't much better. An' that's why we say of a man who can't lave the liquor alone, 'He drinks like a Dane.' But they weren't true Christians nor Irish, so 'tis all equal about thim. They had a chapel, but the priest couldn't live in the village with thim, an' the Holy Sacrament wan't kep' there at all.

"There was a monk in Mungret who was a very holy man, an' he heard about wicked Danawee. So he promised the Lord God on his binded knees that he'd make a pilgrimage out here to convert the sinful people. He came the long journey on foot, an' reached the village at midnight. He spint the rest of the night kneelin' on the stone over there, prayin' for the conversion of the people. In the mornin' whin they woke up an' opened their eyes they saw the man o' God kneelin' on the stone, with his cowl over his head an' his face raised to heaven. A big crowd gathered round him in a little while, an' the leader o' thim said:

"What are you doin' here?"

"Prayin' for ye, that the thunderbolts o' God may not strike ye."

"We don't care for you nor for God's thunder aither."

"Take back those wicked words, you wicked man, or God's finger will fall heavy here," said the monk.

"To show you how little we fear your threats, you fool monk from Mungret, we'll take you down the street by a halter."

"An' thin the crowd howled like demons, an' got a rope an' put it around the neck o' the man that prayed for thim all night on the hard flag. Thin they led him out the village street, an' each one picked up a big stone as they wint; an' whin

they reached the top o' the hill over there, they piled the stones together, and that cairn above there is the very same heap they made. Thin they placed the poor monk on top o' the cairn, and wint around it; an' as they passed one by one in front of him, they struck him on the face with the palm o' their hands. Thin they led him down an' took off the halter, an' the leader said:

"Go back now, you fool monk o' Mungret, and always rimimber Danawee!"

"Yes, I'll rimimber," says the monk; 'an' God will rimimber, an' all Ireland will rimimber Danawee for a thousand years an' tin. An' the grass will grow on yer street, an' the crow an' the bat will fly through yer windows, an' the frog an' the lizard will lie in the damp of yer vacant hearths, an' the wild ivy will cling to yer fallin' walls, an' the place where I knelt will be marked for the mimory of yer wickidness, an' the cairn o' stones will spake of yer sin; for the finger o' God will fall heavy here!' An' he shook the dust of his sandals upon thim, an' wint his way.

"The next night, whin all Ireland was asleep, the heavens grew dark over Danawee. Thin the thunder rumbled an' the lightnin' flashed as if hell itself was open. The rain fell, like if you were lettin' it down through a sieve; an' the wind came from Kerry Head an' roared as loud as the thunder. The earth trimbled, an' the houses began to fall, an' the roofs were blown away. An' the people who tried to run down the street were struck by the lightnin', an' the people who stayed within the houses were buried under the fallin' walls. An' many cried out:

"Come back to us, monk o' Mungret, an' lift off the curse o' the Lord!"

"But only the raging wind an' thunder answered thim; for the monk o' Mungret was gone away. An' they were all killed that night, while the rest of Ireland were sleeping with the moon an' stars above thim. Their bodies were buried under the ground, so that no one ever found

thim; an' 'their fires were put out, an' were never lighted; an' the walls fell, an' were never again built. The grass grow; on the street as you see, an' the frog an' the lizard are in the damp below the stones; an' the bat an' the crow fly through the windows, an' the cairn of stones is still standin' over there on the hill. Min came an' saw an' 'blessed thim-selves, but no man ever after lived at Danawee."

The long shadows are on the fields as grandma picks up her basket of nettles and takes her way home to the west. The lone crow on the gable wings itself eastward, where the forest trees join their arms and make a perpetual gloom. The voice of the gentle old lady still lingers long after she is gone. Perhaps her story is legend or fiction or fact. Is it so important? A race of poets and story-makers weave their dreams out of a meagre happening or a shadowy place. They take us back over time, and make us forget for a little the stress of the present. They fill the hollow places of the day, where fancy may rest when we have grown weary of hearing the endless march of men.

Danawee is very still now. There is no dark sky, no roll of thunder, no flash of lightning, no roaring wind from Kerry Head. God's anger is past, though the ruins of His vengeance still remain.

(To be continued.)

PREACHING is not the means of conversion, but a subsidiary,—as rousing, convincing, interesting, and altogether preparing the way; a work especially necessary now, when Christians need the exhibition of (what is called) the Law, as much perhaps as when St. James wrote his (uninfluential) Epistle. The Church, with the Sacraments, etc., and the life of good men, seem to me the great persuasives of the Gospel, as being witnesses and substitutes for Him who is Persuasion itself.—*An unpublished letter of Newman, written in 1835.*

At the Sign of the Yellow Bird.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

IF the inhabitants of Hilltop had known the uses of slang, they might have said that there was "something doing" in the little yellow cottage on the Bradford Road. A man was doing it. He was taking an inventory of the belongings of the building leased to him, "furnished," for three months.

"'Furnished'!" he remarked. "Great guns!"

There were three chairs, neither of which looked reliable for a grown person; a rickety table, an indifferent bedroom equipment, an oil stove, and a scant array of tableware. There were also a frying-pan, a kettle, which leaked; two lamps, smelling of kerosene; and an ancient clock stood on the chimney-piece. The fireplace and clock had been made the most of by the shrewd agent. He had described them as "Colonial," and they may have been.

But although the furnishings were meagre, they were clean, and the man seemed not ill pleased. The fireplace alone, he thought, was worth the small rent; and he piled into it an armful of hemlock branches, set them on fire, and looked the picture of content while they burned. Leaving them to smoulder, he unpacked his little steamer trunk, took from it a few photographs which he placed upon the mantel-shelf, covered the table with his travelling rug, fished out a dozen books, gathered some roses from a bush near the door, and there began to be a home atmosphere about the premises. Then he looked out of his front window upon a fair scene.

Below him in the valley, itself elevated a thousand feet above sea level, the village of Hilltop basked in the warm June sun. Through it a little river ran like a winding ribbon; and in the midst of the neat white dwellings the "meeting-house" lifted

its spire, and the soldier's monument upon the green proudly upheld the statue of the distinguished officer who defended the honor of the village during the Civil War. Across the valley, and indeed hemming it in, the foothills of the White Mountains lifted their proud heads, verdure covered as far as the timberbelt; and, a little farther on, old Kearsarge was enthroned king of the region.

The man—whom we may take the liberty of calling Sam, as did his intimates—drew a long breath. Why had he never discovered this place before? How should he ever rescue the wasted years before he knew that the little yellow cottage perched upon the hill road to Bradford?

Then some one knocked.

"I'm Popsy and she's Wopsy," said a small boy, who held a still smaller child by the hand. "My aunt has sent you some doughnuts and pie."

"Your aunt, whoever she is, is a sensible and good woman," replied Sam, taking the neighborly donation from the youngsters. Popsy's shirt had a big purple stain (the pie was juicy); and Wopsy's mouth, a rim of sugar. She had carried the doughnuts.

"Come in," said Sam, "and we'll have some tea. I really haven't got settled yet, and you are my first callers, so you will make allowances."

"What are 'lowances'?" asked Wopsy, devouring another of her relative's cakes.

"Why, they are—something they sell in Boston. They're made of raisins and spice."

"My aunt went to Boston once," announced Popsy. "She went on a 'scursion. Say, Mister, be you a tramp?"

"Well, not exactly; though I do tramp now and then. I'm just a sort of bug man."

"Bug man!" exclaimed the startled children at once, looking for monstrous outcroppings of wing or limb.

"Yes: I catch bugs and fasten them on cards, in rows."

"It's cruel!" said Wopsy, who belonged to the Board of Mercy connected with her "Sabbath school."

"Oh, no, it isn't, the way I do it!" answered Sam, pouring the boiling water from the frying-pan upon the fragrant oolong. "I put them into a nice sleep first, and they enjoy it; and they'd have to die sometime, and perhaps not so pleasantly. How many lumps of sugar, Wopsy?"

"Three," said Wopsy, who now felt that she was having a very nice time indeed.

The tea seemed to remove all reserve from the infantile minds, and Sam gathered much innocent information from their guileless prattle. They lived with their mother and Aunt Sarah. Their father was dead and their mother was "queer," on account of a fall down the cellar stairs. They went to school and could spell as far as "baker." They had seventy chickens and sold eggs, and were twins, and their names were really John and Elizabeth Kimball. They did not care for mountains, and were some day going to grow up and move where it was "nice and flat"; and they really must be going home now.

Sam, with a regretful sigh at so soon being discovered by his neighbors, called upon them the next day.

"It's Mr. Bugman," said Popsy, briefly.

Sam bowed to staid Aunt Sarah, then to a silent woman who sat by the window.

"My sister-in-law is not very well," remarked Miss Kimball.

Wopsy made frantic efforts to attract his attention, and whispered behind her hand:

"Queer, you know!"

"Let me give a short account of myself," said Sam, "as I have no one to vouch for me. I'm just a plain old fellow from Boston. The doctor has ordered me to a quiet place in the hills for three months; and if you can supply me with milk and eggs and butter and an occasional

pie or pot of beans, I shall be very glad."

Miss Kimball readily agreed to the suggestion. "Tuberculosis," she thought to herself. "Poor man! I don't suppose he's long for this world."

But "Mr. Bugman" seemed to thrive. Bright and early every morning he was out of doors, sometimes sitting quietly with his pipe and a book, sometimes busy with his flowers, his eyes on the alert for a stray butterfly. Then came the walk to the post office, a friendly chat with the village shopkeeper, the sweet stroll home, and an afternoon in the woods, that gave him of their aromatic treasures. The twins were often his companions. They knew the haunts of the wild flowers and the habits of the birds like true little woodlanders, and soon became trained in bug and butterfly lore. They knew, too, just when to slip away and leave the bug man to his books or his reveries.

On the whole, Sam lived a happy and wholesome life, and began to notice with some astonishment that the swift passing of the summer was by him not welcomed. Once in a while he strolled into the home of his small neighbors, and seemed to take a curious interest in the peculiar mental state of their mother. Once, when his eyes rested longer than usual upon her countenance, she got up suddenly and left the room, muttering something like, "Nobody wants you here!" He never offended her again, but was doubly kind; trying, it seemed, to win the poor woman's confidence, but with poor success.

September had sent her scouts to tell of her coming. There was a perceptible shortening of the days; the goldenrod and Michaelmas daisies were flaunting their yellow and purple banners, and the earth was thirsting for the autumn rains. Sam was busy; for he was to give the twins a farewell banquet, and also to pack his belongings into the little trunk. The table was already gay with blossoms and confectionery and many wonderful cakes, straight from Boston that morning. There were other things, too, in the precious

package, — toys and books and pictures, looking at which the children were to remember their faithful friend. He concocted a pailful of lemonade, and lowered it into the well to acquire the proper temperature; then made his toilet for the occasion. First he deftly removed the gray beard that had been unmolested for three months, and regretfully exchanged his outing suit for the garments of civilization.

"Sam," he said to himself as he glanced into the mirror, "you look much more respectable, but I don't think I like you any better."

It was certainly a very presentable gentleman who looked out of the yellow door to see if his guests were in sight. What could have delayed them? At last he saw them, little hastening figures on the dusty road, Popsy in the lead, gay in their best apparel, but weeping bitterly.

"Mother runned away!" said Popsy, when he could speak, "and she's sitting on the railroad track, and won't get off, and the train'll come in fifteen minutes, and Aunt Sarah says to hurry!"

Sam, although we have not thought necessary to intimate it before, was accustomed to acting in great emergencies; and, in place of the happy-go-lucky butterfly hunter, was a placid, resourceful master of circumstances. He seized the bottle of friendly fluid with which he was wont to tranquillize the bugs.

"All hands to the rescue!" he exclaimed, starting down the hill.

"But where's your whiskers?" asked Wopsy, doubtful as to his identity.

"Gone to join the summer," he replied; "but we must not stop to talk."

The poor mother sat upon the railroad track, as the children had said. She was calmly counting some blades of grass, and beside her Aunt Sarah was wringing her hands.

"She won't stir!" she managed to say.

"No, I won't," declared the twins' mother. "I'll stay here till I get ready to leave."

Then Sam's handkerchief, wet with something strongly odorous, was deftly held to her face, and she dropped the grass and became still. He lifted the slender form to a place of safety just before the train, perversely prompt, went thundering by.

"Now I'm going to say something," he began, folding his coat to place it beneath the bewildered head that bore the oft-noted scar. "Your sister-in-law can be cured. When I lifted her I took the liberty of investigating the extent of the injury to her head. A little raising of a piece of bone that is doing the mischief, and she will be—as good as new."

"But who will do it?" asked Miss Kimball.

"I will, with God's help," said Sam, producing a card from his vest pocket.

Aunt Sarah read it and changed color.

"And you are—"

"Samuel Campbell Stirling, at your service," he answered.

"The great surgeon!"

"Oh, no, not great, but I have had some success, I admit!"

"I've read about you in the *Transcript*—"

"An excellent paper. But our patient is reviving and must be coaxed home."

She sat up and stared at him, not seeing her children's despised comrade in this scholarly-looking man with the gold spectacles and shaven face.

"You're a nice gentleman," she remarked.

And this was why the farewell banquet was given for four guests instead of two, and why it was necessary to make more lemonade and an extra pot of chocolate.

Then it suddenly dawned upon them all that parting was near.

"But I'm coming back," said the Doctor,—“Sam” no more. “I’ve bought this house and named it Yellow Bird; and next summer you’ll see me again, if I live; and next week you, Miss Kimball, are to bring your sister-in-law to Boston; and if you will allow me to defray all

your expenses, and attend to our poor friend's case, I shall think that I have paid for some of those fine blueberry pies with which you have kept me so well supplied.”

If there had not been success I never should have had the heart to record this happening in my beloved Hilltop. The mother of the twins is to-day strong and well and happy; and every year, when the strawberries begin to blossom and the kindly mountain people prepare to make their fragrant hay, an elderly man comes to the “Yellow Bird,” where Popsy and Wopsy—John and Elizabeth now, and pupils at the seminary—greet him with never-failing acclaim.

Thoughts on the Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

Sunday, Jan. 5, Vigil of the Epiphany.

SUNDAY, the weekly commemoration of the Resurrection, the fundamental doctrine of Christianity, has always held a position of much importance in the Church's calendar. Its distinctive title, *Dominica Dies* (“The Lord's Day”), is one proof of this; another is the exceptionally careful selection of appropriate portions of Scripture, and the composition of particular prayers, for use in those parts of the liturgy of the Mass which vary with season or festival. And as regards these we may notice a striking fact.

Although many of the feasts of our Blessed Lady and the saints share such portions with other festivals, each Sunday in the year enjoys exclusively its own distinctive liturgy. Owing to the gradual accumulation of feasts in the course of centuries, it had come about that the proper Mass of Sunday was frequently superseded by that of some feast which happened to coincide with it. So often did this happen that the Sunday Mass became an exception rather than the rule.

Nevertheless, the proper Collects of Sunday and its particular Gospel had always a place in the Mass of the feast in question. Now, all this is changed. Pius X., by his recent legislation with regard to Missal and Breviary, has reinstated Sunday in its former position of honor. Henceforth none but feasts of exceptional importance will be allowed to set aside the proper Mass of each Sunday as it occurs; so that the green vestments peculiar to most of the Sundays of the year will be more familiar in future than they have been in the past—in many churches at least—to Catholics of the present day.

These considerations have suggested the practical utility of a brief review each week of the more prominent portions of the liturgy of the Mass proper to the approaching Sunday, as an incentive to a greater interest and an increased devotion with regard to the service proper to each recurring "Lord's Day." To-day we are concerned with the first Sunday of January. Its liturgy is a preparation for the great festival of the Epiphany which immediately succeeds it.

The Collect is always an epitome of the general teaching conveyed in the day's liturgy. Some writers, indeed, see in the very term "collect" a suggestion that it "collects," as in a brief compendium, the united lessons of the formulas proper to the day. It will be well, therefore, to make the Collect, as a rule, the basis of our reflections. "O Almighty and Eternal God," says this day's Collect, "direct our actions so as to be pleasing to Thee; that, in the name of Thy beloved Son, we may deserve to abound in good works."

The Epistle speaks of the adoption of the human race as sons of our Eternal Father, through the redemption wrought by the Son of God, whose manifestation in the flesh we are about to commemorate. We pray, therefore, that in order to merit the approval of our Father, all our actions may be sanctified by uniting them in spirit and intention with those of the Man-

God, who has made Himself our Brother; that, thus enriched by grace, they may be entirely pleasing to God.

The mind instinctively turns to the swift compliance with the inspirations of grace shown by the Wise Men from the East in their long and toilsome journey over desert sands toward the Manger of Bethlehem. The Star appeared, and they promptly followed its guidance. Our Star is the manifest will of God, shown in the commands of His Church and in His secret inspirations to individual consciences. May our obedience be ever as ready and thorough as theirs!

In the Gospel we may read a like lesson. The Angel of the Lord called Joseph out of Egypt at the death of Herod the destroyer: "Arise, and take the Child and His Mother and go into the land of Israel. . . . Who arose, and took the Child and His Mother and came into the land of Israel." The command is no sooner given than it is at once obeyed by the just Joseph.

The Wise Kings, like the holy foster-father of Our Lord, kept in view the interests of the Divine Babe of Bethlehem. It is in His name that we, too, must accomplish our actions, if we desire them to be accepted by God as good and meritorious. The sum of this Sunday's teachings, therefore, would seem to be a prompt and generous conformity with the known will of our Father in heaven in all the circumstances of our life here below, where, as exiles, we await the summons to our lasting home.

EVERY man desires, and rightly desires, to do something that shall remain after him. The millionaire heaps up a fortune that he hopes shall stand for generations; the statesman strives for fame,—to win a place in history that shall be his forever. Yet the works that endure are not done in this personal spirit. Nothing is eternal but that which is done for God and others. That which is done for self perishes.

Unhonored Martyrs.

AMONG the missions attended by Father Denis, of Thua-Luu, Northern Cochin China, is one that numbers only thirty Catholics. They are hardy fishermen, who, established at the extremity of a small bay, live at peace with God and men. On last Easter Sunday, after the celebration of High Mass, their pastor saw the fisher colony approaching his house in a body. On going out to meet them, he was greeted with a bow so dignified that he expected bad news. He was mistaken. Said their spokesman:

"Father, you told us in your sermon that the Church can never perish, and that the Catholic communities of Annam are more populous to-day than they were before the persecutions. That is true of Nuoc-Ngot, of Can-Hai, of Phu-Cam,—of every village in which there were martyrs, except ours. Our parents died for the Faith thirty years ago, and we remain as few as ever. The pagans esteem us, but none of them wish to be converted. May it not be because we have done nothing to honor our martyrs?"

Then, for the hundredth time, the pastor listened to the story of the massacre of 1883,—a story presumably unfamiliar to our readers anywhere.

The Catholic mission of Chaumay counted a hundred neophytes, all wealthy and very fervent, when, one November evening, soldiers arrived from Hué with orders to kill them all. The men fled to the mountains; the women remained indoors, hoping that they would not be molested. Alas! they were terribly disappointed. Their heads confined between two long bamboos, they were dragged from village to village, followed by their weeping children. No food or drink was given them. They were left night and day exposed to a torrential rainfall. They were bound to pillars near a great heap of heads that had been cut off eight days before in the village of Nuoc-Ngot, and in those half-putrefied countenances many

recognized the features of relatives and friends. All these sufferings would have been spared the poor women had they consented to trample upon a straw cross, but not one of them hesitated to reject the proposal. Finally, they were taken back to Chaumay, where, on the site of their burned church, their heads were cut—or, rather, sawed—off.

Among these heroines of Chaumay there was one whose beauty was so remarkable that even to-day, after the lapse of thirty years, a current expression among the people is, "As lovely as Agnes Bang." This beautiful girl was at Hué when she heard of the massacre of her neighbors, and she forthwith resolved to share their fate. As her relatives in Hué would not hear of her going back to Chaumay, she fled during the night, and started on the road to her native village. By the following evening she had made thirty-five miles. At Thua-Luu the chief of the village stopped her. "All the Christians are dead," said he. "Stay with me. You will be rich, and I will let you practise your religion."—"I'll be still richer to-morrow," replied Agnes; "for I'm running after my fortune now."

She reached Chaumay at nightfall. On the site of the church she saw a heap of dead bodies. The houses of all the Catholics had been burned, with the exception of her own home. Entering the house, she found the decapitated corpses of her mother, her grandmother, and one of their servants. Inquiring of pagan neighbors as to the whereabouts of her father, she was told that the man had been massacred at Phu-Hoi, and that the soldiers were still there. She immediately set out at a brisk pace for Phu-Hoi. Halfway there she met a troop of soldiers, and among them saw her father, bleeding from a dozen wounds, but still alive. They were taking him back to his home, in order that he might show them where he had deposited his money.

Agnes hailed her father with joy, and, declaring herself a Christian, supported

with her hands the heavy cang, or portable pillory, that he was carrying on his neck. Once arrived at Chaumay, the soldiers drew upon the ground with lime a large cross, and ordered Agnes to trample upon it. She resolutely bowed before it profoundly. There was no further pressing. Father and daughter were allowed to recite a few prayers and were then beheaded.

As a result of the fisherman's recital, there is now a project on foot for the building of a memorial to Agnes Bang and the seventy-five martyrs of Chaumay.

New Year's Day in Japan.

THE Japanese pay little attention to Christmas, but their celebration of New Year's is most elaborate. In fact, a week is set apart for this purpose, and many weeks are required to make preparations for the gala event. Everybody, from the highest to the lowest, takes part; and it is the custom to forget for the time being all cares and troubles.

Everyone gives presents. Each gift is wrapped in cloth, then in white paper. The package is tied with a red and white string in a peculiar knot, which in our language signifies "God bless you!" Tucked in one corner is a piece of dried fish for luck.

The houses and streets are crowded with decorations. Large and small white flags with red suns in the centre fly everywhere. Tall bamboos bear gilt balls and streamers with appropriate inscriptions. It is believed that the "Fox Spirit," a snarling demon, will forever haunt any house before which he sees no sign of a bamboo. The trees bend from every doorway, their leaves mingling with those of their mates on the opposite sides of the street. Passers-by walk in green groves, through which the sun smiles down upon them. Lines of poetry on crimson paper and prayers on white swing from the leaves.

Pine trees share importance with the bamboo as decoration. If they are not growing at the gateposts, dwarf varieties are set out in pots. In addition, the fronts of the houses and the verandas are festooned with ropes of straw intertwined with small branches of pine. Here again we find the strips of white paper covered with good wishes. Bitter oranges, ferns, persimmons, charcoal, chestnuts, and many other objects have their peculiar significance as good or bad luck emblems. Thus the fern means "hope"; the charcoal, "May your good fortune be as changeless as the charcoal's color!" etc. At many doorways sprawl great green lobsters made of paper. These are fastened by straw ropes, guarded by prayers for the health of the master of the house.

By dawn, on the first day of the year, the streets present a gay and animated appearance. Jinrikishas are everywhere, their runners adorned with bright new uniforms. The occupants of the carts are also resplendent in their gold-laced uniforms, their medals, and other decorations. These are the high officials on their way to the palace of the Emperor, who receives them all on New Year's Day.

Everybody makes calls and eats *mochi*, a national dish made of rice dough, beaten and pounded by strong men with mallets until it is light and puffy, then cooked. It looks tempting when made into little cakes, although the foreigner does not usually find it very palatable.

It will be noticed that, while the decorations are gay and profuse, they are inexpensive, costing little besides labor. This is in harmony with the character of the Japanese, who are frugal above everything else. We, who require so much to satisfy us at holiday time, might learn a lesson from our Oriental neighbors.

The Japanese, as well as the Chinese, make it a sacred point of honor to pay every debt at New Year's. This often necessitates the sacrifice of some cherished possession, but the debts must be paid. Another point worthy of imitation.

A Timely and Important Message.

WRITTEN in Advent, and taking its inspiration from the coming of the Prince of Peace, the latest pastoral letter of the Cardinal Archbishop of Boston contains a message that is seasonable at all times. Its title, "Relations between Employers and Employed," indicates how much alive and practical is its subject-matter; while in the tone of this really remarkable document there is a force that rings. It is straight and strong writing. It is the enlightened and firm stand of one whose principles are set above the flux of time.

Opening his pastoral with an analysis of present conditions, his Eminence says:

The social problem of the relations between employers and employed appears to be the one most fraught with danger to our peaceful living. It has been many times in the past the source of widespread discord and disorder; and may in the future prove a danger to the public peace, unless some remedy can be found to better our social conditions. . . .

The proper consideration of the problem depends much on the way in which we approach it. The initial mistake that is made in trying to find a solution is in viewing the question as a merely economic one. The lives and happiness of millions of human beings are involved in the issue; and this gives it a moral aspect which can not be ignored. . . .

The question of human rights that is involved in the issue between Capital and Labor goes deeper down than any legal enactment concerning them. In fact, much of the confusion of thought surrounding the problem springs from a faulty conception of the fundamental sources of human society.

There is a tendency to-day to exalt unduly the State, and to regard it as the creator of all the rights and privileges which we enjoy and to look to it for the solution of all our problems. Such a position is philosophically and historically false. The family is by nature and in fact, anterior to the State. There are certain inherent individual and family rights that spring from Nature itself, and from the fundamental relations established by the Creator in the universe, which antedate the constitution of States or the enactments of civil law.

Demonstrating the laborer's right to a living wage, whose standard should be the

decent maintenance of a home, the Cardinal proves as well his right to defend and enforce that prerogative, through the unions, by the strike direct and the sympathetic strike; provided, however, these movements be legitimately conducted.

Having detailed the rights of the employed, his Eminence goes on to show how the present view of wealth by those who possess it is purely pagan:

The merely natural outlook has produced another idea of wealth which is a source of danger. Men regard themselves as absolute owners of what they possess, and claim the right to do with it what they please.

In one sense this is true. They are owners, and exclusive owners. But there is a law higher than themselves, and there is a God above them. To stand stubbornly upon individual ground, and, because they are owners, to absolve themselves from all obligations to society and their weaker brethren, is pure paganism. . . .

The individualistic principle of life was introduced by the revolt against the authority of the Church. The unity of faith was broken, and Christendom ceased to be one great organic social body, one brotherhood in Christ.

Once granted the principle that man could choose, as he would a garment, his own religion, the most supreme issue of life, the way is open for him to have his own way in things of all moral import.

The direct tendency of the spirit of individualism is to breed self-sufficiency and selfishness. That it does not always do so is owing solely to the fact that it is not always carried out to its logical outcome.

There is need of a return to old Catholic ideals. Men must learn to give to every cause of religion and charity and mutual help, in proportion to their means. Rich men should bear in mind that they shall one day hear the voice of the Master of all saying: "Render an account of thy stewardship." There must be a generous recognition on the part of those whom God has blessed with abundance, of their obligations to society and the poorer members of the human family.

Naturally, the Cardinal takes up in order the evils, particularly Socialism, against which Labor must be on its guard. But we must forbear further quotation. This ringing document should be printed in pamphlet form and sent broadcast throughout the United States. It is a timely and highly important message.

Notes and Remarks.

The American Economic League is an association of Catholic university and college graduates and students, which fact probably accounts for the unfamiliar adjective used in its title. "Economic" will be found in no smaller dictionary. As "eunomy," however, is defined as "equal law, or a well-adjusted constitution of government," we infer that its derivative adjective means "well-ordered," or "well-lawed." The general reader, whose knowledge of Greek is presumably neither so extensive nor so fresh as is that of the university or college student, may remember the League more easily as a "good order association." And an excellent association it may easily become. Its prospectus informs us that it has two great objects: "first, the awakening of a strong public conscience, by spreading abroad the great social and economic principles of Christian democracy long maintained by the Church and particularly emphasized by the late Pope, Leo XIII.; secondly, the attainment of social order by a systematic endeavor to secure the enactment and enforcement of humane laws based on the true understanding of divine justice." These are admirable purposes, and the means by which the League hopes to attain them impress us as being neither visionary nor especially arduous. The complaint has frequently been made that Catholic college men are not prominent in civic affairs and economic work; and we welcome this effort to make the complaint in the near future comparatively groundless.

Of exceptional interest to the Catholic world at large, and more particularly perhaps to the Catholics of this country, where the color question is periodically raised, is a decree recently signed by the Sovereign Pontiff,—the document in virtue of which the Congregation of Rites takes up the matter of the beatification

of the twenty-two Uganda martyrs. After paying a merited tribute to Cardinal Lavigerie and the White Fathers, the decree proceeds: "Their ministry soon harvested results in the mission of Northern Nyanza, especially in the kingdom of Uganda. Twenty-two Negroes, of distinguished condition, almost all of them young, and members of King Mwanga's court, were the first fruits of their apostolic zeal. Hardly had the missionaries finished instructing them in the truths of the Christian religion, and baptized them, when, despising the wealth and pleasures of the world, triumphing over torture and atrocious suffering, they kept the faith of Christ and His love, and offered to God the sacrifice of their lives as an agreeable gift."

Somewhat uncouth appear the names of these twenty-two heroic blacks,—Louanga, Narumba, Sebuggwao, Seronkuma, Ngagga, Gonza, Kagwa, etc.; but they are destined soon to appear in the same category with the proudest patronymics the world has ever known—the Church's muster-roll of martyrs.

One need not be a student of botany to be interested in Dr. Edward Lee Greene's "Landmarks of Botanical History," published by the Smithsonian Institution. Part I. of Vol. 54 is of deep interest, containing as it does biographies of Theophrastus (B. C.) and some of the great botanists of the sixteenth century, of whom hardly more than the names are known except to experts. It was a capital idea, in tracing the outlines of botanical history, thus to give prominence to biography. In doing so, at a great expenditure of time and labor, Dr. Greene has rendered to his favorite science a service the importance of which it would be hard to exaggerate.

Especially welcome is the information afforded in the work before us about Euricius Carus and his more illustrious son, Valerius, the greatest of the "German Fathers" and the inventor of the art of

phytography. From the fact that the elder Carus accepted an appointment to the chair of medicine in the newly-founded Protestant university at Marburg, Dr. Greene inclines to the opinion of historians that he abandoned the Catholic Faith and became a Lutheran. We notice, however, that at the time of his father's alleged defection Valerius Carus was only twelve years old, and the latter certainly adhered to the old religion. He died in Rome, and his body found its resting-place in the church of S. Maria de Anima, where there is a long Latin epitaph, ending with the lines:

Ingenio superest Cordus; mens ipsa recepta est
Celo; quod terræ est, maxima Roma tenet.

The publications of the Smithsonian Institution have a stern and forbidding aspect, — the dry-as-dust appearance, so abhorrent to all but students and book-lovers. The volume, however, bearing the familiar name of the venerable and distinguished Catholic scholar above quoted we have found positively entertaining.

“One of the greatest figures in modern journalism,” is the phrase in which the Paris *Univers* characterizes the late Father Vincent de Paul Bailly, founder of the “Bonne Presse,” the Parisian publishing house from which is issued the *Croix* and many another publication of sterling apologetic worth. Father Bailly came legitimately by his journalistic ability, his father having been the founder of the *Bonnes Etudes*, and one of Louis Veuillot's earliest associates on the *Univers*. Father Vincent himself wrote for that great Catholic journal away back in 1850, when he was only eighteen years of age; later on he became the personal telegrapher of Napoleon III. In 1860 he joined the Congregation of the Augustinians of the Assumption (Assumptionists), and after his ordination served for several years as a military chaplain. He entered upon his real life-work in 1873, when he founded the illustrated *Pèlerin*, the forerunner

of so many good Catholic periodicals emanating from the “Bonne Presse.” Using the pseudonym “Moine,” Father Bailly upheld the Catholic cause so valiantly, and exposed the plots of its enemies so persistently, that his Order, the Assumptionists, and his paper, the *Croix*, merited the honor of receiving the first assaults when the powers of iniquity began the campaign that resulted in the expulsion of the religious Orders. A valorous champion of the Church, may he rest in peace!

On the principle, we suppose, that “the punishment should fit the crime,” Lord Chief-Justice Alverstone is strongly in favor of flogging for white-slavers. Lord Lytton would have them branded on the forehead with a red-hot iron. To this it is objected that the mark would be ineffaceable, and might therefore work ruin upon some offender who could be brought to reform. Either of these forms of punishment is certainly barbarous; however, the crime in question is so monstrous as to demand the sternest of penalties short of death. Flogging seems almost too good for white-slavers. By all means, let it be within an inch of their lives. Wife-beaters also ought to be dealt with in the same way. In their case, however, the punishment should be inflicted by an amazon, and the number of stripes should not be counted until they begin to exceed the age of the culprit.

Golden Jubilees, though not of everyday occurrence, are still sufficiently numerous to exclude them from the category of phenomenal events. The fiftieth anniversary of one's marriage, one's ordination, or one's religious profession is doubtless an occasion for rejoicing on the part of one's relatives and friends, but it does not necessarily possess news value for the world at large. Such a Golden Jubilee, however, as was celebrated a few months ago at Viterbo, Italy, does possess such value: it was clearly an extraordinary

event. The jubilarian was a bedridden Sister of the Cistercian Order, and she celebrated fifty years of suffering. Owing to an injury to her spinal column, she has been ever since 1861 sentenced to absolute immobility in her bed, bandages preventing even the slightest movement of her head. Nevertheless, her numerous visitors, pious persons who go to converse with her, the Sisters of the community, and the nurses who attend her have never once heard her complain. Always smiling, good-humored, not to say lively, she converses amiably and easily with all who visit her. And so her Golden Jubilee of martyrdom was solemnized. Pius X. sent her an admirable autograph letter; Cardinal Cassetta went from Rome to Viterbo to say Mass in her room, converted for the occasion into a chapel; and all day long distinguished ecclesiastics, laymen and women thronged about her as if she were, as in truth she was, the objective point of a pious pilgrimage.

Among our recently elected executives there is one who apparently agrees with Emerson, that "the less government we have, the better,—the fewer laws and the less confided power." The governor-elect of Missouri, being asked the other day what would be his paramount issue as chief executive, promptly replied: "Doing nothing." Further conversation made it clear that the new official purposes administering quietly and efficiently the present laws of his State, instead of advocating the passage of a multitude of new ones. He does not intend to attract attention by spectacular performances—and Missouri may well congratulate herself on his common-sense. As an explanation of the refreshing sanity of his views, Mr. Major volunteered this information:

I read law in Champ Clark's office. I knew Champ was a big man and was going to be bigger, so I suppose I assimilated. I found that all the really great works in his library were written in simple language, and treated great things moderately. I learned from them that all the great enactments were brought about

gradually, and I concluded that what had been the successful way for 4000 years might not be amenable to change now.

Judging from the quoted absurdities of certain other American governors, they have conspicuously failed to read history in the same philosophic spirit.

Commenting on the consecration of Mgr. Le Blanc, Bishop of St. John, New Brunswick, the *Verité* says: "This religious ceremony was an event of historic importance to French Canada. Mgr. Le Blanc is the first Acadian to occupy an episcopal chair. Rome has confirmed, in the face of the Catholic world, the great Acadian miracle,—the resurrection and complete regeneration of those sons of France who came to Acadia to accomplish *Gesta Dei per Francos*." The worker to whom, under God, is due by far the largest share of Acadia's regeneration is no longer alive to participate in her most recent glory; but his work survives him, and in the University of St. Joseph's College, New Brunswick, the new Bishop and his people will ever behold an enduring memorial to Father Camille Lefebvre, C. S. C., so often called the "Apostle of Acadia."

Forty-two years ago, Josephine Hagerty and a younger sister came from Ireland to San Francisco, and entered the Order of the Presentation, founded by their great countrywoman, Nano Nagle. A few weeks ago, a large concourse of Catholic prelates, priests, Sisters, and laity attended the Requiem Mass chanted over the remains of Mother Mary Josephine Hagerty, superior during the past twenty-three years of all the Presentation Sisters in the Archdiocese of San Francisco. Dowered with all the intellectual and spiritual attainments requisite for an exceptionally notable career as a Christian educator, Mother Hagerty left the impress of her beneficent training on thousands of women on the Pacific slope, and her death is congruously mourned

as a distinct loss to the Church in California. That death was in a sense a by-product, or a moral reverberation, of the great earthquake of 1906. Said the priest who preached her panegyric:

Seven years ago the two Presentation convents in this city were among the most prosperous in the diocese. Their schools were filled to overflowing, and everything pointed to a secure and beneficent future. Then came the earthquake and the fire; and not only were the schools destroyed, but the very communities they served were obliterated. The main burden of the work of rehabilitation naturally fell upon Mother Josephine, and it is not too much to say that she paid with her life for the restoration of her Order.

The *Liberté*, of Friburg, publishes an interesting article on the gratifying progress which the Church is making in non-Catholic countries. According to its statistics, in Germany, where in 1800 there were fewer than 10,000,000 Catholics, in 1904 there were 20,380,000. Holland, in 1800, had 300,000 Catholics, no bishop, and relatively few priests: its census for 1907 gives 1,822,000 Catholics, with 3,758 priests, one archbishop, four bishops, and more than 18,000 religious. In Denmark, Norway and Sweden, a hundred years ago, there were practically no Catholics at all: in each of these countries Catholics now number some thousands, with conversions steadily increasing from year to year. The most marvellous progress has been made in Australia. Catholicism was non-existent there a century ago; freedom of worship was granted in 1820, and two Irish missionaries began the work of evangelizing the country. To-day there are in Australia more than a million and a half of Catholics, with three archbishops, fourteen bishops, 1400 priests, 5500 religious, and thirty-five Catholic colleges. Verily the grain of mustard seed has developed into a mighty tree.

A recent prominent convert to equal suffrage declares: "It would be impossible for women to make a worse botch of

the privilege of voting than men have made." Which is probably altogether true. The ideal settlement of the matter would be to deprive the wrong sort of men of the franchise and to allow it to the right sort of women. But the wrong sort of men is unquestionably in excess of the right sort of women. And there you are again.

We regret to chronicle the death, on Christmas Day, of the Rev. H. G. Ganss, widely known as an author, musician, and composer. For many years he was a valued contributor to *THE AVE MARIA*, for which he wrote those admirable works, "Mariolatry: New Phases of an Old Fallacy," and "A City of Confusion," both of which have been republished in book form. He was also a contributor to learned reviews and to the "Catholic Encyclopædia," one of its most scholarly articles being from his pen. Although his health had been failing for several years, Father Ganss' death came as a shock to his friends, by all of whom he was held in highest regard. He was no less remarkable for his Christian and sacerdotal virtues than for his varied talents and extensive learning. *R. I. P.*

The present wide demand for philosophic literature of the highest class is attributable, according to the *Athenæum*, to the fact that "society seeks regeneration, and turns to its trained thinkers to formulate, and, as far as possible, to validate, its claims and aspirations. Materialism does not satisfy. Consciously or semi-consciously, the present generation discerns in it nothing but a sophistic bolstering up of a social system wherein men are treated as machines. Whatever may be, or may have been, the case in the outer court of science, within the Temple of Philosophy the gospel of machinery, whether social or cosmic, has been scouted and decried. To philosophy the world has always looked, and rightly looked, for idealism."



To Mister Old Year.

BY ALLEN FORD.

I.

THE little New Year is a beautiful child,
With eyes of a laughing blue;
He came with the snow in the winter wild,
And, out of his eyes he smiled and smiled,
'Cause he liked to be friends with you.
But Mister Old Year was so gentle and good
To mamma and me and dad,
That we couldn't but cry
When he wished us good-bye,
We felt so awfully bad!

II.

The little New Year has a lovely face,
And cheeks that are dimpled, too;
He trips along at a wonderful pace,
And doffs his hat and bows with grace,
'Cause he likes to be friends with you.
But Mister Old Year was so gentle and good
To mamma and me and dad,
That we couldn't but cry
When he wished us good-bye,
We felt so awfully bad!

III.

Yes, little New Year is the cutest pet,
With a laugh in his eyes of blue;
But dad says: "Son, he's a youngster yet,
And an old, old friend we must never forget,
When making a friend that's new.
For Mister Old Year was so gentle and good
To mamma and you and dad,
We couldn't but cry
When he wished us good-bye,
We felt so sorry and sad!"

THE great stars in Orion's belt used to be called the Three Kings, and are still so called in some parts of France. The names or initials of the Magi were continually inscribed upon the doorposts of German houses.

White Eagle.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN, AUTHOR OF
"BILLY-BOY," ETC.

I.—SAN PEDRO.

THE snow had come. All day long the dull leaden clouds had been gathering around the mountain, like shadowy forces of an advancing army; and the soft, sheltered stretch of the valley had been growing damp and chill. Even a January storm melted into penitent tears around the grey walls of the old mission of San Pedro, and the January wind softened into a sighing prayer. Though the old bell was silent, the walls crumbling, the angels of the mission seemed guarding San Pedro still. But on the steep, rugged heights that frowned down upon the valley, a snow-storm was another thing; and the boy and girl hurrying up the mountain-side quickened their steps as the feathery flakes began to fall.

They had been to a *fiesta* in San Pedro, and it was very seldom indeed that there were *fiestas* now. But some rich American *ranchero* had sent a belated Christmas offering to Padre Francisco, and so there had been a celebration in honor of the Three Kings,—a procession around the crumbling walls of the old church; and, for the little ones who took part, games and sweets and nuts. For, alas! there had been no Christmas *fiesta* this year. Padre Francisco had been too weak and ill. As old Nokola had said with a sigh, this would be the holy man's last *fiesta* on earth; and it was fitting that all who were young and strong enough for the six-mile walk to San Pedro should go.

And so Donald Carruther, who was known to his dead father's countrymen

as Carruther's "kid," and little Winona, Nokola's grandchild, a slim, soft-eyed maiden of ten, had farèd forth together in the early forenoon; and now in the grey gloom of the winter eve were climbing back over the rugged "shoulder" of San Pedro, to their home on the farther side,—Big Seth's cabin under the pines.

"Don't dawdle on your way back," Big Seth had shouted after the young pilgrims. "There's a storm brewing yonder, that will whitecap San Pedro for another year."

For, however green or brown the mantles of the saintly mountains around the valley, they always wore their white cowls of snow.

But Big Seth's warning had been almost forgotten. There had been a game of "pitch and toss" in the weed-grown plaza, in which no live boy of twelve could refuse to take a part. Dick Pratt had stopped Don with a tempting offer to swap ponies on the morrow; and, worst of all, Winona had stumbled into a hole and hurt her slender little foot.

Now, as they took their rough upward way, with the white feathery flakes thickening around them, Don felt they had "dawdled" indeed too long. In a few minutes all would be blinding, swirling whiteness on San Pedro, in which height and depth would be lost. Snow on these mountain-tops was like a swift-passing sweep of the Frost King's wing.

"Hurry up, Nona!" Don spoke a little anxiously. "We've got three miles to go yet. I don't mind it for myself, but I've got to look out for you. Hold tight to my hand, and step lively."

"I can't!" Winona answered with a sigh. "My foot hurts more and more."

"It does?" said Don in dismay; for he knew this plucky little daughter of braves never complained lightly.

"More and more at each step," continued Winona, plaintively. "It is broken or twisted, I know not which; but I keep on with my brother while I can."

"I am not your brother!" said Don,

with boyish bluntness. "I've told you that a hundred times, Nona."

"It is the same," said Winona, calmly.

"No, it isn't," answered Don.

"My brother has the pale face of his father but the red heart of his mother. I have the red heart, too, Nokola says; and she knows very much, though she can neither write nor spell. There were seven stars shining in a line when she was born, that made her wise."

Don had his doubts about the seven stars, but it was useless to speak them. He knew little Winona was an Indian heart and soul as yet. Perhaps she would grow wise with white wisdom after a while. There was no time to argue now. The feathery haze about them was growing more blinding every moment.

"Can't you come on quicker, Nona?" he asked, as he felt the drag of the small hand in his own.

"No," was the low, faltered answer, "I—I—can't! It's hurting so—so bad, Don,—I can't—I—" There was a piteous little moan, and Winona slipped from his hold and lay, a small quivering heap, in the fast-gathering snow.

"Nona!" cried the boy, appalled; for fainting was an unknown weakness to the sturdy dwellers on these heights. "Nona, what is it? *Santa Maria*, she can not hear, she can not speak! Nona!" he pleaded, bending over the unconscious little girl, who, with the endurance of her race, had kept on at her "brother's" side until the pain of the hurt foot was more than her childish strength could bear. "Wake up, Nona,—wake up! I will be your brother, as you wish,—I will be your brother forever, Nona!"

Don lifted the slender little form in his strong arms. The movement roused her: the waxen eyelids fluttered open, and then closed again, as Nona felt the fierce throb of returning pain.

"Don't — don't die, Nona!" pleaded Don, the deathbed at which he had stood two years ago flashing back into his memory. Just so his father had looked;

just so his eyes had closed forever — forever! The boyish voice broke into a sob at the thought. "Nona, Nona, don't die,—don't!"

"*Jesu, Maria!*" whispered the waking little girl, in affrighted prayer. "Am I dying, Don?"

"O my poor Nona, I think you are!" said Don, to whom strange, sudden sickness like this could mean nothing less.

"*Jesu, Maria!*" murmured Nona, again folding her hands in a trembling clasp and accepting her doom; for her truth-telling brother could not deceive or mistake.

"Don, I took ten nuts more than my share from the *fiesta* to-day to bring home. They are in my pocket. I would give them back."

"Yes," replied Don; "though I'll hate to tell you sneaked anything, Nona, I will give them back."

"They were for old Bonita," said the little penitent, faintly.

"Yes; some old cat of a dago put you up to it, I know," said Don, huskily. "Maybe—maybe if you tried you could keep from dying, Nona. Try it, Nona,—try hard!"

"I *am* trying," said Nona, drawing a long breath. "The blackness is going, Don! I can see your face. Ah, *Santa Maria*, I am coming back! it is growing whiter—whiter!" The soft eyes opened wide and clear. "*Gracias Dios*, I am back,—I am back, Don!" And, lifting her head from his arm, Winona sat up, all signs of dying gone.

Don stared at her for a moment silently.

"What did you do that for?" he asked, boyishly indignant as he thought of his sobs and fright.

"I—I don't know," faltered Winona, still bewildered by her late experience. "Everything whirled round and turned black, Don. It was my foot that hurt so bad!"

"Pooh!" said Don, incredulously. "How could a hurt foot turn things black? Never will I take you to the *fiesta* again, Nona,—never again. To tumble down in the snow

like this and make my heart nearly jump from my mouth with fright! You are worse than Manuella's pappoose that I could carry on my back. But what I am to do with you I do not know."

It seemed a perplexing question indeed; for the snow, quite unnoticed in their momentary terror of death, was a blinding, dazzling mist about them now. San Pedro, whose brown, rugged head had been bared here and there by the summer suns, was swiftly donning his winter cowl. Only here on the heights it snowed, but the valley was dark with mists and rain; the last gleam of the clouded sunlight was gone.

And the old Monje Trail that crossed San Pedro led perilously close to the edge of La Corta, the big cut or chasm rent by the earthquake twenty years ago. The "Monks' Trail," once so popular with tourists to this far-off valley, had been closed by guide-book warnings ever since. But La Corta had no terrors for sure-footed Don. Many a time he had bounded fearlessly over the shaking logs that here and there bridged its black chasm, and had bent over the side to look curiously into its rumbling depths. But only in the clear, bright light of day! La Corta veiled in mists and shadows, La Corta with its jagged edge hidden by this blurring, blinding haze, La Corta treacherously masked in San Pedro's lengthening cowl, was a very different thing.

Don had the red heart as little Winona had said. Son of the conquering "pale face" though he was, he had inherited from his beautiful Indian mother traits and instincts of which he was only vaguely conscious. It was very seldom that twelve year old Don stopped to think of danger for he had trodden bold fearless ways ever since he could walk and had never come to harm. And aloné, he might have dared the Monje Trail to-night but with Winona—

"If it were not for the snow I could carry you home," he said, looking down on the slight little figure crouched in a heap at his feet.

"Ah, no," sighed Winona with a shake of her head. "I am too big for my brother's strong arms."

"No bigger than the lost lamb that I found bleating below the ridge last week," said Don stoutly. "If it were not for the snow as I said I could take you home. But in this storm I do not dare. We might slip into La Corta and be lost."

"Ah, yes, yes," answered Winona with a little shudder, "and it is the door of the devil as we know."

"That is foolish talk," said Don. "All the same, I dare not carry you in my arms by the edge of La Corta, and I can not leave you here."

"Yes," said Winona, as with a long-drawn breath she accepted the situation,—“yes, let my brother go and leave me. I will stay here alone.”

"My! you're a little Indian straight through!" said Don, with half-reluctant admiration. "There's no squeal in you, Nona; and there's no skip in me. I wouldn't leave you for a bucketful of those nuggets that Batty Bob sometimes talks about in his sleep. We'll have to stick it out until the snow stops; then I'll twist a sled of pine boughs and drag you home."

"My brother is good," answered Winona, softly. "I will make him a belt with beads and shining threads, as Bonita taught me."

"No, don't—don't!" said Don, hastily. "You mean all right, I know, Nona; but I wouldn't wear it after it was done. Come, let me help you to get under that big rock, where you can keep dry and warm. Like as not, we'll have to stay out all night."

Nona grasped the hand the speaker held out to her and tried to rise, but fell back, with a moan of pain.

"There, don't try it, or you'll go off dead again!" said Don, in alarm. "I'll lift you."

And, picking up the slight little figure, he carried it some ten or twelve feet, where a ledge of rock jutted out over the trail, under a growth of dwarf pines.

The deep, dry hollow was softly carpeted with the pine needles. Nona sank into the warm shelter, gratefully; for she was shivering with cold and pain.

Here the snow, that seemed a strange, unwelcome visitant to these usually balmy slopes of San Pedro, could not reach; seldom before, indeed, in her brief life had Winona seen a storm like this. And the quick winter night was coming on. Already the dazzling, feathery whiteness was growing grey and dim. Soon it would be quite dark. Daughter of braves though she was, little Winona was conscious of a chill that was not altogether pain or cold,—a chill of fear. For had not Nokola told her many times of the White Wolf that no huntsman's knife or bullet could reach, that walked out in the snow,—the White Wolf, whose years no one could count?

"*Santa Maria*, guard us!" murmured Winona, for whom old Nokola's Indian legends still blended with Padre Francisco's holy teachings. "If the great White Wolf walks out to-night we are lost."

"Poof!" said Don, scornfully, as he flung himself down on the ground beside her, and leaned comfortably against the rock, his head on his clasped hands. "Of the White Wolf that has been walking five hundred years I have no fear. It is only an Indian dream."

"Nokola's father saw it," continued Winona, with quiet certainty. "Three times he shot his arrows and they went through the White Wolf without harm; then but for his swift running he would have been torn with his white teeth until he was dead."

"I guess Nokola's father had been drinking fire water," said Don. "There is no White Wolf, Nona; but—but—"

Then he paused, with manly thought for his little companion beyond his years. There was no need to frighten Nona, sick, tired and trembling little girl, with the true story that Jake Bond had brought down from the Pass of San Juan yesterday, of some wild thing—bear, wolf, mountain

lion, none could tell what—that had been killing sheep and lambs by the score on the eastern slope of the mountain ridge.

"They've trailed the critter up this way," Jake had added to Seth; "so you'd best look out sharp for it. And, from what I hear, it ain't the sort of thing to stop at sheep-killing. It ain't safe to stray around reckless after dark jest now, unless you've got a gun."

A gun! And Don was here with only a broken jackknife in his pocket; and little Nona, shivering, lame and helpless, in the darkness and the snow!

(To be continued.)

The Kings' Cake.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

IN former times it was customary, on the Feast of the Epiphany, to bake a rich cake, which was called the Cake of the Three Kings. On these occasions the family would assemble around the board; and the father, after cutting the cake into as many pieces as there were persons present, would set aside what was called "God's portion," to be given to the poor. The youngest child had the privilege of designating the member of the company who should hold the title of King of the Feast. The King would then choose a Queen, and the rest of the evening would be passed in pleasant games, singing, and story-telling. Apropos of this ancient custom, the following story is related.

The Feast of the Three Kings was being celebrated in a humble cottage in England. The snow fell like a thick, white cloud over the valley; the wind blew fiercely, driving it into the hollows. In every cottage a portion had been put aside for the homeless, hungry ones roaming that bitter night from house to house in search of anything reserved for the poor.

In the cottage of which we have spoken, the home of Olgard, the sheep-herder,

his daughter Editha was preparing the evening meal. When all was ready, Olgard seated himself at the head of the table, cut the cake, and put aside "God's portion" for the first one who should ask for it.

Just as they began the repast some one knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" inquired Olgard.

Kind-hearted Editha, without waiting for a reply, had already arisen at the first knock; and in a moment returned, leading by the hand a man covered with snow and trembling with cold.

The master rose and welcomed him.

"It is a bitter night, my friend," he said. "We thank the good God who has sent you to us for food and shelter! Yonder by the huge fire of logs you can warm yourself. Then you shall share our evening meal; a slice of the Kings' Cake is ready for you."

"Thank you, friend; and may Jesus and Mary reward you!" murmured the visitor, in a low, musical voice.

After warming his numbed limbs at the friendly blaze, the stranger advanced to the table, taking his seat a little apart, at the foot, where a small bench had been placed for him.

Suddenly some one exclaimed:

"But who shall be King?"

"Dunstan," said the shepherd, addressing his youngest boy, "whom do you choose?"

The child glanced around the group of relatives and herdsmen; then he pointed shyly to the stranger.

"Yes, yes, now you are King!" cried the family in chorus.

"Poor King!" said Editha, compassionately. "I am glad for you. Will you not give us a share in your good fortune?" she added playfully, wishing to put the mendicant at his ease.

"I will gladly give you a share of my kingdom," replied the visitor, with a grave smile. "You shall be my Queen!"

"How good of you!" answered Editha. "My King, it behooves me, then, to

attend to your needs. Your clothes are in tatters: I shall have to renew them."

Rising from the table, she left the room, to which she presently returned, her arms full of clothing.

"Here, sire," she said, with a charming smile,—“here is a warm cloak, which will shield you from the cold and the snow. Your doublet is worn out: I have brought you another. Take them, my King! I give them to you, with all my heart."

The mendicant looked at her gratefully, unable to speak. But he bowed his head low, while large tears glistened in his fine eyes.

In his secret soul, Olgard was not entirely pleased at his daughter's generosity; but she looked so beautiful and radiant that he could not bring himself to check her.

The evening passed very pleasantly. The longer the stranger sat with them, the more his companions realized that he had not always been a beggar, but had probably fallen, through no fault of his own, from some higher estate than that in which he was now being entertained. When he would have departed, after the feast was over, the sheep-herder said:

"Nay! nay! Rest here by the fire, my good man. I will throw a couple of skins on the floor,—one for thee to lie upon, and one to cover thee."

"I thank thee, friend!" rejoined the mendicant. "Otherwise, I might have perished in the storm."

But when he looked around to thank his fair young hostess also, she had stolen away.

Although the family of the shepherd were up by candlelight next morning, the stranger had departed. But their wonder at his silent disappearance was soon merged into excitement by learning, through trusty runners, that Alfred, their King, had been surrounded and defeated in Sherwood Forest by his enemies, the Danes; and had fled in disguise, no one knew whither. The disastrous news was for a few days the sole topic of conversa-

tion throughout the country, till it was succeeded by information that the King, in the guise of a harper, had penetrated the camp of the Danes, which he had reconnoitered so satisfactorily that, having once more gathered his followers about him, he had fought a decisive battle, thoroughly routing his enemies. The news was true, and peace again reigned in the kingdom.

Then one day two fine equipages halted in front of Olgard's cottage. A handsome man splendidly attired descended from one of them, followed by an equerry, and accosted Editha as follows:

"Do you remember these, O kind and generous maiden?" — at the same time pointing to some garments the aid-de-camp who accompanied him held in his arms.

"Yes, I remember them," said Editha.

"And me,—do you still remember me?"

"Ah, yes!" once more answered the young girl. "I have never forgotten you."

As she spoke her voice trembled, her cheek flushed, and her eyes fell before the kindly gaze of the gallant stranger.

"Editha," he continued, taking her hand, "once you crowned me king,—crowned me with the gold of your sympathy, the jewelled tears of your generosity and kindness. And on that memorable night, in the spirit of the feast, I chose you for my Queen. But it was not in jest that I did so. Fairest and best of all the maidens I have seen in Britain, I here and now renew my choice of you for its Queen; for I am Alfred the King."

Happy and virtuous was the reign of Queen Editha. She had given "God's portion" to His poor, and thus He rewarded her.

In the Madeiras, the star thistle is *Cardo de Cristo*, and the striking Carline thistle is a beautiful design for the embroiderer or painter as a natural emblem of the Epiphany Star. In the British West Indies, their Star of Bethlehem flower is the hypoxis.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—An English manuscript Bible of the fourteenth century "went" for twenty pounds at a recent sale in London. The name of the fortunate purchaser has not been made public.

—A collection of historical articles, contributed to THE AVE MARIA by Marian Nesbitt is announced by Longmans, Green & Co. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Casartelli furnishes a preface to the volume, which will be one of about four hundred pages.

—A little brochure of 185 pages, "Le Salut Assuré par la Dévotion à Marie" (Paris, Pierre Téqui), is a compilation of testimonies and examples, all emphasizing in infinitely varied phrase the truth of the dictum, *Devotus Mariæ nunquam peribit* ("A client of Mary will never be lost").

—In the current *Irish Educational Review* there is an excellent judgment of "The Drama of the Abbey Theatre," contributed by Miss Agnes O'Ryan, B. A. It is the sanest and fairest criticism we have seen of the much discussed productions of such Irish writers as W. B. Yeats, John M. Synge, and Lady Gregory.

—Recent publications by Bloud et Cie., Paris, include a splendid exposition of the dogma of the Holy Eucharist, under the title "Lettres à un Etudiant sur La Sainte Eucharistie," by the Rev. L. Labauche; an interesting series of letters to a goddaughter, "Billets à ma Filleule," by Berthem-Bontoux; and a second edition of Père Badet's "La Vie Meilleure par la Prière."

—"The Dominican Year Book for 1913," contains, in addition to its featured almanac, a number of articles in prose and verse, among which the most notable is Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson's "Impressions of America." As against Europe, "who has played with the Faith and already half forfeited it," the distinguished churchman's judgment is in essentials favorable to America, "who has worked for the Faith so nobly."

—"The Orchard Floor," with a preface by Michael Field, is the gleanings of a poet's hand from the sermons of a poet's deeply spiritual mind, presented in this tasteful volume as thoughts for every day in the year. The little book is a garden of delights, a treasure-trove of the spirit, rich mintings of deep divine love, exquisitely coined into English speech. Meant to be suggestive, there is in many of these thoughts more than meets the eye. To the meditative mind they will yield rich fruit, for

the "wind" that moves the branches of this orchard comes from a heavenly land. All such books as this should be flexibly bound and supplied with a durable marker. Published by R. and T. Washbourne, whose American agents are the Benzigers.

—"Echoes of Bethlehem," by A. Washington Morse, is an attractive little book, which seeks to tell, in simple verse for children, the good tidings of the Redeemer's birth. The metrical form, however, does not add either dignity or charm to the Gospel narrative, and this rendition is not Catholic. Minnewaska Publishing Co.

—"The Teacher's Companion," by Brother De Sales, M. A., is a new volume in Benzigers' Educational Series. It contains many helpful suggestions on almost all the matters which come within a primary teacher's concern. Every other page is left blank for entry of the reader's own notes. The author disclaims "any attempt at literary excellence," otherwise this notice would be more extended.

—All who possess the first series of "Sing Ye to the Lord," meditations on the Psalms, by Fr. Robert Eaton, of the Birmingham Oratory, will be glad to hear that the English Catholic Truth Society has just issued a second series, uniform with the first. Each volume contains fifty Psalms, so admirably interpreted that the work deserves the recommendation given to an early English translation of "Boethius": "Moche necessary for all men to read and know, wherein such as be in adversitie shall fynde moche consolation and comforte; and such as be in great worldly prosperitie may know the vanitie and frailtie thereof, and consequently fynde eternall felycytie."

—A correspondent in New England, himself an author, expresses surprise that there should have been controversy as to the authorship of "Aguecheek." He writes: "I feel moved to add my testimony to your vindication of Charles B. Fairbanks as the undoubted author of the book. When a boy I knew him well,—and to know him was to love him. Although he was my elder by about sixteen years, he had such a sweet young heart and kindly disposition that I felt quite happy in his company. He often visited my home, and I remember we used to call him 'Aguecheek' because of his pen-name. He was a fascinating conversationalist, full of gentle humor, and always (to my boyish mind) the most cheerful of men. As you know, he was a convert; and his faith was accompanied

by a most fervent, simple, and childlike piety. . . . There can be no doubt whatever that the author of 'Aguecheek' was my old friend, Charles B. Fairbanks."

—"The Westminster Hymnal," the only collection authorized by the hierarchy of England and Wales, has been carefully edited by Dr. Richard R. Terry, organist of Westminster Cathedral. The book is almost a classic. Apart from the contents and the skilful setting of the various hymns, extending through the entire ecclesiastical year, from Advent to All Souls—an arrangement prescribed by the bishops' Committee,—the editor has presented in a condensed preface many valuable hints on the rendition of the hymns. The index, too, is unique; it gives not only the first words of the hymn, but also the author or the source of the hymn, the composer or source of the tune, and the metre. The collection includes all the popular melodies in common use amongst English-speaking Catholics. "Some of the tunes are good, some are indifferent, and some are bad," says the editor. We are satisfied to accept them all, however; and we thank Dr. Terry for his personal work in writing and editing the harmonies. The quantity, quality, and variety suit every occasion. There is no need of "amateur efforts and unedifying novelties" in this field of hymnology. Published by Messrs. R. and T. Washbourne, and for sale in this country by Messrs. Benziger Brothers.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Westminster Hymnal." \$1.25, net.

"The Orchard Floor." 75 cts.

"The Church and Social Problems." Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. \$1.

"Cantate" (Organ Accompaniment.) Prof. J. Singenberger. \$3.50.

"This and That and the Other." H. Belloc. \$1.37, net.

"A Miscellany of Men." G. K. Chesterton. \$1.50, net.

"England under the Old Religion, and Other Essays." Francis Aidan Gasquet, D. D. \$2, net.

"Faith and Suggestion." Edwin Lancelot Ash. \$1.25, net.

"Games and Dances." William A. Stecher. \$1.25, net.

"Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife." Mrs. Hugh Fraser. \$3.25.

"The Bravest of the Brave: Michel Ney, Marshal of France." A. Hilliard Atteridge. \$3.50, net.

"The Three Sisters of Lord Russell of Killowen." Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. \$2, net.

"Psychotherapy, etc." James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D. \$6, net.

"Everybody's St. Francis." Maurice F. Egan. \$2.50, net.

"Eucharistica: Verse and Prose in Honor of the Hidden God." Rev. H. T. Henry, Litt. D. \$1.25, net.

"The Son of Columbus." Molly Elliot Seawell. \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. H. G. Ganss, of the diocese of Harrisburg; and Rev. Miles Whalen, D. D., diocese of Detroit.

Mother M. Josephine, of the Order of the Presentation; and Sister M. Immaculata, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Thomas Byron, Mr. Joseph Cook, Miss Mary A. McNulty, Mrs. J. M. Adams, Mr. George Martin, Miss Cecilia E. Parrington, Mr. James Carley, Mr. Joseph Ginocchio, Mrs. Monica Doyle, Mr. Thomas Walter, Mrs. Amelia Dufner, Mr. Patrick Desmond, Miss Mary Desmond, Mr. John F. Klover, Mrs. Bridget McKenna, Mr. Charles Weise, Mr. Paul Cullen, and Miss Maud Schmitter.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the famine and cyclone sufferers in China: J. F. G., \$20; Friends, \$2; Joseph Ruth, \$10; Miss M. Boyle, \$2; Mrs. F. Radke, \$1; per J. E. Mulligan, \$20; E. J. McC., \$20; J. J. B., \$3; Friends, \$25; F. J. B., \$1; M. O'C., \$1; K. C. R., \$2.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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God Grant!

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

SOME day in the spring the thrushes
 Shall carol with might and main,
 And larks from the reeds and rushes
 Soar high with triumphant strain;
 Bright beams in the dawning early
 Shall race over hill and mead,
 In the hawthorn hedges pearly,
 And I shall give no heed.

And some long day, when the splendor
 Of summer is on the land,
 When the scented lilies slender
 In their snow-white robes shall stand,
 The clover shall flush the meadows,
 And roses perfume the air,
 And the blue sky hold no shadows,
 But I shall not know or care.

Some day, though fruit ripe and mellow
 Shall hang in the orchards old,
 And the swaying corn turn yellow,
 And the tall wheat like to gold;
 Though strong as song-birds' rally
 Shall ring out the reaper's voice
 From hilltop and sheltered valley,
 My heart shall no more rejoice.

God grant that when stars gleam brightly,
 Some midnight when church bells ring,
 When the drifts of snow lie whitely,
 And choirs unnumbered sing,
 I, safe from all peril and danger,
 In the court of heaven may see
 The Babe who lay in a manger
 And died on Calvary!

A Roman Pilgrimage.

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.



I.—ST. JOHN LATERAN.

PROPOSE to set down certain notes of great and holy places in the city which is the metropolis of the Church, the seat of her government and of her Head on earth. They are not merely travel-notes: to the devout Catholic they are much more—they are pilgrimage-notes. Even in these days of easy and cheap travel, not every Catholic can afford to make the *Iter Romanum*, and every Catholic would like to. The desire to see Rome, to venerate her holy places and absorb her august memories, is a part of the good Roman spirit,—of that inevitable turning of the Catholic mind and of the Catholic heart to the centre of the Church's jurisdiction, and the citadel of her authority, which is, must be, a feature in the Catholic character.

The Church is the home of sanctity; and her saints are so many, and so various in circumstances, history, and character that no one can have, or is asked to have, a special and explicit devotion to all of them. Men of one sort are peculiarly drawn to one saint, men of a different sort are attracted by another. The Church makes no attempt to force even the attention, much less the special explicit devotion, of her children in one direction rather than in another. But among the saints are some with whom every Catholic is personally concerned, whom no Catholic

can afford to forget or leave on one side; and that, not only by reason of their super-eminent sanctity, but because of their office, because of the part entrusted to them by God in the great drama of man's redemption. Thus it is with Our Lady, thus with St. Joseph, and thus also with St. Peter.

The Ascension of Our Lord deprived the Apostles of His visible presence, but His presence was not withdrawn from the Church; and His work in the world was not finished, though the redemption of man was consummated. It was henceforth by the Apostles that the Church was to be governed in His name; and to one of them the chief rule was committed, not merely for the time of his natural life, but for all time; so that Peter's office was to outlast his own presence on earth and to survive his death. The King going into a far country, the viceroy was to administer His kingdom on earth so long as the world should last. Thus the history of St. Peter is not summed up in the records of his own life, but continues in the lives of all his successors; and our devotion to him is not merely personal to himself but extends to them; for what he was they have been, are, and shall be, to the end.

An immense number of them have been great and illustrious saints, to the joy and glory of the Church; but, however such greatness in holiness may move us to thankfulness and quicken our *special* devotion, the *substantial* devotion is to their office, and to themselves as holders of it. In each of them we venerate Peter; and the veneration we have for him is independent of his personal holiness, and rests substantially on what Christ chose that he should be—His own representative upon earth, the guardian of the Church, of her faith and of her sacraments. Every time we receive absolution, we are reminded of St. Peter's personal relation to ourselves; for every absolution given is given by delegation from him, by his authority and in right of faculties received from him. The Fisherman's Rod touches

us every time we kneel in confession. While, then, we exercise our own choice in devotion to other saints, our whole spiritual life depends upon our submission to Peter; and the grace of every sacrament we receive, the grace of the faith we hold, is ours because of Peter's faithful and inviolate custody of the Church's Sacraments and of the Church's faith.

To St. Peter our thoughts and our gratitude are always turned throughout our Catholic life; his connection with ourselves is essential, intimate, and necessary. We can not do without him; and if we forget him, we are blind and ingrate. If we knew nothing of his earthly deeds or of his speech upon earth, it would make no difference. Our devotion to him does not depend on them, or on our knowledge and memory of them. One thing we never forget, and it is enough: how 'Jesus came into the confines of Cesarea Philippi; and He asked His disciples, Whom do men say that the Son of Man is? And they said: Some say that Thou art John the Baptist, and others Elias, and others Jeremias, or one of the Prophets. Jesus saith to them: But whom do you say that I am? Simon Peter, answering, said: Thou art Christ; the Son of the living God. And Jesus, answering, said to him: Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona; because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but My Father who is in heaven. And I say to thee: That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven.'

That Christ was God Peter first proclaimed upon earth; and God's reward was that Peter should represent Him upon earth while the earth should last. This word of the Word has been the standard of the Church ever since, and by it she has conquered the assault of every heresy,

and vanquished every foe who would tear her unity. The outside world has never tired of reviling her subtlety: in reality, her offence lies in her plain simplicity; her principles are as simple as they are unchanging, and her watchwords are as simple as her principles and her tests. *Ubi Petrus ibi Ecclesia*. Nothing else will do, and anything else is offered instead—to cajole her into recognition. It was the extreme simplicity and directness of the test that in every age made it detestable to incipient heresy: *Are you with Peter? Is Peter with you?*

But St. Peter, as we have reminded ourselves, is not only vital to the Church: he is vital to each of ourselves. The Church is his Church, and Rome is his seat; the Pope's house is Peter's house, and Peter's house is our own home. To that home the heart of every Catholic looks wistfully, with filial longing and devout tenderness. If we can not carry our bodies thither, we can send our spirit. There is a Spiritual Communion which those must make who are debarred by some sad impossibility from actual Communion; and, for those who can not make a pilgrimage upon their feet, there is a spiritual pilgrimage, for which good-will and devotion will lend wings to their souls.

In such a spirit I would ask those who have patience to read these notes to go with me. Let them feel they are making the *Iter Romanum*, as one might make the Stations of the Cross, at home; and let them begin by offering their *attention* to St. Peter,—a little Peter's Pence of thought and recollection. As we begin our day by adoring the Blessed Sacrament everywhere It is, kneeling to the four quarters of the world; and go on to salute God's great Mother, claiming her for ours, so may we every day protest our loyalty to Christ's Vicegerent upon earth, bending a reverent knee toward Rome and Peter's tomb. We may call upon Peter to be the guardian of our own Catholic faith, as he is of the Church's; and daily renew our fealty to him living in his successor. Thus,

like the son whose business calls him out into the world, but is safeguarded by the reverent memory of home, shall we be anchored fast in faith and love to the sanctity of our common home, where Peter's body sleeps and Peter's spirit wakes.

Every day we may, with incalculable profit to our Catholicity, make this act of veneration of the Tomb of the Apostle, and this profession of loyalty to the Church which is not his tomb, but is his shrine. And, seeing that the visible and concrete is easier to our minds than what is abstract, we can most practically offer this protestation of fealty to the reigning, visible Head of the Church.

But in writing these Roman notes I would wish to give them that quality of ordinary interest which may make them easy to read. Just as the actual pilgrim in Rome is quite free to go about in the city and delight himself with the unnumbered facets of interest which add to the lustre of the priceless gem, so those who can go only in will and intention are free to help their imagination and warm their interest in the same way. No claim is made to any originality in these notes: it is not easy to say anything new about Roman sites and places. All that is done here any one may do for himself by consulting and collating quite ordinary books of reference. The writer may save the reader a little trouble,—that is all.

The reason why the Lateran is put first in our list is supplied by the inscription on the front of the Basilica: *Sacrosancta Lateranensis Ecclesia, Omnium Urbis et Orbis Ecclesiarum Mater et Caput*. For the Lateran is of all churches, in Rome and in the world, mother and mistress. It is the Pope's cathedral; in it is his *cathedra*. Its canons are his chapter, and they rank even before those of St. Peter's itself.

A long, straight road leads from the Coliseum, under the Arch of Constantine, to a huge open space, near one end of which is the Lateran Basilica. In the good days, before the rulers of new Italy had done their best to spoil old Rome, this

open space was far more beautiful than it is now. It was spread with a soft green carpet of grass; and from the Basilica of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, long, shady avenues of ancient trees led up to the great portico of San Giovanni in Laterano. On the right were the orchards of the Villa Wolkonski, with here and there bits of the Neronian Aqueduct, and dark pine, like heavy masses of cloud, flung up against the clear blue of the sky. Now the lawns and avenues are all gone, and the Lateran looks down to Santa Croce over a bare and gaunt space.

First we come to the great portico, with five huge doors; one, unless it be the year of Jubilee, always walled up — the Porta Santa. At one end of the portico is an ancient statue of Constantine, the first Christian Emperor of Rome, who gave the Lateran to Pope St. Melchiades, A. D. 312,—over sixteen hundred years ago. St. Melchiades died two years later, and the donation was confirmed to his successor, St. Silvester I., who became Pope in A. D. 314. In his reign the first Church of the Lateran was built, the Emperor helping the work with his own hands. That first Lateran Basilica was dedicated on November 9, 324.

The name "Lateran" comes from the patrician family to whom the site had belonged, whose mansion stood on part of it; though a part, that occupied by the splendid chapel of Sant' Andrea Corsini, was the site of the quarters of the *Egintes Singulares*, the imperial body-guard of the African Emperor Septimius Severus, who reigned A. D. 193–211. While the chapel was being made, in 1733, many relics of these imperial guards were brought to light.

In Nero's time, the head of the Lateran family was Plautius Lateranus, who was accused of complicity in the conspiracy of Piso, and of offences against the Emperor in conjunction with the infamous Messalina. Guilty or not guilty, he was condemned to death. It was said that

Plautius Lateranus, being very strong, was to hold the imperial monster down while the others killed him. Among others who were accused with Lateranus was Seneca of Cordova, who had been Nero's tutor, the sage who wrote of Anger and of Consolation, of Providence and of the Shortness of Life; and Seneca's nephew, Lucan, also of Cordova, the poet of the *Pharsalia*. They were all tortured and condemned; and the silent dignity with which Plautius Lateranus heard his doom moved the admiration of the Romans.

At this date (A. D. 66) the Lateran Palace is commonly supposed to have escheated to the Emperor. A century and a half later Septimius Severus gave a large sum for its restoration to the Emperors in the time of Maximian (A. D. 286–305), and he gave it to his daughter Fausta on her marriage with Constantine; so then for a time it was known as the *Domus Faustæ*. The Empress was beheaded A. D. 326 for her cruelties and vices; but long before her death the Lateran Palace had been, as we have seen, given to the Pope.

The original church was dedicated under the name of the Saviour; but, as Constantine also built the great baptistery adjoining it, and baptisteries were dedicated by custom to St. John the Baptist, the basilica itself was gradually spoken of as the Church of S. John in Laterano. The baptistery was built by Constantine to commemorate the place of his own baptism; but the present interior dates from Pope St. Sixtus III. (432–440); and to his time belong the eight porphyry columns which form the lower support of the dome. The great font under the dome is an ancient urn of green basalt. In it "the Last of the Tribunes," Cola di Rienzi, is said to have bathed on the night of August 1, 1347, before he showed himself to the Romans as a knight. The frescoes on the walls, by Andrea Camissir, Gemignano, and Carlo Maratta, illustrate the life of the imperial founder.

A Far-Away Princess.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

II.

WHILE the family of Royall Harcourt were, in a sense, reeling under the shock which the news of his marriage brought to them, that young man was spending his honeymoon in a gay little villa on the banks of the Seine, with the bride whom he had so unadvisedly taken unto himself.

It was certainly an ideal spot for the *lune de miel*,—a tiny house smothered in roses, and a garden also full of roses, at the foot of which the silvery river glided, between the overhanging verdure of the shore and a feathery green island opposite, on its way down to Normandy and the sea. The villa, although small, was so charming, and had so delightful an air of seclusion, that it had fascinated the two young people, who, having impulsively fallen in love, had quite as impulsively married in haste, whether or not to repent at leisure was now to be proved. For a few weeks they had almost forgotten that any world existed outside of the magic circle they had drawn around themselves in this rose-embowered nest beside the Seine; but matters are so arranged in human life that such forgetfulness is not possible for long, and there came a day when the world they had ignored broke in upon them in very decided fashion.

It was a fortnight later than that other day on which Governor Harcourt had met Paul Lyndon with the news of his son's marriage, when Royall Harcourt found himself called to Paris by two letters which reached him at the same time. One of these letters was from a well-known banking house, notifying him that his account was overdrawn; and the other was from a man who was at once a distinguished journalist and an accomplished author of books—the two things are often united in France,—who wrote:

"I am leaving for Northern Africa in a day or two, and wish to see you before I go. Come immediately if you possibly can, for the matter to be discussed is important."

It was the last letter which decided Harcourt to go into Paris for a few hours. But he also intended to look in at the bank, and mention that he was in daily expectation of a remittance from America, with which to make good his overdraft. In gay spirits, therefore, he took his departure one morning, promising to return by early afternoon.

It was late rather than early afternoon, however, when the figure of a young woman—tall, slender, and singularly graceful—emerged from the villa alone, and strolled slowly across the lawn to some chairs placed beside a rustic table under an acacia tree. Sinking into one of these chairs, she sat for a time quite motionless, gazing with a dreamful expression across the gliding river to the lovely greenness of the isle lying upon its shining current.

And, seen thus, there was something in her attitude as well as in the setting of the scene—the flowers and feathery foliage, and glimpse of the villa in the background—which to the eye of an observer from the river (had there been such an observer) might have suggested the theatre. The picture was so perfectly "composed," and the central figure so graceful in its meditative pose, that there seemed about the whole an aspect as of a stage arranged and ready for drama. Not that there was any air of artificiality about the charming figure in the foreground: on the contrary, nothing could have been more absolutely natural and simple than the attitude and expression of the girl—for she was no more—who lay back in her chair, looking so quietly out over the beautiful river; yet there was, nevertheless, set upon her, in some subtle fashion, that stamp of *unusualness*—a note of something arresting, and differing from the commonplace,—

which marks the dramatic artist, whether developed or undeveloped, and is neither more nor less than the outward sign of a capacity to feel and express emotion in unusual degree.

The rank of the artist is, in fact, determined by the degree in which that faculty is possessed; and any one of keen observation must have perceived that there was every indication of its existence here in high degree. The large, lustrous eyes, of such deep blue that under their dark lashes they looked almost black, were so striking in form and expression that they would have attracted attention even in a plain face; but this was a face of the most artistic, most fascinating and most modern type of beauty. Above the luminous eyes and delicate dark brows, a low, broad forehead was framed in masses of dusky hair; the pale, slightly hollowed cheeks were of the most lovely outline; the straight, chiselled nose had the thin nostrils which speak of extreme sensitiveness; and the mobile lips seemed made to express every varying shade of emotion; while the lines with which the head was set upon the rounded column of the throat would have ravished a sculptor. Add to these points a complexion of the most exquisite delicacy and fairness, and it will be seen that Royall Harcourt had more excuse for his infatuation than could readily be conceived by his incensed and disgusted relatives in distant America.

Indeed, the two strains of blood which had united in Moira Deschanel are those which, out of all Europe, are most likely in their mingling to produce a great artist. The Celtic gift of imagination, that visionary quality which must exist in every artist worthy of the name, and the French clarity, *verve*, and keen sense of what is required for perfection in art, when united in just proportion make an incomparable whole; and this proportion had been achieved in the girl who had abandoned the artistic career opening before her to become Royall Harcourt's wife. That she

had made a great sacrifice she did not realize, any more than that among the impossibilities of life is that of doing violence in any final sense to the strongest bent of the individual nature. She had been swept off her feet by the ardent wooing of the young American; and, less in love herself than responsive to his love (though she did not know this), had yielded the delight of satisfying her artistic impulses to the deeper delight of making happiness for one whose passionate devotion had demanded and gained its reward.

And now on this golden afternoon of summer, near the end of the *lune de miel*, there was no shadow of regret, but only a great happiness and content in the wonderful eyes that watched the river flashing by in the sunlight and the feathery green of the islet opposite, against the sapphire sky. She seemed to be dreaming, but she was in reality listening and waiting for the coming of the presence which had so deeply entered into her life, and which was necessary to fill and complete the charm of the place and the hour. And presently, with a sudden quickening of attention, she knew that this presence was at hand. Her ear caught the sound of the arrival of an automobile, although the road by which it approached was completely hidden by shrubbery; and a moment or two later a young man emerged from the villa and came quickly across the garden toward her.

"*A la bonne heure!*" she cried joyously, as she lifted her face to his kiss. "I've been expecting you for an hour. Surely you are later than you expected to be."

"Yes, I'm later," he replied, as he sat down in one of the deep chairs and flung his hat on the table.

Seen thus, he presented a very attractive personality,—a figure tall, lithe, well-built, and immaculately clothed in white flannels; and a dark handsome head, full of distinction, with clear-cut features and healthily sunburned skin. His eyes were also dark,—hazel in tint, and full of glancing lights; and dark likewise the

slender moustache, which he wore with curling upturned ends in the French fashion, and under which his white teeth gleamed with telling effect whenever he smiled. Too virile of aspect to have any appearance of the *petit-maitre*, there was about him, nevertheless, something uncommonly picturesque, *débonair*, and almost romantic, which had a suggestion, for all his modernity, of a gay young gallant of a more adventurous age.

As he said nothing more for a few minutes, but, closing his eyes, leaned his head, with an air of weariness, against the back of the chair into which he had thrown himself, the girl beside him, after a keen glance at his face, also kept silence, while a white-capped maid came out of the house with a tea-tray. After she had placed this on the table and withdrawn again into the villa, Moira poured out a cup of tea, put in a slice of lemon and a dash of rum, and, leaning forward, laid her hand gently on the slender, nervous, sunburned hand lying on the arm of the chair nearest her. The hazel eyes, opening instantly, smiled at her adoringly, while the hand closed at once on her white fingers.

"Darling!" Royall Harcourt murmured; and then added apologetically: "I didn't know I was so tired, but I've had an awfully trying day."

"I can see that you have," she answered sympathetically. "Take some tea. It will make you feel better."

He took the cup she offered; and while he drank it she swept his face again with the same keen look that had been in her eyes a little while before,—the look with which all but the dullest women soon learn how to read what their men are thinking or feeling, without annoying them with unsatisfactory questions. Moira read enough now to make her say presently in the low, rich tones of a voice that was a true *voix d'or* in its lovely inflections, whatever language it spoke:

"*Dis donc, mon ami!* Something has happened to you in Paris,—something

which is not agreeable. Will you not tell me what it is?"

He sighed audibly.

"I suppose that I must," he answered; "but I wish that it were not necessary. I wish that I might shield you from all things disagreeable or painful."

"But that is neither possible nor desirable," she said gently. "I should be a plaything, not a helpmate, if I shared only the agreeable and delightful things of life with you. We've taken each other for better or worse, and who shirks the worse is a coward. Tell me what has happened!"

"Well," he said a little reluctantly, "what has happened is that I found a letter at the bank for me from my father, from which it appears that he is very angry about our marriage—you see, he knows nothing about you, and—and I suppose I should have announced my engagement to him—"

"Of course you should!" she exclaimed quickly. "And I should have insisted on your doing so before I consented to marry you. We have both been to blame,—greatly to blame! We forgot everyone but ourselves, and it is no wonder that your father is angry."

"But that is not the worst," Harcourt went on. "His anger takes the practical form of declining to increase the income he has allowed me; and I am deeply in debt, with a bank account heavily overdrawn."

Moira's dark brows drew together over her eyes. This was a form of trouble with which she was, as it chanced, only too well acquainted.

"My poor dear love!" she said. "How sad that I should have brought anything so dreadful as money difficulties upon you!"

"*You!*" Harcourt exclaimed. "You have not brought the difficulties upon me: I have brought them upon myself; for I should have remembered my father's character, and acted differently toward him."

"There's not the least doubt of that," she agreed eagerly. "But can we not make amends now? Surely it is possible to explain—to induce him to forgive you!"

But Harcourt's face hardened at this suggestion as she had never seen it harden before. For a moment, indeed, it seemed a different face altogether from the *débonair* countenance she knew so well: the eyes narrowed, the jaw set; resentment, and a strain of unsuspected obstinacy, showed in every feature.

"No," he replied sharply. "I would starve before I would make any further appeal to him. What is done is done. He has chosen to cast me off—"

"Cast you off!" she gasped, with a frightened expression. "O Royall, it can not be as bad as that!"

"Practically speaking, it is just as bad as that," Royall answered. "He informs me that he will continue the allowance I have heretofore received, but that he will not increase it, and—and that I am banished from home."

It was absolute consternation that showed in Moira's face now.

"And all because you have married me!" she cried. "Oh, how can I ever forgive myself for ruining your life in such a manner!"

"Ruining my life!" Harcourt repeated. "How dare you say such a thing? You have blessed my life beyond my utmost power of expression; and if I never see my father's face again, and if he chooses to leave the Manor to my cousin, as he intimates that he may do, it will be a small price to pay for your love and your companionship."

"It is far too high a price for me to allow you to pay," she said. "Something must be done,—late as it is, something must be done to induce him to pardon you."

"I tell you there is nothing to be done," Harcourt answered angrily. "It is *I* who will never pardon what he has written. I knew that he was provincial, preju-

diced, ignorant of life except as he has known it, and with all the narrow standards and beliefs that his ancestors brought from England two hundred years ago; but I never thought he would go so far as to think or to write—"

He paused abruptly, conscious that his anger was betraying him into more than he had meant to say. But the pause was as significant and as betraying as the words had been. Moira looked at him steadily for a moment, and then held out her hand.

"Will you let me read that letter?" she asked quietly.

"No," he replied almost harshly. "It is not a letter for you to read."

"But I have a right to know exactly what has been said of me—what he thinks about me," she urged. "Royall, you can't withhold the knowledge from me."

"My darling," he answered, "I must withhold it! I could not endure for you to read what my father has ventured to write of you."

"But he has not written it of *me*, but of some one who exists only in his imagination," she urged; "and I must learn what is in his imagination before I can tell what to do to make myself known to him as I really am."

"You shall do nothing," Harcourt told her violently. "I will never consent to your making any effort to change his narrow-minded prejudice; and, therefore, it does not matter either to you or to me what he thinks."

She shook her head at this; and even as she had seen a new Royall within the last few minutes, so he now saw a new Moira,—one whose will was as determined as, and (he vaguely felt) stronger than, his own.

"You are not thinking, when you say such a thing as that," she answered. "Whatever he has said or done, he is your father; and, as it is you who have failed in duty toward him, so it is for you (and I am one with you now) to do all that you can to atone for your past neglect,

and if possible reconcile him to what is unalterable."

It was Royall who now shook his head.

"You don't know him," he said. "You've no idea of the extent and violence of his prejudices. He'll never forgive me—I'm perfectly sure of it,—and I shall never ask him to do so; nor shall I allow you to make any advances toward him,—*that* least of all."

She looked at him meditatively for a moment, and then held out her hand again.

"Give me the letter," she said. "I must see it."

Under the quietness of her manner he felt the inexorableness of her demand, and, after a moment's further hesitation, produced the letter.

"Since you will not be satisfied otherwise, here it is," he said. "But if you love me, Moira, you will not insist upon reading it."

"It is because I love you that I must insist," she replied gently.

Then, drawing the enclosure from its envelope, she opened it and began to read. Harcourt watched her face, with an anxious expression on his own; and he was not surprised when after a minute he saw a sudden rush of blood into her cheeks, though the dark-lashed lids did not lift from her eyes. He extended his hand quickly, and tried to take the letter from her.

"You see!" he cried. "It is not fit for you to read. Why would you not trust my judgment, and spare yourself the knowledge of such insults?"

But she held the letter fast, while, lifting her lids, she looked at him; and, although her eyes were full of the brightness of intense emotion, there was no gleam of angry feeling in them.

"Have you forgotten what I told you a few minutes ago?" she asked. "These dreadful things are not said of me, but of some one whom your father has created out of his imagination. Therefore, they do not hurt me—at least not much,—so be quiet, dear, and let me finish."

Miserably enough he yielded again, withdrew his hand, and fell back in his chair. But this time he did not watch her face: on the contrary, when she presently let the letter fall into her lap, and again looked at him, she saw that he had closed his eyes under the hand which supported his head. She regarded him in silence for a moment, with an expression of mingled tenderness and pain; and then once more laid her soft touch upon the hand nearest her.

"Dearest," she said gently, "don't be so downhearted! Everything will come right—I'm sure it will—when your father learns that you have not really married the creature he imagines me to be."

Harcourt dropped his hand and stared at her with something like wonder.

"Moira," he said passionately, "you are the most amazing as well as the most adorable creature in the world! I wonder if there is another woman existing who could read that letter without anger and indignation?"

"I am certain that there must be many," Moira replied; "for to consider it as I do only argues a little reasonableness of mind. And, besides, I feel keenly how much you have been to blame; and I also,—oh, I don't minimize my share of the blame at all! And so we must work together to undo the consequences of what we have done."

"Never!" Harcourt declared, with the force of unbreakable resolution in his voice. "I shall never take a step toward reconciliation. I accept that letter as final, and I will never acknowledge my father again, until he begs your pardon for the shameful things he has written of you without knowledge or proof. That I swear!"

"Royall, Royall, be more reasonable! Remember what provocation he has had."

But there was nothing reasonable in Royall's frame of mind. Again he shook his head obstinately.

"You are an angel, Moira, to take it in this way," he replied. "But nothing

you can say will make me regard the matter differently. And so let us change the subject, for I have something else to tell you."

"Something less painful, I hope," she said, trying to smile.

"On the contrary, much more painful, because it means separation," he replied.

"Separation! Royall!"

"There seems nothing else possible," he said, throwing his arm around her. "Of course it will be only a short separation—"

"I will not hear of it,—I will not consent to it!" she cried, as she clung to him. "There can be no separation for us ever again. If you are going to America, I will go with you."

"To America,—I?" He laughed scornfully. "No: I am done with America. My cousin can take my place with my father, and inherit Harcourt Manor if he likes. I am going to make a place for myself over here. Up to this time I have played at work, but now I shall go to work in earnest; and if I have any real talent as an artist, it shall be made to tell."

She drew back a little, and looked at him apprehensively.

"Royall," she said, "tell me at once what this means—what you have in your mind to do?"

"What I have in my mind," he replied, "and what is also settled, is that I am going to Africa with Lemontier."

"You are going to Africa!" she repeated, amazed. "And you think that I will allow you to go and leave me behind?"

"Dear heart, I have no choice!" he told her desperately. "I must go; for there is no other way of finding the money to pay my debts."

"Oh, yes, there is another way!" she cried eagerly. "I can go back to the stage. My place is open to me, — I have been assured of that. One season's earnings—"

But she broke off, as he turned upon her almost fiercely.

"Never mention such a thing again!" he said. "What do you think of me that

you imagine I would tolerate it for a moment? Do you really believe that, after I have taken you from the stage and made you my wife, I would suffer you to go back in order to earn money to pay my debts?"

"Ah, how can you be so proud where I am concerned?" she asked reproachfully. "If we are one, what difference does it make which of us supplies the money for our needs?"

"It makes all the difference in the world," he answered. "A man who could let his wife work for money, especially to pay his debts, while he was able to lift a finger, would not in my opinion be worthy to be called a man at all. And as for the stage, you shall never for any reason set your foot upon it again while I live. I will not share you with the public."

"My poor Royall, you would be called absolutely medieval in your views by modern theorists!" she sighed, laughing a little. "Well, then, if you will not let me help you by my one talent, you can not refuse to take me with you to Africa, since you are determined to go there."

"My darling," he said, "I wish that I could, but that again is impossible!"

"Why?"

"Because Lémontier is under contract to supply some articles about Morocco, and — and that is not a country for women, you know."

"Nor for men either who value their lives," she said gravely; "and you should value yours for my sake, if not for your own. Oh, what madness has prompted you to think of such a thing!"

"Not madness but necessity," he answered. "You see, it happened in this way. I dropped into the bank as soon as I reached Paris, and there found my father's letter, which had just arrived. It was a terrible blow to me, as you may imagine; for I was face to face with my overdraft and many other debts, and no means available to meet them. I left the bank, filled with something like despair, and wandered about for a time, trying

to think how I could best raise some money, before I remembered that Lemontier wanted to see me. More to divert my mind than anything else, I went to the place he had appointed, and found him waiting impatiently. At once he told me what he wanted. He is going on this important mission to Africa, and it has been left to him to select the artist who is to accompany him. He has always liked my black and white work, and therefore he paid me the really great compliment of selecting me. All was arranged, in case I consented. He even named the price that *L'Illustration* will pay for my sketches. And it was a price that almost took my breath away; for it will cover all that I owe, and leave a good surplus. Moira, how could I hesitate? The offer was so unexpected, so wonderful, coming just when it did, that it almost seemed miraculous. And if I am to turn my attention to illustrating as a money-making branch of art, I could not afford to neglect such an opening as this."

His last words were an appeal as well as a statement of fact,—an appeal for comprehension, to which Moira responded with the same extraordinary reasonableness she had displayed in regard to his father's letter.

"Yes," she said. "I see that, under the circumstances, you could not afford to neglect such an opening. But, O Royall, how can I let you go!"

"It will not be for long, dear love!" he assured her. "Lemontier does not expect to be gone more than two or three months—"

"Two or three months! Ah, that will seem an age!"

"An age for me," he assented sadly: "but it is absolutely necessary that I should show my father that I can be independent of him, as well as that I should pay my debts. Now" (he sprang to his feet) "let us go out for our last row on the river, since to-morrow we must return to Paris."

(To be continued.)

A Child Prays for Me.

BY C. L. O'D.

HERE are great wings about her,
To guard against all harms;
Her father's angel—he is dead,—
Her own, and her mother's arms.

Within that sanctitude she moves
With look and movement bright;
The flutter of those pinions leave
Her cheek now red, now white.

Within the garden of her mind
The whitest lilies grow,—
The little thoughts that through her speech
In simple fragrance flow.

It was her thought that day by day
One thought should spring for me,
And she should lay it in God's hand
For my felicity.

And so she takes her morning way—
I seem to see her there—
Unto His throne, with heaven's light
Bathing her childish hair.

Around her are those saints whose robes
Had never lost their white,
And One whose mantle has the hue
With which her eyes are bright.

She lays the lily in God's hand,—
Why should she feel afraid?
Only the exiled one whose name
She breathes is sore dismayed.

She does not know the deep unworth,
The need, the gloom, the fears,—
He only knows whose promised hand
Shall wipe away all tears.

He only knows who was a Child
And born of Maid most fair,
Who bides within her latticed heart,
The Gardener of her prayer.

So all my days and all my nights
Her prayers are in God's hand,—
No wonder that, her clasp in mine,
I walk a holy land.

Irish Scenes and Memories.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

II.—JOHN KENNEDY'S RESOLVE.

"**H**E'S as good a man as any in the parish, if he'd only lave the drink alone," declared Mrs. Madigan one day to Mrs. Meehan, who kept a small grocery store at the five-cross roads below Ardee. Mrs. Madigan was on her way home from the Tuesday market, and had pulled up her donkey outside the shop. The two women shot at telegraphic speed from topic to topic, till Mrs. Madigan dispatched her tender message about John Kennedy. That stayed the wandering character of their conversation for a little.

"Wisha 'tis too bad about John, an' a young wife an' four little childer dependin' on him," came Mrs. Meehan's sympathetic rejoinder.

"'Tis so indeed, Mrs. Meehan; and a lovely girl Mary Nolan was before she met poor John. Not a finer young lady passed through the gates of Knockfeen chapel yard."

"And what nice childer she has!" added the other woman. "An' she fustherin' an' draggin', tryin' to keep thim nate an' tidy an' he drinkin' all their little manes."

"Wisha God help the poor woman!" sighed Mrs. Madigan, with feeling.

When John Kennedy began his apprenticeship at Hartigan's forge, Ardee, for which apprenticeship his father paid a good five pounds, every growing boy in Knockfeen parish envied John his happy lot. For he was taken out of the wind, rain and cold of the farm to learn an honest trade which in time would bring him "piles o' money." John himself was thankful for the good fortune which opened the gates to a successful future. He was a steady, observant boy, had some schooling, was well-mannered, and soon won the good will of everybody.

"That young Kennedy," Tom Hartigan

the blacksmith would say, when John was out of hearing, "is a boy with a quiet tongue an' a quick eye. He'll make his mark some day. See if he don't."

Mrs. Hartigan would declare to a caller:

"Johnny Kennedy is the nicest boy we ever had around the house. Of an evenin' whin we want a bucket o' water he just seems to know it, an' before you have time to say 'How do ye do!' there it is on the floor opposite you. Whin the childer are annoyin' me an' I tryin' to get supper, he coaxes thim out to the little lawn back o' the haggard, an' runs around an' plays with thim till they're good an' tired an' ready enough to be quiet."

John's years of apprenticeship over, he became a regular journeyman in the forge at a wage of sixteen shillings a week. He was as honest as he was skilled, and did not need the eye of a master to keep him at work. How the iron rang beneath the blows of his hammer! How, hot and treacherous, it writhed like a snake; and then, tamed into submission, assumed the shape the workman intended! With what ease he lifted the horse's hoof into his long leather apron! What a power of command, when he said, 'Ho there!' to the fidgety animal! To watch him prepare the hoof, and fit the shoe, and send every nail home and make it secure, was an object lesson on the dignity of labor.

Many a man from Knockfeen parish, when his cattle were sold of a fair-day, dropped into the Ardee forge just to bid John Kennedy the time of the day, and to enjoy a sense of triumph in the thought that this giant was from his part of the county. So it was no wonder Tom Hartigan was sad and sorry the day when John Kennedy said he was going to start out in life for himself.

"Maybe 'tis a raise in wages you're wantin', John? If so, say the word," declared Hartigan, when John broke the news.

"'Tisn't a matter o' wages, Mr. Hartigan." (He always said "Mr." when speaking to or of his employer.) "You've

given me all I've ever asked for and all I'm worth. But you see I'm twenty-four now, and there's an openin' down at the crossroads below Knockfeen. I'm well known by the people around, and I'd best begin for myself now, before somebody else gets in there."

"Well, if 'tis to be, John, it will. But I'll miss you many a day; an' so will Mary, you were so good to the childer. An' I hope God 'ill bless you and keep you, John!"

"Thank you, Mr. Hartigan, — thank you!" answered John, with a full heart.

Some few weeks later John Kennedy opened his forge at the crossroads below Knockfeen. A year later he was able to build a neat house some short distance from the forge, where he lived alone; for his brothers and sisters were in America or married and settled down for themselves. Perhaps this was the beginning of John's trouble; for when the day's work was over, and he was through with his oftentimes cold and ill-prepared supper, the house was lonesome. For all the talk about solitude, a man does not like to be always alone. So John in the still of the evening walked down the quiet road to Athery, whistling the "Blackbird" or maybe "Garryown."

No man becomes a drunkard in an hour. The habit of coaxing, persuading, and minimizing the evil — the "sure-what-harm-in-a-little-drop argument" — has been at the root of much drunkenness in Ireland. As a rule, men get drunk alone only when they are confirmed drunkards. However it may be with other races, this is surely true, of the Celt. His drinking is purely social, until he has acquired the liquor mania. And we know that men with a mania are much the same the world over.

When John met the boys down at Athery of an evening, there was a treat first by this one and then by that, and so on until the circle was completed. It is only fair to say that there was no drunken man among them when the party broke

up, about ten or eleven o'clock. It is only fair to say, too, that John did not go every night; yet he felt lonesome the nights he stayed home. One should not follow with a morbid curiosity the steps that trace the way to a man's downfall. In a short year or so John was what the world calls a drinking man, although he was not a drunkard. He drank in his hours of leisure "with the boys," as they say. It was not one night a week, nor two, but every night except Sunday, when the public houses were closed. Still he was at work in his forge the whole of the long day, and to all appearances had lost none of his strength or skill. Nor did any gossip go abroad about his pleasant evenings down at Athery.

Mary Nolan and John had grown up together from childhood. They were in the same classes at school, received First Communion and Confirmation at the same time; and, when they grew older, went in each other's company to the races of Newcastle, or maybe to a quiet dance at one of the neighbor's houses. To speak the whole truth, John intended to ask Mary to marry him just after he had completed his house. But it "cost him a penny" to build a home and furnish it. So he said to himself: "I'll wait a year, an' when Mary comes into me I'll have more than a house to offer her." So he waited, and met the boys, and was, as they say, a drinking man when Mary became his for always in the sunshine of a June morning a year later.

He kept the straight and the safe road for a couple of years after they were married, and the eyes of a man could hardly see a finer couple as the two went together to first Mass of a Sunday morning. John was tall and muscular, and when the dust and smoke of the working week were washed away with the cleansing waters on Saturday evening, when he wore his collar and tie and his well-kept new suit of clothes and his soft hat, you would think he was an attorney from Limerick or a Member of Parliament.

Mary Nolan, who walked at his side, was "a lady born," as Mrs. Sheahan put it. She carried herself with an easy grace, was cheerful in conversation, and strikingly gentle in her manners.

The birth of the first baby boy, sad to say, proved the occasion of John's fall from grace. There were neighbors, friends, and relatives at the christening, and the joy of the time was in full accord with the greatness of the event. John proved a splendid host, passing around among his guests, encouraging here, and insisting there that "joy be unrestrained," as one of the poets has it. He drank much himself—more than was good for him by a great deal,—and, after the festivities were over in the early morning, spent the day in bed. The next night he continued the festivities, though there were no visitors or friends to encourage him.

From that night on John Kennedy was a drunkard, carrying with him all the vain hopes, maudlin regrets, and weak promises of the slave of alcohol. If you had known this giant in younger years, if you had ever seen his eyes quick with intelligence, his hand strong with manhood's strength, his forehead on which stood out the sweat of honest labor,—if you had seen him then you would not know the wreck of later years. The fire, too, over which he worked was a heap of embers long since grown cold; his hammers, that rang like bells over the air of the quiet country, were thrown about the floor of the forge, silent as death. Upright plows with new socks only half fitted, wheels with the rust gathered on their bands, pieces of old and new iron, housewives' broken tongs or pot-hangers, were scattered all about in disorder; while the door of the forge lay open, awaiting for footsteps that did not come.

Down at Athery was the wreck of John Kennedy, a common hanger-on,—watching, like a hound for a whistle, to be offered a drink. When the night was far spent and the shop closed, he slouched

back to the home where the ghost of the Mary Nolan that used to be, starved to save her little ones. Many a night when he came home she would be up to meet him; but she was silent then, for it is little use to reason with a drunken man. But late in the morning when he got up, his eyes bloodshot, his hands shaking, she would say to him:

"O John, John, for love of the old days, for love of the old life, for love of what once was and isn't any more, give it up! God will help you if you try. Think of the little ones, John. You're making them paupers."

And then the great tears would gush out of his eyes and he would sob as if his heart were breaking. In your pity you would have felt inclined to cry with him.

"As God sees me, Mary, I will! I know I'm doing wrong. I'm crushing the pure heart that is in you. I know I'm starving my little children. God helping me, to-day I'll begin!"

Sometimes he went straight to Father Tracy, took the pledge and received such words of counsel and hope as that good priest could give. Maybe he kept his resolve for a day or two, during which he worked; but even in his labor he was struggling with the thirst that kills. Many a time he dropped his tools, ran up to his house and took up the latest born child in his arms. He held it to his hot face as a drowning man holds to a plank; he kissed the little red lips, as if to slake his thirst with their soft, cooling touch. But, for all the pledges, promises, tears, safeguards, and encouragement, he fell back again and again into the old sin.

John Kennedy was standing at the far end of James Freeman's public house at Athery one October afternoon just when the four well-kept children of the publican returned from school. Perhaps John thought of his own children at home. They might be as well dressed and as rosy-faced as these. His wife was a beau-

tiful woman, and he was a strong, well-knit man in other years. Now his children were paupers, and his wife had grown thin with trouble.

While he was lost in his reflections, the mother of the four children brought some fresh cuts of buttered bread which she placed on a small table near by. Then she went back to the kitchen for a tablespoon with which to measure out some jam to one of the children who did not relish butter. John noticed the buttered bread, and the sight of it quickened his appetite. With the familiarity of a frequent visitor, he went over to the table to take one of the buttered pieces. Just as he was about to help himself the mother re-entered. She walked straight over to where he was, lifted the spoon and rapped the back of his hand with it sharply.

"You filthy loafer! How dare you take such liberties in my house! How dare you take the bread from my children!"

John received the insult like one who deserved it.

"Yes, but you have taken the bread from mine," he said brokenly.

"Get out, you insulting fellow!"

"I deserve it,—a fool deserves anything," John commented meekly.

The publican, who was near the street end of the house, heard the high-pitched voice of his wife. He rushed back and inquired the cause of the trouble.

"This drunken blacksmith has tried to take the children's lunch, and then insulted me."

"Kennedy, out with you!" the publican shouted, much as if he were addressing a dog.

"Jim Freeman, listen to me!"

"Out with you, I tell you! Do you want me to kick you out?"

John Kennedy straightened up. His eyes blazed like the eyes of old. He was dangerous now.

"Don't do that, Freeman. Hear me first. Then I'll go."

Freeman and his wife listened, for the publican knew the power that still lurked

in the giant form of the unfortunate blacksmith.

"Freeman, your wife hit my hand a while ago for taking a piece of bread intended for your children. For eight years you an' she have taken the bread from me, an' I never complained. You call me a loafer, a drunkard, a dog fit to kick. So I am. But, Jim Freeman, an' you mam, listen. John Kennedy will go home now an' will never feed your children again. An' this I tell ye by the truth o' God!"

From the public house he went to his forge that afternoon and put everything in shape for the next day's work. He had little to say to his wife, little to his children when he got home. There was no weeping, no promises. Next day he went to work, and next day, and the next. Meantime such prayers as pierce the clouds were being offered for him by those who loved him best. On the last Sunday of October he and Mary walked up the quiet road to Knockfeen chapel. They went early, for John wished to go to confession. He was some time in the "box"; and then came the *Ego te absolvo* from Father Tracy, with unction, one may be sure. Mary confessed too, and husband and wife knelt side by side when receiving Holy Communion.

"John," Mary said quietly some days later, "it looks like the old life come back again. Praise be to God, and thanks to His Blessed Mother!"

John held her in his arms and kissed her with tenderness.

"Forgive the eight years, my true wife, and my heart'll be at rest!"

For answer she kissed him again and again. Ever after John Kennedy loved and labored for his own.

THE merely natural woman is the natural chattel of the natural tyrant, Man, to whom the Church first said, and ever says, "Remember, I give thee a companion, not a slave."

—Mrs. Hugh Fraser.

The Late Superior of the Congregation of Notre Dame.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

MORE than two hundred and fifty years ago Marguerite Bourgeoys, the strong, the valiant woman, who yet is termed by Parkman "the gentlest figure in Colonial annals," crossed the ocean to that infant settlement of Villemarie, near Montreal, that had but recently been founded in the very war-path of the Iroquois. Her mission it was to teach the Indian neophytes as well as the children of the white settlers; and her institute was to promote devotion to the Mother of God; hence its name of the Congregation of Notre Dame. And so she is beautifully represented to us as teaching in the old stone stable or on the slope of the Royal Mountain, with the children of the aborigines or of the earliest pioneers gathered round her,—a gracious figure, in the simple costume which those first mothers assumed upon the soil of the New World.

But besides that mission of instruction, of forming for Church and State those splendid women, of whom glimpses are given in the chronicles of the time, or those neophytes, some of whom attained to eminent sanctity, Sister Margaret was regarded as a true mother in Israel by the handful of settlers whose perils, privations, and hardships she had shared to the uttermost; and her counsel was asked by the governor (who held her in the highest veneration) even upon the most important affairs of State. She undertook more than one voyage, then so long and perilous, over the ocean, in the interests of Villemarie; and, by her personal efforts and actual manual assistance, caused to be built the first stone church on the island of Montreal,—that of Bon Secours. Her influence and her gracious personality run like a silver thread through the contemporary annals.

But that Congregation, which first saw

the light in a stone stable, has now expanded into a mighty institute, with its thousands of teachers and pupils in Canada and the United States. It is this community which, in the month of November last, lost its Superior-General,—a woman as distinguished for spirituality as for commanding intellect, but whose simplicity and humility made her the true daughter of the sainted foundress. "A woman who knew how to multiply her energies for the success of the works of God; for truly that is a beautiful life, the pages of which have just been closed."

Mother St. Anaclet (in the world Marie Pulcherie Cormier) was born at Contre-cœur, a peaceable little village on the banks of the St. Lawrence, on the 22d of May, 1848. She received her education at the Congregation convent in St. Denis, that other village on the shores of the Richelieu, which had been but lately the theatre of stirring events in the rebellion of 1837. There it was that the mighty breath of the Spirit touched the soul of the girl, and at twenty years of age she renounced the world, with all its allurements, and entered the Congregation convent in Montreal, through the portals of which two elder sisters had already passed. She was followed into religion by a younger sister, who still survives as superior of Assumption Convent. On the 15th of June, 1871, both were professed. The young religious was soon afterward made superior at Yamachiche, whence she was transferred to the celebrated Convent of Villemarie, which holds so distinguished a place in Canadian educational annals, and where, to quote *La Semaine Religieuse*, "she was for more than twenty years the life and soul of the high education given there. As a teacher she was unsurpassed, giving to her pupils the best that was in her of her heart and of her intelligence. Long, long will she be remembered by those whose good fortune it was to have her for an instructress."

On the 3d of June, 1903, she was called to be Superior-General,—a position which, with her ordinary undisturbed composure, she accepted simply as the will of God,—a new duty which she was called upon to undertake. Yet heavy indeed must have been that cross, especially as there is little doubt that her tastes and inclinations pointed to the work of the class-room, where her success had been so marked.

But for the community her election was a tremendous gain. She had all the governing qualities: a calm and equipoise that never deserted her,—evidences, as they were, of her perfectly well-balanced mind; an initiative that enabled her to grasp and control, while using the progressive spirit of the day. Her tireless energy, that never permitted her to spare herself, and which came from the consuming ardor within, was always subordinated to that interior spirit, that holy recollection, by which she was clothed as with a garment. Her intellect was broad and comprehensive; and while her high mental endowments challenged admiration, she had that gift, invaluable to a superior, of winning the devoted affection, the love of all those whom she governed. Hence it is that her daughters declare never was a leader so universally beloved. "Of superior mind," writes one of them, "and a strongly-tempered character, Mother St. Anaclet was a model for her religious. They went to her with perfect confidence. A true mother, she attracted all her daughters to her by her elevation of thought, her soundness of judgment, and the tender piety of her soul. She sought to reproduce in her life the virtues of Marguerite Bourgeoys, and it seemed to her daughters that she fully succeeded."

Her tact, her gentleness, her rare sympathy, enabled her to adapt herself to every disposition, to all temperaments. Simplicity was the keynote of her life. (May it not be said to have been the keynote of that community since its inception?) Humility was the basis of that character upon which had been raised so

remarkable a superstructure. Her sense of humor was keenly developed; but it was a genial and delicate humor and served to enliven the austerity of her high ideal of religious life. For hers was the entire obedience that enabled her so successfully to govern, always making it evident that her government was but the will of God expressed through her, His instrument.

Of fine and sensitive organism, eager, enthusiastic, and aflame with zeal for the glory of God and the welfare of His children, this ideal superior was always wise, tender, and appreciative; stimulating to effort, acknowledging success, but strongly supporting in failure and discouragement. Her fervent piety was as a flame illuminating her judgment and her acts. A true daughter of the Congregation of Notre Dame, she had a tender and ardent devotion to the Mother of God, who was ever her model, her helper, and her guide. Her influence, so strong, so far-reaching, both on teachers and pupils, can not be measured by merely human standards. There was no house of the Order, however remote, that did not come within its sphere; and everywhere it lent inspiration. For 'all her ways were beautiful, and all her paths were peace. . . . She opened her mouth to wisdom, and the law of clemency was on her tongue.'

Amongst the exterior works that marked her administration is first the splendid school for the higher education of women in connection with the new mother-house on Sherbrooke Street West, facing the hoary Mt. Royal. She also founded the School of Domestic Economy, the need and opportuneness of which can not be doubted; and the Normal School. This last is said to have been her work of predilection. She founded, promoted, and developed it as far as lay in her power; for she rightly considered that nothing could be more necessary than to form generations of capable and solidly-grounded Christian teachers, who should control education in the future as in the present.

It would not, therefore, be easy to estimate her services to education, nor what that humble but ever-zealous and devoted religious, frail of constitution, but adamant in purpose, has done for the country and the Church. Hers is a figure that shall live in Canadian annals beside many another illustrious one, which it is a source of just pride to note is clad in the livery of Christ.

Mother St. Anaclet had been ill for about a year. It was a period of cruel suffering, borne with heroic courage and patience. Until about a month before her death, she forced herself to preside as usual over the meetings of the Council, at the night prayer, and the evening meal. But as early as the 6th of October she had to desist from almost all other efforts. She was often heard to say: "I am in the hands of God; let Him do with me as He wills. Heaven is so beautiful!" She therefore awaited death with her ordinary calm serenity. The end came on the 19th of November, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Around her bed were her Sisters, praying fervently while they wept. It seemed hard to them to realize that she who had been so vital a part of community life during the ten years of her wise and capable administration was about to pass forever from their midst. She who had been so beloved, whose heart had so warmly responded to the needs of her daughters, was soon to be withdrawn. Yet so it was, and the desolating news, expected but none the less heart-rending, was flashed from one house of the Order to the other: "Mother St. Anaclet is dead!"

The obsequies, on the 23d of November, were very beautiful and impressive though marked by that simplicity which the custom of the Order demands. Hundreds of religious, bearing lighted tapers, followed the coffin into the chapel where the music was rendered with thrilling effect by the Sisters and novices. Representatives of all the other communities in the city and surroundings were present; and in the sanctuary bishops and priests,

regular and secular, had gathered in numbers to pay the last tribute of respect to the departed. The Archbishop of Montreal officiated at the Solemn Mass of Requiem. At all the side altars Low Masses were being said at the same time.

Deep is the void made by the departure of that distinguished religious, lasting the grief which is felt not only by her daughters but by every true friend of the Congregation. All are consoled only by the thought that she "has gone forth joyfully, carrying her sheaves."

Thoughts on the Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

Jan. 12, Sunday within the Octave of the Epiphany.

THE necessity of condensing within the short space of the liturgical year the teachings conveyed by Our Lord's earthly life has led to the choice of the Gospel of this Sunday (which we might otherwise have expected to deal with an earlier period of His childhood) from St. Luke's account of the finding of Jesus in the Temple by Mary and Joseph, after the three days' loss of their Beloved One. Yet what at first sight might strike us as inappropriate is found to be perfectly in keeping with the lessons of Epiphany-tide. It is to the Collect we must look for enlightenment. "Grant, we beseech Thee, O Lord, in Thy heavenly mercy, the prayers of Thy suppliant people; that they may know what their duty requireth of them, and be able to comply with what they know."

Blind mortals that we are, we are ignorant of our duty unless God in His mercy enlighten us. He led the Wise Kings by the guidance of His Star to the feet of their Infant God, there to offer mystic gifts which portrayed His three-fold dignity as King, Priest and Victim. In like manner He leads us by the infallible guidance of His Church, by the direction

of, spiritual advisers, and by the light of conscience. But, in spite of His guidance, our weakness often fails to follow, either through want of understanding or defect of will. Others besides the Wise Men doubtless saw the Star, yet they did not follow its leading. Many Christians, too, though not ignorant of what God asks of them, forbear to give it. Therefore we pray, in the words of this Collect, that God may show us our duty, and in addition grant us a good will to accomplish it.

The Collect and the Gospel are thus seen to be in perfect accord. The Child Jesus obeys the call of His Father to set about "His Father's business," although that obedience must needs give pain unspeakable to those dearest to Him on earth. It matters not that those whom His Father's will leads Him to instruct will in years to come forget His wisdom and attractiveness, and help to hound Him to death: duty calls, and He will not hesitate to obey generously: there is little difficulty in reconciling the Gospel with the spirit of the festival which the Church is still celebrating. The days spent with the doctors in the Temple were as much a manifestation of Himself to men as that brought about by the guidance of the Wise Men to Bethlehem by the Star, — and "Epiphany," we must bear in mind, is but another word for "manifestation." Here is one link between the Gospel and the feast. But there is another, and it may be thus briefly summarized: The Wise Men, like the Son of God, sought their Heavenly "Father's business," and that only.

The Epistle, too, shows an equally close connection with the spirit of the feast. St. Paul beseeches us to present our "bodies a living sacrifice, holy, pleasing unto God." We are reminded of the mystic oblation of the Wise Kings, and the perfect dispositions in which they made it. With sublime generosity, they sacrificed any natural repugnance which might have presented itself to their minds. The King they came to seek was sur-

rounded by all the outward signs of poverty and littleness; yet they fell down before him in humble faith, and proclaimed His divinity as well as His royalty.

Epistle and Gospel teach the same lesson, — the former through the mouth of the Apostle of the Gentiles, the latter through the example of the Divine Child Jesus. Knowledge of our duty, and the will to accomplish it perfectly, are to be the chief object of our petitions on this Sunday. It is to the Sun of Justice we must look both for enlightenment and for the warmth of fervor which will enable us to act in accordance with our knowledge.

The Three Best Books.

Canon Schmid tells of a pious old man who lived in an isolated cottage, and whose wisdom was such that he could give excellent advice to those who consulted him on whatever subject.

A distinguished scholar went to see him one day, and was so astounded at the old man's language that he exclaimed:—

"Where do you get your wisdom? Here, in your cottage, I see no library from which you might draw such varied and excellent knowledge."

"Nevertheless," replied the old man, "I possess the three best books in existence, and I read them every day. These volumes are: the works of God above and all around me, my conscience, and Holy Scripture. The works of God, the heavens and the earth, are like an immense book open before us; they tell us of the omnipotence, the wisdom, and the goodness of our Heavenly Father. My conscience tells me what I should do and what I should avoid. And the Bible, that Book of books, teaches us how God revealed Himself to men from the beginning of the world, and how our Lord Jesus Christ, came upon earth. It teaches us also what He commanded us to do and to shun, and what He did and suffered for our salvation and sanctification."

"Wearing Very Thin."

Notes and Remarks.

IF Canon Hensley Henson had remained with us for a longer time, we are confident that he would have been confirmed in his conviction that denominational distinctions are "wearing very thin" among religiously-minded Americans. Of this he has been assuring his countrymen since his return to England. Considering that it is a long time now since denominational differences amounted to much of anything in this country, we half suspect that the Canon was thinking of something that he didn't talk about,—the changing attitude of sectarians in this country toward The Church. As illustrating this fact, he might have quoted the Rev. Dr. Manning, of Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church, New York city, as saying in a recent Sunday sermon:

There was never a time since the Christian Church became divided when people are so lonely as they are to-day. They look forward to the day when there will be outside unity in the Church, as well as spiritual unity among the churches. I believe that we are coming to see daily the visible unity of the Church of Jesus Christ. This unity is not only practical, but necessary, that we may accomplish the greatest good in the world. We are coming to realize that the division of the Christian religion is not only a waste but a sin.

Or he might have cited this editorial paragraph from the *Independent*, apropos of the submission to The Church of "two more" Protestant ministers:

It is very natural. They have followed a long line of their brethren. If they had learned to believe in the importance of ritual and the mystical virtue of the sacraments, the transfer of spiritual power by unbroken tactual succession, and the binding value of ecclesiastical authority, they ought to leave any Protestant body for the unquestioning Church of Rome.

Canon Hensley should now make a tour, of his own country, with a view to collecting religious information of the same sort that he came to the United States in search of,

THE obstacles with which the Church has to reckon in England, according to Fr. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R., are the enormous prejudices induced by over three centuries of a well-nigh unbroken and altogether triumphant tradition; an astounding ignorance as to Catholic faith, practice, and history; the widespread indifference concerning religion; the sternness of the Church's moral law; and the complete loss of any sense of duty connected either with faith or public worship. The zealous English Redemptorist speaks from experience, having been engaged in giving missions up and down the country for a quarter of a century. Himself a convert, he realizes more thoroughly than most others how strong the prejudice is, how deep the ignorance, and how widespread the religious indifference of non-Catholics. They are not different anywhere; and, as a body, they will remain unchanged until the prayers and the good example of Catholics move them to seek the Kingdom of God and His justice.

Mr. Manuel Prado, correspondent of *La Nacion*, of Buenos Aires, recently had an interview with Dr. Boissarie at Lourdes, and the following statement by that distinguished physician will interest other readers than those in Argentina:

"I look upon no cure of a nervous malady as the effect of a miracle. A paralytic who begins to walk, a dumb person who suddenly speaks, a maniac who recovers his reason, etc., these are assuredly miraculous cures, and yet I do not accept them as such. I attribute to suggestion, to shock, extraordinary action; and I am well convinced that the nervous system produces wonderful reactions. When, however, there comes along a tubercular patient whose case is perfectly authenticated, and who is palpably in the last stage of consumption

with no reactionary resource; when I am confronted with a person afflicted with lupus or cancer, the tissues deeply eaten away, and when both of these are radically cured without the intervention of physicians, and in an interval of time so short as to be hardly noticeable; when the most frightful ulcers disappear in a few hours without the application of anything else than bandages dipped in the water of the Grotto; when, during the passage of the Blessed Sacrament, some of these afflicted ones get up perfectly cured, then it is time to put aside both 'suggestion' and 'shock,' and think of miracles. And such cases occur by the hundred."

Commenting on the aid extended to Colonel Goethals, in the building of the Panama Canal, by the Young Men's Christian Association, by means, *inter alia*, of "religious meetings and Bible study," the *Outlook* declares: "Perhaps it is not too much to expect that all future Government enterprises in which regiments of workmen are engaged will include the employment of Young Men's Christian Associations and the maintenance of properly equipped buildings."

Perhaps, on the contrary, it is not too much to expect that in all future Government enterprises those in authority will remember that the United States is no more a Protestant than it is a Catholic country, and that its Constitution no more warrants maintaining the buildings of a distinctly Protestant organization such as is the Y. M. C. A. than it does the governmental provision of gymnasiums for the Christian Brothers.

The members of the Local Government Committee of the London County Council are all, presumably, old enough to be wise, and sufficiently educated to be enlightened; but our English exchanges inform us that, at a meeting last month, these worthies actually recommended that 13 Stanhope Place, Paddington, should be

renumbered as 14, on the ground that the number 13 is unlucky. And the Council approved the recommendation by a vote of 28 to 18! Thus did the civic rulers of the greatest municipality in the world stultify themselves. Superstition is commonly supposed to be a concomitant of ignorance; but it is no less a characteristic of incredulity. One thing can be said of those Londoners: they had the hardihood of their folly. They had no fear of being ridiculed for their superstitious fears.

Americans who share the superstition of their English cousins should consider the number 13 in connection with our President-elect. He himself has called attention to the facts that the year of his nomination produces "thirteen" by adding up the digits 1-9-1-2; that "Woodrow Wilson" contains just thirteen letters; that he was thirteen years a professor at Princeton; that he was elected thirteenth president of the University; that he presided over 1300 students; that his is the thirty-first presidential term, and the digits of the number "31" reversed produce "thirteen"; that he is the twenty-eighth President, and the word "twenty-eighth" contains thirteen letters,—counting the hyphen as one; that he will take office in 1913; and, finally, that the Electoral College meets on Jan. 13.

The death, at the age of seventy-two, of the Rev. John Gerard, S. J., will cause genuine regret among cultured Catholics all over the English-speaking world; and will also, we doubt not, awaken a sentiment quite other than regret in those Rationalistic writers of whom he was perhaps the most conspicuously triumphant opponent. Had Father Gerard published no other work than "The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer," he would still rank high among the apologetic writers of his day; but his literary achievements, both in such works as "What was the Gunpowder Plot?" "A

Course of Religion for Catholic Youth," "Essays in Unnatural History," and in a multitude of slighter but scarcely less important contributions to current religious and scientific discussions, assure the permanence of his fame as a splendidly militant son of the Church.

Born in 1840, of a distinguished Scottish family, Father Gerard entered the Church in 1848, when his parents were converted from Episcopalianism. He studied at Stonyhurst, where he subsequently spent fourteen years as Prefect of Studies, served three years as Provincial of the English Jesuits, and was twice (1893-97 and 1900-10) editor of the *Month*, to which excellent monthly the great bulk of his literary output was contributed. Of his personality, a competent critic says: "The two words which best describe him are 'upright' and 'downright'; for he was as scrupulously just as he was uncompromisingly plain-spoken." While this plain-speaking is much in evidence in his published works, the late Andrew Lang publicly testified to Father Gerard's conspicuous fairness as a controversialist. A strenuous champion of Catholic truth, may he rest in peace!

A graphic cartoon from the *New York World*—a train of cars with a gigantic death's-head serving as engine—gives exceptional point to the *Literary Digest's* statement concerning train wrecks in 1912: "It seems appalling to many editors, and looks like a terrible indictment of our railroad heads for negligence, that in the year ending on June 30 last, 10,585 persons should have been killed and 169,538 injured on our steam railroads,—an increase of 189 deaths and 19,379 injuries over the previous year."

The most regrettable feature of the matter is that characterized by the Interstate Commerce Commission as "the large proportion of train accidents caused by dereliction of duty by the employees involved." Mankind is willing to believe that "accidents will happen" despite the

utmost care, and human law recognizes an "act of God" as a good defence for the nonperformance of a contract; but it is more than probable that the number of railroad fatalities in this country would materially decrease if the coroner's juries were not so fond of adding to their verdicts in such cases, "No blame can be attached to the railroad or its employees." The incarceration, for life, of a few of those whose "dereliction of duty" is responsible for the fatalities would have an excellent effect on the whole railroad staff, from president down.

In a communication to the *Chicago Inter Ocean*, assigning strong reasons for opposing the Cooley Bill, which advocates the establishment of vocational schools in the State of Illinois, Mary Onahan Gallery, who describes herself as "an ordinary American mother with a flock of children to bring up," tells of a visit recently paid to one of the public schools in Chicago,—“an imposing building, with all the modern improvements and accessories, where, beginning with kindergarten, every branch of elementary education is taught,—an ideal school, of which the citizens of Chicago have reason to be proud.” Curious as to whether ethical teaching of any sort was imparted to the pupils, Mrs. Gallery made inquiries of a bright-faced teacher who stood at the door of her class-room, surrounded by keen-eyed children,—Greeks, Italians, Jews, Irish, and Americans. The teacher answered, sadly enough: "The name of God is never mentioned here." Mrs. Gallery's comment on this statement is worth quoting:

What is the matter with the world of to-day, that it has use for everything but the God who made it? Are we seeking to follow in the wake of France? We have not usually followed in any one's wake. Columbus did not when he planted the Cross upon these shores; neither did the early Puritans when they set their faces to the West. The early New England schools, the American public-school system as it exists to-day were started to fit boys for the

ministry. One would scarcely like to see the grave face of a Puritan Father in our public schools now. Why, he might be forced to join his old enemies, the Papists; and that certainly would be queer.

How can we expect children to respect the laws of the country when we do not teach them the laws of God? Some people are clamoring for sex hygiene in the schools. Will any one kindly explain in what sex hygiene differs from the commandment of the old Mosaic Law, except, indeed, that it stands upon the lower level of health of the body instead of health of the soul?

Mr. Cooley and those in favor of his new Bill should give due consideration to Mrs. Gallery's letter. As she truly says, it is not vocational schools that are needed in this country of ours. It is bringing back God and the laws of God and the love of God to the schools already here.

"The Other Alcohol" is the somewhat original title of an excellent article written for the Paris *Croix* by M. François Veuillot. With as much vigor as ingenuity, the writer draws the parallelism between drink and bad books. Incidentally, M. Veuillot mentions a crusade that has been undertaken against evil literature. The crusaders give out, when and where they judge proper, little cards upon which is printed:

I promise: 1. To abstain from all bad reading, — that is, from all reading contrary to the Catholic faith and good morals. 2. To read no periodical and to subscribe to no library without having previously ascertained its religious or moral tendencies. 3. To refrain from suspicious or questionable reading. 4. To dissuade others, whenever I have the opportunity, from reading bad books. 5. To destroy such evil literature as comes into my possession.

A comprehensive engagement, which might well serve for a New Year resolution to each of our readers.

It was hardly to be expected that the regulations for the parcel post innovation would elicit unanimous approval. No new thing ever does win immediate praise from everybody. Accordingly, many find fault with the zone system of rates; some are sure that adequate facilities have not

been provided; some say that, until a "cash-on-delivery" clause is put into effect, the farmer and the consumer will be no nearer to each other than they were before; and still others disapprove of the 11-pound weight limit and the special stamp requirement. The New York *Sun*, however, thinks very well of the system. It says, in part:

Its simplicity will amaze those who have been led to believe they are going to have trouble in utilizing its advantages. Descriptions of its details are more confusing than their application. The man who merely reads what he would have to do if he had a package to mail will be more confused than the man who actually does mail a package. The regulations are simple and clear. The method of computing the cost of the service to the customer is straightforward and plain. The time necessary to learn the rate for carriage from one post office to another will not be long in the beginning; and, as the guides furnished by the Department are written up by the post office employees, this will be shortened materially. In large offices, the zone numbers of all the unit areas should be registered within a few months; and the clerical forces will acquire the same expertness in this branch of post office business that they now display in others.

In any case, there is no good reason why such defects as, on trial, may appear in the system, shall not be remedied; and, in the meanwhile, Uncle Sam's New Year's gift is cordially welcomed by most of his children.

Our country has seldom been more creditably represented abroad than in the case of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, late Ambassador to England. Both countries united in paying unprecedented honors to his memory. His vigorous and kindly figure will be missed almost as much in London as in New York, where he first attained celebrity. The regrets of the British nation and its sympathy with the family of the Ambassador and the American people in the loss of a most distinguished citizen were admirably expressed by England's Prime Minister, who said, speaking in the House of Commons:

The American Ambassador in this country has a position of his own, which is independent

of his status and his functions as the diplomatic representative of an external Power. We regard him as a kinsman. He is also an honored and a welcome guest, sprung from our own race, speaking our own language, sharing with us by birth and by inheritance not a few of our most cherished traditions, and participating when he comes here, by what I may describe as a natural right, in our domestic interests and celebrations. The office has been held and adorned by a long succession of distinguished men, and I am not using the language of exaggeration when I say that none of them has more fully entered into its spirit and maintained its special authority than Mr. Whitelaw Reid.

President-elect Wilson would do well to be on the lookout for men like Mr. Reid. Our country has too often been represented abroad by citizens who were no credit to us in any way, their politics being the sole qualification for diplomatic service.

The inevitable is occurring in France. It was all well enough, in the heat of the war against the Congregations, to expel the Hospital Sisters among the rest; but the frugal Frenchmen are awakening to the fact that, in consequence of the said expelling, their hospitals are costing much more money and giving much less satisfaction than they used to do. The Municipal Council of Grenoble has just been petitioned by innumerable citizens to bring the Hospital Sisters back. Some day the whole of France will realize the urgent advisability of bringing all the Sisters back.

In an address at a recent meeting of the Warrington branch of the English Church Union, the Rev. R. J. Brockman, of Liverpool, expressed his conviction that the one thing that helped converts to the Church of Rome was Protestantism! The ordinary representation of the history of the "Reformation," he declared, was so false, and so easily shown to be false by Roman Catholic controversialists, that they were thus able to gain converts to their Faith. Brother Brockman's words must have created a sensation.

Notable New Books.

Socialism from the Christian Standpoint. By Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. The Macmillan Co.

During the Lenten season of last year, the frequenters of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, had the pleasant privilege of listening to six admirable conferences by England's famous Jesuit. These half dozen discourses dealt successively with the relations of Socialism to: The Papacy, The State, The Individual, The Family, Religion, and Christian Socialists. Importuned by many non-Catholics as well as Catholics who heard the conferences, Father Vaughan consented to their publication in book form; and, in order to round out his treatment of the important subject, he gives us in the present volume four additional addresses: Socialism and the Rights of Ownership, Socialism and the Duties of Ownership, Socialism and its Promises, and Socialism and Social Reformation. The ten conferences, with preface and index, make a volume of almost four hundred pages, which the publishers have brought out with their usual typographical excellence.

It is entirely safe to recommend Father Vaughan's work, not merely for the intrinsic merit of his Catholic doctrine, but for the readableness and lucidity of his style. He begs his readers not to forget while perusing his pages that they are rather listening to the spoken, than reading the written, word; and he declares that he does not want "to talk like a book." But the book stands in need of no such indirect apologies. In style as in matter, it is of standard excellence.

While the author does not claim that his conferences are exhaustive treatises on the subjects with which they deal, the general reader will find that, in so far at least as principles are concerned, they leave little if anything further to be said. Referring to the wide difference between genuine Socialism and the innocuous transcript of it by which so many well-meaning persons are duped, Father Vaughan says: "If Socialism were nothing more than a mere economic proposal, independent not only of religion but also of ethics, it would never have been made the subject of a series of conferences in this cathedral. If Socialism were nothing more than what it is represented to be in campaign books, and on political platforms at election time, it might, indeed, be of interest to the Catholic sociologist, but it would not be deserving of the attention we are giving it in this sacred edifice." As Catholics understand the matter, he assures

us, "the State is not the 'output of mere economic conditions'; it is not 'the dynamic expression of material evolution,' but, on the contrary, it is a God-given institution, resting on private property for its material foundation, resting on the family for its natural foundation, resting on religion for its spiritual foundation."

An admirable volume for those who desire to know just where the Church stands on Socialism, and the various economic problems bound up therewith.

Two and Two Make Four. By Bird S. Coler. New York: Frank D. Beattys & Co.

This exceptionally interesting volume is both a business man's arraignment of this country's Godless public schools and a lay Methodist's rather brilliant vindication of the historic Catholic Church. True, the author states (p. 172): "The whole object of what I have written will be lost if this small work is considered as anything in the nature of Catholic apologetics." But it is inevitable that the dispassionate reader *will* so consider it; and we think it highly probable that the Socialist or the Protestant reader who is the reverse of dispassionate will have serious doubts whether Mr. Coler, who speaks of "my Methodism," is not really a Catholic at heart.

The book's title is suggestive of the directness of its argument to the plain man, the man in the street. The volume embodies "the use, in the examination of historical statements and scientific teachings, of the common-sense that God has given us." With many another thoughtful American, Mr. Coler looks upon Socialism and Godless schools as destructive agencies in American life. He sees, moreover, that the first is making profitable use of the second. "What we intended as a device for insuring religious liberty, Socialism finds admirably adapted to its work of crushing religion out of existence altogether, in order that its political power shall grow out of its materialistic philosophy. Under the skilful operation of our Intellectuals, our public-school system is producing a generation of atheists."

Seeking for the cause of the Godlessness of the public school, the author found it to be a prejudice which came from two directions, philosophical and religious. Anent the latter he says: "Its study, by the two-and-two method, has brought me face to face with a great Church and the facts of its history. They were of intense interest to me, because they were new to me. From conventional history I had acquired the conventional Protestant view of this Church and its relations to civilization. The two-and-two method gave me a new view-point. I found that this Church had

been a defender of civilization in the past, and was the defender of civilization to-day. That was not conventional history, but it was the truth; and as the truth I set it down."

And so, because the American non-Catholic objects to the Catholic solution of religious training in the schools through some dread of ultimate Catholic dominance in the State, this author devotes eight of his thirteen chapters to a review of this "Church and State" question as it has loomed up and developed in the past. The work is admirably done, and the Church comes well out of the investigation to which she is subjected by this Protestant's common-sense. The whole volume is eminently worth while, and we recommend its purchase by all public and private libraries.

The Catholic Encyclopedia. In Fifteen Volumes. Vol. XV. Robert Appleton Co.

The final volume of this invaluable work includes articles that come alphabetically between Tournon and Zwirner. We have found it one of the most interesting of all. Of the longer contributions, those on the Blessed Trinity, the Blessed Virgin, the Vatican, the Council of Trent, Tradition, the Revision of the Vulgate, and Da Vinci, deserve special mention. They are excellent and adequate to a degree. It is a pity that other important subjects could not have been as fully treated. Some of the biographies, too, are disappointingly brief. Much more space should have been devoted to personages like Volta and Vondel. We are not unmindful, however, of the difficulties with which the editors of the Encyclopedia had to contend, and we notice that the curtailment is in articles of lesser importance and minor interest. It is exceedingly hard to preserve the sense of proportion in works of this kind. Certain subjects are found to demand more space than was originally assigned to them, with the result that, toward the end of the alphabet, shortening here and there becomes an unavoidable necessity. It should be remembered also that the preceding volumes contain a great amount of information which the ordinary encyclopedia leaves out. Indeed, the more frequently one refers to them the more valuable do they seem.

This concluding volume contains the usual number of full-page illustrations, numerous smaller ones in the text, two admirable colored plates, and a map of the United States, showing the provinces and dioceses of the Church. At the end are about twenty-five pages of errata, clearly spaced, and alphabetically arranged according to volume.

The editors and contributors—all concerned in the production of the Catholic Encyclopedia—

are to be congratulated on the completion of their great task. They are to be thanked also for supplying a mass of miscellaneous information, as full and as trustworthy as it could well be rendered, and for presenting it in admirably attractive and convenient form. Besides being an inestimable service to religion, the work is an invaluable contribution to English literature. It deserves to be included in every collection of books worthy of being called a library.

Faustula. A Novel. By John Ayscough. Benziger Brothers.

It is not so long a time since this author delighted the world of readers by his novel, "Marotz," and his study of San Celestino; yet he has already arrived at that stage of popularity where we inevitably compare him with himself and with the best writers of the day. While this in itself is flattering without meaning to be so, it also spells trouble for the author. He may no longer do as he pleases without being taken to task, and sharply reminded of his highest achievement. The story of "Faustula" brings him at once into comparison with "Marotz" and with the famous stories of early Christian life which have become classics in our day. It is inferior in beauty and breadth and strength to "Marotz," and there is no reason for the inferiority except that the author did not care to write his story in that fine fashion. In "Faustula" he took a smaller canvas and painted in a more minute style. It is deeply interesting, but it deprives John Ayscough of the opportunity to display his highest powers; and the reader, of the joy of another "Marotz." It is very different from "Callista" or "Fabiola" or "Quo Vadis" or "Aurelia" or "Dion and the Sibyls,"—beautiful stories all, each with a different point of view. They made much of the scenic setting, naturally contrasted the Christian life with the pagan, and reached the climax in the public arena. They may be classed as spectacular, with the exception of "Callista"; and "Faustula" is most like "Callista" in its general appearance, its ironic humor, and its method. Quite a number of people, we know, will not consider this likeness a compliment, because of an opinion that Newman could not write a novel. It may please them to learn that not a few critics have described "Callista" as the best novel of its kind in the English tongue.

In "Faustula" the author does what so many readers have often thought should be done. Somewhat more humanly than in Pater's "Marius, the Epicurean," he has given us an intimate study of Christian and pagan in the ordinary concerns of life. The incidents are

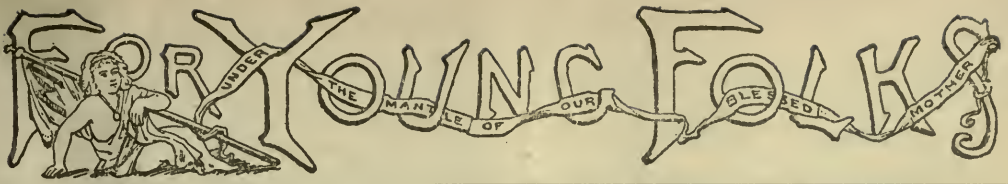
very simple. The arena is absent for the most part, and no courtiers appear.

Merely as a story, there is something tremendously vital in this book. It is full of surprises, so delicate and so true, but all too brief for the reader. "Faustula" is inferior to "Marotz" in some respects, as we have remarked; it is not, however, at all lacking in power and interest. When you compare it with the best work of the pagan world about us, only the language of eulogy can satisfy your feelings.

Life of St. Francis of Assisi. By Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. Longmans, Green & Co.

The singular fault of Father Cuthbert's fine book is that it creates a hearty desire to know still more about St. Francis, and then does not satisfy the desire. Probably the task is beyond one man, which is part explanation of the awakened and universal interest in this extraordinary character, the poor little mendicant of Assisi. The literature about his name will in the end surpass that which flows about the name of Dante. For the latter there is sufficient reason in his towering poetic genius; for the former there seems to be no adequate explanation. Why Protestants and materialists should concern themselves, in this anti-Christian period, with the celestial dream of Francis is far more puzzling than the life and career of the saint.

Father Cuthbert has written a beautiful book, in noble style, with deep feeling, rich sympathy, and the completeness of a savant. He draws a full and richly-colored picture of the times in which the saint lived. Popes and prelates and nobles surround this strange figure; beggars and tramps and birds and animals listen to him and obey him; a Sultan hears his message, and wonders at his voice and his spirit; only Brother Elias and his supporters refuse to be entirely captivated by "the dreamer and his dream." Probably it is at this point the biographer is wanting. We should like to know more of the temper and looks and words of the men who missed what the Sultan and the birds and the Popes and the wolf of Gubbio found so enchanting. We do not get it, undoubtedly from a worthy motive. But even if we did get it, the desire to know more would remain unsatisfied. Francis will always remain as great a mystery to his biographers as Napoleon or George Washington to theirs. These are the wonders of human nature,—which, by the way, have received less attention from students than the arts and sciences. When they awake to the lack (and St. Francis has awakened some of them), there will be a tremendous inquiry into the lives of all the dear friends of God who walked with Him in the days of their exile.



My Guide.

BY UNCLE ALFRED.

Each boy and girl the whole world o'er,
Wherever they abide,
Should make on January 1st
A little New Year guide.

THIS year whene'er I go to play
I'll play with all my might;
I'll be in time for school each morn,
And study hard at night.

Whatever I am asked to do,
I'll do my very best;
At home I'll lend a helping hand,
To give the folks a rest.

I'll not forget to thank the Lord
Each morning when I rise,
And say a fond good-night to Him
Before I close my eyes.

I'll ask sweet Mary every day
To keep me good and pure,
To make me kind to 'all I meet,
Especially the poor.

And just before I go to bed
I'll look back o'er the day,
To see if I have kept my rule
Or wandered far away.

White Eagle.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN, AUTHOR OF
"BILLY-BOY," ETC.

II.—AT BIG SETH'S.

THE Monje Trail that climbed up the "shoulder" of San Pedro, as the narrow ledge was called that stretched beneath the snow-capped mountain peak, lost something of its perils as, after passing La Corta, it wound toward the eastern slope, where, under the shelter of the towering heights, stood the cabin, or shack, of Big Seth. It had been a sort of "road house" in the old days, when

travellers or burros had taken the trail to the valley. But the railroads had ended all that, and there was no railroad within thirty miles of Big Seth's.

There was nothing doing at San Pedro now. Most of the old claims had been picked clean and deserted; the great steel roads throbbing to the north and south of its rugged passes, had drawn away all its life. "Sucked dry as an old orange," was Big Seth's growl. "And what I'm holding this consarned old roost for, I don't know, except that, when I do get down in the jam and hustle, suthin draws me back whar it's high and open and free. I never could get my breath right in a crowd."

To-night Seth, tilted back in his splint chair, his knotted hands clasped behind his head, his two faithful dogs, Tobe and Tad, at his feet, a big fire of pine knots blazing on the rough stone hearth before him, and the air filled with the smoke of friendly pipes, felt the Roost had a calm comfort no jam and hustle could replace. A few "dunderheads" like himself still lingered about San Pedro, trapping, hunting, picking and panning in the old leads and gulches; raising a few sheep, and gathering round pine-knot fires at night, to drink and smoke and talk of the days before the railroad, when San Pedro had a brief passing boom. Several of these old cronies had drifted in out of the snow to-night,—"Old Grizzle," nicknamed for the matted hair and beard that hid almost everything but his keen, blinking eyes; Batty Bob, who spent his days on a hunt for an imaginary lost mine; and Lone Jack, tall and strong and silent, whose real name and story nobody seemed to know.

It was Lone Jack who, coming in after the others, had produced a week-old newspaper from his pocket and handed it to

Seth, folded so that a paragraph should fall directly under his gaze.

"Picked that up at Sam Frazer's," was his brief explanation. "Thought it might consarn you."

"Read it out!" said Big Seth, gruffly. "I ain't got no consarns to hide."

Lone Jack pressed his lips together for a moment, as if something in the words had hurt him, then he read:

"Two hundred dollars' reward for information concerning the heir or heirs of the late Donald Carruther, of New York. Address James J. Waring, attorney-at-law, Room Five, Morrison Building, New York city. California, Nevada, Arizona papers, please copy."

"Doubled up, have they?" said Big Seth, grimly. "It was one hundred dollars six months ago. Wall, that don't ketch me neither. They're after the kid, but they won't get him with no sech bait as that. I ain't no town sharp, but I reckon I know a steel trap when I see one."

Lone Jack slipped the scorned paper back into his pocket.

"You're not in this deal, then?"

"No, sir, I ain't," answered Big Seth, emphatically. "I'm not selling out information that way at any price. That kid was left to me. I gave my word to his father I'd look out for him the best I knew how. The grip of a dying hand 'twixt man and man means more than any four-page docyment that was ever writ. I'm holding to that word and that grip, and all the durned 'torneys-at-law ever made can't budge me,—not while I've got a shotgun," added Big Seth, grimly.

Lone Jack was silent for a moment. He had wider and perhaps sadder knowledge of the world beyond these mountains than these rougher, simpler men, and he felt that there might be good intentions even in "'torneys-at-law."

But Big Seth was "sot" in his ways, as all the mountain-side agreed; and it would not be wise for such a straggler as Lone Jack to differ with him.

"Likely it's some of the kid's kin looking him up," was all he ventured.

"Durn his kin!" said Big Seth, fiercely. "They shan't tech him,—a hard-hearted, close-fisted, cold-blooded set! Turned agin his father tooth and nail 'cause he married to suit himself, like every man should. And, because Carruther was a man with too much sperrit to squeal or beg, he cut loose from the whole consarned pull. Thar wasn't a finer, truer, straighter chap from the Rockies to the Pacific."

"That's so!" replied Old Grizzle nodding through his cloud of smoke. "Hit hard luck thar on the Verde claim, I must say."

"Ay, that took the wind out of him," said Big Seth, gloomily. "When that panned out, he jest naturally gave up and let things go. Didn't seem to keer for anything but the boy. Kept the kid with him night and day, made a *man* of him for his size,—aye, and a gentleman too! Soft and kind and friendly as long as you treat him right, but you'd best not monkey with that boy. He ain't got the red blood of the old braves in him for nothing. And you reckon I'm going to let those white-livered money-grabbers out East get hold of a kid like that, and look down on him! Why, as his father often said, his mother came from a race of chiefs as proud as any king that ever wore a crown! She was one of the last of the Old Eagle chiefs' blood, and had been with the good Sisters of Santa Clara from babyhood up. And when you get a forest flower gardened up like that," added Big Seth, "your roses and lilies ain't in it. She went back to her own people when her schooling was done, and taught the children at the Reservation, and their mothers and fathers as well. The Star Maiden they called her, though the nuns had christened her Maria. Then Carruther, who was prospecting in them regions, seen her; and after he'd shown his hand none of them young bucks and braves stood a chance. But when he married her it raised a howl with his folks down East sure. Thar was a regular bust up and bile over on both sides; and it

didn't ease matters none when the Star Maiden died in a couple of years, leaving him with a kid a few hours old. He remembered the things they writ and the names they called her, and he cut loose from them all clear."

"And left the boy to you?" said Lone Jack. "What are you going to do with him?"

"What am I going to do with him?" echoed Big Seth. "What am I going to do with Carruther's kid? Why, I'm going to let him grow,—grow like the pines, the oaks, the cedars round here. He'll do it. Laws, he's shooting up taller and straighter and stronger every day! He's shooting up into a man that can look out for himself. He can rope a calf and hit a bird on the wing; and even now he can sit the ugliest broncho that ever bucked. And you can't lose him. If you was to drop that kid into the middle of the Arizona desert, I believe he'd strike the trail home. It's the Indian in him. You can't see it, for he's the very spit of his father; but it's thar,—it's surely thar."

"You're not going to give him any schooling, then?" said Lone Jack, filling his pipe from the tin box that stood open to all comers.

"Schooling?" repeated Seth. "Schooling? What for? He can read and write and figure better than I can now. He caught onto a wrong count in Jim Weston's bill for sheep soon as he looked at it. Carruther stuffed him with all the book-learning he'll ever want. Never had none myself. I can't see the good of it—durn this dog! What's the matter with him, anyhow?"—for long, lean Tobe had risen uneasily to his feet, and, putting his nose on his master's knee, whined piteously.

"Sick, I guess," said Old Grizzle. "Rooted up suthing pison."

Big Seth caught the dog's head in both his hands and turned it to the light.

"No," he said, as he looked into Tobe's eyes: "he ain't sick, and he ain't the fool to root up pison. That dog has got more sense than many humans."

Tobe raised his head and whined again. "Thar's suthing wrong, and he's trying to tell me."

"Mebbe that critter Jake Bond talks about is somewhere round," said Batty Bob, speaking for the first time.

"Mebbe it is," replied Seth. "Durned, if I didn't clean forget that yarn of Jake Bond's! Down, Tobe old chap,—down!" as the dog continued to leap on him and whine. "You ain't in for no fight to-night. We're all safe enough from prowlers in here. Down, I say! Je-hosh-a-phat!" There was a sudden change in Seth's tone, for Tobe had made a spring at a nail in the wall and dragged down a small fur cap. "You don't mean—" and the speaker started to his feet in fierce excitement. "You don't mean the kid ain't home yet? I thought he was back in Nokola's cabin an hour ago. Don! Don!" Big Seth flung open the door and made the night resound with his shout. "Don! Nokola! Bonita! Nona!" while Tobe leaped out into darkness, barking wildly; and Tad, roused from his doze by the fire, added his deeper, hoarser bay to the din.

There was a stir in the small low cabin some twenty yards distant. Its closed wooden shutters flew open.

"*Si, si, señor!*" called a quavering voice through the gloom. But Big Seth and his dogs were already at the door.

"The kid—the boy—Don? Is he here?" he asked of the tall, gaunt old woman who met him at the threshold.

"The boy—the girl, señor? No, no! I thought they were with you."

A rough oath burst from Big Seth's lips.

"With me, you old fool!—with me! I have not seen them since morning."

"Nor me, señor,—nor me since they went to the *fiesta* in the valley," the old woman answered. "Ah, *Santa Maria*" (Nokola had been only half christianized by her surroundings), "they are lost in the night!"

"Lost!" echoed Big Seth. "Lost? That kid wouldn't be lost in the blackest night that ever fell. Don lost crossing

the ledge of San Pedro! Never—never!"

"Then it is perhaps that they stayed at the mission all night for fear of the storm," remarked old Bonita.

"Owl that thou art!" said Nokola, turning fiercely upon her companion. "Never would they stay out without saying the word. But in the white cloud of the snow even the eaglets can not see."

"The snow has stopped," put in Big Seth, looking up at the clearing night sky; for the swift flurry that was all that San Pedro knew of a winter storm was over. "Something more than snow has kept them—down, Tobe,—down!" For the dog was again leaping and barking excitedly. "I'm coming, old chap! Get the guns, Jack! Tobe scents trouble, and I've never known his nose to fail. Thar's surely suthing straying round to-night. And them two kids—" Seth's deep voice shook in spite of himself,—"the Lord have mercy on them kids if it gets on their trail!"

And Big Seth flung over his shoulder the gun that Jack had brought out to him; and the men and dogs (for Batty Bob had picked up his own old battered rifle and joined the party) started out over the new-fallen snow on their search.

(To be continued.)

A Legend of Our Lady.

Cequanhtzin, journeying far from his native home in the Aztec land, lost his way and chanced upon a strange hillside, over which he had never passed before. He paused to say an *Ave*; for he was a devout client of Our Lady, as were many of the Mexican Indians, converted to the Faith by their Spanish conquerors.

There Cequanhtzin knelt in wonder and amaze; for a brilliant light blinded his eyes, and countless lovely scents filled the air, from flowers never seen before. Then, on a cloud of light, appeared to him the shining figure of Christ's Mother, who bent upon him the sweetest of glances and said:

"Near here is hidden an image of mine, concealed years ago to preserve it from the insults of the pagan priests. Seek for it; and, when found, make for it a shrine worthy of the Mother of the Redeemer. So shalt thou be blessed."

Then Our Lady disappeared, and Cequanhtzin blessed himself and prayed. Seeking diligently, he found the figure beneath a maguey bush, and bore it home, to keep it in safety until a fitting shrine for it might be erected. Next morning, however, he awoke to find it gone; and, searching, again he found it beneath the maguey bush. Again he carried it to his *hacienda* and placed it in his stoutest chest, sleeping upon the chest that night. In the morning when he awoke and, with eager fingers unlocked the chest, it was empty save for the strange fragrance which filled the whole house.

Again he sought the image beneath the bush, and there he found it. Then he understood it was the Blessed Virgin's will to have her shrine erected there. A magnificent church, that of Our Lady de los Remedios, was forthwith erected beside the maguey, where the sacrificial stone of Totoltepec had once run red with the blood of human victims; and the long-lost statue was there enshrined, while upon the altar was engraved: "Upon this spot the Blessed Virgin appeared to Cequanhtzin—Don Juan Aquila [his baptismal name]—and revealed to him the hiding-place of this statue, desiring that here a shrine be erected in her honor, A. D. 1540."

To-day the shrine stands upon the hill-top, a place of pilgrimage for thousands of Our Lady's clients who seek the intercession of "Nuestra Señora de los Remedios."

A Gift from China.

The sweet orange was first brought from China to Europe by the Portuguese in 1547. The identical parent tree is said to be still in existence at Lisbon.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Glimpses of Heaven" (The Angelus Series) is made up of the pictures of heaven presented in Dante's "Paradiso," and is by Sister M. Aquinas, O. S. B. Its aim is the high one of ennobling the soul by dwelling with a great mind in its most sublime exercise.

—Through the kindness of Mr. Orby Shipley, the *Catholic World* (January number) has been able to publish what is probably the fullest study extant of Newman's most widely known piece. The paper, "Lead, Kindly Light": Its Sources and Its Meaning," was written by an Anglican clergyman, the Rev. James Mearns, M. A., and is as interesting as it is scholarly.

—It seems to have been a surprise to a great many persons to learn that the late Fr. Ganss was the author of "The Banner of the Sea," which in 1889 won the gold medal offered by our Government for the best song for the Navy. His most popular religious song, "Long Live the Pope!" has been translated into many languages. The Masses composed by Fr. Ganss have been highly praised by eminent musicians at home and abroad.

—The late Fr. Francis Goldie, S. J., though not so well known to the general reading public as his fellow-religious, Fr. John Gerard, was the author of several books of much merit and considerable popularity, notably his biographies of St. Stanislaus Kostka, St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, Blessed Anthony Balduino, and St. John Berchmans. This last we consider one of the most beautiful books of its class in the language. Fr. Goldie was also the author of "The First Christian Mission to the Great Mogul." For some years he was on the staff of the *Monk*, and he contributed to various other Catholic periodicals. His self-sacrificing labors in behalf of sailors and soldiers at home and abroad caused him to be widely known and venerated.

—In a little volume of some two hundred pages—a handy one that suggests pocket companionship—Dr. Charles H. McCarthy has contrived to present "Columbus and his Predecessors," a study in the beginnings of American history. The author's work is well done in this brief compass. It is as definite and complete as a sketch may be. It is not "scrappy," but a well-woven account,—in a word, excellent history in miniature. Starting with the Phœnicians, the author reviews the development of geographical knowledge and practical exploration down to the end of Columbus' life. The chapter

on the discoverer's equipment, and that dealing with England's claim to North America, are perhaps the most important as well as the most interesting portions of this useful and eminently readable little book. For Dr. McCarthy writes admirably. Published by John Joseph McVey, Philadelphia.

—From Desclée, De Brouwer, & Co., Paris, we have received several interesting French pamphlets,—"*La Royauté Universelle de Marie*," "*Almanach du Propagateur des Trois Ave Maria*," and "*Une Enfant Modèle*." The last is a biographical sketch of Germaine Hemery, known throughout the Loir-et-Cher district of France as "the little Easter Daisy of God."

—Attractiveness and simplicity are the aims of a "Baby Catechism," by the Rev. Roderick A. McEachen, published by the Catholic Book Co. of Wheeling, W. Va. The grown critic will not be greatly attracted by the colored pictures, and he may be puzzled by the author's use of "shall" and "will," or rather his failure to use "shall"; but the very young child will probably not be thus hindered from fully appreciating this book.

—The latest appreciation of Shakespeare by his fellow-townsmen is reported as follows by a writer in the *Washington Post*:

In Stratford, during one of the Shakespeare jubilees, an American tourist approached an aged villager in a smock, and said:

"Who is Shakespeare, anyway?"

"He were a writer, sir."

"Oh, but there are lots of writers! Why, then, do you make such a fuss over this one? Wherever I turn I see Shakespeare hotels, Shakespeare cakes, Shakespeare chocolates, Shakespeare shoes. What did he write—magazine stories; attacks on the trusts, or novels?"

"No, sir,—oh, no, sir!" said the aged villager. "As I understand, he writ for the Bible, sir."

—An essential characteristic of good editorials in either the daily or the weekly paper is actuality; and hence the interest in such writing must, on the face of it, be ephemeral. True, the editorial may contain much of permanent value, may possess something of the features of brief essays, dependent for their interest and worth on no passing incident of the day; but so long as they are based on or treat of matters occupying public attention here and now, they must lose the quality of timeliness when, without being recast, they are later on published in book form. All this is preliminary to the statement that the Rev. James H. Cotter's "*Lances Hurlled at the Sun*," a collection of editorials written for the *Catholic*

Union and Times, would in our opinion be a much better book had its author thrown its excellent material into some other form. It would have been an improvement, even, to date the different papers. One care Father Cotter has taken: he has grouped the editorials under several general headings: American Secular University Education, Socialism, Infidelity in France, etc. The book contains much of apologetic value, and its style is prevailingly vigorous.

—"For religious," says the preface to "Your Neighbor and You," by the Rev. E. F. Garesché, S. J. (New York: Apostleship of Prayer), "there are many manuals of holy living; for the layman there are comparatively few; fewer still deal with life as it is lived at our present time." The present little work is an effort—and, let it be said, a very successful one—to supply this want. The book is made up of a dozen and a half of articles contributed during the past few years to various American Catholic periodicals; and the author has been well advised to have them reprinted in book form. The papers bear such titles as: "The Apostleship of Speech," "Our Talk at Home," "The Power of Praise," "Wearing a Catholic Face," "Our Holier Selves." All are distinctly helpful as well as interesting.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Columbus and His Predecessors." Charles H. McCarthy, Ph. D. 50 cts.
- "Glimpses of Heaven." Sister M. Aquinas, O. S. B. 50 cts.
- "Lances Hurl'd at the Sun." Rev. James Cotter. \$1.
- "Your Neighbor and You." Rev. E. F. Garesché, S. J. 75 cts.
- "Socialism from the Christian Standpoint." Fr. Bernard Vaughan, S. J. \$1.50, net.
- "Faustula." John Ayscough. \$1.35.
- "Life of St. Francis of Assisi." Fr. Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. \$3.50, net.

- "Two and Two Make Four." Bird S. Coler. \$1.62.
- "The Teacher's Companion." Brother De Sales, M. A. \$1, net.
- "The Westminster Hymnal." \$1.25, net.
- "The Orchard Floor." 75 cts.
- "The Church and Social Problems." Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. \$1.
- "Cantate" (Organ Accompaniment). Prof. J. Singenberger. \$3.50.
- "This and That and the Other." H. Belloc. \$1.37, net.
- "A Miscellany of Men." G. K. Chesterton. \$1.50, net.
- "Faith and Suggestion." Edwin Lancelot Ash. \$1.25, net.
- "Games and Dances." William A. Stecher. \$1.25, net.
- "England under the Old Religion, and Other Essays." Francis Aidan Gasquet, D. D. \$2, net.
- "Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife." Mrs. Hugh Fraser. \$3.25.
- "The Bravest of the Brave: Michel Ney, Marshal of France." A. Hilliard Atteridge. \$3.50, net.
- "The Three Sisters of Lord Russell of Killowen." Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. \$2, net.
- "Psychotherapy, etc." James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D. \$6, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Ladislaus Kubiak, of the diocese of Fort Wayne; Rev. Edward Brady, diocese of Wilmington; and Very Rev. J. P. Moran, O. P. Mother M. Catherine and Sister M. Isadore, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Gervase, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Theckla and Sister M. Zita, Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. George Hess, Mr. William Foster, Miss Ellen McCarvill, Mr. John Giesler, Mrs. A. J. McGraw, Miss Katherine Hellsfern, Mr. Frank P. Kirlin, Mr. Valentine Taberelli, Miss Nellie Riordan, Mr. Andrew Meyer, Mr. Edward Kelly, Mrs. Martha Kane, Mrs. Maria Newell, Mr. Valentine Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. C. Clarey, Miss Louise Baker, Mr. John Cepicky, Mr. Michael Murphy, Mr. Louis Eberhard, Mrs. Isidore Brancheau, Mr. J. F. Flaeke, Mr. John McCarthy, and Mr. W. J. Horn.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 49.

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Sedes Sapientiae.

BY CHARLES A. DOBSON, B. A.

IN the beginning was the Word, whose might
Still was with God, and was true God, and made
All things, and all omnipotence displayed.
In Him was life, which life to man was light,
'Mid darkness shone that knew Him not aright;
The world, His work, against Him stood
arrayed;
His own He sought: they shrank from Him,
afraid;
But those who loved as sons walk in God's sight.
Him they received when to His own He came;
Him they adored, believing in His name;
For they, not born of blood, or fleshly will,
Nor of the will of man, but Will Divine,
Saw Him, in thee made flesh, thy being fill,
Thy soul and body thence all Wisdom's shrine.

A Letter from Canterbury to an Invalid at Home.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

WELL, dear R., here I am again for a week,—happy I! This is a rather humdrum generation, and it does do you good to get somewhere where your spiritual blood runs like mad for once. "I never feel so aggressively, flamboyantly 'Popish' anywhere in my own country as I do in Canterbury," said a young Englishman to me not long ago; and I know exactly what he meant. Have the true Faith, plus the historic sense, and it is all you can do to bear the place,

between the pleasure and the pain of it.

I can't give you any idea of the old town, an incredible treasure-box of interest. But you know something of the wonderful personality of the cathedrals over here in England. This is one you can come back to, and listen to, everlastingly: it has so many divinely diverse things to say, or else says some familiar thing so diversely and divinely. I always look upon Durham as a warrior chieftain, ringed about on that spacious crag with ghostly banners, and *Esto bonus miles Christi* lettered on each of them. Then Ely is a poet—bless it!—a golden-tressed, unaccountable minstrel of God; and some such singing genius, only in a more expected way, has Winchester,—yes, and Wells and Lincoln. And Hereford is a gray philosopher, teaching one the fear of the Lord. And Lichfield, a child, babbling "Alleluia!" amid its blushes. (You'll remember my telling you of the lovely way the light comes and goes on the rose-dark walls there.) And York is a strong, quiet angel friend, of an almost perturbing radiance.

But Benedictine Canterbury is a priest and a mystic. This ineffable character is stamped on all its mightiness, down to every dear little immemorial and ever-fresh detail: the very holiest of English cathedrals, surely, in itself, quite apart from all that august history and those overwhelming memories; and so an incomparable "station," as they say in Rome, for a pilgrim in the right mood.

Great naves often worry me, they are so implicating and over-wise, seeming

to know exactly what they are going to do next for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. But Canterbury nave doesn't know at all, and has no culmination which can be seen or guessed at. It is purely inspirational. That is why I think it an architectural heaven; surely it must be one of the very finest naves in the Gothic world. The "spirit of place" just heaves itself at its ninth bay, before reaching the westernmost crossing; and suddenly soars up a wide, splendid stairway (crowned no more by the Rood), like some vast, slow eagle getting under wing. It goes within and past the screen, no eye knows whither; up and up, over that sublime crypt of Ernulf, and on twice as far again.

The high choir, the low transepts, the passages and entrances and exits under the great lantern have a romance unparalleled. Painters love them for their caverns of shadow and play of half-lights; but the hill-and-vale of masonry is most fascinating when you study out the reasons of utility which made the old builders fashion them as they did. The whole ground-plan is the boldest and most complex thing you ever got hold of; and all the outlines, traced by this buried century or that, are full of poignant wild beauty. Every time I come near the minster, I go all over it anew, amazed and entranced with its art of irregularities and extravagances, of compromises and opulences.

It is delightful to recall that the unique narrowing of the choir (just as oddly charming from without as it is from within) is the record of one great twelfth-century builder's reverence for the good work of another. William the Englishman, planning after the disastrous fire, gave himself all that structural trouble in order to keep the lateral chapels and their towers set there in their perfection by Prior Conrad, two or three generations before. And, then, that fifteenth-century central tower; that daring, delicate Bell Harry tower, successor to the Angel

Steeple which was a landmark for all the coasts about the Stour! Was there ever such an unearthly presence in stone? How often it is mentioned in Mrs. Sibylla Holland's published "Letters"! And how it remains with one as almost the chief *dramatis persona* of that delightful book!

The cathedral makes a great setting, I assure you, for a meditation on Continuity. Oh, how still it all is,—how cool, silvery, and sad! Not a votive lamp breathing in all those lordly spaces. Not a sign to tell you where lie Anselm and Alphege, and Odo and Wilfrid, and Dunstan and Mildred. Not a nook with a tall crucifix, where the poor can sit at their consoling prayers half the day, as they do in the Continental churches, and "in their golden urns draw light"! Nothing, nothing, to catch the eye and soothe the heart, beyond some fair old glass in the windows, marooned there, its subjects utterly disconnected from the worship below. Vault and pier and wall, and chantry after chantry, in their Tudor nakedness, are written with unutterable records for those who can, as says dear Sir Thomas Browne, "run up their thoughts upon the Ancient of Days" upon "the magnalities of religion and the honor of God." But it is not the lack of sensible objects of devotion which strikes one first.

The Reformation was a successful experiment in lovelessness, and on a gigantic scale. Those old Catholic archbishops and priors raised this miracle of a fabric from the ground, filled it with altars and shrines, cherished it while they lived, endowed it when they died; they set the saints to sleep like stars in its bosom, and saw their own last beds, under canopies of lace-like stone, made one by one in its sacred aisles. These modern archbishops and deans keep it carefully as trustees for a paying public (for which one must be duly grateful),—keep it in its beautiful death-pallor, repair it, and all that; but never by any chance do they enrich it at their personal expense, and have only begun in recent times to adorn it with

their cenotaphs. *One* of the long new line since Matthew Parker is under a monument in the cathedral; that one is Archbishop Benson.

The great leaven of the Oxford Movement has told even here in the stronghold of "moderate views." But for three hundred and fifty years the Anglican primates thought surprisingly little of the great heirloom, handed over to them by the State. Their hearts were not in it, and their dust is not in it. If a hot, dark wave of religious passion breaks over us from the minster graves, we know well it is caused not by these children of the bondwoman, but of the free.

No: the Protestant Right Reverend Fathers in God, the whole dynasty of them, have lain them down in divers other places, near their country palaces, and the like. That remarkable man, Archbishop Temple, however, saw fit to be buried in Canterbury cloister garth,—if not, like his successor, Edward White Benson, at the foot of the north aisle of the nave. A lifesize marble figure of the former is in one of the ambulatories. He is kneeling in a cope (mitreless, as you will surmise); and he is praying,—praying ever so gravely and decently, just as Bishop Ryder, in his lawn sleeves, prays at Lichfield. No "Romish raptures" there! These admirable celebrities are made to behave by the sculptor in a most fitting way. The attitude and temper are entirely typical of the generation which approved of reverence, but not of "abjectness" (!) toward Almighty God. Somehow, we Catholics can not imagine any genuine episcopal adorer of the Blessed Sacrament facing east toward the once beloved altar with just that controlled eye, that reserved, formal, loose folding of the hands. The effigy is very nice indeed, so far as it goes. It is also eminently un-supernatural. A bit of Sir Joshua Reynolds' criticism comes to mind. He wanted to bewail in some work of art the absence of the spark of inspiration. "It lacks *that!*" he said, with a snap of the fingers.

So with the post-Reformation sanctity of Canterbury.

Ah, "Continuity"! Put us, the disinherited but unchanged Catholic body, back into possession of our ancestral halls of the spirit, and does not all the world know what would happen? Every broken and empty stoup, every idle piscina, every replaced altar-stone, would come naturally into full use within a week. Every family habit would be taken up instantly and as a matter of course, as if nothing had ever happened to it or to us, or to the liberties of the majestic doctrine which it symbolizes and we apply. Then would be seen a real pallium,—what a glad sight for Canterbury cathedral!

Did you know that the pallium figures yet in the heraldic arms of the See? Silly, silly little secessionist Establishment! Why wasn't it wise enough to throw the picture of the "Papal yoke" away? I suppose they think it now a "precious link with the past." Well, pray that it may hold on a little longer, until it becomes a still more precious link with the future. When Mass begins again in the glorious temple over the way, we shall have to be intolerant and put the poor Huguenots out, shall we not? They have their services in it: thus ever since Queen Bess' time. I am not joking: they really do! The Black Prince's chantry in the crypt is set apart for them, and there is still a congregation Sunday by Sunday. (The Black Prince—dear hero!—had a peppery temper: I am glad he is past making remarks.) "Continuity," indeed, and French Protestant prescriptive rights sprouting like a home-grown fungus immediately under the Anglican primate's throne! Isn't it an instructive spectacle?

Put us back (so my thoughts run under Bell Harry), and see again the same old fuss, in kind, if not in degree, made over St. Thomas à Becket! They are as quiet about Becket as they dare to be in Canterbury. Only yesterday I heard a gentle-voiced verger thus addressing his flock in the corona: "At the time of the English

Reformation, we did away with Becket, and with Becket's shrine." (I thought it such an odd, superfluous use of "English," that shibboleth word, just there.) Yes, indeed: it was all very much in the day's work. Nobody has admired half enough the intensely intelligent hatred of Henry VIII., not capable of remorse like that of Henry II., for St. Thomas of Canterbury. What a stroke of genius, to reach out over the abyss of ages, single out a man who stands for everything you want to batter down, persecute him minutely and consistently and relentlessly, and deal out to his memory and his bones, as to a most dangerous contemporary, the full penalties of the law!

When the Tudor Caesar climbed into the sheepfold of God, he certainly found some stout shepherds to dispute his passage; but no living Fisher or More was half so terrible to the Supreme Head as the four-hundred-years-dead champion of the Church in England. I have always rejoiced exceedingly that it was so. The action is most wonderfully significant, and makes the whole genesis of the Reformation so plain. Commend it to any thoughtful Anglican. That saint, if ever man did, has touched the quick of Catholic feeling, ancient and modern, in this land. His shrine would get built up again, were the chance to come; we couldn't help that, our unanimity being from everlasting. (A horrid, vulgar bulldog quality it must seem to those who don't like us!)

And Becket truly haunts his cathedral now as much as ever. Despite all its profoundly venerable names, aligned before his own, or visible between us and him, his is the chief human presence there where he was martyred that dark December evening by the Réaux, the mad King's men. There is a little square chiselled in the pavement of the north transept, which shows one just where he fell. The whole structural arrangement thereabouts had to be altered shortly after his death; but the section of Norman

wall just behind was where it is in his day. An unblest modern named Chapman has his monument stuck there,—“to the grief of all goode men,” as our forbears used to say.

The crypt stair close at hand is another survival. Down it Becket could easily have gone, to escape the fury of the four knights. And in the passage to the crypt there is some ornate hatchet-work upon the wall, which his eyes must have seen a thousand times, and which brushed the garments of those who bore him to his grave. I never knew an English Catholic, having the opportunity to do so without seeming conspicuous, who has not knelt to kiss that little square in the flagged floor. It is with a certain melting of the heart that you trace the double long line of hollows worn in the stairs going up to the Trinity Chapel where the great shrine stood. Nothing is there now, of course; but your feet might be set on the fallen, wave-beaten slabs of some seashore cliff, so uneven is the pavement from the surging and passing of innumerable pilgrims long dead.

Just over this place of St. Thomas' second burial, high in the splendid vault, is a gilded crescent. No one knows when or why the crescent was put there. Guide-books are silent; but there it is, and there it always was. My private theory is that it has some reference to a Saracen maid,—she of the long faithful search for her “Gilbert” in “London” (the only two English words she knew). It would be no farfetched fancy if her curved horn of the Orient had been hung aloft to mark her canonized son's place of rest? They often did just such personal and poetical things as this, those builders of long ago.

I hung a long while yesterday, in the failing winter afternoon light, about Cardinal Pole's plain brick grave in the corona. It is the easternmost of all the graves in the cathedral. I am sure that most winning and noble Plantagenet, who was so near at one time to becoming King Consort of England, so near, later, to

becoming Pope, had himself laid there for symbol of one great national hope, *aspiciens eum cujus nomen est Oriens*. Over the tomb is one welcome bit of color, the coat-of-arms of the "Angelical Cardinal," borne appropriately by two angels; and below is an unobtrusive brass scroll with an inscription. Now, when Pole was made Papal Legate, so that England might receive from Rome her solemn absolution from schism and heresy, in that wonderful reconciliation of 1553, he was not Archbishop of Canterbury, nor even in priest's orders!

I was just pondering on the terrible pathos of the "reunion" which did not last, when a verger came up with the usual herd of gapers, and I got quietly out of the way. I couldn't stand a possible mention just then of a "Roman Catholic archbishop" (as it were an obtruder, a strange fish), or of his tragic sovereign as "Bloody Mary." So I fled to the extreme end of the empty nave. Presently the lights began to gleam, and the choir to file in for Evensong, and vanish far beyond the royal screen. They chanted the Psalms with that magical effect always produced in a vast, unfilled space by the voices of boys and men,—*"soaring pinnacles of song,"* Father Benson calls them somewhere, *"on deep, immovable foundations."* How many a Catholic, I meditated, had sat like me, far off and alone, in Canterbury cathedral, and listened, and let his soul be wafted out to a world not this, conscious of the homesickness and the heartbreak we true heirs must have! Yet, in the present state of these all-beloved sanctuaries, themselves for nearly four hundred years more bereft than we ourselves are, what can be so healing to them as this lapping sea of exquisite traditional harmonies?

I wonder if you would feel about the daily choral Anglican services as I do? Until they can be replaced by the authentic Divine Office, I want them never to end. These local fabrics are old and sad and discredited, and need the opiate of com-

fort. And so, I say, there can not be music enough. Let it swell and rise around them, and wash away the earth-stains and the print of the foot of the stranger! Let it, if only it can, speak to the dear and august walls of their Guest who is gone! The Faith must return: too many saints of all lands have prophesied it of England, that it should not come to pass. "Shall these dry bones live?... O Lord God, Thou knowest!" It is hardly fair to stop, as even Newman did, at the query and the sigh. After all, the great text in Ezechiel does go on to tell how the Spirit breathed over the dry bones, and how "they stood up on their feet, an exceeding great army." You and I will not see it, but so it shall be.

Here I am at the end of an interminable script, and what have I told you about Canterbury, that almost infinite historical world? But you at least lose nothing: there are books on books, all mines of riches, to give you facts in their order, and some artistic conception of the grandeur and beauty and loveliness of the old Sinai of English Christendom. What you have patience for, I know, is to learn a few of my own impressions. Take them, disproportionate, prejudiced, casual as they are, just as you take your absent friend who loves you. Good-night!

HE who "puts his feet into a net" can not get them out when he has a mind; so he who lets himself down into habits of sin can not rise up the moment he wishes. And he that "walketh in the meshes of a net" entangles his steps in walking; and when he tries to extricate himself that he may walk, he can not. So it often happens that a man seeing that the good things of this world, when not possessed, are objects of love, and very often, when possessed, grow worthless, he learns, by the act of obtaining, how worthless they are, and would, without sin, get quit of that which he has gotten with sin; but he has "put his feet into a net" and is entangled.—*St. Gregory the Great,*

A Far-Away Princess.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

III.

IT was one of those accidents of life which often have such far-reaching results as to lead one to question whether they are accidents at all, which brought Royall Harcourt, the next day, along the Rue de la Paix at the exact moment when a lady stepped out of the door of one of the famous establishments which line that thoroughfare, so that they met face to face on the pavement. Each paused involuntarily at sight of the other.

"Why, Royall, how delightful to meet you like this!" the lady cried, holding out her hand; while Harcourt, as he took it, responded warmly:

"My dear Mrs. Granger, what an unexpected pleasure to see you! I hadn't an idea that you were in Paris."

"Of course not, since I arrived only yesterday," she answered. "We've been in London, enjoying the Coronation, and all the rest of it, for a month past. But Robert is called home by business, and I think I will return with him; so I've run over to Paris for a few days' shopping before we sail."

"Is Granger with you?"

"No: he remained in London, being better entertained there; and I was glad he preferred to stay. A man is dreadfully in the way when there is shopping to be done."

"No doubt," Harcourt laughed; "so I'll take myself off at present. But I should like to know when I can see you; for" — he hesitated a little — "I have some news to tell you."

Something in his tone arrested the lady's attention. She glanced at him quickly.

"What kind of news? What have you been doing?" she questioned.

Again he laughed, while his eyes met hers in a bright, direct gaze.

"I have been marrying," he answered.

"Marrying!" she gasped. "Do you mean that *you* are married?"

"But naturally — what else could I mean?" he replied. "I have been married for a month."

"Royall! You take my breath away! To whom are you married?"

"To some one of whom you are not likely ever to have heard," he told her gravely enough now; "but concerning whom you will hear many things which are not true when you return home. Therefore, I want to prepare you by letting you hear the truth from me. So, again, when can I see you?"

"Now, at once," she replied eagerly. "Do you suppose I could wait to hear about anything so astonishing as this?"

"But you are shopping—"

"Fiddlesticks for the shopping! There are some things even more interesting than choosing clothes. Come and lunch with me — I'm at the Hôtel du Rhin, very near here,—and tell me everything."

And so a little later, as they sat at lunch together, Harcourt told the story of his impulsive marriage, to an intensely interested and sympathetic listener. Mrs. Granger was, indeed, so interested that she was hardly able to do any justice to her luncheon, but merely trifled with the courses placed before her, while her shrewd brown eyes remained fastened on the face of the young man opposite her.

"You see," he said, "my father has conceived the altogether mistaken idea that I met Moira in the student society of the Latin Quarter,—a society of which he knows nothing, but which he imagines to be steeped in equal parts of dissipation and immorality. Now, of course it would be no argument against her if I *had* met her there; but, as a matter of fact, she has never had any connection with the *quartier* at all. Up to the time of her father's death she led the ordinary sheltered life of a well-born French girl. But M. Deschanel left an estate hopelessly involved; her mother was a charming but

helpless woman, and it was necessary for Moira to find some work by which she could support her mother and herself. She had always showed strong dramatic talent, and by the advice of her friends she began to prepare for the stage. During this time I did not know her at all. I never saw or heard of her until her *début* last winter, when she appeared as 'La Princess Lointaine,' and astonished and charmed all Paris by her interpretation of the part."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Granger. "Was she *that* actress? I heard some one speaking of her only the other day, — of how exquisitely she acted in Rostand's poetical play. How on earth, you amazing boy, did you induce her, after such a success, to think of marrying you?"

"It was amazing, wasn't it?" Harcourt agreed humbly. "I'm still wondering at it myself. The only explanation is that we fell in love with each other in the most overwhelming fashion. I was wild about her from the moment I first saw her on the stage—she was like a creature from dreamland in that part,—and she is good enough to say that she reciprocated the sentiment as soon as we met. But there could have been no question of our marriage for a long time, if ever—she told me so frankly as soon as I spoke of love to her,—if her mother had not suddenly died soon after her success was made. The blow nearly broke her heart, and seemed to take all incentive for further effort from her. It also left her singularly alone in the world; and so it came about that when I begged her to give up the dramatic career, for which she no longer cared, and marry me, she consented, and we were married at once."

"I see!" Mrs. Granger nodded affirmatively. "I see perfectly how it came about with *her*. In the first shock of a great grief everything loses its savor, and we can not believe that anything in life ever will be as it has been before. Then your love appealed to her irresistibly in her loneliness and sadness, and so—and so—

oh, the situation jumps at the eyes, as the French say. *Your* side of it, of course, requires no explanation at all; but is it possible that you took such a step without letting your father know what you were about to do?"

"It was inexcusable of me," he now confessed; "but the whole affair went like a flash. After Madame Deschanel's death I was so absorbed in Moira—in her grief, and in trying to bring her to see things as I saw them—that I really never thought of my father. You needn't say that I should have thought of him, for I know that I should. But the plain fact is—I didn't."

"And you an only son, and the pride of your father's heart! O Royall, Royall!"

"An only son, yes—but not the pride of my father's heart," he corrected her. "He has always regarded me with anything but pride,—on the contrary, with strong disapproval. Paul Lyndon is the type he likes: *he* should have been his son, not I."

"Perhaps so," Mrs. Granger agreed a little dryly; "but, you see, he isn't. You are your father's son, and you can't shift your duty to Paul Lyndon's shoulders. Your conduct must have wounded him to the quick—that is" (suspiciously) "if you have even yet told him of your marriage."

"I have told him," Harcourt informed her; "and as a result I can assure you that he appears to be much more angered than wounded."

"Well, that's natural, isn't it,—I mean the anger?" she returned. "Of course he is angry, and he has a right to be angry; but I am sure he is deeply wounded, too."

"It's possible," Harcourt admitted; "but I can only say that he doesn't express anything of the kind. His anger is very distinctly expressed, however; and, while I agree with you that he has a right to be angry with me, I must draw the line at insulting language about Moira."

"Royall, you *know* that Governor Har-

court never was guilty of using insulting language about any woman in his life."

"As a rule, that is true," Royall assented; "but he has made an exception with regard to my wife. Disregarding and disbelieving what I have told him about her, he has, out of the depths of his own ignorance and prejudice, imagined a vicious adventuress—drawn apparently from the type of one or two so-called stage celebrities whom the journals of Europe and America have lately been advertising *ad nauseam*,—and, on the strength of this baseless conception, has written of her in terms that I will never forgive."

Mrs. Granger looked at him aghast.

"Are you mad?" she exclaimed. "How dare you say that you will never forgive your father, when it is you who have acted so badly toward him?"

"We can leave my conduct aside," the young man replied. "He might have said what he pleased of that, and I should not have resented it; but when, without knowledge or provocation, he insults Moira, that is past pardoning, though he is my father."

"But he is not insulting *her* if, as you say, he has conceived an idea of some one totally different from her."

"That is what Moira insists, but I can not agree to it. It is of her that he is writing, and of no one else; and unless he apologizes for what he has said I will have nothing more to do with him."

"Moira must be as sensible and reasonable as you are proving yourself otherwise," Mrs. Granger remarked severely. "It is certainly reversing the usual order of things for the son to renounce the father instead of the father the son, when the latter has acted as you have done."

"Oh," cried Harcourt, with a burst of quite genuine laughter, "you needn't be afraid of the usual order being reversed! My father has done the renouncing on his side in the most approved fashion."

"Royall!—do you really mean it?"

"I'll show you how much I mean it—or

perhaps I should say how much *he* means it," the young man answered. He thrust his hand into the breast pocket of his coat, and, drawing out his father's letter, handed it to her across the table. "I wouldn't show that to any one else," he said; "but you are such an old friend that you are like a member of the family, and I want you to understand the situation exactly."

Mrs. Granger took the letter, and, opening, read it with eager interest. When she presently laid it down and looked again at her companion, her eyes were full of sadness.

"The poor Governor!" she said. "He is angry and prejudiced, and ignorant of what he is writing about, as you say; but can't you perceive that, under it all, his heart is nearly broken by your conduct?"

Harcourt shook his head.

"I don't perceive it and I don't believe it," he answered. "But even if it were so, it would be no excuse for what he has written of Moira. I don't mean to be rude, but really there's no good in arguing that point further."

"But, my dear boy, putting feeling and duty aside, how can you afford to take such a position when you see what he says about—about—"

"About money? I assure you I see that very distinctly."

"Well, then, how can you do it? Of course," the speaker added hastily, "I'm taking for granted that you wouldn't wish your wife to return to the stage."

"I shouldn't stop short with not wishing it: I should never allow her to do so," Harcourt said proudly.

"That's as I thought. But how else are you to live, if you quarrel with your father?"

"It's evident that you don't give me credit for any capacity of earning an honest penny," the young man remarked, with a slight dash of bitterness in his tone. "Don't apologize!" he cried, as she opened her mouth to speak. "It's a very natural

opinion, and one that my father shares. And there's so much justice in it that I have never yet earned any money worth speaking of. But you'll be glad to hear, perhaps, that I am about to earn some."

"Are you really? In what way?"

"*Mirabile dictu*, by the talent my friends have held so lightly. I shall probably never be much of an artist in the use of color; but in black and white I have made enough of a reputation, even in this city of artists, to be asked to accompany one of the foremost journalists in Paris on a mission to Morocco, and *L'Illustration* has agreed to pay a high price for my sketches."

Mrs. Granger leaned forward, and impulsively stretched out her hand across the table.

"Congratulations!—and yet again congratulations!" she exclaimed in a tone of the most sincere pleasure. "I'm simply delighted! Roy, I wouldn't take anything for this news. Tell me all about it."

Then, nothing loath, Harcourt told her all about it. He described the position in which his father's ultimatum with regard to money had placed him, and the wonderful, the almost miraculous, relief that had come with Lemontier's proposal.

"Of course I could do nothing but accept it joyfully," he said; "although it means separation for Moira, which is terribly hard on both of us."

"It is hard," Mrs. Granger agreed with ready sympathy. "But I suppose it will not be for long."

"I don't know how long it may be,—Lemontier himself doesn't know," Harcourt replied. "I can only hope for the best, and Moira is very brave. She wants to go to Algiers, so that I can more easily rejoin her when the work is over; but I had rather that she stayed in France."

"Algiers would certainly not be pleasant at this season."

"Very far from it, and really there would be little or nothing to be gained by it; for when my work is finished I can almost as quickly rejoin her here."

"If she's as sensible as you indicate, I'm sure she'll recognize that. And meanwhile I am immensely eager to meet her."

"I was about to ask if I might bring her to see you," Harcourt said quickly.

"Better than that: I'll go to see her, if you've no objection."

"That is very kind of you," Harcourt answered gratefully; for Mrs. Granger was a person of great social importance, and seldom troubled herself to pay unnecessary visits. "I'll be delighted, and so will Moira. We are staying at a quiet hotel in the Rue St. Honoré. May I take you there now?"

Mrs. Granger glanced at her watch.

"Not now," she said; "for I have an engagement with such a high and mighty dressmaker that I couldn't venture to break it, and must go quickly in order to keep it. Tell your Moira—what a pretty name!—that I'll drop in about the tea hour, to take a cup of tea with her, if she'll be at home—"

"She certainly will be."

"Well, let me have the exact address. And now I really must run away."

"I can't tell you how deeply I appreciate the time you've given me, and all your kindness," Harcourt said, as they rose together.

Mrs. Granger turned and laid her hand on his arm with an affectionate gesture.

"My dear boy," she said, "I would give much more than my time to help you, if I possibly could, in the unfortunate position in which you've placed yourself. You must believe that."

"I do believe it, and I'm not the less grateful because there is no way in which you can help me," he told her, in a moved voice.

"That's to be seen," she answered, with a quick nod, as they parted.

It was several hours later—about the time she had indicated—that Mrs. Granger drove up to the hotel in the Rue St. Honoré, where Mr. and Mrs. Royall Harcourt had gone on their unexpected return

to Paris. She was at once shown to their apartments; and when she entered the small, pretty *salon*, her eyes were dazzled for a moment by the golden light which filled the room, as the level sunshine of late afternoon poured in through the open windows. Then she saw relieved against this flood of radiance—as the old painters were fond of relieving the figures of their saints—a tall, slender, black-clad figure, which moved toward her with outstretched hand and wonderfully graceful bearing.

"I am Royall's wife," a voice full of exquisite modulations told her; "and I am indeed glad to meet one of his old friends."

"And one of his old friends is, I assure you, extremely glad to meet you," Mrs. Granger responded. "I wasn't aware that Royall had a wife until I met him by a very lucky accident this morning," she went on. "And I was so surprised when he told me what he had been doing, that you might have knocked me down with a feather; but you'll forgive my saying that I am not at all surprised now."

"You are very good," Moira answered, laughing a little, as she drew the other toward a chair beside the low and already spread tea table. "Royall charged me with a thousand apologies for his absence," she added, as they sat down. "He was desolated not to be here to receive you, but M. Lemontier telephoned for him so imperatively that he was forced to go."

"There was no reason why he should have been desolated," Mrs. Granger remarked. "He knew that I was not coming to see him, and I am really glad that he isn't here. I think we can make acquaintance better without than with him."

Moira smiled, as she made an assenting movement of her charming head.

"I think so too, now that I see you," she said. "I confess that I was sorry when he was called away, for I felt rather afraid of meeting you alone."

"I'm glad that you perceive that there was nothing to be afraid of,—that I am not formidable at all."

Again an apparently involuntary smile came around the girl's delicately curved lips.

"I am sure that at least you would never be formidable to your friends," she said.

"That means that you think I might be to those who are not my friends," Mrs. Granger returned, a little surprised. "I acknowledge that there are some people who think the same thing, but you have keen observation to find it out so quickly."

Moira did not say as Mrs. Granger had said on another occasion, that it "jumped at the eyes"; but she answered that there were persons who often seemed formidable without really intending to be so, and then added:

"Now will you let me give you a cup of tea? Royall tells me that you have been shopping all day, and that is tiresome work."

"Tiresome, yet fascinating, too,—especially in Paris," Mrs. Granger frankly admitted, as she drew off her gloves. "But, all the same, I am quite ready for a cup of tea."

While Moira poured out the fragrant tea, which had been drawing for the past few minutes over a spirit lamp, Mrs. Granger looked at her more closely and critically than she had done before, and owned to herself again that Royall's rash haste in marrying was hardly surprising. "She's an exquisite creature," she thought,— "simply exquisite! And she seems to be as sensible as she is beautiful. I wonder—I wonder—"

What she wondered made her silent for a few minutes while she drank her tea; and as she sat with absent gaze fastened on the opposite side of the room, Moira on her part had an opportunity to study this old friend of her husband who had come at such a critical time into her life.

In the first place, she clearly perceived that the term "old friend" did not refer to age; for Mrs. Granger was still a young woman, as youth is reckoned in

modern days, although she made not the least attempt to preserve a youthful appearance. Moira guessed that she was not more than five or six years older than Royall; and also felt sure that, with the exception of slightly graying hair, she looked very much as she had looked at twenty and as she would continue to look at fifty. For there was no trace of fleeting bloom, of the *beauté de diable*, about this face, with its strong features, nondescript complexion, and keen brown eyes; but there was the impress of a decided character, and a charm of kindness and humor, though the last was often caustic. Indeed, it was quite possible to call Emily Granger a handsome, as she had always been a very attractive, woman; and she had the assured ease and distinction of manner and bearing which comes readily to those who are born to social position, and have always enjoyed the consideration that the world pays to the fortunate possessors of great wealth. These things Moira recognized at once; and she also recognized, or felt instinctively, the presence of a very warm heart, toward which her own went out in response.

So when Mrs. Granger presently brought her gaze back from vacancy to the charming face opposite her, with its crown of dusky hair, in which the sunlight was kindling threads of gold, she met such a friendly look in the deep-blue eyes fastened on her that she leaned forward and uttered impulsively the thought that was in her mind.

"My dear," she said, "Royall has told me all about your marriage and the position in which it has placed him. Now you'll understand that I am not blaming you at all when I say that he has acted very badly toward his father—"

"Oh, but I am to be blamed!" Moira interposed quickly. "I should have inquired,—I should have thought of things that I did not think of, and insisted upon his doing what was right. But, you see, I was in deep grief, and absorbed in my own feelings, and so—and so—"

"And so you couldn't look after his manifest duty," Mrs. Granger concluded briskly. "I quite see that. Well, I was going on to add that, since we both perceive that he has acted badly, can't we find some way to put matters straight?"

"Ah, if we only could," Moira cried, clasping her hands together, "I should be too happy! Dear Madame, if you can find the way—any way—I shall be ready to do whatever you advise. You could not ask anything so hard 'that I should not be glad to do it.'"

"I thought I wasn't mistaken in you," Mrs. Granger remarked approvingly. "I'm something of a physiognomist myself. Since you feel this way, I am strongly in hopes we can do something. Roy is so resentful that we might as well leave him alone for the present, and let him go to Africa as he has determined to do."

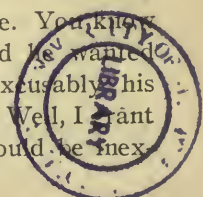
"Yes, I see no way to prevent that," Moira agreed sadly.

"It will do him good," Mrs. Granger said, "besides giving him time to reflect; so we'll make no further effort with *him*. What I want to do is to make his father understand that things are not at all as he imagines them. In other words, I want him to see and know you."

"But that is impossible," Moira said, in a startled tone. "Think how far we are apart; and Royall has declared that he will never consent to my taking any step toward changing his father's opinion of me, or leading to reconciliation."

"Roy is an idiot, an obstinate idiot, and ought to be ashamed of himself!" Mrs. Granger exclaimed angrily. "I really have no patience with his attitude in this matter. Of course the poor dear Governor has written a violent letter full of ignorant prejudice—"

"You have read the letter?"

"Yes: Roy showed it to me. You know we are very old friends, and he wanted me to understand how inexpressibly his father had expressed himself. Well, I want that what he says of you would be in-


cusable, if it were not so entirely written of a figment of his imagination."

"That is what I told Royall, but he wouldn't listen to me."

"He wouldn't listen to me either; but when he said that my view was your view also, I began to have hope of doing something through you; and, now that I see you, I am sure it is possible."

"You are more than kind," Moira said gratefully. "But I do not see that anything can be done, unless you will be so good as to tell Governor Harcourt when you return to America that I am not the kind of person he thinks."

"I'll do that with pleasure," Mrs. Granger replied, holding out her cup for a fresh serving of tea. "But I'm sorry to say that the Governor is almost as obstinate as Roy—I would have said before this that he was more so,—and I fear that I should not be able to convince him. No, there is only one person who can convince him, and that is yourself."

"But it is impossible, absolutely impossible, for me to do so," Moira repeated, though her eyes were burning with eagerness in her clear, pale face.

"There are very few things that are really impossible, if one sets oneself resolutely to accomplish them," Mrs. Granger responded. "Since I entered this room, a plan has come to me by which I believe we can accomplish this. I want to take you to America with me. Now," she added hastily, "don't say that that's impossible, as I see you are preparing to do. It is, on the contrary, extremely practicable from every point of view. Here is Roy going to Africa, to be absent for an indefinite length of time, and intending to leave you alone in Paris. But, instead of that, how much better it would be for you to spend the time of his absence in paying a visit to America, and reconciling his father to what he has done!"

"He would never consent,—never!"

"Roy, do you mean? I'll undertake to make him consent, if you are willing to go."

Moira put up her hands, and pressed her temples with a gesture that expressed the doubt and indecision of her mind.

"I said I would do whatever you advised," she murmured; "but I did not think of anything like this. And I am perfectly certain that Royall will never consent."

"Again I say, leave Royall to me! Only decide for yourself whether or not you are brave enough to take the only step that can lead to reconciliation between father and son. I won't press you for an immediate decision. I shall be in Paris two or three days longer, so you can think about it, and let me know your decision before I leave. Now tell me all about yourself, and your wonderful dramatic success, of which I heard before I knew that Roy had married 'La Princesse Lointaine,' over whom all Paris was raving."

(To be continued.)

Night and Dawn.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

WHEN death is theme of thought or poet's song,

It has its symbol in the "close of day,"

"The twilight hour of life when shadows throng
From out the past," "the evening still and grey."

We think of night and of the great Unknown,—
Dim gulfs where vanished those we loved of earth;

And grieving hearts grow sadder, left alone,
And some are shut through years from peace and mirth.

But as I watch the pageant of the years,
And mark the changes that the seasons bring,
Learn that to each come certain pain and tears,
Some hope or longing crushed to which they cling,

Then earthly days seem dusk with light withdrawn,

And death not night, but morning's golden dawn.

A Roman Pilgrimage.

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.

I.—ST. JOHN LATERAN.

(CONTINUED.)

ADJOINING or opening from the baptistery are several very ancient chapels: (1) That of St. John the Baptist, built by the Sardinian Pope, St. Hilary I., who reigned A. D. 461–468. (This Pontiff laid down that no bishop should choose his own successor.) He adorned this oratory with gems and much gold; the brazen gates he covered with plates of wrought silver. The present gates are said to have been brought from the Baths of Caracalla. Whether they are those which St. Hilary encased in silver, I do not know. (2) The Chapel of St. John the Evangelist, also founded by St. Hilary, but restored by Sixtus V.; A. D. 1585–1590. The fine doors of this oratory are of bronze, and were made in 1203 for the old Palace of the Lateran. (3) The Chapel of St. Venantius, a child-martyr of Camerino, who suffered under Decius, A. D. 250. This oratory was built by John IV., a Dalmation, who reigned only one year. His father was called Venantius. The mosaics belong to this Pope's time. That in the apse represents Our Lord, with adoring angels, giving His blessing. Under Him are His Mother, St. Peter and St. John Baptist, St. Paul and St. John the Divine, St. Venantius and St. Domnus. The bodies of St. Venantius, St. Anastasius, St. Cyprian, and St. Justina all rest in this holy place. (4) The Cappella Borgia, once an open portico, which was the burial-place of the great Spanish house of Borgia, that produced two Popes, Calixtus III. (1455–1458) and Alexander VI. (1492–1503), and the great General of the Jesuits, St. Francis Borgia. These ancient chapels were restored and much modernized by Urban VIII., who reigned from 1623 to 1644.

Before entering the Basilica itself, we

may remind ourselves of some of the great events connected with it,—only a few at haphazard; for the Lateran was the home of the Popes for about a thousand years, and the full history of the place would be that of the Church for more than half of the nineteen centuries of her existence.

Five œcumenical councils have been held here; the Popes were crowned here till 1878, when Leo XIII. succeeded the first prisoner of the Vatican, and was crowned in St. Peter's. The Emperor Henry VII. was crowned here in 1309, by Clement V., the Pope who canonized his predecessor, San Celestino. In 649, under St. Martin I., a great though not œcumenical council was held here against the Monothelites, the heretics who maintained that in Christ there is but one will, and were supported by the Emperor Constans II. A hundred and five bishops were present; and the first session—there were five in all—was held on the 5th of October, in the sacristy of the Basilica.

That Basilica was destroyed by earthquake in 856, and restored and enlarged by Sergius III. (904–911.) A few portions of the original walls of the Constantinian basilica remain. That of Sergius III. was further enriched by Nicholas IV., A. D. 1290. In 1308 it suffered grievously by fire; but was rebuilt, and fifty-three years later was again burned. Urban V. (1362–1370) once more restored it, since which time it has undergone many restorations and alterations.

The first (œcumenical) Lateran Council was held in 1123, under Calixtus II., chiefly to settle the vexed question of investiture. It was the first General Council held in Western Christendom. More than nine hundred prelates were present, of whom over three hundred were bishops. The second Council of Lateran, under Innocent II., was held sixteen years later, A. D. 1139. It excommunicated the adherents of the antipope, Anacletus II., and passed decrees on many disciplinary matters. The

third Council of Lateran assembled in 1179, under Alexander III., and laid down the very important regulation that thenceforward a majority of two-thirds was necessary for the valid election of a Pope. The fourth Lateran Council, opened in 1215 by Innocent III., was specially imposing. There were present four hundred and twelve bishops, the delegates of absent bishops, eight hundred abbots, and the representatives of the Emperors of East and West, of the Kings of England, France, Hungary, Jerusalem, Cyprus, and Aragon, and of many other potentates. The Council affirmed the true relations of East and West, recognizing the actual predominance of the Patriarch of Constantinople over the other Eastern Patriarchs, but also insisting on the jurisdiction of those others, and on the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff. Greek rites were recognized, but the insolence of those Greeks who would rebaptize children already baptized by Latins was condemned. The absolute Unity of God was defined against the Abbot Joachim; the true doctrine of the Sacraments was defined against the Albigenses, and the transubstantiation of the bread and wine in the Mass into Christ's Body and Blood.

These four Œcumenical Councils—the ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth General Councils of the Church—were all held within a century. The fifth General Council of Lateran (the eighteenth œcumenical) was not held till three hundred years had passed. It began under Julius II. in 1512, and was not closed till 1517, under Leo X. It was partly occupied by the condemnation of the contemporary schismatic council of Pisa; but passed many other decrees, especially that of affirming the Pope's authority over all Councils.

We have mentioned only very few of the great events connected with the Lateran; for, as we have said, to try to tell all would be to recapitulate the history of the Papacy for a thousand years. On entering the Basilica from the portico,

the eye is at once attracted by the high altar, in front of which is the confession where Martin V. lies buried. The tomb, by Simone di Ghini, who helped to make the bronze doors of St. Peter's, shows the effigy of the great Pope (Otho Colonna till 1417, when he was elected at the Council of Constance), with the inscription: *Temporum sursum Felicitas*.

Within the high altar is a portion of the wooden altar on which St. Peter said Mass in the house of the Senator Pudens. The other part is in the church of Santa Pudenziana, the title of Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster. Four granite columns support a great Gothic canopy, or baldachino, decorated with frescoes. Within it are the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul, the Princes of the Roman Church. The choir and tribune (*behind* the altar, as in other basilicas), originally a part of the restoration under Nicholas IV. (1287-1292), were splendidly restored by Leo XIII. Over the arch is a glorious mosaic head of our Saviour, of Constantinian origin, though restored. The expression of the face is of an unearthly solemnity, pathos, and dignity. Beneath is a cross, with the Dove hovering above it; and down it, from the Dove's mouth, flow the waters of the four mystical rivers of Paradise. Beside the cross stands God's great Mother, her hand resting on the head of Nicholas IV., who kneels at her side. Next to her are St. Peter and St. Paul,—the former with a scroll on which is written: *Tu es Christus, Filius Dei vivi*. On the other side are St. John the Baptist, St. John the Evangelist, and St. Andrew, Simon Peter's brother.

To the left, behind the high altar and choir, is the Throne of the Fisherman, where so many of the successors of St. Peter were crowned. On its steps are the asp, basilisk, lion, and dragon, in allusion to the prophecy of the Psalm (xc, 13): "Thou shalt walk upon the asp and the basilisk, and thou shalt trample under foot the lion and the dragon." The first time I ever venerated this throne, unique

on earth, I saw a lady seat herself upon it, saying coolly: "I like to think I have sat on the Pope's throne." She came from the European side of the Atlantic. Not far off was kneeling a poor woman, threadbare and old, who had walked from Poland to make the Roman pilgrimage, begging her way. She prayed on, her devotion too deep for distraction by mere vulgarity. The Roman sacristan looked on imperturbably, as if remembering that it is not money but the good God that can make a lady.

The restorations by, Leo XIII. of this part of the Lateran, in their ungrudging splendor and costliness, are worthy of the Popes and of him. There was a special princeliness of generosity in works so munificent that he could never see. The altar of the Blessed Sacrament, in the transept, has four columns brought by Titus from Jerusalem; they are hollow and filled with the sacred soil that Christ for man's redemption trod. They are of bronze and fluted, quite unlike any seen elsewhere. They are believed to have been taken by Titus from the Temple on its destruction by him, September 8, A. D. 70. Our Lord may have looked on them, and touched them; leaning against them, He may have taught in the Temple, or watched pharisee and publican come in to pray. They were given to the Lateran Basilica by Constantine. The capitals of the pillars, and the pediment over them, were given by Clement VIII. (1592-1605), and were made of bronze gathered from ancient heathen tombs at Corneto and other places in the Papal States.

Over and behind the altar of the Blessed Sacrament there is a *basso-rilievo* in bronze-gilt of the institution of the Eucharist; and within this is the table, or a portion of the table, which Our Lord used that first Maundy Thursday night. Many and great are the relics venerated at the Lateran,—among others, a part of the purple robe in which Our Lord was set at naught as a mock-king; the cup in

which poison was given to St. John to drink; the chains he wore as a prisoner when being brought from Ephesus to Rome; an arm of St. Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine, etc.

In this same transept is the Canons' winter choir. To this chapter for many years belonged the late Archbishop Stonor, to whom countless English-speaking pilgrims and visitors to Rome, Catholic and non-Catholic, were indebted. From 1886 he had been Senior Canon, and he was Dean of the Basilica.

There are many fine chapels at the Lateran, of which the Cappella Corsini is the most magnificent. It was designed by Alessandro Galilei for Clement XII. (Lorenzo Corsini), who reigned from 1730 to 1740. As seen, it is believed to occupy the site of a quarter or barrack of the imperial bodyguard of Septimius Severus. The ground-plan takes the form of a Greek cross: the walls are encased in rare and costly marbles; and the altar-piece is of mosaic, reproducing Guido's picture of Sant' Andrea Corsini in the Barberini Palace. Clement XII. is buried here, in a noble antique sarcophagus of porphyry, removed hither from the portico of the Pantheon. The cover is modern, and the bronze statue of the Pope is by Maini. At each side are figures by Carlo Minaldi. Opposite the tomb of Clement XII. is that of Cardinal Neri Corsini, with statues by Maini. The whole chapel, for splendor and richness, has no rival among family chapels in Rome, except that of the Borghese at Santa Maria Maggiore.

In the opposite aisle are the fine chapels of the Torlonia and Massimi families. Against the second pier of that aisle is a marvellously interesting portrait by Giotto of Boniface VIII. (1294-1303), between two deacons. He wears the tiara, with only one crown around the base, though the Pope had already been portrayed before his day with the double-crowned tiara. The third crown is supposed to have been added by Urban V. (1362-1370.) In

Giotto's fresco, Boniface is represented announcing the Jubilee of 1300. Against the next pier but one rests the monument of Alexander III. (1159-1181), who suffered so much and so long from the turbulent animosity of Frederic I. (Barbarossa.) The monument was placed five hundred years after the death of the Pope by his namesake, Alexander VII. (1655-1667.)

In this aisle are the tombs of many illustrious Cardinals of the Middle Ages. But in one part or other of the basilica very many Popes have been buried,—Sergius III., A. D. 911; Agapetus II., A. D. 956; John XII., A. D. 964; Silvester II., A. D. 1003; John XVII., A. D. 1003; Alexander II., A. D. 1073; Paschal II., A. D. 1118; Calixtus II., A. D. 1124; Honorius II., A. D. 1130; Celestine II., A. D. 1143; Lucius II., A. D. 1145; Anastasius IV., A. D. 1154; Clement III., A. D. 1191; Celestine III., A. D. 1198; Innocent V., A. D. 1276,—whose actual tombs have disappeared; besides many subsequent Pontiffs whose tombs are still to be seen. At the entrance of the sacristy is placed the Tabula Magna Lateranensis, given by Nicholas IV. (1287-1292),—tablets of blue and gold mosaic, setting forth a list of the great relics preserved at the Lateran.

(Conclusion next week.)

THE year is opening for us; we know not what may be its close, but we know that all will be done by the hand of Christ our Lord. We will kneel down and thank Him for coming into the world in His beautiful, dreamlike way; and we will pray that Emmanuel may be our own God, throned in our hearts, Master of our time, our thoughts, our love. May the New Year be altogether new! May we take new flights and be raised to new heights! And when God comes to us this year may He find us with hands full of gifts like the Magi, and with hearts full of love like the Shepherds!

—“*The Orchard Floor.*”

Irish Scenes and Memories.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

III.—IN WONDROUS WAYS.

IT was seven years since Maurice O'Connor left Ireland, and, after many wanderings, took a job as a plain cowboy on a Texas ranch. He might have found employment in a city more to the North and more to the East, where he would be nearer to the gray Atlantic, whose waves touched his native Ireland. But that would only awaken the deep longing, would only quicken the strange, slow pain that lies down in the heart when one has the yearning for home. So he moved out West, and then down South, and sought oblivion on wide, unfenced acres, among wandering cattle, under a high sky and a blazing sun.

Maurice O'Connor and Terence O'Donnell—or “Terr,” as he was familiarly called—were the two best friends in all Co. Limerick. They hunted hares of a Sunday or fished in the Deel; they went swimming in summer and drove to the races in early autumn; threw “maggie” sticks at the “pathern,” and helped each other cutting the hay or drawing home the turf or the seaweed. 'Twas Maurice and Terr, and Terr and Maurice, spring, summer, autumn, and winter. By the same token, each boy had a grown sister—Kathel O'Connor and Alice O'Donnell,—who were great friends, too. They went to Mass together, and to confession the same Saturday, and to the “railing” the same Sunday. They walked to the dance at Curaheen; they dressed alike, were about the same height, and never had a hard word with each other in all their lives.

“Sure, there'll be a double wedding when the time comes at O'Donnells' and O'Connors'!” Johnny Mangan said knowingly to the boys one Sunday at the chapel gate before Mass.

“Faix, I hope so,” Tade Clancy added; “for they're two as dacent boys and two as fine girls as any in Ireland.”

So the talk went around about a double match and a "great time entirely" when next Shrove would come; or, if not the next, then surely the one after. But 'tis a strange world, and you can never tell what may happen from one day to the next. Anyhow, the wedding was not that Shrove nor the Shrove after.

One Sunday, after the last Mass, Maurice and Terr took their guns and sauntered over to the Curaheen bogs to shoot ducks. The rain of the early day had ceased, but the water still clung to the whitethorn hedges and fell with a swish when the wind shook the branches. The damp grass wet the shoes of the hunters, and the thraneens made their trousers from the knees down look as if they had been pulled out of the river.

"Wisha, Terr," warned Mrs. O'Donnell with solicitude when her boy was starting out, "be careful and don't get your feet wet crossing the fields."

"I'll be careful, mother," Terr answered, as he swung his gun on his shoulder.

"Yes, alanna!" the good woman added by way of commendation and affection.

But when the two boys got together, and took long strides across meadows, and jumped over ditches, and went up hills and down hollows, they never thought at all about wind, wet, or weather. It is one of the joys of the young who live in the country to have good health as a matter of course, and to be no more conscious of it than one is of the march of time in pleasant company. So when the boys reached the bog their heads were full of wild ducks, and 'twas small blame to them that they forgot a trifling admonition about damp grass and wet feet.

About three o'clock in the afternoon Terr was hiding behind a clump of rushes, waiting for a couple of ducks that were flying low in his direction. Right behind the rushes a bird arose with a whirl of wings. Maurice, who was some short distance farther back, fired. The shot went through the rushes and O'Connor saw his comrade fall over on his face.

"God in heaven!" he cried as he rushed to him. "O Terr, for the love o' God, speak! Only say I haven't killed you!" He turned the companion of a lifetime over on his back. "O Terr, Terr, can't you say you're alive? Won't you look at me? Won't you say one word?"

Slowly the fallen man opened his eyes.

"'Tis here, Maurice,—'tis here!" He placed a languid hand on his breast.

Crazed with fright and anguish, O'Connor tore open the waistcoat, and there was the white shirt soaked with blood. The scattered shot had entered breast and stomach.

"O God! O God!" moaned poor Maurice, helpless and distracted.

"Maurice, I'm goin'—I—I—my—breath—I—"

Then O'Connor held up the tossing head between his hands. The breath came easier now.

"Maurice, 'twas no fault of yours!"

"O Terr, for the love o' God, live! For the—"

"I'm—goin'—'tis catchin' at me—here! O my God—I am sorry—for all—my sins! Have—mercy on—me!"

Across the fields ran a crazed man, telling the neighbors to hurry to the bog. And at the bog, below a clump of rushes, a young man was stretched on his back. The red blood of his strong, graceful body was on the white shirt he had put on that morning. His left hand was extended limp on the grass, his right on his breast where the blood was. The rushes, bending toward him, waved gently; the green fields over which he had so often wandered were around him; the sky, save where the white clouds still lingered, was the blue of hope; his face, white and very still, was turned toward the sky.

Those were long and terrible days for Maurice O'Connor. To see the friend of all his years stretched dead on the field, and then on the bed,—it was a sight that lived with him for long, long years. And, then, there was the mother, who never, in all her anguish, uttered a word of reproach.

"Sure, Maurice asthore, 'tisin't you would hurt a hair on the head of man, woman, or child, let alone Terr, who was like a brother to you."

Then Alice consoled him, though her own heart was breaking and her eyes red from weeping.

"Maurice, 'tis hard, I know; but God knows best. We must all try to bear it as He wishes, for 'tis His will."

The funeral was over; the days grew to weeks, the weeks to months. But Maurice O'Connor lost his hold on the life around him. He was silent, gloomy, and he had terrible dreams. One doctor said this and another that; one prescribed one kind of medicine, another prescribed another kind. A year went by, and people began to fear for the young man's mind.

One Saturday when he was at Knockfeen to confession, Father Tracy walked up and down the chapel yard with him for a short time.

"Maurice, you're not getting better at all,—I can see that."

"No, Father. I'm never goin' to be well again. My heart is broken."

"Whist!" commanded Father Tracy.

"Father, 'tis the truth I'm tellin'!"

"I told you to whist, poor boy. Listen to me now."

Maurice listened.

"I want you to start off for America just as soon as you get ready; see that great country and its strange ways. Don't mope around here any longer. Get away; live for yourself and for your own; and for her, and for him that is gone. Maybe in two or in five or in six years you'll get settled and be your own self. Then come back and take Alice; she'll be waiting for you."

Father Tracy smiled in his quiet way. Maurice promised and obeyed.

Pleasure did not help him to forget; for he was too well schooled in his Faith to taste of the joys which, they tell us, bring a mist over memory. But hard work on the ranch—rounding up the cattle all day on the saddle, and branding them,

and driving them across wide acres,—all this brought calmer thoughts by day, and a dreamless sleep by night. The men with whom he lived were different from the men he had known,—rough, irreverent, hot-tempered, ready to "drop" a man with a six-shooter on slight provocation. They were not the kindly, bid-you-the-time-o'-the-day men whom he had known and lived with in Ireland. For all that, the Texas cowboy has a kindly heart; and, as Maurice minded his business and never made trouble for anybody, he got on as well as he could wish.

Halsey Tucker was a lad on the ranch he had grown to like. Tucker was a Catholic, who, in spite of temptation and bad example and the thousand wiles that lure a man from the strait and narrow way, looked neither to the right nor to the left, but walked the road of faith and honor. Maurice and Tucker became genuine friends. It was not the old friendship which had bound him to the dead Terr O'Donnell. A fatherly interest in the lad, who grew as good and clean and true as a flower in the desert, was the feeling that drew Maurice to him. Many a Sunday they both rode over the prairies to a little church, where the priest said Mass every month. Then before Mass they had a "round up," which was young Tucker's word for confession; and afterward received Holy Communion.

And now Maurice was going home. The old mad pain and the wild dreams were all gone, and only tender memories filled up the hollows of his heart. He was at the little station some twenty miles from the ranch, waiting for the night train from San Antonio on its way to St. Louis. Young Tucker was with him to see him off.

"I'm sorry to see you leavin'," said the young Texan, aiming with his whip at a cinder on the platform.

"Well, Tuck, I'm sorry too. I'm leaving you, for one thing, and that's hard."

"Ha'd! I should say so! Heah am I all 'lone now, with no one to cash for me

in this heah ranch. I tell you 'taint so easy to be on the squaah all the time!"

"But you will,—won't you, Tuck?"

"I reckon so. I'll be better all my life for knowin' you. I ain't goin' to stay heah. I'm goin' back to Houston."

"Good, Tuck! You'll be better off there. And you'll go to church?"

"I should say so!"

"And to round up?"

"Well, I reckon I will!"

Then the train puffed over the prairie toward the station.

"Good-bye, Tuck, and God keep you!"

Maurice held the lad in his arms for a moment. Out of the Southern eyes, as blue as the Southern skies, the tears came and flowed softly down the young face.

"I'll think of you, Tuck. Do write!"

"I'll" (then a great sob),—"I'll suah be lonesome for you."

"I'll write to you often, Tuck. Good-bye,—good-bye!"

Maurice O'Connor looked through the window of the Pullman sleeper, watching the vanishing fields and the Negro shanties, and here and there an odd ranch house. Halsey Tucker was still standing at the station, with folded arms, watching the smoke fade on the wake of the now unseen train.

"He was suah one good man; and now his goin' back to that green Ireland of his. Reckon I'll start for Houston to-morrow."

The rest is soon told. Maurice and Alice O'Donnell were married the following Shrove, and his sister Kathel lived with her mother. Then in a few years the mother died, and Maurice and Alice insisted that Kathel come to them. The children always called her "Auntie," and hung around her morning, noon and night. She loved them all, but little Terr was her favorite.

"I suppose you won't ever marry, Kathel?" Father Tracy asked her one day, with the freedom which his position justified.

"No, Father: I'll remain single."

"And you don't feel drawn to the convent?"

She shook her head.

"Maybe you're wise, child! Maybe 'tis God's will in your regard. He leads us in wondrous ways, and in the end to heaven. 'In My Father's house there are many mansions.'"

(To be continued.)

Thoughts on the Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

Jan. 19, Septuagesima Sunday.

ASTER falls at so early a date this year that Septuagesima seems to follow closely upon the heel of Christmas. From the joy which the birth of a Saviour instils into Christian hearts, we pass to a period of penance. At the present day the penitential character of the season is apparent chiefly in the suppression of "Alleluia," and of the *Gloria in Excelsis*, together with the use of purple vestments by the officiating clergy. But in ages long past Septuagesima was far more rigorously observed than now: fasting and abstinence, though less severe than the Lenten practice, formed part of its discipline.

The spirit of the liturgy of this Sunday is one of humble fear lest by our unworthiness we lose our Father's favoring help. This is shown in the Introit of the Mass, which describes the necessary consequences of sin: "The groans of death surrounded me; the sorrows of hell encompassed me." But the confession of sin brings relief: "In my affliction I called upon the Lord, and He heard my voice." The Collect, therefore, is a petition for mercy toward sinners: "Graciously hear the prayers of Thy people, we beseech Thee, O Lord; that we, who are justly afflicted for our sins, may be mercifully delivered, for the glory of Thy Name."

In the Epistle, St. Paul's exhortations are in a like strain. The prize of eternal

life is not yet ours: it is to be striven for, and won by unrelaxing effort and endurance. "So run that you may obtain," he says. In the contest of which he speaks, the prize is not "a corruptible crown" of fading laurel or bay leaves, as in the stadium of Corinth, but the eternal glory of heaven. "Run as though there were only one crown to be won," he seems to say. Even some of God's chosen ones in days gone by, he reminds us, gave up striving, and with them "God was not well pleased." The fear of losing that which alone is worthy of our desire should foster in our hearts an abiding sorrow for sin, and induce the spirit of penance.

It is by penance that we strive to acknowledge to our Creator that we deserve stripes on account of our sins; the spirit of penance leads to the recognition of every chastisement which may befall us as our just desert. "Because I have often and grievously sinned against Thee," says "The Following of Christ," "all creatures have reason to take up arms against me." Yet, though we may acknowledge the justice of our punishment, we may freely beg relief, and this the Collect of to-day teaches us to do. It appeals to God's mercy,—that attribute upon which the sinner may unfailingly rely, if only he detest his sins.

The lesson taught by the Gospel is similar to that of the Epistle. Every Christian has his distinct call from God to labor for Him, and his reward will depend upon his faithful service. As the laborers in the vineyard, though their respective periods of labor differed in extent, received each a fitting reward from the master who had hired them, so all who give themselves to the service of God may look with confidence for His generous recompense. Even those who may have delayed in obeying the call may yet, by zeal and fervor, make up for lost time, and become the equals of those who have labored longer. "So shall the last be first, and the first last."

Our fear must needs be tempered by

hope. The Lord, who, in His gracious condescension, is always ready to hear our prayer, is equally ready to grant it; this is the thought suggested by the concluding words of the Collect. God is glorified exceedingly in the exercise of His mercy, which will be the theme of the never-ending thanksgiving of heaven. "The mercies of the Lord I will sing forever," says the Psalmist. This must, indeed, give us courage to entreat God to glorify His Name by showing mercy to those who have sinned against Him, but now turn to Him in repentant sorrow.

Reading and Education.

IT was said of a certain college professor, who had done much to keep alive the spirit of humane education in a great American institution of learning, that he taught young men "to look backward into good books and forward into life." It was a wise direction. In this age of wandering vision, we are in danger of seeing so many things that we shall see nothing, through lack of sufficient visual focus to make a lasting impression. We look all around us and close to us. We do not look ahead, and we seldom glance backward. We are children of the visual present: in it we move and are.

The application of this to such a matter as what we read brings out its full truth. The nearest things to us—and they lack just the objects we speak of, background and prospect: a past with its tradition, a future with its responsibility,—are the newspaper and the magazine. A writer in the Chicago *Dial* furnishes some facts which relate to the reading of college students. Far from being exceptions to the general rule, it seems that they are practically the type of the "general reader," with this uncomplimentary difference that they at least ought to know better. "As a result of several investigations, both in the East and in the West," this writer avers:

Most students read virtually nothing but magazines. Of our multitudinous magazines, by all odds the most popular is the *Saturday Evening Post*, partly because it costs less than the others, partly because it contains short stories in abundance. Next in order, but far less popular, are the *Cosmopolitan*, *Everybody's*, *Ladies' Home Journal* (in coeducational institutions), *Scribner's*, *Popular Mechanics*, *Red Book*; then three or four others, including the *Review of Reviews*. These are read primarily for the short stories, secondarily for a knowledge of current events, and lastly for scientific information. A large number of students read no ephemeral novels; those who do read them prefer novels of an adventurous or sentimental cast—usually not the “red blood” fiction which one finds in a mild form in Mr. Kipling, and in a virulent form in Mr. London. An equally large number of students read no standard novels; those who do, prefer Dickens, Scott, Cooper, Stevenson, and other writers in whose works adventure, sentiment, and sentimentalism are prominent. Poetry is, generally speaking, never read for pleasure, mainly because it is regarded as “hard to understand” and is somewhat “effeminate.” Of the poems read in high school or college courses, only those of Longfellow and Tennyson seem to make any impression on the student. As for the drama, the average undergraduate neglects whatever is worth his attention, calling it “dry” and “deep,” and attends as many musical comedies and vaudeville performances as his purse will countenance.

“Reading maketh a full man,” ’tis true; but it is the kind of reading which determines whether a man shall be full of thought, of knowledge, of noble impulses, or of folly, of knavery, and low inclinations.

In view of what one learns from day to day of American colleges, one is tempted to ask what has become of the old-fashioned college which used to “go in for” education. Economics, mechanics, and athletics—in a word, materialism—might supply the answer; for the college has become the creature, not the creator, of the age. Like the newspaper and the theatre, it follows, not leads; it gives men what they want rather than makes them want what they ought to have. Yet, hopelessly idealistic as it seems, the things of intellect and soul are the only true

realities. Verily, “the world”—not the other world—“is too much with us.”

There is no reason for believing that this charge applies particularly to Catholic colleges, nor, on the other hand, is there much more ground for thinking them particularly exempt from it. Indeed, we find in an altogether different manner of periodical, the *Ecclesiastical Review*, a somewhat similar lament made over our seminaries. “Pastor Fogy,” who writes it, says in part:

There is no doubt that if one compares the last generation of priests with the more modern product of our seminaries, there is a marked difference between the two classes. The young men are probably more polished (“neatly varnished,” one of my old neighbors would say). They wear better and smarter clothes, and not only more purple but all colors when on vacation; and they know a bit more about German rationalism and Wellhausen and the opera and baseball and railroad time-tables and summer resorts. They use automobiles and carriages where the old men still walk; and they need improved bath-tubs and perfumery, and all kinds of breakfast foods. But they are not as efficient in the church nor as sympathetic on sick-calls. They preach flashy sermons or talk against time where simple catechetical lessons would be more beneficial. The old people have not the same confidence in their judgment; and if they are popular, it is more often with the young, especially with girls and the “sporty” among the young men. They are, as a rule, of the frivolous type, noisy and undignified, out of keeping with their profession. Their reading is confined to the newspapers and a light sort of trash which respectable and thinking men would not be proud to display.

There, again, is the matter of reading,—here considered as a result, but it is a cause, too. No doubt there are many other causes as well, but it is at least sure that the right kind of reading for the college man and the right kind of reading for the seminarian—because there should be a difference—would go far toward giving us the kind of graduates and the kind of priests we have every right to expect. What that kind of reading should be it is the bounden duty of the faculty in each case to make plain and also imperative.

Notes and Remarks.

Now that the conviction is everywhere gaining ground that a religious ideal is a *sine qua non* in the formation of good citizens, it is well to emphasize the fact that historically religious instruction is the very root of education. As Lord Hugh Cecil pointed out in a recent speech in London, up to the beginning of the last century, religious teaching was regarded as the most important part of education. People sometimes talked, he said, as though part of the endowments of the Church in former times was given for education, as we now speak of it, apart from religion; whereas, education was never thought of apart from religion; it was always and everywhere regarded as one branch of the ordinary work of the Church. As soon as this ideal was abandoned, religion and morality began to decay; and the ready acceptance of religious belief was succeeded by a definite rejection of religion, which soon became the dominant frame of mind in all communities separated from the Church.

There is a splendid lesson for the average man in the rank and file of the Church's millions to be gleaned from the following paragraph, clipped from an article by the Rev. Thomas Wright in a recent issue of the *London Catholic Times*:

The memory of a man like the late Thomas Hogan is one to cherish. He was a postman of Crossgates, Leeds. He had no higher education than a workingman's son may obtain at the primary schools. His days and nights were occupied with the customary round of duties peculiar to his humble calling. Still, whatever his handicap, Thomas Hogan was a Catholic of power, intelligent as he was single-minded, firm and undaunted as he was self-sacrificing and loyal. He was one of the pioneers in the movement which, along with the co-operation of Mr. James Sexton, has "scored a substantial victory" over the Socialists against their pet programme for the secularization of schools. By his own energy and ability Thomas Hogan established the Leeds branch of Catholic Trade Unionists. . . . What is the secret of the power

of men such as Thomas Hogan? They are men who know how to act, because they love their Church and are ambitious to learn her needs, and, as far as in them lies, to supply them. They are, in one word, men who read, and therefore men of power,—emphatically men of their times, stalwarts in the ranks of the confessors of the Church of Christ. One Catholic workingman of the kind of Thomas Hogan is worth a host of college and university Catholics whose ambitions and aims are confined within the narrow circumference of self.

While we trust that the new Economic League will speedily take the sting of truth from Father Wright's last statement, we hope that the number of American Thomas Hogans may increase and multiply.

Many of our subscribers will read with interest some statistics concerning the medical profession and Lourdes. The Bureau of Medical Verifications, established at the Pyrenean shrine, proffered its hospitality during the pilgrimage season of 1912 to 563 doctors, as against 536 in 1911, and 478 in 1910. It accordingly appears that, even in the estimation of the largely materialistic profession, time "can not wither nor custom stale the infinite variety" of the Lourdes miracles. Many of the physicians scoff at the supernatural,—but in increasing numbers they go to the Bureau, and witness marvels before which Science stands confessedly nonplussed.

The most sensible editorial comment on the recent dynamite convictions that has come under our notice is the following from the *Chicago Tribune*:

The American public can not afford to dismiss this grave case with the judgment of the judge and the incarceration of a handful of men. It must understand why these offences were committed; it must diagnose the disease, not content itself with treating a symptom. To dismiss their offences as merely violent and vicious excesses of wrong-headed individuals is to shut one's eyes to the source of a continuing evil. Even in crime we realize nowadays that killing or shutting up criminals, while it provides some check and some protection, does not cure crime; and we are seeking its sources

as we seek the ultimate sources of a disease.

No graver question confronts the intelligence of the American people than is presented by the manifestations of violence and revolutionary radical methods in industrialism. However stern our policy of repression may be, we must go deeper and face the social facts which breed such alarming effects. We must study the sweatshop and the slum, the facts of overwork and underpay, industrial disease and accident.

There is much else to study. Social reforms will never be solidly established until there is a general realization of their need, and a thorough understanding of the means to be employed in effecting them.

The eyes of the whole world, it would seem, are being opened to the appalling evils resulting from immoral and irreligious literature. Crusades for its suppression are now to the fore in many countries, and several governments have been roused to take vigorous measures against guilty writers, publishers, and dealers. The duty of Catholic parents in this matter is again pointed out in a Pastoral by the Bishop of Northampton. After remarking that young people are naturally most exposed to the danger in question, his Lordship goes on to say:

A Catholic parent's first duty is supervision. He is bound to know, not only what company and what hours his children keep, but also what books they read, what places of amusement they frequent, and the character of the entertainments. Good parents and wise parents are faithful in the discharge of these obligations. But many parents are too careless to be good and too worldly to be wise. They shirk their duties while the children are young. When the seeds of early corruption are bearing fruit they find their authority gone. A son grows up vicious because he learned to question the religious truths which would have restrained the first riot of his passions. A daughter grows up vain, selfish, prurient, unruly, and discontented because she has been allowed to feed herself upon unwholesome fiction, and misses at home the flattery and indulgence which she has come to regard as her right. "It is good for a man when he hath borne the yoke from his youth," says the Prophet (Lam., iii, 27). But when no pains have been taken to accustom a child to the sweet yoke of Christ; when a child has been suffered, if not encouraged, to acquire

precocious knowledge of the vices and vanities of the world, it is not likely that such a child, at a later age, will submit to the restraints of home or listen to tardy warnings.

But merely prohibitive measures, however faithfully applied, will not protect our young people from evil literature unless good literature is placed within their reach. The taste for reading is growing more general. The wish "to know" is not, in itself, an unlawful or undesirable appetite. If so many young men read nothing but sporting news, and so many young women nothing but novelettes, or worse, the reason is that little else is to be found in their homes.

The blame for this misfortune does not lie with our authors or publishers. Years ago it might have been pleaded that Catholic literature was scarce and dear. That excuse is gone. Catholic newspapers and magazines are as cheap as any. Catholic books are brought out by non-Catholic as well as Catholic publishers at the usual trade prices. For the benefit of our poor, the Catholic Truth Society and similar associations are actually able to undersell the market owing to the generous and gratuitous services of their writers and others concerned in their publications. Thus, for many years past, there has been a copious outflow of cheap, varied, and excellent literature.

In a pastoral letter which relates to the forthcoming pilgrimage of the Diocese of Toledo to Rome, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Schrembs writes:

Rome is the centre of Christendom; there dwells our Holy Father the Pope, the lawful successor of St. Peter, whom Christ constituted the visible Head of His Church upon earth. From Rome have gone out all the great missionaries who brought the blessings of Christian faith and Christian civilization to the nations of the earth; and to Rome these same nations have ever turned for the preservation of the unity of this blessed faith. Union with Rome was at all times of the Church's history the touchstone of the true faith. *Ubi Petrus, ibi Ecclesia* ("Where Peter is, there is the true Church"),—this is the mighty voice of Tradition that comes down to us unbroken and ringing through the centuries....

A practical recognition and exemplification of this cardinal principle of Christian faith—the supremacy of the Pope—is to be found in the visits, made at regular intervals, by the bishops of the Catholic world, to Rome, to confer with the Holy Father on the administration of their respective dioceses, and at the same time to visit, in the spirit of deepest

reverence and holiest faith, the sacred tombs of the Blessed Apostles, Saints Peter and Paul. The faithful, too, of all ages and of all classes, were ever drawn as with an irresistible yearning to this great centre of Christendom, sanctified by the labors of the glorious Apostles and by the hallowed memories of innumerable martyrs. . . .

Of late years there have been numbers of pilgrimages to Rome, organized in our country, but I do not recall a single instance of a diocesan pilgrimage; yet everything would seem to militate in its favor. It is at once the best and most natural expression of Catholic devotion; and is based upon the most intimate Catholic fraternal bond of union, the diocese, which, through its bishop, is bound directly to the centre of Christian Truth and Unity, the Holy See.

This is a rare opportunity for Catholics of the Diocese of Toledo. Such a pilgrimage should prove as profitable to them as it will be consoling to the Holy Father. Bishop Schrembs is setting what we hope may be a precedent for many similar tours in time to come.

Convinced that a great many marriages which end in divorce are contracted without serious consideration on the part of either bride or bridegroom, sometimes even as the result of foolish wagers or jokes, Judge Strueber, of Illinois, has instructed his clerk to inform persons desiring to be married "here and now" that he will not perform the ceremony. He holds that marriages ought to be celebrated either in church or at the home of the bride, and that a minister of the Gospel rather than a civil magistrate should officiate at them.

The Judge has set a good example. There are too many magistrates ready to perform marriage ceremonies at the shortest notice. Their one thought is the customary fee.

The Parisian *Semaine Littéraire* takes pardonable national pride in the fact that, of the seven discoveries or inventions which a department of Cornell University declares to be the seven wonders of the modern world, six are the work of Frenchmen. Thus, the Panama Canal

is due to Charles de Lesseps; the aeroplane, to Mouillard, Ader, and Chanute; radium, to Curie and Becquerel; synthetic chemistry, to Berthelot; and wireless telegraphy, to Branly. "Only the telephone, the invention of Graham Bell," concludes our Parisian contemporary, "is an American conquest." As a matter of historic fact, however, France may justly claim the original idea of even the telephone. More than thirty years ago, at the International Congress of Electricians, both Graham Bell and Edison acknowledged that the principle of the telephone was first fixed by the French telegrapher, Charles Bourseul, who, by the way, died only a few months ago, at the age of eighty-three.

An honest, though separated, brother of ours, addressing recently a congregation assembled in a public theatre, gave striking and even pungent expression to certain truths which no doubt it was good for that congregation to hear. Among other pronouncements were these:

So long as toil is honored, we are a deathless nation. Our strength is measured by our attitude toward work and the worker. We grow old rapidly when we degrade the pick and shovel and exalt the golf stick.

There is no greater menace to America and to the church of America than to spend four years in educating our sons and daughters in college to do nothing, and do it profitably and gracefully.

America has developed the purposeless woman, who is not wife nor mother, nor worker. How many women there are in the churches of this country who are nothing but clothes racks, upon which indulgent husbands hang wonderful garments!

The future of the church does not lie with such, — they have no future. The church of Christ is the church of the carpenter. It is not the church of the automobile, but the church of the baby carriage.

Nor is charity within the church what it ought to be, this eloquent divine maintains. He likens the usual "clasp of fellowship" to taking hold of "a lukewarm doughnut." One might grow reminiscent over this saying. There was,

for instance, the early Christians' kiss of peace, symbol of the divine and human love which distinguished them in the eyes of their pagan neighbors,—“These Christians, see how they love one another!” And we might recall the great charitable work of the Ages of Faith, and pass on down to a dread and disastrous rending of the Body of Christ in the sixteenth century. And then it is only a short step to this well-meant discourse and the lukewarm hand clasp.

An incident full of significance is related by the *New Freeman* of St. John, N. B., apropos of the death of the lamented Fr. Vincent Bailly, founder of *La Croix*. The first issues of this widely circulated journal were adorned with a crucifix. Certain pious French Catholics were scandalized thereat: they regarded the symbol of man's Redemption as too sacred for such use. Their clamors finally reached the ears of Cardinal Guibert, Archbishop of Paris, who also expressed disapproval, and ordered the crucifix to be removed from the heading of the paper, which, of course, was promptly done. This action, however, was immediately followed by such an extraordinary falling off in the circulation of *La Croix* that the Cardinal, who thoroughly realized its importance and the great good it was everywhere effecting, withdrew his demand. The crucifix was accordingly replaced, with the result that the paper at once recovered the ground it had lost, and continued to gain in popularity to an extent that astonished everyone.

An occasion of considerable interest in the history of the Church in the United States will be the tercentenary of its foundation in Maine, an epoch which closes this year. In his circular letter on the subject, Bishop Walsh writes:

The year 1913 will bring around the third centenary of the Catholic Church in the State of Maine, 1613-1913; and this sacred epoch will be worthily observed and honored by all

the Catholics of the diocese and State. There is no doubt that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered within the present limits of our great State, at Holy Cross Island in the St. Croix River, in 1604, on the Kennebec River in 1611, and at Castine in 1613. Indeed it is our firm conviction that long before this time the same supreme and august Sacrifice was offered up on lake or river or seashore, whenever an heroic missionary accompanied the hardy explorers and knights of discovery from 1492 to 1600. Perhaps even far back in the tenth century, the Christian Norsemen knelt before the cross and altar and chanted the *Kyrie Eleison* or the *Agnus Dei*. Until archives reveal the secrets of those years, however, we claim only the 300 years; and this gives our diocese a high place in the history of the Church on the North Atlantic shores of the United States.

Instructions are issued to the clergy and the laity for a celebration of this occasion worthy of its high significance and sacred character.

The matter-of-course way in which our public men accept without protest the most grotesque caricatures perpetrated by the cartoonists of the daily press is in marked contrast to the view of the matter once taken by prominent figures in the public life of this and many another country. Lamartine, for instance, the poet of “*Méditations*,” and in his day French Minister of Foreign Affairs, while perfectly willing to sit and pose for innumerable painters, sculptors, and engravers, emphatically refused to authorize any cartoonist to burlesque his figure. To one such request from a weekly paper he once wrote: “Sir, whatever be my gratitude for the biographical sketch of which you write to me, I can not permit in my person a derision of the human figure,—a derision which, if not offensive to man, is certainly offensive to nature, and makes a mockery of humanity. . . . My figure belongs to everybody, but just as it is. I will not voluntarily profane it; for it represents a man and is a present from God.”

The liberty of the press has expanded since Lamartine's day; but, in the matter of caricature, has not the liberty degenerated into license?



A Lion's Gratitude.

SOME time before the birth of our Blessed Lord, a strange sight was to be seen in the streets in Rome,—a man going about leading an old lion by a rope, just as if he had been a pet dog. The man had dark skin and curly hair, and his name was Androclus. He had been a slave in Africa, but his master treated him so harshly that he ran away; and as there was no safe place to flee to except the desert, he went there, and hid in the depths of a cave. His journey over the burning sands had been a long and painful one; and, worn out and weary, he lay down and was soon asleep,—not caring very much, I fear, whether he ever awoke again or not.

But nature was strong even in that poor abused slave; and when he was rested he awoke, feeling like a new man. But, to his amazement and horror, as he was about to leave the cave to seek a safer place, he saw a large lion approaching. Poor Androclus did just what the young readers of this would have done: he stood still, paralyzed with fear. And if he could have run—which he could not,—there was no place to go. His hair stood up and his teeth chattered, and he was frozen with horror at the thought that the lion would soon make a meal of him.

On came the lion, walking on three legs and holding up one paw; and, although he looked so fierce at first, when he drew near, Androclus saw that he was in pain and very, very miserable indeed for the king of beasts. The slave began to recover his presence of mind, and to wonder what was the matter with that poor foot which the lion held up to him so pitifully. Overcoming his fears, he approached, and gently taking it in his hand, saw that it

was inflamed and swollen, and that a great thorn was imbedded fast in the flesh. As tenderly as possible he drew the offender out, and when that was done the lion fawned at his feet and licked the hand which had done so kind a service.

From that hour the two were fast friends; the lion followed Androclus everywhere, and it was with real sorrow that the slave, some time after, said good-bye to his dumb companion of the desert and went his way.

Several years passed by. The great Colosseum at Rome was crowded with a vast assemblage which had gathered to see the prisoners given to the lions. Of these Androclus was one. Poor fellow! he had escaped the starvation in the desert and its wild beasts, to fall into the hands of more cruel men, and was to be put to death. He seemed stolidly resigned to his fate, and did not appear to move a muscle as the people in the galleries cried: "To the lions with the victims! To the lions!" Androclus knew there was no hope for him.

Suddenly a hush fell upon the assembly. Even the cheers and cries of the men and women, hardened by the frequent sight of blood, ceased to ring around the amphitheatre; for the king of the forest that appeared from an opened door was a sight to stifle mirth and silence the boisterous. Poor Androclus did not see him well: a film seemed coming over his eyes, so soon to be shut to all earthly things. The lion with a great roar sprang forward toward his prey, and then he—stopped suddenly, grovelled at the feet of the slave and covered him with caresses! It was his old friend of the desert, knowing and loving him after all those years; and one kind act had again saved a human life!

When Androclus, in answer to the command of the Emperor, told the story of his

first meeting with the grateful lion, there was a mighty revulsion in the throng, and they cheered and screamed until they were hoarse; and then they gave Androclus not only his freedom, but the lion that had so well remembered a deed of kindness.

They both lived long after that, growing old together in the city's streets; and then died, faithful to each other until the end.

And this is the story told by the Romans to their children of a poor heathen slave, who learned that love is the most powerful conqueror of all.

White Eagle.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN, AUTHOR OF
"BILLY-BOY," ETC.

III.—AN HOUR OF FEAR.

Meanwhile, with the night and all its unknown terrors falling about him and his helpless little charge, Don found the outlook a most unpleasant one. Darkness in the mountain was nothing new to him: he had camped out under the stars ever since he could remember, but always with a strong-armed man somewhere near. Darkness to-night, with some fierce wild creature wandering hungry and blood-thirsty through the snow, with little Winona helpless and crippled in his care, with only a broken jackknife in his pocket, was a very different thing indeed.

Winona, with the fear of "dying" past, the pain in her poor little foot eased, her big "brother" to watch and guard her, nestled in the shelter of the overhanging rocks, without any of Don's forebodings. Since the White Wolf had no terrors for her brother, there was nothing else to fear.

"Will we have to stay here all night?" she asked quite cheerfully.

"That I can not say," answered Don, his ears alert, his eyes searching the deepening gloom.

"It is not so bad a place," Winona went on. "The pine needles are very deep and soft here under the rocks. I think it is one of the chimneys of Batty Bob."

"One of his chimneys?" echoed Don.

"Where he cooks his hares and birds," continued Winona. "Behind us there is hidden a great heap of sticks and pine cones for his fire. Nokola says he has the wisdom of the woods, poor Batty Bob! Though he has no house nor money, he never wants for food or drink. Some day, he says, he will find the gold mine he is looking for; and then he will buy the mountain and valley far down to the pass, and be as rich and great as a king."

"Pipe dreams!" said Don, who had caught something of the blunt speech that he heard around Big Seth's fire. "Only fools look for gold around San Pedro now."

"Yes," said Winona, solemnly. "The Great Spirit hid it forever, Nokola says. When the white men drove away the good Padres from the valley, He grew angry and made the mountains tremble and shake, and the gold for which those wicked men looked was buried where they could not find it again."

"Don't say 'Great Spirit,' Nona. Nokola is too old to learn; but, now that you have been Confirmed, you should know better. The old Indians believe many things that are not true. It is not their fault: they have not had books, or teachers like the white men to make things plain; they have learned only by stories and signs and dreams,—so my father told me when I was very little, and used to listen with eyes and ears wide open to Nokola's tales. But, though I do not believe, I dream of them still."

"So do I," answered Nona. "If I were to fall asleep now, I would dream of the White Wolf, I know."

Don did not hear her: he had started up, and was peering out into the darkness with a keen, searching eye. The swift wintry storm had passed. San Pedro was cowed and cloaked anew in spotless white. Already a soft warm wind was sweeping away the leaden clouds that veiled the rocky summits. The pale gleam of a hidden moon lightened the heavy shadows,

through which Don gazed with the piercing glance that was his inheritance from a long line of chiefs—the “Eagles” of their race, of whom old Nokola had often chanted in his ear when she swung him in his bark cradle on the pine bough. There had been the “Black Eagle,” the “Grey Eagle,” the “Red Eagle,” and, fiercest and boldest of all, the “War Eagle”—Don’s own grandfather, who had withstood the oncoming white soldiers in his mountain pass as bravely as that Greek hero of whom every schoolboy has heard.

But the War Eagle and his braves had gone to their death unchronicled, leaving only the tiny Star Maiden to grow up lovely and gentle, and become the wife of Donald Carruther, and the mother of his boy, who was looking with his grandfather’s eagle eye over the mountain ridge to-night. For his ear had caught a sound, which, borne on the warm breeze that was sweeping away the storm, chilled his young heart. It was a harsh, hungry cry, that came faintly as yet, as if in the far distance; but it was a cry Don knew. He had heard it before, but only when he was safe within barred doors, and with strong men and their rifles near. Now,—now! He felt the broken jackknife in his pocket, looked at the helpless little girl nestling at his feet, and for a moment the red blood of the forest chieftains ran cold.

“The snow has stopped,” said Winona, still in happy unconsciousness of Don’s fears. “Now my brother can twist the pine boughs together and draw me home; for if I walked I might die again, as I did before. The moon will shine out of the clouds very soon, and we can see the way. Ah, *Santa Maria*, it will be good to be back in the cabin and eat and sleep!”

Good indeed,—how good only Don just now knew, as he bent his ear to the breeze and caught the cry again, nearer, nearer. The sound was coming from the white-capped heights of San Pedro; and, as he listened, Don recalled Jake Bond’s warning: “They’ve trailed the critter up

your way, and you’d best look out for it. It ain’t the sort to stop at sheep-killing. Better not stray out reckless at night without a gun.”

“Aren’t we going home now, Don?” asked Winona, sleepily; for the day’s journey was beginning to tell even on her wiry young strength, and she went to bed usually with the birds.

“Not,—not yet!” said Don, listening.

O poor Nona,—poor little girl! How frightened she would be when she heard, when she knew, what was coming, fierce and wild-eyed and hungry, over the new-fallen snow!

“My brother said,” went on Winona, drowsily,—“my brother said—that when the storm was done—he would twist a sledge of pine boughs—and take me home.”

“I can’t, Nona,—I daren’t,” said Don, desperately. “Nona, pray,—pray as Padre Francisco has taught you! Wake up and pray, Nona! Don’t you hear *that?*”

“O *Santa Maria*, yes, yes!” Forgetful of pain, Nona sprang in wild terror to her feet. “It is the White Wolf of Nokola!”

“No: it is worse,—ten times worse!” said Don, grimly. “It’s a live, hungry mountain lion coming down on us; and we can’t get home, Nona,—we *can’t* get home now.”

“*Santa Maria! Santa Maria!*” wailed Nona, piteously. “It will kill us!” And the fierce cry of the hunted thing, sounding ominously near, seemed to corroborate her words.

“No, no!” said Don, his eyes flashing with sudden thought; for, at the closeness of the peril, all the dormant instincts of his forest fathers seemed to leap into life. “There’s a chance yet. Batty’s brushwood and pine cones!” He dropped on his knees and began to pull out the chimney’s store of fuel excitedly. “Help me, Nona! Pile them up,—pile them high up in front of us! I’ve got matches in my pocket. We’ll keep it off, whatever it is. Pile up the brush, Nona, I’ll get you home safe yet.”

Other ears had caught that fierce, hungry cry. Over the white "shoulder" of San Pedro came the searching party,—Tobe and Tad sniffing and growling in the lead, but moving with the caution of tried veterans who knew there was danger ahead for both dogs and men.

It was Batty Bob who first saw the flat, soft footprints in the snow.

"We've hit it, boys,—we've hit his trail! Aye, he's a bouncer! Look at that stride—"

"Ye gabbling fool, come on!" said Big Seth roughly, his face looking pale and stern in the growing light; for now the moon had broken through the clouds, and shone down through the veiling mists upon a world that to Big Seth's eyes, seemed shrouded, as he had seen all that he had loved shrouded one by one, in the white garb of death.

And now the kid, "Carruther's kid," that he had taken into his big, empty heart as his own,—the strong, brave, bold little kid! Seth's reflections broke off in a fierce frontier oath, as the chilling cry rose again in the white stillness.

"I was a consarned fool to let those youngsters out to-day. They've got no more chance agin a critter like that than two lost lambs. Men ain't got no right to track things like that unless they hunt 'em down to the death. They ain't got no right! That thar hungry devil never would have come here if they hadn't druv him. Thar ain't a wild thing like that been heard on this ridge for a dozen years."

"No, thar ain't," said Batty Bob. "We clared 'em out long before that. I ain't hearn a cry like that since the big panther pounced on little Jim Jarvis while he was settin' rabbit traps. That boy did squeal, for sure! Lucky his dad wasn't far behind him with a shotgun. As it is, he's kerrying the marks of that critter's claws yet, though he's growed up and married and got kids of his own. Thar's the tracks agin!" Batty bent his blinking eyes close to the ground. "Looks as if the varmint was heading for the valley."

"After the Padre's sheep," said Lone Jack, making an effort to speak lightly. "Like as not the youngsters are there safe enough, as we'll find in the morning. The snow came early, and probably they staid in shelter."

"No, they didn't!" Big Seth's voice was a bit husky as he answered. "At least my kid didn't, I know. I ain't got much use for that Pratt chap that is making up to him so thick; and I gave Don his orders to come home, and he said he would. When that boy says he'll do a thing, he does it. No snowfall ain't going to keep him back. He started for home sure and sartain. But how and whar he has stopped, that's another thing. If he had that little Injun with him, he was going to look out for her fust and last. And in the blinding snow that was falling half an hour ago, and that hungry critter loose on their tracks—Lord!"

Big Seth's voice failed him again, and he strode on in grim silence, along the snow-covered trail, coming now perilously near to the jagged edge of La Corta, that, veiled and rounded in treacherous softness, might well have betrayed young wanderers dazzled and blinded by the storm. And an unwary step, a slip on the yielding snow! Lone Jack paused involuntarily, thinking of the dark, wild depths beneath,—the depths that he, bold hunter that he was, had never dared.

"Look out, you fool!" he thundered to Batty, who was peering dangerously close to the hidden edge. "One misstep and you'll be down and out forever. You can't monkey round that cut to-night."

"Lord!" said Batty, recoiling as the light snowfall, loosened by his footstep, went tumbling and scattering down the Cut. "This ere is shaky walking, sure! Like as not them younk'ers have gone over thar, and we'll never find 'em,—never find 'em, any more than they found Ezra Cole. He went out hunting cross La Corta ten years ago, and nobody ever heard of him no more. Slipped in, folks thought, and was clean swallowed up. They do

say thar ain't no bottom to it. If them younkens toppled over thar—"

"Stop your gab!" interrupted Lone Jack, laying an iron grip on Batty's arm as a sound came from the white slope beyond,—a sound that fairly curdled the hearer's blood,—a long, piercing howl of maddened rage. Tobe and Tad broke into a fierce cry, and dashed down the trail, Big Seth after them, forgetful of his fifty years, his stiffening limbs,—reckless of all the perils of the way.

Skimming the very edge of La Corta, breaking through the snow-laden pine boughs, leaping and springing with all the vim of youth, the big, gaunt man made the turn of the trail, where it swept around San Pedro's "shoulder" and took its swift descent to the valley. And then—then he stopped suddenly, his shout of triumph blending with the joyous bark of the dogs. For the white slopes glowed with ruddy flame; before the sheltering hollow of Batty's chimney leaped a big crackling blaze; and there in the protecting light, safe, strong, and alert, stood Don with little Nona nestling at his feet.

"Look out for him!" he cried, as he threw another armful of cones and brush on his fire. "Look out for the critter, Seth. He passed by here a minute ago. I flung a firebrand at him that made him run! Look out for him!"

(To be continued.)

Freak Newspapers.

A newspaper which can be eaten after the information it contains is absorbed, thus affording nourishment for the body as well as the mind, is being published in Paris, and is called *The Regal*. It is printed with an ink or coloring guaranteed non-poisonous, on thin sheets of dough.

Another freak newspaper, the *Luminaria*, is published in Madrid. The ink with which it is printed contains a small percentage of phosphorous, so that the

letters are visible in the dark, and the reader does not need to make a light to enjoy its contents.

At two French seaside resorts, newspapers called *Le Courier des Baigneurs* and *La Naide* are printed on waterproof paper, so that the subscriber can take his morning paper with him into the sea and read it while enjoying his bath.

In Paris, a paper called *Le Mouchoir* is printed on paper such as the so-called Japanese napkins are made of, and may become useful in case the reader has forgotten or lost his handkerchief.

The Beauty of Worth.

It is often said that "beautiful thoughts make a beautiful soul, and a kind heart makes a fair face." The truth of this saying is embodied in the following little poem by an unknown writer; it is a long time since it was first published, but it deserves remembrance:

Once I knew a little girl,
 Very plain;
 You might try her hair to curl,
 All in vain.
 On her cheek no tint of rose
 Paled and blushed or sought repose,—
 She was plain.
 But the thoughts that through her brain
 Came and went,
 Were a sure reward for pain
 Heaven-sent:
 So full many a beauteous thing,
 In her young soul blossoming,
 Gave content.
 Every thought was full of grace,
 Pure and true;
 And in time that open face
 Lovelier grew;
 With a heavenly radiance bright,
 From the soul's reflected light
 Shining through.
 So I tell you, little child,
 Plain or poor,
 If your thoughts are kind and mild,
 You are sure
 Of the loveliness of worth;
 And this beauty, not of earth,
 Will endure.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Spiritual Progress"—Lukewarmness to Fervor, whose companion book is Fervor to Perfection—is a translation from the French presented by Benziger Brothers. Simple souls will hardly have great need of it.

—The volume of biographies of all who have participated in the work of the Catholic Encyclopedia will record 1342 contributors, representing 43 countries, 16 different professions; among them 407 secular priests, 505 members in 104 religious Orders, 331 laymen and 87 women; besides 151 translators, revisers, indexers, etc.

—The index for the half-yearly volume of THE AVE MARIA just concluded (July-Dec.) is now ready for those who bind their magazines. These supplementary pages are supplied gratis to those who apply for them during the year. Subscribers desirous of receiving indexes and title-pages regularly as issued, should have their names entered on a list which we keep for their accommodation.

—Convenience is one of the factors that foster piety and devotion in the recitation of the Divine Office. Pustet's Psalterium in Quarto offers all the advantages possible. The Ordinarium is where it belongs—i. e., in the space allotted to the Office for every day. Hence there are no references at all, and the most irksome feature of the original Psalterium is happily eliminated. The repetition of the Invitatorium, of hymns at the Little Hours, of responses, of the antiphonal finales, does not increase the size of the book excessively; and the convenience of these repetitions to the user of the book only he can appreciate. The heavy black type is appropriate to the quarto size, and the paper is excellent.

—Fancifully named, in the manner of many mediæval works of similar character, "The Heliotropium" treats of conformity of the human will to the divine. The book, which was written in Latin and first published in 1627, is the work of Jeremias Drexelius, S. J., a famous preacher of the German court, who died in 1638. An English translation appeared in 1862; the present edition, based on that, is edited by the Rev. Ferdinand E. Bogner, and comes, in beautiful form, from the press of the Devin-Adair Co. The work is divided into five books, of which we take this summary from the preface: "Book I. brings home to us the necessity of seeing God's will in everything. Understanding this well, we are taught in

Book II. how to unite our will, which always remains free, to God's will. The Third Book explains how we receive many benefits by uniting our will to God's. Whatever might hinder this union is pointed out in Book IV. Numerous aids, helping us to attain this true union with God, are suggested in Book V." We are convinced that this work will be, as the editor asserts, of great help to priests in the duty of guiding and comforting souls, as well as of general profit to all who may make use of it as spiritual reading.

—Among recent publications of Pierre Téqui, Paris, we notice a third edition of Père Hamon's "Au Delà du Tombeau"; Volumes II. and III. of "Le Pain Évangélique"; a new edition of Mgr. Ricard's "Saint Antoine de Padoue"; "Le Mystère d'Amour," by R. P. Lecoome; the Marquis de Ségur's treatise on "The Kindness and Natural Affection of the Saints"; Pierre Saint-Quay's "Vivre, ou Se Laisser Vivre"; "Pensées Choieses" of Father Ponlevoy, S. J.; a practical manual of devotion to the Sacred Heart, by Abbé Vandepitte; and yet another edition (the twenty-fourth) of "Les Apprêts du Beau Jour de la Vie," by Abbé Fliche.

—There is much in favor of the contention that English is likely, in course of time, to become the language of the world. It has spread so rapidly in recent years that it is already sometimes referred to as the universal language. The Boston *Transcript* quotes an example of the way in which English is used in a Siamese newspaper:

The news of English we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder get commit, we hear and tell of it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it and in borders of sombre. Staff has each one been college, and writ like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circulate every town, and extortionate not for advertisements. Buy it.

"Like the Dickens" sounds familiar enough. Before long this Siamese publisher will be urging his readers to "get up clubs."

—"The College Chorister" by Alphonsus Dress (Fischer & Bro.), is published with a view to provide a class book to colleges and seminaries where voice culture has been made a part of the regular curriculum. The first part of the book consists of eight chapters, treating, exhaustively enough for a manual, the subjects of breathing, ear training, musical notation, expression, sight singing, voice culture, and rhythm. These chapters are not mere blank theorizing; the hints, the exercises, the precepts, the remarks, seem rather to be the

outgrowth of work in the class-room. Every page gives evidence of the efforts of a painstaking teacher. In fact, the author seems to have constantly in mind the precept of Horace—to write “a book that profits and delights, and in every line instructs and pleases all.” The second part contains eighty-eight one-part songs, interesting enough, we should think, for any college student; besides thirty excellent two-part and four-part choruses.

—The new series of educational classics, edited by Prof. John William Adamson, of the University of London, and published by Mr. Edward Arnold, should prove of great interest to teachers. “Pestalozzi’s Educational Writings,” edited by Prof. J. A. Green, of the University of Sheffield, is a notable volume in this series. Although Pestalozzi’s manuals of instruction have long been superseded, his principles have become a part of educational theory. They were founded on deep personal religion. He held the child’s own home to be the most important factor in its education, and was convinced that if sympathy, elevated by moral and religious feeling, were not found there, external instruction could effect but little. Educational reformers in Germany are now trying to adapt Pestalozzi’s theories to present conditions.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers’ prices generally include postage.

“The Heliotropium.” Jeremias Drexelius, S. J. \$2, net.

“Columbus and His Predecessors.” Charles H. McCarthy, Ph. D. 50 cts.

“Glimpses of Heaven.” Sister M. Aquinas, O. S. B. 50 cts.

“Lances Hurlled at the Sun.” Rev. James Cotter. \$1.

“Your Neighbor and You.” Rev. E. F. Garesché, S. J. 75 cts.

“Socialism from the Christian Standpoint.” Fr. Bernard Vaughan, S. J. \$1.50, net.

“Faustula.” John Ayscough. \$1.35.

“Life of St. Francis of Assisi.” Fr. Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. \$3.50, net.

“Two and Two Make Four.” Bird S. Coler. \$1.62.

“The Teacher’s Companion.” Brother De Sales, M. A. \$1, net.

“The Westminster Hymnal.” \$1.25, net.

“The Orchard Floor.” 90 cts.

“The Church and Social Problems.” Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. \$1.

“Cantate” (Organ Accompaniment). Prof. J. Singenberger. \$3.50.

“This and That and the Other.” H. Belloc. \$1.37, net.

“A Miscellany of Men.” G. K. Chesterton. \$1.50, net.

“Faith and Suggestion.” Edwin Lancelot Ash. \$1.25, net.

“Games and Dances.” William A. Stecher. \$1.25, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Nicholas Ferretti, of the diocese of Newark; Rev. A. A. Duszynski, archdiocese of Baltimore; and Rev. Peter Ward, C. SS. R.

Sister M. Euphrasia, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and Sister M. Modesta, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. John Baker, Miss Mary Johnston, Mr. Michael Carroll, Mr. William Larmie, Mr. James Byrne, Mr. Hugh Hanson, Mrs. Bridget Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Cornelia Carne, Mrs. Margaret Brophy, Mr. Louis Metz, Mrs. Catherine Toole, Mrs. Mary Roe, Mr. Thomas Kennelly, Mr. Frederick Schmitz, Mr. John Leahy, Mr. Charles Spangenberg, Miss Catherine Fitzpatrick, Mr. Philip Ploesser, Jr., Mr. Edward Kelly, Mrs. A. G. Siebold, Mrs. Annie McGovern, Miss Harriet New, Mrs. V. McCullough, Mr. R. C. Goldschmidt, Mrs. Bridget Dolan, Miss Elizabeth Thomas, Mrs. Mary McGraw, Miss Anna Greene, Mr. John Feuerbach, Mr. Michael Ryan, Mrs. Katherine Lyon, Mr. W. F. Guenthal, Miss Margaret Kelly, and Mr. Thomas Hayes.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days’ indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

“Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee.”

For the famine and cyclone sufferers in China: H. C., \$1; N. T., in honor of J. M. J., \$3; Mrs. Stg., \$5; T. M., \$5; Subscriber, \$2; Friend, \$1.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Answer.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

O SOUL, is there no answer? Yea, at morn
The rising sun breathes radiance of fresh power,
And the empurpled rose within the bower
Thrusts forth a hundred leaves to grace the thorn.
A garland of bright promise crowns the corn;
And the soft grass, reviving in the shower,
Gives forth its fragrance to the gracious hour
When Nature, waking, sees herself newborn.

The four unhaltered winds with songs attest
The raptured hand that guides them to the goal;
And all the hills, aspiring from the sod,
The mind that made them glorifies as blest;
And the impassioned waters as they roll
Shout on their stony shores, the praise of God.

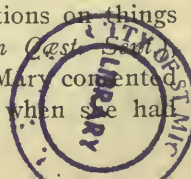
A January Festival of Our Lady.

THERE is a general agreement among the Fathers and Doctors of the Church that St. Joseph was pointed out as the spouse of Mary by a marvellous sign from Heaven. St. Epiphanius, speaking in accordance with tradition, says that he was chosen by lot; and St. Jerome adds that the choice was ratified by an express manifestation of the divine will. He says: "All the unmarried men of the race of David, and among them Joseph, being summoned to appear, the high-priest bade each of them bring a rod with his name inscribed upon it; and whosoever's rod should be found the next day to

have blossomed, he it was who should be the spouse of Mary. So it was done; and on the morrow, while the rods of all the rest had remained dry and barren, that of holy Joseph had budded and blossomed, and borne leaves and flowers. At the same time a white dove was seen to descend and light upon it."

Thus, favored more than the supreme pontiff of the people of Israel, Joseph was manifestly chosen of God to fulfil, in regard to the Ark of the New Covenant, a priesthood whose dignity might well be envied by the angels of heaven. Just as, when life began for man upon earth, God placed one of the Cherubim at the entrance of the Garden of Eden which enclosed the Tree of Life, so to the spouse of Mary was given the guardianship of that Virgin, typified by the terrestrial Paradise, who was to bring forth the Fruit of life eternal. In the words of Cardinal Newman: "St. Joseph was the cherub, placed to guard the new terrestrial Paradise from the intrusion of every foe." Like the Precursor of Christ, the Guardian of Christ's Mother was sanctified even before he was born.

"In all probability," says St. Bernardine of Siena, "St. Joseph had received a divine revelation that Mary had resolved to live a life of perpetual virginity. Assured of this, as he was himself bound by a vow of continence, he readily submitted to the custom of the country, and gave his consent to the marriage." And St. Thomas, in his great questions on things pertaining to theology (*In Quest. 27. 2. 1.*), inquiring how it was that Mary consented to be espoused to Joseph when she had



made a vow of virginity, thus replies to his own question: "The Blessed Virgin, before contracting marriage with Joseph, was assured by God Himself that he had formed a similar resolve." Many, too, are the Fathers of the Church who intimate in their writings that the angels of heaven, in their constant attendance upon her who was predestined to be their Queen, conveyed to Mary the glad, mysterious tidings that her chaste espousals formed part and parcel of the secret, eternal decrees of Divine Providence.

It is certain that without some such supernatural assurance Mary would not have entered into the matrimonial state. So deeply rooted in the heart of the humble Maiden was the desire of virginity that she preferred it not merely to all the honors and distinctions the world might offer, but even to the inexpressible glory of the Divine Maternity. For when God sent one of His highest angels to make known to the humble Virgin of Nazareth her sublime destiny, and to declare to her that she was the one chosen to be the Mother of the Word Incarnate, she hesitated, and withheld her consent until the Angel assured her that the great mystery would be effected without danger to the treasure of her heart—her virginal purity. Thus, although bound by a solemn promise, she remained free to contract an alliance, a heavenly marriage, with the just and holy descendant of David.

According to a belief based upon tradition and the writings of the Fathers, Mary was fourteen years of age at the time of the espousals. Among the Jews, maidens were reputed of marriageable age when they had reached their thirteenth year, and the custom of the country exacted that they should marry as soon as possible after that time. Divine Wisdom seems to have made use of this custom in order to hasten the accomplishment of the work of infinite charity in satisfying the desires of the Patriarchs, and especially of Mary herself, who constantly sighed and

longed for the coming of the Messiah.

We must remember that, although the Blessed Virgin numbered only fourteen years, she had a mind fully enlightened; prudence, in her, had not waited for mature years; and God had infused into her from her tenderest infancy all that knowledge which is ordinarily acquired by study or experience. And thus the Blessed Virgin in accepting Joseph as her spouse gave the most splendid confirmation to the high esteem in which his incomparable virtues were held. She also set the seal of her free consent to a marriage which had been decreed in the counsels of the Ever-Blessed Trinity, and had formed the matter of solemn deliberation on the part of the heads of the Jewish Church.*

Between the betrothal and the marriage of Mary and Joseph a certain period, according to the custom of the Hebrew people, intervened. It is supposed in their case to have been two months: their mutual promises being interchanged in November, and the marriage itself probably taking place on the 23d of January, when the Church celebrates the Feast of the Espousals of the Blessed Virgin.

We may well suppose that the beautiful customs of the people of Israel were strictly followed in the nuptials of Mary and Joseph. The ceremony took place in the Temple; and, after receiving the sacerdotal blessing, they were accompanied by their relatives and friends, walking in procession, with music and rejoicing and the waving of myrtle and palm branches, to their abode, the house which Joachim and Anne had occupied near the Probatic Pool. Their friends then partook of the marriage feast which had been prepared for them. An instance of this practice we see in the marriage at Cana in Galilee, where the Mother of Jesus was present, to which Our Lord, as well as His disciples, was invited, and which He honored with His presence and first public miracle.

After the feast, and as the sun went

* "Marie Mère de Jésus." Par C. H. T. Tamar.

down, the guests departed, leaving them alone with God and with their good angels, who, we may piously believe, were now called to witness the interchange of those secret words which revealed the vows hidden hitherto, of the existence of which, we have reason to be well persuaded, the Holy Spirit had already interiorly assured them. It was then that, according to the opinion of the Fathers of the Church, Mary and Joseph, while remaining bound together by the contract and tie of matrimony, renewed in a solemn and absolute form their respective vows of perpetual virginity. St. Francis de Sales says: "Both had made a vow to preserve virginity during their whole lives; and, behold! God wills that they should be joined in the bands of a holy marriage, — not that they might unsay their vow or repent of it, but to confirm them in it, and that they might be a mutual support in carrying out their holy resolve. For this reason they now renewed their vow to live together as virgins for the remainder of their lives."

It was indeed an incomparable marriage, uniting all that is sweet and pure in the two estates; so that Gerson, the devout servant of Mary and Joseph, speaking before the Council of Constance of this most pure marriage, gave expression to his ecstasy when contemplating it by exclaiming that in them virginity had espoused itself.

And this suggests a thought that must be of profit to us. Mary is the example, the mirror and the model of all women, high and low, married and virgins, and especially of those who consecrate themselves to God by a perpetual vow. And what is said of Mary as respects women must in due proportion be said of Joseph in regard to men. Joseph, so perfect before God, serves as an example and a model to all men, virgins as well as married, and particularly to those who have vowed perpetual chastity. He was the first among men to make this generous and solemn vow, in order to become, as the

Church styles him, the guardian of virgins and their great patriarch. In fact, the sublime example of Mary and Joseph drew numbers of saints of the New Law to follow in their steps, and oblige themselves by vow to lead a virginal life even in the state of holy matrimony, who have been held forth in ecclesiastical history as the admiration and marvel of the world.

A Far-Away Princess.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IV.

MOIRA proved to be altogether right in her opinion that Harcourt would not consent — would, in fact, hardly listen — to the proposal that she should accompany Mrs. Granger to America.

"I don't know how you could dream that I would consent to such a thing!" he declared almost angrily. "Mrs. Granger must have lost her senses to propose it. I wonder that she does not see how it would look — in what a position it would place me — if you went over there alone, apparently to beg for the recognition which I had not manhood enough to demand for you."

"Oh, who could think anything like that of you!" cried Moira, aghast. "I am sure that Mrs. Granger never dreamed of it."

"That's because she's entirely too fond of managing other people's affairs for them," Harcourt replied ungratefully. "She has always been inclined that way; and, as a result, she sees nobody's point of view but her own. Mine, however, is as clear as possible. My father and all my relatives and friends would draw but one conclusion if you appeared among them without me, and it would be a conclusion so unflattering to us both that I do not wish to dwell on it further. It's enough to say that when you go to America I shall accompany you, and I

will never permit you to occupy the false position of going there without me."

Moira did not answer at once; but her eyes, as she gazed at him, expressed such depth of disappointment that he put out his hand impulsively to touch hers.

"Dear heart," he said, "are you so sorry not to go? If there were no other reason against it, have you not thought what time and space it would put between us?"

"Yes, I have thought of that," she replied; "but, since we must be separated for a certain length of time, it seemed to me that if I could employ that time in doing something for you it might make the separation less hard to bear."

"But what could you do for me by going to America?"

"Ah, surely you know what I desire to do? And Mrs. Granger thinks that if your father saw me he would be convinced that I am not the kind of woman he imagines me to be."

The blood rushed to Harcourt's face, while his jaw set grimly.

"And do you think I would allow you to go and show yourself in order to convince him?" he cried indignantly. "Do you really fancy that, though I refuse to make any advance toward him myself, I would permit you to make any? Once for all, put such an idea out of your head! Once for all, understand that I will never consent to an attempt of the kind."

"I will never make such an attempt without your consent," Moira answered. "But I believe that you are wrong,—quite wrong. How is he ever to recognize his mistake if you are too proud to make the least effort to show it to him?"

"You don't comprehend that I am proud on your behalf."

"Ah, yes, I comprehend that!" she said eagerly. "But don't *you* comprehend that it is terrible to me to feel myself a barrier between you and your father?"

"It is not you who are the barrier: it is his own violence and prejudice."

She shook her head sadly.

"*C'est moi!*" she murmured. "And

you will not let me even try to mend matters!"

"They will mend, perhaps, when I am a famous artist," he told her gaily. "If not, it doesn't matter. Nothing matters so long as I have you, my princess! And now haven't we some engagement with that very interfering person, Mrs. Granger?"

"We have. She wants us to dine with her this evening, and I've promised that we will. I should not have been so ready to accept the invitation, since we have such short time left to be together, but that I hoped you might be persuaded to agree to what she proposes."

"I'm sorry to disappoint you both, but there's nothing less possible than my agreeing," Harcourt repeated firmly. "However, it's just as well that you accepted the invitation; for I want her to see more of you. And she is a friend worth cultivating, being not only a person of great social importance, but with a heart as large as it is warm."

"I think one feels that very quickly. I have quite fallen in love with her."

"And if she hasn't fallen in love with you, I'll be immensely surprised. It was a wonderful stroke of luck, her coming to Paris and my meeting her just at this time; for there's no one whose word at home carries more weight than hers, and she can tell everybody what you really are. Nevertheless, I'm sorry that she is going home just now; for there's nobody with whom I should like better to leave you, if she were only going to stay over here."

"Ah, if only—" Moira began; but checked herself, feeling the uselessness of any further effort to change Harcourt's determined opposition to the idea of her going to America, even under the powerful protection of Mrs. Granger.

And, having, as has been already intimated, a very reasonable mind, she was able, when the first keen disappointment subsided, to comprehend and even to sympathize with this opposition. For, considering the matter from his point

of view, she perceived that he was right in feeling that it would not be consistent with his self-respect to allow her to make her first appearance in his own country, among his own people, without his being at her side. Indeed, with a flash of illumination, this became so clear that she wondered at her own and Mrs. Granger's blindness to it. "How could we have imagined that he would consent to such a thing!" she thought,—“that he would be willing for his wife to appear in his home under any protection but his own! And he is right: it would not be *convenable*, or worthy of him. And yet” (she sighed deeply) “if there were only some way of accomplishing his reconciliation with his father! Mrs. Granger has set her heart on this, and she will be almost as disappointed as I am.”

Mrs. Granger was indeed not only almost but quite as disappointed as Moira herself when, after vainly trying to overcome Harcourt's opposition to the plan which she had been dwelling upon and elaborating for twenty-four hours, she finally realized the inflexible nature of his decision.

“I had no idea that you were as obstinate as twenty donkeys!” she cried at last, exasperated. “And this is not only obstinacy, but selfishness and pride as well.”

“It may be all three,” Royall agreed. “But don't you see, Miss Emily” (lapsing unconsciously into his boyhood's name for her), “that I couldn't possibly permit Moira to go with you to America, and retain my self-respect?”

“No, I don't see it,” she returned. “To my mind, self-respect doesn't enter into the matter at all; only, as I've said, selfishness and pride.”

“That is because you are not willing to consider it from any point of view but your own,” he told her. “You mustn't think that I don't appreciate your kindness in taking so much interest in our affairs—”

“Why shouldn't I take interest in them?” she interrupted. “Haven't I been fond of you all your life? And you know how devoted I am to your father.”

“And therefore you want to play the part of benevolent Providence toward us both,” he said, smiling. “I quite understand, and I'm really very grateful—”

“You certainly appear to be!”

“Don't be sarcastic. I am, whether I appear to be or not. But, nevertheless, I must refuse my consent to the plan you've arranged, and I intend to make you acknowledge that I am right in refusing it.”

“You can't do that.”

“We'll see.”

He rose as he spoke and stood before her, leaning one arm on the mantel-shelf; for they were in her private sitting-room, and had just finished their after-dinner coffee. Despite her exasperation with him, she could not but think how handsome and gallant he looked, as he stood, still smiling at her, with bright eyes and head thrown slightly back.

“Now,” he said, “I put you on your honor to answer, without equivocation of any kind, when I ask what you would think of any other man whom you know among those at home, if he had married abroad as I have done; if he knew, as I know, that the most unjust and injurious things were said and thought of his wife; and yet if he permitted her to go alone for the first time to his country, to appear among his relatives and friends, without his being by her side?”

“She would not be alone!” Mrs. Granger exclaimed. “Do you count *me* nobody?”

“I count you a host, as you must know,” he replied. “But, powerful and important as you are, you couldn't take my place. Nobody could take that, and—you haven't told me yet what you would think of such a man.”

“I'd think that he was more sensible than you are.”

“O Miss Emily, Miss Emily! Remember you are on your honor!”

"Royall, you know that the circumstances are exceptional. Here you are, going away, leaving your wife indeed alone—"

"I am leaving her in the city which has always been her home, and among her lifelong friends. But that's neither here nor there. It has no bearing on the point we are discussing—which is that, however much she were left here alone, she could not, as Mrs. Royall Harcourt, go to my country and among my friends without me. You know the world too well not to see and acknowledge this."

Perhaps Mrs. Granger did see and acknowledge it, for she did not answer: she only leaned back in her chair and regarded him with an expression of intense vexation and disapproval—when, to the surprise of both, Moira suddenly rose from her seat and came to the side of the tall young man. Herself almost as tall as he, she made a picture of wonderful grace as she advanced and stood, in her clinging, trailing dress of soft, black chiffon, her white neck and lovely head rising, with lily-like effect, above the dark draperies.

"Dear Madame," she said, in her low, rich voice, "I feel that I must tell you that, although I was yesterday as eager as you that Royall should consent to the plan you were so good as to propose, I now perceive quite clearly that he could not possibly do so."

"Oh, he has convinced you, has he?" Mrs. Granger cried, sitting upright again. "I might have expected it. Well, of course that ends the matter; and I can only remark that I think you are very foolish to be influenced by him."

Moira shook her head, smiling slightly.

"Forgive me if I say that I can't believe that you really think so," she said. "I am sure you must feel that it is well for those who are married to see things as far as possible from the same point of view."

"I think that a woman has as much right to maintain her own point of view as a man has to maintain his," Mrs. Granger asserted stoutly.

"But you will not deny her the right to be convinced when it is made plain to her that his point of view is the right one," the winning voice replied; "and I have been convinced that Royall is right when he says that if I go to America as his wife he should be with me."

"There's something to be said for his opinion,—I'll have to own that," Mrs. Granger admitted reluctantly. "And, since this is so, the only sensible thing for him to do is to give up his foolish plan of going to Morocco, and both of you come back with me to America."

But Royall, at this suggestion, threw back his head with a laugh equally compounded of scorn and amusement.

"Fancy it!" he cried. "Fancy me giving up my great chance for a career of independence, leaving Lemontier in the lurch, and going back to America, like a disgraced schoolboy, to beg forgiveness and support from my father! My dear Mrs. Granger, I wonder if all my old friends know me as little as you seem to do?"

"It appears that I do know you very little," Mrs. Granger answered stiffly; "and therefore I should apologize for my interest in your affairs, and my possibly impertinent suggestions. At least I will make no more. Shall we change the subject?"

"No, no!" Moira exclaimed eagerly, before Harcourt could reply. "We must not change the subject while you are vexed with Royall—who did not mean to be ungrateful for your kindness, I am sure,—and before you hear a suggestion which I have to make, and to which I beg you both to listen patiently."

"Patience is not Miss Emily's strong point any more than it is mine," Harcourt observed, with a humorous glance at that lady; "but I hope she'll pardon me, as she's often had to do before. Let us hear what you have to say."

"It is simply this," Moira said, glancing from one to the other of the faces turned toward her: "we are all agreed—that it

would not do—it would not be *convenable*, as we say in French,—for Mrs. Royall Harcourt to go to America for the first time alone. But is there any reason why Moira Deschanel should not go?”

Both of her listeners stared at her for a moment uncomprehending. Then Royall said sharply:

“There is no longer such a person as Moira Deschanel; and if you mean that you should go to America masquerading under that name—”

“It would not be a masquerade,” she interrupted. “I was born Deschanel, and I have a right to bear the name if I like. I should certainly use it if I returned to the stage.”

“You will never return to the stage.”

“*Eh, bien*, I have agreed to that,” she said, spreading her hands with a Gallic gesture. “And now I ask you, on your side, to agree to my playing a little part on a private stage for a short—oh, very short!—time. I have a great desire to go to America with Mrs. Granger, since she is so good as to be willing to take me; and quietly, without compromising your dignity or pride in the least, to see for myself something of your home, and—perhaps of your people.”

The pleading in her tone was so sweet that Harcourt’s inclination to anger melted under it. He laid his hand tenderly on her shoulder.

“Moira, what a child you are still!” he said. “And how strong the dramatic impulse is in you! It is as you’ve said: you have arranged a drama in which you will play a part that appeals to you very much—”

“Very much indeed,” she said.

“And the *dénouement* is quite clear in your mind,” he went on. “The angry father is to be charmed and to relent; the disowned son to be recalled from exile; and the curtain to go down on a scene of reconciliation and happiness, flooded with rosy light. Ah, dreamer, don’t you know that things do not happen like that in real life?”

“Why shouldn’t they?” she murmured in protest.

“Yes, why shouldn’t they?” Mrs. Granger echoed belligerently. “It’s nonsense to say that things never happen in real life except in a disagreeable and unpleasant way. We all know better than that. We all know that agreeable and desirable things often come to pass in the most unexpected manner.”

“You give yourself away with that word,” Harcourt told her mockingly. “It is certainly most unexpected, because most unusual, when agreeable and desirable things come to pass; and therefore it will not do to count on them.”

“Nor to make any effort to bring them about? In that case, why are you going to Morocco?”

“An irrelevant inquiry,” he returned. “I am going to Morocco in pursuit of reputation and money—two very tangible and attainable things. But this dreamer” (he laid his hand again on Moira’s shoulder) “has imagined a drama with an ending like a fairy-tale, which is altogether impossible.”

“I see no impossibility in it. I believe that it might really come to pass, just as she imagines it, if you will be kind enough not to interfere.”

“But I must interfere when what she wants to do is not only absurdly romantic and foredoomed to failure, but when it would place us both in a position quite as undignified as if she went, according to your original plan, under her proper name.”

“How could that be, since no one would know her as Mrs. Royall Harcourt?”

Again the young man laughed.

“My dear lady,” he said, “have you forgotten the press? Do you suppose that any amount of gossip has not been published about our marriage, and that even those who know little or nothing of the French stage will not remember that Moira Deschanel was the name of the actress whom Royall Harcourt married? And, moreover, as a matter of simple fact,

I mentioned the name in my letter to my father."

"The faces of both Mrs. Granger and Moira looked rather blank at this, but the former was the first to rally.

"We might have thought of that," she said. "Naturally you would mention the name of the woman you had married in announcing your marriage to your father. Well, my dear" (she spoke to Moira), "this only means that we must find another name for you."

"It means nothing of the kind!" Harcourt exclaimed. "I will not permit her to go under a false name any more than under her own."

"My mother's name would not be a false name," Moira said; "for I should have a right to assume it."

"What was your mother's name?" Mrs. Granger inquired.

"She was Moira Fortescue."

"Good, — very good!" Mrs. Granger beat her hands together softly. "The name suits you admirably, and you have a perfect right to use it, if you like."

"She has not a perfect right to set my wishes at defiance!" Harcourt broke in, now white with anger. "I will not permit such a masquerade under any circumstances."

"I think you will permit it, if you will listen to me for a few minutes," Moira said, turning toward him; and Mrs. Granger was struck by a note in her voice which seemed to take command of the situation, although its gentleness remained unchanged. "You force me to remind you," she went on, "how many times, and in how many things, I have yielded to your wishes in matters more important than this of which we are talking. You know what I gave up when I left the stage to marry you—"

He bent his head.

"You gave up a brilliant career and the prospect of a large fortune," he replied. "I can never forget it; but is it generous to remind me of it—now?"

She laid her hand on his arm with an infinitely appealing gesture.

"It would not be generous, if I had not a reason which justifies the reminding," she said. "But let me go on, for I must put my claim fully before you. Again, although it would be very easy for me to return to the stage and there make money enough for our needs, I yielded to your wishes prohibiting this, and submitted to all that is entailed—the pain of separation, of anxiety for me and danger for you—in your going to Morocco. I have also yielded to your wish that I will not go to Algiers, in order to be near you. And now when, in return for all this, I ask one little yielding to my wishes on your part, you are not willing to make it."

The reproach of the last words was more effective from the unchanged gentleness of her tone; and Harcourt stared at her for a moment silently, as if for the first time realizing these things; while Mrs. Granger sat watching the two, who were altogether absorbed in each other, with what she afterward described as "the keenest sense of drama" she had ever known.

"Moira," Harcourt said at last, "you make me seem an ingrate in my own eyes; but how can I consent to what you wish to do?"

"I think that you will consent if you look at it from my point of view," she answered. "Consider for a moment how lonely I shall be, left here without you, with nothing to do but eat out my heart with anxiety and longing, and also with grief; for how can I be alone in Paris and not grieve for my mother?"

"My dear, my dear," he said, "I had not thought of that! You shall not stay in Paris: you shall go somewhere else,—to some quiet place at the seaside."

"And what should I do in such a place but think and long and grieve in utter loneliness?" she asked. "Don't misunderstand me: I am not complaining. I would not mention these things if there

were nothing else to be done: I should simply endure them as best I could. But a chance has come (which seems as if it must have been sent by *le bon Dieu* Himself at this exact time) for me to do something else, — something which may be worth doing in every sense, but which at the very least will help me to bear the pain of separation as nothing else could."

"Moirà," Harcourt cried, "you leave me nothing to say except that it is against my judgment, utterly against my judgment, that you should do this thing!"

"Dear heart," she returned, "is it not rather against your pride?"

"Against both pride and judgment," he admitted. "I should not wish you to do it, if it were quite certain that you could sustain the masquerade successfully, — that it would never be known who you really were. But sooner or later it must be known; indeed, you would be likely to be recognized at any moment."

"I recognized! By whom? I have no acquaintances in America."

Harcourt glanced at Mrs. Granger with what might be described as an unamused smile.

"Did you ever hear anything more simple than that?" he asked. "She knows nothing of the wandering propensities of our countrypeople, and she forgets how many of them may have seen her when she was appearing on the stage and all Paris was talking about her."

"I'm not sure of that,—I mean about many of them having seen her," Mrs. Granger answered. "You know that the average American doesn't go to see good French plays, because, as a rule, he doesn't understand the language and is not cultured enough to appreciate fine acting. The entertainments he seeks are of an altogether different kind."

"True; but there are Americans who both understand French and appreciate fine acting, and no one of these in Paris last winter could have missed 'La Princesse Lointaine.'"

"Even so, do you imagine that such a spectator would be likely to recognize her" (she pointed to Moira) "without the stage illusions under which he saw her?"

"And remember the costume of 'La Princesse Lointaine'!" Moira quickly interposed. "The difference of dress alone would be an effective disguise."

Harcourt shook his head.

"You are mistaken," he said. "Your face is not one that could ever be forgotten, no matter how different the costumes that you wore."

"Now, see here!" said Mrs. Granger, in her most emphatic manner. "This matter must be settled; and there's only one way to settle it, as far as I can perceive. Your wife has put her case unanswerably, Royall. She has reminded you of the many occasions on which she has yielded to your wishes, and made great sacrifices for you; and in return she asks—I think myself that she might demand—that you shall yield to her wishes in the matter we've been discussing at such length. You are going away, all on account of your obstinate pride; and, since you are leaving her, you have no right to insist that she shall stay here alone, with sadness and grief for her companions, when she might be with me, having her mind diverted by the interesting sights of a world altogether new to her, and her time occupied—"

"How?" It was a sharp interrogation with which Royall interrupted at this point. "How do you intend that she shall occupy her time, since I presume that you hardly propose to introduce her into society under an assumed name?"

"I should not think of such a thing," Mrs. Granger answered. "She will simply be known to the few people whom she may meet as a young friend who has come over to spend a few weeks with me. We shall live very quietly—I promise you that,—and I really don't see how you can persist in refusing to let her do this on which her heart is set."

"If her heart is set on doing it, I can't

refuse," he said desperately; "but I repeat that my judgment is unalterably opposed to it, and I believe that you will both be forced to acknowledge in the end that my judgment is right."

Moirá looked up at him with lovely, light-filled eyes.

"In that case," she said, "you may be sure that I, for one, will not hesitate to acknowledge it, and say my *meâ culpâ* with contrition."

"Ah, but contrition can not change consequences!" he replied.

(To be continued.)

A Roman Pilgrimage.

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.

I.—ST. JOHN LATERAN.

NOTHING at the Lateran is more beautiful than the twelfth-century cloister, surrounded by an arcade supported on exquisite double columns, spiral, and inlaid with mosaic. In the middle of the cortile is the well of the woman of Samaria. In the ambulatory are many relics: pillars of the Temple of Jerusalem split by the earthquake at the time of Our Lord's crucifixion; the slab on which the soldiers cast lots; another showing Our Lord's height; an antique Papal throne, and many others. It was in the Lateran that St. Dominic and St. Francis of Assisi met for the first time.

Adjoining the Basilica is the Palace of the Lateran, for a thousand years the home of the Popes. Of the ancient Palace there remain the Papal chapel and part of the Triclinium, the banquet-hall where the Popes dined after taking possession of the Lateran, as the formal sign of their succession. Riding on a white mule, the tribute of the King of Naples, the Pope came from St. Peter's, pausing at the Castle of St. Angelo to receive, through their chief rabbi, the submission of the Jews; thence to the Circus Maximus, and through the Forum Romanum, by the

Basilica of Constantine, to the Coliseum, under Constantine's Arch to San Clemente, and so along the Via di San Giovanni, past Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, past the Obelisk of the Lateran (after 1588, when it was removed hither by Sixtus V. from the Circus Maximus, where it had stood for twelve centuries,—Constantine brought it from Heliopolis, when it was already nineteen hundred years old), and so to the Lateran.

The Egyptian Obelisk saw the procession of the "Possesso," here in the Piazza San Giovanni, from that of Urban VII. in 1590 to that of Pius IX. in 1846. It came hither from the Circus Maximus in 1588, and exactly fifty years earlier the Canons of the Lateran had at last consented to let the "Cavallo" go away hence to the Capitol. This, the most perfect of all equestrian statues, had stood in front of the Lateran at all events for six hundred years; for it was there in the day of Sergius III. For centuries the Romans believed the Emperor represented to be Constantine, though some said it was Quintus Curtius, and some Theodoric. But even in the thirteenth century, according to the *Mirabilia*, the clergy knew it was Marcus Aurelius. Everyone knows the story of Michelangelo's gazing in admiration at the horse and bidding it ride on.

When Boniface VIII. came to the Lateran for the "Possesso" of January 16, 1295, he rode a milk-white palfrey, and on his head was a crown. The kings of Naples and Hungary walked beside, holding the bridle of his horse,—the same kings who had less than five months before done the same lowly office for San Celestino when he rode on an ass to be crowned at Aquila. All Rome was there to see Boniface come to the Lateran to take possession—the Colonna, Orsini, Savelli,—and the procession could scarce make its way through the kneeling throng. On the day following, the Pope dined at the Lateran, and the two kings waited upon him. Five years later and Boniface

proclaimed the first Jubilee. On October 11, 1303, he died, broken-hearted, in the presence of eight faithful Cardinals, after making his profession of faith and receiving the last Sacraments.

On his way to the Lateran for the "Possesso," it was customary for the Pontiff to pay certain monies to various officials, and to distribute to the people a huge sum in gold, silver, and copper coin. At the entrance he himself received gifts,—seals made of gems, a girdle, etc. Then he sat upon a lowly seat, called the "Sella Stercoraria," from which the Cardinals immediately raised him, in allusion to Psalm cxii: "Raising up the needy from the earth, and lifting up the poor from the dunghill: that He may place him with princes, with the princes of His people." Then the Pope took silver money and scattered it among the people. After praying at the high altar, he received the homage of the Lateran Chapter, and proceeded by the north aisle to the Palace. There the great officials did homage and kissed his feet, and the symbolic Keys were presented, with the pastoral staff of Supreme Bishop.

Again alms were given by the Pontiff, and he was escorted to the "Sancta Sanctorum," which was the private chapel of the Popes in the old Lateran Palace, and could be used by them only. It was in existence, at all events, as early as the middle of the sixth century, when Pelagius I. enriched it with relics of St. Andrew and St. Luke. It was then dedicated to San Lorenzo, but was probably already very ancient at that time. On the altar is the *Acheiropoëton*—a portrait of Our Lord begun by St. Luke and finished by angels. As early as the fourth century, this holy picture was carried from Jerusalem to Constantinople; and in the time of St. Gregory the great it was brought to Rome. Under the altar are certain great relics in a case inscribed "Sancta Sanctorum." None but the Pope may say Mass at this altar, and the chapel itself is never opened for any one but

him,—except once in the year, when the Lateran Chapter comes hither in procession to venerate the holy place. Even then no layman may enter.

The *Sancta Sanctorum* is approached from the piazza by the Scala Santa, where a wooden staircase encloses the marble steps from the house of Pilate, up which Our Lord passed to His condemnation, and down which He went to receive His cross. Constantine's mother, the Empress St. Helena, brought them from Jerusalem to Rome. In 879 an earthquake injured them, and they were set up again in the old Lateran Palace. Lest they should be entirely worn out by the knees of pilgrims, Clement XII. covered the steps with a wooden shell, which has time and again been itself worn out by pious knees, and renewed; for none ascend except upon their knees. In front of each is an opening, showing the marble step within. Pius IX. kneels here still in marble effigy,—a beautiful and pathetic symbol; for few relics in Rome could have appealed more poignantly to that great and stricken heart than these steps of humiliation.

"Feeling can not resist," says a Protestant writer, "the claim to reverential sympathy in the spectacle daily presented by the Scala Santa. . . . There is no day on which worshippers may not be seen slowly ascending these stairs. . . . On Good Friday I have seen this structure completely covered by the multitude, like a swarm of bees settling on flowers." Dr. Martin Luther, another Protestant writer tells us, came here and crept halfway up. Then suddenly stood erect, lifted his head, "turned and walked slowly down again." Eh, yes, right down! It is easier to turn and refuse the staircase of abjection,—easier to lift the head than to bend it under a crown of thorns.

At the top of the Scala Santa is the *Sancta Sanctorum*, and it is only after making the Scala that the ordinary pilgrim sees this place. One looks in through a grille and sees in the dim, mysterious

chapel the altar between two fine antique columns of porphyry. The Ackerotypa is hidden within a lovely tabernacle of silver, given to the chapel by Innocent III. (1198-1216.) Like the Santissimo Bambinò of the Ara Cœli, this holy picture has been carried in procession on great and special occasions, and annually on the feast of Our Lady's Assumption. The Pope himself carried it, and so the last to bear it was Pius IX. Till Pius V.'s time, the procession paused in the Forum Romanum, and on the steps of Santa Maria Nuova the feet of the Pontiff were washed, while the *Kyrie* was sung. The Triclinium of St. Leo and the Sancta Sanctorum belong to the *ancient* Palace; the present Lateran Palace stands on part of its site. From the seventh century to A. D. 1305 the Popes lived at the Lateran.

When Benedict XI. died, the Holy See was vacant thirteen months; then Bertrand de Goth, formerly Bishop of Comminge, whom Boniface VIII. had made Archbishop of Bordeaux, was elected in his absence by the Conclave at Perugia, and became Clement V. (1305-1314.) He was crowned at Lyons, and took up his abode at Avignon, where the Popes lived for seventy years. This is the "Babylonish Captivity." When the Popes at last came back, they made their home at the Vatican. Sixtus V. built a new Lateran Palace; but finding it, as we are told, too cold, he employed Fontana to carry on the building of the Quirinal, begun by his predecessor, Gregory XIII. Innocent XII. (1691-1700) turned the Lateran Palace into a hospital; and Gregory XIII. in 1843 changed it into a museum, which it now remains. In sixteen great halls are countless statues, sarcophagi, and other relics of antiquity.

(The End.)

EVE smote, but Mary healed; for Eve's disobedience, Mary offered obedience; and for Eve's unbelief, Mary offered faith.

—*St. Austin.*

Irish Scenes and Memories.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

IV.—HOW THE CURSE WAS LIFTED.

THE Creegans were the richest people in our parish,—as rich beyond all the other families as the highest peak of the Galtees is above the lesser peaks that cluster at its base. They were simple people for all that, without any affectations. The boys never wore brown leather leggings nor topcoats; they never rode after the hunt, nor blew the dust into your eyes speeding by on sidecars. The girls—three of them—never went to France for the winter, nor to Kilkee for the summer. They gave no balls or parties when they became of age. In fact, the Creegans were very much like the rest of the parish, except the H artigans, who were "out-and-out grandees entirely."

For all their goodness and kindness and simple ways, the Creegans never seemed to have luck. One of the boys was lame; John, the second son, had spinal trouble, so that he could never stand up straight like a healthy man; Margaret was bed-ridden; and Catherine, the second sister, was a wee bit of a creature, that stopped growing when she was ten years of age. She and Mrs. Walsh of Grageen were the two saints of the parish, who made the Stations and said always "two rounds of the Beads" every Sunday before first Mass.

Well, the reason the Creegans never had luck was due to the "blood money" which was in the family. In the days of the Fenians, a great-great-grandfather of the present head of the house betrayed a couple of the "boys" who were hiding from the "peelers," for which he received a good sum of money by way of reward. Thereafter, "blood money" was in the family. Usually people thus tainted are left to themselves. The neighbors do not visit them, nor ever borrow a spade or

a pitchfork of them; nor do they lean over the half-door and say, "God bless all here!" when passing by the house in the morning.

But it was different with the Creegans. They were honest people, who would not take a sloe out of a bush that did not belong to them—except the man that took the money long ago, and they could not help that, after all. So everybody had a kindly feeling toward the Creegans; and the boys dropped in of an evening sometimes, and the neighbors gave them a "lift" when making the turf or threshing the oats. And everybody kept hoping that the curse would soon be lifted, and that the next generation would not have to suffer for the wrongdoing of a long-dead ancestor.

There was good foundation for the hope too; for the third son, Maurice, the only healthy one, was in his second year at Maynooth and would soon be "priested." There was no doubt at all but that a priest in the family would "lift the curse."

When he came home every summer, Maurice went to early Mass and received Holy Communion. He wore a black suit, and, except for the lack of the tall hat, you would take him for a priest anywhere. He was a thin man, with hands like a lady's and a face as smooth as a boy's. He was always accompanied to the chapel by two of his sisters, who clung to him tenderly because they loved him with a real love, and because he would soon be a priest of God and an honor to the family.

The boys of the parish were out at the chapel gate one Sunday in summer, waiting for the "last" bell to ring. By the same token, many a time Father Tracy ordered them in to say a few extra prayers before Mass. They went in for a Sunday or two; then there was a notice on the chapel gate about an auction or a meeting; or sports up at Ballingarry. Mick Sheahan stopped to read it, and the others gathered around. When they were done reading, they began talking, and so they fell again into the old rut.

"I see Mr. Creegan is back for his vacation," commented Jack Hogan.

"So he is. He spoke to me yesterday as I was coming hether from Madigans' forge," Jim Donnelly agreed, taking a "shock o' the pipe" in the few minutes that remained.

"He's a lovely man and as gintle as a lady."

"He is that, Johnny Mangan; an' I hope God will give him good health to finish, for he does be very frail-lookin'."

It was Mick Sheahan who spoke, leaning against the gate pier.

In the chapel Maurice and his sisters were kneeling at the railing. Catherine was praying before Our Lady's altar, asking the Blessed Mother to keep Maurice well through the long, difficult, searching years of the Maynooth course. No doubt, Mary, the youngest daughter, was making a like petition from where she knelt before the main altar.

During the weekdays Maurice was accustomed to go down among the boys in the hayfields or at banking the potato drills or at cutting the oats. Brought up in the fields and among the men of the fields, he never sought other scenery or other society. When Dick Fitz, forgetting himself, cursed old "Bill," the gray horse, because "Bill" did not "whoa" when ordered, Maurice seemed only to notice Dick's embarrassment. He liked to hear Tade Clancy tell stories, especially when Jim Donnelly was present to contradict. He would follow for hours the mowers, their bodies swaying right and left, leaving great rows of hay in their wake.

Sometimes he took three or four school-boys back to the Deel for a day's fishing; and while they talked among themselves and waited anxiously for a bite, he watched the gliding waters and began to dream. He lived over again the day when for the first time he took the train at the little station and went away to Dublin. The years were long and uneventful since then. College life and the changeless round of classes, and a discipline that

held him close within walls, had little charm for him. He went through it as one goes through a disagreeable journey to a desired place. It was prosy and monotonous, and — well, he was glad college was over; and he would be glad, too, when he could say "Good-bye!" to the theological seminary at Maynooth. He liked the free air and the soft grass and the murmuring streams, and the care-free life of Knockfeen parish. It was his home, and he never found that college or seminary life could fill up the void when he was away from the places and people he knew and loved.

Maurice Creegan was in his last year of theology; and at the end of the school year he would be "priested," as the people put it. After that he might be lent out for a couple of years to one of the English dioceses where priests are scarce. The wait till a young priest becomes a parish priest is long, very long, in Ireland. But the Creegans wanted to see Maurice ordained, and gave no thought at all to promotion. Just to see him a priest, so he would bless them and remove the curse, was the desire of their hearts.

About mid-May of that last year—with ordination a little more than a month away — a boy went down across the fields from Knockfeen station, bearing a blue envelope in his hand. He was the station-master's son, carrying a telegram to the Creegans. A telegram to the country districts in Ireland means, as a rule, bad news of some kind. Business among the people is not of so hurried or complex a character as to be transacted over the wires. When, once in a year or so, the station-master's son bore a message to a family, one wondered who was dying or dead. And when Catherine Creegan saw the boy coming across the field to the front of the house, she sat back in a chair from sheer weakness and exclaimed:

"My God, something is wrong with Maurice!"

The boy handed her the envelope, and, lifting his cap respectfully, walked away

quickly, as he had been instructed to do by his father, who well knew people do not desire witnesses during the first moments of a crushing sorrow. Catherine broke open the seal and read:

MAURICE CREEGAN, ESQ.,
Cronagh, Knockfeen,
Co. Limerick.

Your son had hemorrhage this morning. Condition critical but not hopeless. Come.

The message was sent by the president of the seminary.

'Strange to say, the only comment that passed the girl's lips was:

"I felt it,—I felt it was coming always. We are not worthy. We must suffer yet."

Maurice died at two o'clock that afternoon, while the father was on his way to Dublin. When he reached Maynooth, it was to find the hope of the family white and very still in one of the infirmary rooms. Next day the coffin was taken out of the van at Knockfeen station, and one of the largest gatherings of people ever seen there met the remains. They came in such great numbers to show their sympathy that the boy did not live to be "priested," so that the curse might be lifted.

After the funeral, they chatted here and there among themselves by the fire-side or when out working in the gardens.

One said:

"By gor, 'tis hard, after all, the poor boy wasn't 'priested,' and that he's now lyin' in the churchyard."

"'Tis,—indeed 'tis. Sure everyone was hopin' an' prayin' he'd live an' finish, and so lift the curse that hangs over thim."

Father Tracy heard of this gossip, and spoke about it from the altar.

"You talk about a priest being ordained as the only way of lifting a curse from a family, if curse there be. But God can work His will in many ways; for His arm is not shortened, and He can do what He wishes in His own blessed time. Therefore, let us stop talking and gossiping among ourselves about works that are divine, and therefore far beyond us. The

Lord gave, the Lord took away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

They all knew what was meant, and kept silent ever after.

There is a new generation of Creegans now. The youngest boy, who used to be afflicted with strange attacks of melancholy, got well gradually and then married a girl from Adare. Their five children are strong and hearty-looking, and fill the house with the music of their laughter. Margaret, the invalid sister, and Catherine who never grew to full womanhood, are living with their brother, and find their joy with the children. John, who had spinal trouble, died in Limerick hospital; and the lame boy has some position with the Government in Dublin. The father and mother are both "gone home."

"The Creegans were always good, dacent people," said Tade Clancy, "only for that ould lad o' thim that took the money long ago."

"They were, — indeed, they were," added John Conway. "I was sorry whin the boy died that time, an' he so near bein' 'priested.' But 'twas God's will, an' the curse is lifted anyway, now."

"Yes," added Tade; "an' it was as Father Tracy said at the chapel during Mass, 'God can work as He will.' Maybe 'twas to reward thim for their resignation and patience, and to compinsate them for their sorrow, that He lifted the curse whin Maurice—peace to him!—wint away."

(To be continued.)

Where Angels Sing.

BY E. BECK.

MARY has power where angels sing
 Their songs of praise unending
 To Mary's Son and Heaven's King.
 Mary has power where angels sing,
 Where from earth's sad and suffering
 Are prayer and plaint ascending.
 Mary has power where angels sing
 Their songs of praise unending,

Thoughts on the Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

Jan. 26, Sexagesima Sunday.

GLANCE at the Roman Missal will show that on the solemn festivals of Our Lord, on certain prominent Sundays, on the Ember Days, and on the weekdays of Lent, some church of the city of Rome is noted as the "Stational Church" of that particular day. The title refers to the assembling of the Roman clergy at some special church for the solemn Mass, as arranged by Pope St. Gregory the Great. Although now less general in character, such "Stations" are still observed in Rome in the churches thus indicated. It is necessary to explain this fact before treating the Mass of the Sunday we are now considering; for the Stational Church is that of St.-Paul-outside-the-Walls, and the fact has had much influence in the arrangement of the day's liturgy.

The Collect prays: "O God, who seest that we place no confidence in any action of our own, mercifully grant that we may be defended from all evils by the protection of the Doctor of the Gentiles." The enumeration in the Epistle of the Apostle's labors and sufferings on behalf of the Gospel can not but fill our hearts with admiration of his zeal. At the same time our confidence in his intercession with God is greatly strengthened. He who bore for his Master, so courageously, yet with such self-abnegation, stripes, stoning, perils, watchings, fastings, imprisonment, contempt, — he who was rewarded for it all by such unspeakable spiritual graces, has surely great power with God, now that he reigns in glory. But the Collect puts him forward not only as a strong advocate, but as a bright example. "For myself," he says, "I will glory in nothing but in my infirmities." Consequently, Holy Church would have us protest that "we place no con-

fidence in any action of our own" before we beg St. Paul's intercession.

The choice of the Gospel also has been brought about by the same circumstances which suggested the Collect and Epistle. It is the Parable, so familiar to us all, of the Sower and the Seed. The whole life of the Doctor of the Gentiles was devoted to the sowing of the seed of God's word in the hearts of men, and in his death he poured out his lifeblood to irrigate the field of his labor.

Though we may trace in other portions of the liturgy of the day allusions to the Apostle and his work, it is not wholly devoted to that subject. The Introit—formerly the psalm and antiphon which welcomed the entry of the sacred ministers into the sanctuary, now curtailed to the antiphon and one verse of the psalm, with the *Gloria Patri*—attunes the minds of the worshippers to the spirit of compunction and humble confession of sin, which is the prevailing character of the season. "Arise! Why sleepest Thou, O Lord? Arise and cast us not off to the end. Why turnest Thou Thy face away, and forgettest our trouble? Our belly hath cleaved to the earth. Arise, O Lord! Help us and deliver us." In like manner the Offertory prays: "Perfect Thou my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps be not moved. Incline Thine ear. . . . Show forth Thy wonderful mercies, Thou who savest them that trust in Thee, O Lord!"

Sorrow for our many shortcomings, an entire distrust of self, boundless confidence in God's unfailing mercy and love, and in the powerful intercession of the great Apostle at whose tomb the whole Church is gathered in spirit,—such should be the fruit of our meditation on the liturgy of Sexagesima Sunday.

ALL human pardon that is real expresses itself not in terms of concession but in those of supplication. The moment we are ready to forgive we ourselves beg for forgiveness.—*John Ayscough*.

The Cockle of the Scripture.

THE weed most commonly found in the wheat fields of Northern Europe and transported into America is called by English-speaking people cockle (*Agrostemma Githago* of the botanists). Though it may become a great nuisance in the same way as ragweed, by occupying space meant for the wheat itself, it is not poisonous nor otherwise pernicious. This plant is not, as some suppose, the cockle, or tares, of the Sacred Text. It is only of comparatively recent date, in fact, that it has been introduced into the Holy Land. It does not thrive there, nor can it be said to be common.

The most common weed of the Oriental wheat fields is really what in Northern countries is oftenest called the darnel, or ivray (*Lolium temulentum*); and thus the respective plants of North and South are confused. Some versions of Scripture use the word tares, and thus obviate the possibility of mistake. Though the darnel grows also in the Northern fields it does not seem to be as pernicious as in the Orient. It has been known for ages, and is mentioned by the Greeks and Pliny as *aira*; though this latter name is now used for another grass. Some of the older writers called it *zizanon*, from the Hebrew *zan nausea*; and such is the name used in the Latin version of the Scripture.

The tares, or darnel, is very poisonous, owing to the secretion of a parasitic fungus invariably found on the plant. It causes drunkenness, dizziness, nausea, convulsions, and may even result in death, when taken in larger quantities. One of these symptoms is indicated by the name *temulentum*, meaning drunken. The seed, if threshed out with the wheat and mixed with the grain, causes these effects.

Darnel is a grass-like annual plant, and resembles wheat, especially in its early stages of growth. Hence we see the significance of the words of the "master of the house" in the parable when asked

by the servants whether they should gather it up. He answered: "No; lest while ye gather up the cockle [tares], you root up the wheat also together with it." Later on, however, the fruit becomes very different in appearance from that of the wheat, so that any one can distinguish them. For the text of Scripture mentions that the servants noted the presence of the cockle only when the "blade had sprung up *and brought forth fruit*"; thus intimating a close resemblance between the weed and the wheat. "Let both grow until the harvest; and in the time of the harvest I will say to the reapers: Gather up first the cockle, and bind it into bundles to burn; but gather the wheat into my barn." The practice mentioned in Scripture of enemies sowing this pernicious weed to avenge injuries was very common in olden times. There was even a punishment prescribed in the Roman code for those caught practising this contemptible means of vengeance.

A correct understanding of the identity and character of the objects used by Our Lord to formulate His parables can never fail to enhance wonderfully the deeper significance of the spiritual lessons He aimed to teach. In the case in question, the diabolical malice of the scandal-giver, for instance, is made more striking to our minds when we realize, as did those who heard our Saviour, that the cockle which gave point to the parable is not simply a harmless weed, but a deadly poison insidiously applied.

PEOPLE speak of the approach of the shadow of Death, but in most instances there is nothing shadow-like about the entrance of that imperious and awful guest. The accustomed routine, the interests which but yesterday absorbed all our time and thoughts, crumble and dissolve under his heavy footsteps; and every member of the household stands mutely listening for his stern commands.

—Mrs. Hugh Fraser.

Royal Deeds.

IN a recently published sketch of the Duke of Montpensier, son of Louis-Philippe, it is related that one day, in the year 1880, a carriage surrounded by officers and soldiers was travelling rapidly down a street in Madrid. Suddenly it stopped, and two gentlemen—one an old man, the Duke of Montpensier; the other, still young, Alphonsus XII., King of Spain,—alighted and fell on their knees. They had overtaken a priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament. The royal carriage was given up to the bearer of the King of kings, and sovereign and Duke followed it on foot, bareheaded.

Next day the King, accompanied by the Duke, visited one of the prisons. While the convicts were acclaiming their august visitors, a warden suddenly cried out: "On your knees, all!" The Blessed Sacrament was being carried to a prisoner on whom sentence of death had been passed, but as to whom sickness seemed likely to anticipate the executioner. Both royal visitors entered the dying man's cell and remained kneeling while the chaplain administered the last Sacraments. At the conclusion of the rite the Duke arose, approached the bed, and, lightly kissing the convict's forehead, exclaimed: "May God pardon you!"

In his turn Alphonsus drew near; he was pale and deeply moved. "As God has pardoned you," said he in a low tone, "I also, pardon you. If you recover your health, your life shall be spared."

Subsequent events were in accord with poetic justice: two months later the pardoned convict, once more vigorous, joyously left his cell to breathe the air of freedom.

Extraordinary as these incidents may seem to us, they were of common occurrence in the Ages of Faith. Ecclesiastical history and the Lives of kings and queens—eminent personages in every walk of life—teem with such examples of faith, piety, clemency, and humility.

Religious Instruction in the Public Schools Demanded by Non-Catholics.

THE phrase, "Godless schools," is coming to have a real meaning for those outside the household of the Faith. Often it takes time, even for a fundamentally right-minded people, to get down to the causes of certain evil effects; but all right inquiry will be, in the main, eventually successful. Our cities are crime-swept, and the entire country's moral well-being would seem to be in inverse ratio to its apparent material prosperity. Catholics have long been pointing an accusing finger at the public schools as to one important cause of this huge disorder. Now the non-Catholic bodies are beginning to see it for themselves. In the city of Toledo, for example, the Board of Education is being stormed with petitions from the Lutheran and other Protestant denominations for the teaching of religion in the schools. "It seems to me," says one prominent parson, "for the interest of the city and the State, that definite religious instruction should be given pupils by trained men of the church. The time on Sunday is so limited that there should be definite instruction through the week as well."

Similarly, in Chicago, not long since, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, the largest federation of Protestant denominations in this country, unanimously put itself on record "as favoring weekday instruction in religion in the secular public schools of the United States."

The attitude of Vice-President-elect Marshall on the School Question, as on many another involving a moral issue, is well known. Consequently, it is no surprise whatever to find him, in an address before this same body, arraigning Sunday-school instruction as a "hop, skip and jump" course through the Scriptures. He remarked that the intention of Sunday-school instruction was but to supplement

that of the home, and that it in no way released parents themselves from the duty of imparting religious instruction. As Governor, he said, he had often been approached by parents seeking clemency for wayward sons and daughters. "If those parents," he added, "had seen their duty to lay down fixed rules of life and to teach the higher law of living in their homes, God would not have punished them in the falling away of their children."

Assuredly, the home and school together must co-operate constantly and vigorously if even a part of the widespread disorder of the time is to be effectively overcome. Whether the teaching of religion in the school would be made a further excuse by parents for the failure to impart such instruction at home, remains to be seen. But at least this may be ventured—namely, that the generation whose education has been permeated with religion are more likely, when the time comes of their responsibility as fathers and mothers, to make the sort of home demanded alike by social ethics and moral law.

Old Youngs.

A Parisian literary weekly thinks that, from the point of view of longevity, it is a veritable privilege in English-speaking countries to bear the family name of Young. It instances Mr. Samuel Young, dean of the British House of Commons, who recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday; Sir Frederic Young, of the Royal Colonial Institute, who has entered upon his ninety-sixth year; and, finally, William Young, who died recently in Australia at the age of one hundred and eight.

Of other bearers of the same name, Edward Young, the poet of "Night Thoughts," lived to be eighty-four; while the most famous—or notorious—of the American family, Brigham Young, died at the relatively young age of seventy-six.

Notes and Remarks.

Of all the arguments employed by those who favor Child Labor the weakest is that putting boys and girls to work at an early age lessens the probability of their getting into mischief to the extent of committing a crime. A study by the Federal Government of the cases coming before juvenile courts in seven cities within a year shows that working children were responsible for 62.2 per cent and non-working children for 37.8 per cent of the offences committed. They were found not only to be inclined to the more serious kinds of offences, but to furnish the larger number of those who relapsed into crime. The fact of the matter is that putting children to wage-work at an early age, which as a rule obliges them to mix freely for long hours with older persons who have no particular interest in their moral welfare, sometimes even with the criminally disposed, has the tendency of developing the instincts of wrongdoing. Though quick to observe bad example, children are too feeble to resist it, and are often led into criminal courses before realizing that they are such.

It is unquestionable that, generally speaking, boys and girls employed too early deteriorate both in moral and physical health. Children are entitled by every right to some years of school and play. Only those who are hopelessly avaricious or cruel would willingly shorten the period. In by far the great majority of cases, only poverty reconciles parents to the necessity of exposing their young children to the dangers and deprivations of wage-labor. Poverty entails many sacrifices which only the poor can appreciate. If parents felt otherwise, they would be inhuman; for most of them have had personal experience of the dangers and deprivations in question.

The gulf that divides the Ages of Faith from these days of undenominationalism and unbelief is shown by the following

statement (evoked by the consideration of Christmas carols, and of the difference between ancient and modern carols) in an article appearing in the *Morning Post* of London, quoted by the *Tablet*:

Even in London we hear echoes of the merriment of that long-lost "Merrie England" where—*O sancta simplicitas!*—men and women were all as little children during the twelve days' reign of the Christ-Child. . . . In the old days, when the Church was the nation and the nation was the Church, joylessness was the "roten sinne" which the happy saints feared most of all; laughter was as high in the order of spiritual things as all tears save the tears of ecstasy; all kinds of dancing and all the children's games that set themselves to song were forms of praise acceptable to "God i' trinite"; and all the nation's churches were national playgrounds at certain seasons of the year, but more especially during the high feast of Christ's Nativity. We, who so often keep our religion in a mental ticket-pocket, and look upon Christ as a species of superhuman person, find it difficult indeed to enter into the feelings of our forefathers, for whom the doll-baby on the altar was a still-breathing reality (at any moment the Queen-Mother, in her blue robes and starry crown, might descend from her lofty window to dandle Him!); and its quaint, inalienable smile, a perpetual provocation to childish merriment. They never presumed, as we do, to say what is and what is not an offering worthy of "The Ancient of Days an hour or two old"; they fearlessly gave everything and anything, so long as the heart went with it joyously.

"The Year of Redemption," a contribution by the Rev. William Canon Barry, D. D., to the *London Catholic Times*, is remarkable rather for its apt and exquisitely-turned summary of the Balkan War than for the parallel it draws between the fate of Bulgaria and that of Ireland. In his introductory paragraph, Canon Barry writes:

Few of us that remember the Crimean War, with its impotent conclusion at Paris in 1856, or the iniquitous Treaty of Berlin forced upon Europe by Bismarck and Beaconsfield in 1878, ever hoped to witness the great deliverance of Christian serfs from Turkish misrule that has now come to pass. The cannon of Bulgaria have been heard thundering in the heart of Constantinople. The Ottomans have been swept, bag and baggage, out of Macedonia.

The Greeks hold Salonica by right of their sharp sword. The Servians lie entrenched and victorious in their ancient capital, Uskub, and have marched over the mountains down to the shining waters of the Adriatic at Durazzo. The Montenegrins keep watch round Scutari. Turkey in Europe is, to all intents, a thing of the past.

Let diplomacy juggle and cheat as it will—as it always has juggled and cheated—the year 1912 remains the Year of Redemption. And the enslaved peoples themselves have wrought it with a courage, a science, a splendor of design and united action, that leave the whole world agape in admiration at their exploits. Not Russia, not Austria, has conquered the old enemy of Christendom; but these shepherds, these farmers, these merchants,—yea, these keepers of swine in Servia. It is the hour of the *Magnificat*: "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and hath exalted them of low degree." Fifty-six years ago, Europe affirmed the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. Providence judged a very different judgment, and has now executed it by the hands of the long-dispised Greeks and Slavs.

One of those arresting articles which one regrets not to be able to quote entire—and which, by the way, might be commended to Catholic editors who do not always seem to know what to do with their space,—is that entitled "Mass in a Mosque," appearing in a recent issue of the *Tablet*. It is evident that there are in the subject itself great possibilities both for reflection and for dramatic presentation; and it is no small tribute to say that the *Tablet* writer is equal to them. He leads up to the central point—the description of the Mass—by a passage of masterful description, so steeped in the "spirit of place" that the reader seems to live and move in the beauteous and battle-scarred land of the Cavalier and the Moor. Here, for instance, is a passage which drips with history and the meaning of history:

Historians blame Spain bitterly for pushing the Reconquista to the extreme, for flinging half their culture and all their commerce after the last Moor; but hers was a holy feud, and Spain was willing at any cost to instil the lesson that Europe had no room for Mohammed. . . . Spaniards recognize to-day their ancient war-

fare about Constantinople, disguised though it be in modern politics, and fought under battle-cries other than that of "St. James for Spain!" Grim and ghastly though its details be, it is Our Lady's war. She was the "Gran Capitana" of the Spanish armies, and for her the mosque-cathedrals were re-won. To her they were re-dedicated; and when the trophies of war were distributed, the crescent was set by St. Ferdinand at her feet,—*luna sub pedibus ejus*. Hence the enormous arcs with which Spanish painters delight to circle the Madonna. To us the symbol represents only a text in the Apocalypse, but to the Spaniard it means a chapter of national history. There is much in Andalusia which may haply be found in Turkey a century hence, when the last war of religion ever to be fought in Europe will become a myth and a legend, when Ferdinand of Bulgaria shall be remembered as Ferdinand of Castile, when minarets shall ring the Angelus, and Santa Sophia shrine the bones of the world's last Crusaders. Is it too much to see in St. James' Palace an ill-omen for Mohammed?

We close with the reflection with which we began. It is a pity that such an article as this can not reach the general public, at least the Catholic general public; for it has every claim of nature and of grace to be more than fugitive.

It is to be hoped that protests against the recent insult offered to Catholics by a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* (referred to in another column) will be numerous enough and spirited enough to impress the mind of its editor with other convictions than that the quality of cheerfulness is nowadays sadly strained, and that the sense of humor is of more uneven distribution than he had supposed. Mr. Bliss Perry, a former editor of the *Atlantic*, once took pains to inform the public how such protests are usually received at 4. Park Street, Boston—with perfect serenity and proper allowance for lack of tolerance on the part of the protesters. In the third of his "Atlantic Prologues" (pp. 31-2) he writes:

Does the *Atlantic* print a clever woman's criticism of that useful institution the Kindergarten, straightway there arrive protesting letters from more Kindergartners than it innocently supposed the whole world could contain.

When it allowed a distinguished college president to make a casual remark about the unchanging curriculum of Jesuit schools, there came a furious chorus from various Jesuit contemporaries (some of them, it is true, winking cordially meanwhile, as if to remind one of the Pickwickian flavor of the controversy!): "Why is your contemptible publication anti-Catholic?" Alas! only a few months before, when Mr. H. D. Sedgwick had given just praise to the Roman Church in certain matters, there was a similar chorus from many Protestant contemporaries, who announced their vociferant grief that the *Atlantic* had gone over to Rome. Then it had been the turn of the Catholic letter-writers to pose as Lifelong Readers. But, queerly enough, a few months later still, when Mr. Sedgwick made an Italian journey, and described a station-master who had unquestionably had a bad dinner, and who was low in his mind and spoke pessimistically of the Pope, behold these same Lifelong Readers terminating their subscriptions, and writing mournfully that they could not longer support such a bitterly sectarian publication as the *Atlantic*.

This, we submit, is mere persiflage. The sense of humor has evidently been too strongly developed at 4 Park Street, Boston; and the cheerfulness that reigns there has become over-serene. Catholics have a duty to perform in persuading the gentlemen who edit and publish the *Atlantic Monthly* that serious offences are to be seriously regarded.

Knowledge of affairs in France surely will not be denied M. René Bazin; hence it is that his optimistic view of the present situation there will be received with glad assurance by Catholics the world over. Not long since, in a lecture delivered in London, M. Bazin said:

To know a country it is necessary to have lived in it. France, Catholic France, is not known in England. Newspapers speak of the theatre, of fashion, of the doings of gay Paris, but they either speak not or give but a poor idea of the deeper feelings of the nation. They know nothing of the great movement which touches at the very root of life. The superficial observer may deplore the desolation of a field when the blasts of winter sweep over it, but the farmer knows that the seed is there. Already he sees vigorous blades appearing; he knows that spring is not far off, and that summer will ripen the fruit. Religion is not

dead in France; the revival will come,—indeed, it has begun.

The lecturer goes on to enumerate signs of this reawakening, that convince the intellect, while they warm the heart. Looking back to France's history in the days of her great deeds for God, one has visions of a "Second Spring" that shall be the joy of men and of angels.

One reason for securing the admirable series of short articles on the Sunday's Liturgy now appearing in *THE AVE MARIA* was to encourage the use of the Missal, of which there are excellent editions, containing both the Latin and the English side by side. We have often wondered how any lay person of average intelligence and ordinary good Catholic education could prefer even the best of prayer-books to the Missal. Our thoughts on the subject are admirably expressed by the Bishop of Salford in a "message" to the *Catholic Federationist*, as follows:

It is to be feared that the vast bulk of even devout and well-educated Catholics, occupying the time of Mass with all sorts of prayers, and especially the Rosary—all excellent in themselves,—never think for a moment of the prayers said by the priest at the altar; nay, in most cases have no idea what Mass is being said, what saint commemorated (except in rare cases), or why the priest's vestments are white, red or green.

Some good people meticulously fill up every moment of Mass time by long strings of admirable indulgenced prayers, having no reference whatever to the Mass of the day, and which they would feel it very wrong to omit; but they have not a moment to spare for either the "Proper" or the "Ordinary" of the Mass which is being celebrated before them. This is not being able to see the wood for the trees.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is *not* merely a quiet half hour in which to "get in" one's daily prayers: it is an *act* which we ought to follow with the most careful attention, and to participate in. The faithful attending Mass are true copartners in its offering. The priest at the *Orate fratres* proclaims that it is "my Sacrifice and yours." Now, there is no better way of participating in the Great Sacrifice than by following step by step with the priest, joining with him in the very words he utters: readings from the Epistles or Gospels; verses

from the Psalms; prayers, either connected with the feast of the day or with the "Ordinary," — that is, the unchanging portions of the Mass. Than these, no more beautiful and touching devotions can be found. To use them thus is surely pre-eminently to think and feel and pray with the Church, whose voice they are. And to do so, we must use the Missal. . .

The objection will be made that it is difficult to find one's way about a Missal,—that it is confusing and distracting. I admit that there is some truth in this, at least for beginners. But a little practice will overcome this difficulty. One needs to learn how to use not only the Missal itself, but also the calendar for the current year. And this leads me to my practical suggestion — namely, that the elder students in our colleges, training colleges, and convent schools might well be taught how to use a Missal, and encouraged to use it at every Mass they attend. It would be a precious acquisition for life. And I can assure my readers that, once the habit is formed of following the Holy Sacrifice with a Missal, uniting with the priest in the very words of the Mass, and therefore with the sentiments and prayers of the Church herself, the Mass acquires quite a new and special significance, attendance at it becomes far more delightful and consoling; so that a person who has learned to use the Missal will never give it up, even to gain time for his most favorite devotions. Try, and see for yourselves.

Considering the number of utterly inferior prayer-books now in use by the faithful, young and old, and how few have any appreciation of the exquisitely beautiful prayers said or sung at the altar, or realize that they are copartners in the Adorable Sacrifice, this message of the learned English Bishop deserves the consideration of all Catholics.

We have read of late weeks several "death-rolls of 1912," in which statisticians have tabulated the fatalities from fire, flood, railway accidents, etc.; but we have met with none quite so curious as the report sent out a few months ago from a congress held in Hamburg. From this authoritative document it appears that in 1911 nearly five thousand (to be exact, 4751) German women fell out of their windows while engaged in washing the panes of glass. Of this number 952

were killed instantly; 285 received fatal injuries; 1012 were seriously injured; and 1502 escaped with comparatively slight contusions and bruises. The Hamburg congress addressed a circular to the proper authorities, urging them to forbid women when washing windows to stand on the outer sill. An excellent recommendation for any country.

The genuine humility and notable common-sense of Bernadette Soubirous, the favored one of Lourdes, were never better shown than in a lately reported conversation she once held — when she was no longer Bernadette, but Sister Mary Bernard — with a fellow-religious. This Sister showed her a picture of the Grotto of Lourdes, and looked at her the while with a sort of veneration. Sister Mary Bernard probably noticed this, for she at once demanded: "What does one do with a broom?" — "The idea! Why, one sweeps with it, of course!" — "And then?" — "One puts it back in its place." — "Where is its place?" — "In a corner behind the door." — "Very well: there is my history. The Blessed Virgin made use of me, then she put me in a corner. It is my place; I am happy in it, and there I stay."

Though a non-Catholic, Mr. Robert Lynd does not hesitate to assert in his new book, "Rambles in Ireland": "Anything that Protestants have ever suffered in Ireland has been suffered only by men who were invaders and robbers of the people's land. Protestants do not appear to have suffered because they were Protestants."

There is any amount of testimony to the same effect. The intolerance of the Protestants of Ulster, no less notorious, is in striking contrast with the forbearance of Irish Catholics, whose provocations to acts of violence are in many instances such as to palliate, if not to justify, these occasional outbursts of indignant wrath.

Notable New Books.

Belgium, the Land of Art. By William Elliot Griffis. Houghton, Mifflin Co.

Here is the most curious volume that we have encountered in a long time. It is very well done as to style, matter, printing, and illustrating; it is even complimentary to the Belgians, and its author seems to be well inclined to write impartially; yet the confusion prevailing in his book is so strange that the reviewer hardly knows how to describe it. The Belgians are Catholic, and have long been so; they had their moments of wavering in the days of Luther, in the days of Joseph II., and in the time of Robespierre; but they came out triumphant over their own weaknesses. We are still rejoicing at their second triumph over atheistic Liberalism this year. The first was nearly a quarter of a century ago, and the Catholics have ruled Belgium ever since in magnificent fashion. Yet Mr. Griffis has hardly a word to say about them. His words are all for Protestants and Liberals; his deeds are all done by Protestants, Freemasons, and Liberals; and when he mentions Catholics he studiously avoids reference to their faith, so that an innocent reader might easily take them for non-Catholics.

This failing in Mr. Griffis becomes very pronounced in his description of the last fifty years of Belgian history, whose hero he presents as Frere-Orban, the statesman whose chief political principle was: "The temporal power must displace and absorb the spiritual." Now, the whole world knows that the Belgian majority displaced and absorbed Frere-Orban in 1875; that he never had even a taste of Belgian politics from that period; that his main principle was smashed and disavowed generally by the Belgians; and that his work, mostly evil, went into the junk shop. The Catholic leaders have ruled Belgium since 1875, in the teeth of French atheism and intrigue, in spite of low Liberal trickery; and Mr. Griffis has not one word of praise for them. His very dishonest and confusing book will help many to see how easily honest people can print falsehood, and how the English and American nations could be fooled by dishonest and culpable historians for over three centuries. Mr. Griffis, however, brings out a few treasures that are not affected by his prejudices. Here is a quotation well worth reading:

Very curiously, we Americans owe much of the invaluable example of refinement and dignified courtesy set by our early Presidents, Washington, Madison and Monroe, before a young nation just "carved out of the backwoods," to a Jesuit, Father Leonard Perin. Posthumous but real was

the influence of this man, who lived in the Walloon district of France. Through his little book, "The Lifeblood of a Master Spirit," he taught courtesy to later generations. He deserves a memorial from Americans. In that part of France, once Belgic territory and the old Walloon land, is a town on the Maas River called Stenai. Here in 1567, the year of Alva's invasion, Leonard Perin was born. In scholarship, his Latin and French were unusually fine, and he became professor of the humanities at Paris. He was chosen by his bishop to translate into Latin a manual on civility for the use of the students in the Jesuit college of La Flèche. Perin did so, adding a chapter of his own on manners at table. This was printed in 16mo in 1617; and, after various enlarged editions, plagiarisms, and translations, in English among others, the book was carried to America by a French Reformed pastor, to Fredericksburg, Virginia. This gentleman kept a school, where instruction in politeness was part of the daily order of studies, and in which were educated three boys who became Presidents of the United States.

After George Washington had been made, by foolish biographers, a sort of American deity, it was long and easily imagined that, when a little boy, he had been such an insufferable prig as to be the original author of those very mature one hundred and ten "Rules of Civility," the last one reading, "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience." Since the manuscript of George Washington's school copy-book, albeit well nibbled by garret mice at Mount Vernon, has been found, and the true history of the "Rules of Civility" recovered—ninety out of the one hundred and ten rules being found in Father Perin's manual,—we are all the more grateful to the good Jesuit and the teacher of that true gentleman, the real Washington, so much more winsome and inspiring than the creature of popular mythology.

The little volume is full of generous statement of this kind; showing that, with regard to persons, the author, has no prejudice and no bias. How he came to set his book to the discordant key already described will remain one of the mysteries of current literature.

History of the Roman Breviary. By Mgr. Pierre Batiffol, Litt. D. Translated, by A. Baylay, M. A., from the Third French Edition. Longmans, Green & Co.

It is a long span from the beginning¹ of the Christian era to the present day. With Mgr. Batiffol as guide through the "labyrinthian turns and mystic maze," we can form an idea of how vast a work it was to complete the Roman Breviary. The genesis of the Canonical Hours is the theme of the initial chapter; and it is most interesting to follow the author's lucid exposition of the formation and development of liturgical prayer, outside of the Roman Church, during three hundred years. The second chapter considers the services of the Roman Office, and begins with the end of the fourth century. This marks the introduction of the canonical prayer at Rome and its development. The third chapter deals with the Roman Office during the time of Charlemagne. These chapters are full of erudite and precise information, gleaned from carefully collated documents. The fourth chapter gives an explanation of the *Modernum Officium* and the

Breviaries of the Curia. To show how jealously Rome guarded the use of the liturgical prayers, Pope Gregory IX. writes to the Franciscans: "We give you authority to rest content with the observance of the *Modern Office*, which you have in your Breviaries, carefully corrected by us, and conformed to the use of the Church of Rome." The fifth chapter is of vital interest in the history of the liturgical prayers: it shows the unrest, the futile attempts of individuals to reform the Breviary. This led to the revision by Pius V. and his successors. The sixth chapter shows us the projects of Benedict XIV., who had put the revision of the Breviary on the list of his personal undertakings. This learned Pontiff, burdened with other urgent cares, died before he could begin the work. The seventh and last chapter is of actual concern to us. No history of the Breviary would be complete without a chapter on the decree *Divino Afflatu* by Pope Pius X.

There is but one thing that causes regret in reading this learned work—the statement of Cardinal Martinelli that *at least* thirty years will elapse before we shall have the completed reforms of the Breviary. Meantime the present volume will be of special interest, and remain the standard history of the Roman Breviary.

Illustrated History of New Mexico. By Benjamin M. Read. (Translated from the Second Spanish Edition—Revised, Enlarged, Corrected, and with Notes.) Translated into English, under the direction of the Author, by Eluterio Baca.

A work of over eight hundred pages (we copy its title-page)—four volumes in one, the author describes it,—and profusely illustrated, this book has monumental proportions. It is constructed upon the lines of true history. Its "reason for being" is evident when one considers the discrepancies between accredited English-speaking historians of Mexico, New Mexico, and South America, and the numerous inaccuracies upon which grave misunderstandings and prejudices have been founded. The present author has gone to the first sources. In every case, where possible, he has found the document and furnished first-hand evidence for the information he presents.

Some idea of the completeness of the work may be gathered from the fact that it begins in the prehistoric times, and the narrative continues to the admission of New Mexico into the Union. If we were to venture any adverse criticism of this great and good work, it would be that the author's very knowledge has been somewhat of a drawback to him: he has been a little too close to his work to see events in the due perspective of their historical importance. Abstracting from this, a certain provincialism of

viewpoint and colloquialism of tone, Mr. Read has presented a wealth of material which future historians of the place and epoch can not ever ignore. More specially, he is deserving of high praise for placing before American readers in his real character that noble and much-maligned true Knight, the Spanish Cavalier. Published by the author, Santa Fé, New Mexico.

A Pilgrim of Eternity: The Story of a Unitarian Minister. By the Rev. George S. Hitchcock, D. D. Published by the London Catholic Truth Society; for sale by B. Herder.

The richness of matter and the excellence of form in which it is set forth amply justify the English Catholic Truth Society in presenting as a permanent volume the various pamphlets which go to the making up of this book. Seldom have we read of a conversion which revealed such searchings of soul, which cast up such treasures of spiritual thought and experience of the divine as that detailed in these engrossing pages. Dr. Hitchcock writes for and of his friend, the Unitarian minister in question.

The story of how this searcher for Truth ultimately found the Truth is as interesting as it is unique. Investigating the grounds of his belief as an Anglican minister, he saw that there was no authority for his faith. In all sincerity he turned from the Church of England and became 'an individualist in a Unitarian pulpit.' Study of social questions next engrossed him; but finally association with the writer, together with study of Catholic truth, with the mysterious and wonder-working agency of grace, brought this noble soul to its peace. The tale is one of the most soul-satisfying in the literature of conversions.

Twelve Catholic Men of Science. Edited by Sir Bertram Windle. Catholic Truth Society. London.

This is the sort of book that is very much needed among the masses of the people, Catholic and non-Catholic. It is so confidently believed by the latter that Catholics are by nature and by grace inferior to the rest of mankind; and Catholic persons sometimes accept the statement, and try to make of the condition a virtue. The ignorance on both sides is lamentable, and this little handy book will be a great help in removing it. The twelve men selected for description are of all sorts and conditions, but alike in their thorough Catholicity and in their scientific eminence. Their achievements shed lustre upon human history, and the mere mention of such a name as Louis Pasteur should be sufficient argument against the soft-minded and loose-tongued of our generation.



The Story of St. Tarsicius.

(A request for a short account of St. Tarsicius recalled the following rhymed version of his glorious martyrdom—all there is to relate,—contributed to “The Ave Maria” many years ago by the learned Father Kent, Oblate of St. Charles. It is gratifying to have occasion to reprint so beautiful a poem, which was dedicated to the boys of St. Michael’s Choir School, Bayswater, London. The Roman Martyrology for the 15th day of August has this brief mention of the youthful martyr: “At Rome, in the Way Appia, of St. Tarsicius, acolyte, who, being apprehended by the Paynims as he was carrying the Holy Sacrament of Christ’s body, and examined what he carried: he, judging it an unworthy thing to cast pearls unto swine, was so long beaten by them with cudgels and stones, until he gave up the ghost. The sacrilegious wretches, turning and searching his body in every place, could find no part of the Holy Sacrament either in his hands or garments. The Christians took the body of the martyr and honorably interred it in the churchyard of Callistus.”)

I.

THE tyrant’s hand was heavy on the lands
that owned his sway;
The Christian ranks were thinned by death, their
best in bondage lay.
Wide o’er the seven-hilled city hung the cloud
of pagan night;
For Truth was hid in caves and tombs, and False-
hood walked in might.
But still the few and faithful came, in those low
crypts to meet,
Where Faith lent light in blackest night, and
Love made danger sweet;
Where still the Sacrifice Divine was offered day
by day,—
The feast that makes the weakest bold” as lions
in the fray.

II.

There troubled hearts found light and peace,
and fainting hope grew strong;
For, though the seed is sown in tears, the
harvest comes ere long.
As rills that down the mountains run must sink
a while from sight,
And gather strength in darkness, ere the river
springs to light:

The Church, now crushed and trampled down
and made the heathen’s spoil,
Like some fair stream shall spread abroad and
flood the fruitful soil;
For the promise that shall fail not says the
whole wide earth shall be
Filled with knowledge of the Saviour, like the
waters of the sea.

III.

Such hopes were theirs who knelt at prayer, on
one fair August day,
In St. Callistus’ hallowed crypt, along the Appian
Way.
The Mass is done; the aged priest beside the
altar stands,
And looks a while, with anxious eyes, along
those broken bands.
He looks for one among them who may bear
the Bread of Life
To the captives in their dungeon, where they
wait the hour of strife.
He seeks for priest or deacon, but for these he
seeks in vain;
For some are bound in fetters fast, and some
are with the slain.
But there is one to bear his Lord; for, robed
in snowy white,
Here kneels the fair Tarsicius, the youngest
acolyte.

IV.

His childish soul was purer than his raiment’s
spotless white;
His love was warmer than the flame; his faith
outshone the light;
And, like the sweetest incense clouds that from
the censers swell,
The fragrance of his fair young life on all around
him fell.
And while he knelt to minister or raised his
voice to sing,
He brought the service of his heart to his dear
Lord and King.
He gladly took the lowest place, and yet his
hope ran high
That he some day might bear his Love and for
his Master die.

v.

The priest has turned and beckoned him: he
 knows his happy lot,—
 He knows the task, the danger too, but comes,
 and falters not.
 His dark eyes beam with radiant light: he
 does not need to speak;
 For joy is known by looks alone, and words
 are cold and weak.

Then with his Burden forth he fares, his steps
 by love made light,—
 The love that can not brook delay. His goal is
 soon in sight,
 Where for the Bread that bringeth life the
 famished captives pine.
 Dear child, that Bread shall reach them yet,
 but not by hands of thine!

vi.

A pagan troop is in his path; his radiant face
 they see,
 And one among them says: "He bears the
 Christians' Mystery."
 "Come, show us what you hold!" they cried;
 and fierce the clamor rose;
 And soon, when threats availed them naught,
 from words they passed to blows.
 With sticks and stones they beat him down,
 that fair, unweaponed boy;
 But still he holds his Treasure fast, and bears
 the blows with joy.
 His strength is gone, his wounds full sore, his
 robes with blood are red:
 And he thinks but of the scourges and the Blood
 his Master shed.
 He sees them not, he hears them not, those
 foes that round him throng:
 He sees the face of Him he bears, he hears the
 angels' song.

vii.

The task is done, the victory won! Tarsicius
 sinks to rest,
 A smile of triumph on his face, his Master on
 his breast.
 And now they seize his lifeless hands, they tear
 his robe aside
 To find the sacred Treasure that he gave his
 life to hide.
 But think not that they found It,—no: he did
 not die in vain!
 Ne'er shall the Jewel that he bore be touched
 by hands profane.

I know not how It vanished, whether angels
 bore It thence,
 And laid It in some holy shrine with fitting
 reverence;
 Or if, from temples made by hands the
 brightest and the best,
 The Lord had found a fairer shrine in that
 young martyr's breast.

viii.

Then fear upon the pagans fell: they turned
 and fled away;
 And lonely on his bed of death the youthful
 martyr lay.
 The Christians came at evening, and they found
 him where he fell,
 And bore him back and laid him in the crypt
 he loved so well.
 Thus, near the altar where he knelt, the fair
 Tarsicius sleeps,
 There still the faithful acolyte his post of service
 keeps.

ix.

The holy Pontiff Damasus in his melodious
 line
 Has traced this tale of sacrifice upon our
 martyr's shrine.
 And still the lesson of his life remains for us
 to-day;
 For think not that the strife is done, the danger
 passed away.
 In heart the world is pagan: it is still in evil
 set,
 And offers many a sacrifice at Mammon's altar
 yet.
 And if it lets the axes rust, it still has taunts
 and gibes;
 Still seeks to turn us from our path by threats
 and golden bribes.
 And still the Master's voice is heard, and still
 He calls apart
 The simple and the little one, the child of lowly
 heart.
 He bids them by His altar stand, and makes
 their purpose strong;
 They bear a Treasure in their breast amid the
 heedless throng.
 And thus the child who serves his Lord with
 simple faith and love
 May share Tarsicius' task on earth and heav-
 enly joys above.

White Eagle.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN, AUTHOR OF
"BILLY-BOY," ETC.

IV.—BEFORE THE FIRE.

"LOOK out for it!"

There was no need for Don to repeat the warning. Already Big Seth and the dogs had dashed past him down the trail; and in a moment the sharp crack of a rifle rang out through the night, followed by a howling cry of pain and rage.

"I got him!" said Big Seth grimly, as Lone Jack and Batty came speeding breathlessly to his aid. "He tumbled down thar on the rocks. But he's done for, I know; or, if he ain't, he's skeered off far as he can get from us. Don's fire-brand settled that. My! but that kid has sense and grit; though, if he was any other sort of boy, I'd wallop him for the scare he's given me this night. I'd wallop him sure! I ain't drawn a right breath this half hour," added Seth, with a long sigh of relief.

"You consarned young cuss!" he continued sternly, as Don came springing down to meet them. "What do you mean by staying out this time of night, with a big panther like that loose on the mountain? Playing fool boy tricks, when I've jest been bragging on your sense! Durned, if you haven't skeered my heart clean out of plumb!"

Don looked up into his big friend's face, and understood the sharp fear for him that prompted the harsh reproof.

"I'm sorry!" he said. "I couldn't help it, Seth. Winona hurt her foot and could not walk home." And he told in a few words the story of their delay.

Seth listened with a pride and satisfaction he would not show.

"All the same, don't try it again," he warned roughly. "This here looking out for girls and panthers together is most too big a business for a man of your size.

Lucky you thought of this fire!" continued Seth, tramping out the dying blaze. "That critter was mighty fierce and hungry to-night."

"Yes, I know," said Don. "I could have run, but Winona—there was Winona!"

"Aye, I see!" Big Seth laid his hand on the boy's shoulder in a pressure that meant more than words. "And thar's Winona yet. Jack, you're the strongest if not the youngest man among us: you'll have to shoulder this lame kid and carry her home."

Lone Jack agreed; and, perched on his broad shoulder, Winona was borne safely back to old Nokola, who was watching anxiously from her open cabin door. The others followed Don, with his hand slipped into Big Seth's, and the dogs nosing and pressing beside him. The moon, free from all dimming clouds, silvered the heights over which they passed,—the beautiful, shining moon, that seemed to banish all darkness, all danger, all fear,—the moon that Don had always thought was like the silver lamp burning before the old mission altar, whose flame Padre Francisco fed with oil pressed from the olives of his own trees.

It had been a hard evening on Don. Never before in all the twelve years of his life had he gone through such stress and strain. But, as Padre Francisco had said that morning when he told them of the Three Kings, "God's angels are ever near to guard and guide." Surely they had been near him and little Winona.

Nokola took the little girl in charge, scolding her fiercely, even while she fed her with warm milk, and bathed and bound the hurt foot as only such old mothers, wise in healing herbs and roots, know how. But Don stayed with the men, doing full justice to the supper that Seth brought out from his larder: bread, cheese, cold meat, a pitcher of milk, a jar of Bonita's Mexican jam, a big slice of her cake,—a wonderful compound of honey and eggs and fruit she had made

for Christmas. Bonita was the cook of the "camp" — as Big Seth called the half dozen cabins and shacks that stood in various stages of dilapidation around his own. Yes, Bonita had been a great cook in her time; and, although now old and withered and shaky in head and hand, she had not altogether lost her early skill.

"Bah!" Bonita would scoff as she stirred up the corn-cakes for the "Americanos'" breakfast, fried the chops or bacon for their dinner. "It is the beggar's work, this. I, who have cooked the salmon *panada* for the Emperor,—I, who have made such dulces as no one could equal, not even the chefs, that you call them, from across the sea,—I, Bonita, to be cooking now the John-cake and the pig!"

"But you do it fine!" Don would answer cheerily. "Dick Pratt brags a lot on his mother's cooking, and she can't touch you. Nobody round San Pedro can."

"Ah, you have seen nothing!" Bonita would say loftily, though somewhat appeased. "But at the Christmas time I will bake you a cake that will make your eyes open wide."

And Bonita had baked the cake, that, as Big Seth declared when he looked at the sugary layers with their fillings of honey and fruit, "would knock out any one whose innards warn't copper-lined."

But Don had found it very good indeed, and he finished his big chunk of it to-night without a qualm; then, rolling over on the skin rug before the fire, he tussled with the dogs for a while, pulling Tobe's long ears, and rousing Tad to a half-waking growl, until his own head dropped on one of his shaggy friends, the snapping pine knots faded into a shining blur, the men's voices died into a drone, and the young hero of the troubled day was sound asleep.

Big Seth and Old Grizzle were deep in an argument about a claim some sharpers had "salted" back in the Seventies; but Lone Jack's eyes fell on the sleeper before the fire, and lingered there thought-

fully. The lithe, straight boyish figure was stretched to its full length; the head, with the soft-falling curls Don took from his father, was pillowed on old Tobe's back; the broad, open brow, the clear-cut features, the faint touch of the Eagle's blood mellowing the "pale face" of the Carruthers to a richer bloom,—all these Lone Jack saw with a gaze that seemed to look back from the beautiful boy before him to the days of his own lost, wrecked youth.

There was glorious promise in that broad, young brow, that clear-cut face, that veiled eagle eye, as Lone Jack knew. And as he looked at the graceful figure stretched before the smoky fire, among the dogs, Lone Jack felt, with the bitter knowledge of one who had thrown away his own life, that "Carruther's kid" was missing his chances,—that he was being robbed by rough, mistaken kindness of all the rights to which he had been born,—rights which perhaps the "'torneys-at-law," that Big Seth regarded so suspiciously, were now holding out to the heir of Donald Carruther.

But Lone Jack was an outcast, hiding under a cloud from which he dared not emerge; and these rude dwellers on those heights had been good to him; he had lived among them safe and unquestioned; he could not risk Big Seth's anger by meddling; he must be silent, as this rough friend wished. And yet, as his eyes, shadowed with the shame and sorrow of a reckless, misspent youth, rested on Don to-night, visions of all the boy was losing rose before Lone Jack. To grow up simply "straight and strong," when school and campus and college, all the light and learning and wisdom of the ages should be opening to him; "to rope a calf and shoot a bird," when eye and ear and voice should be learning the beauties of art and music and speech; to sit a "bucking broncho," when there was much evil to grapple with, much wrong to right in that wide world which Big Seth's simple outlook never reached! But, though

Lone Jack knew all this with the clear knowledge of regret and remorse, it was not for him to speak his thoughts.

"Makes a picture there, don't he?" was all he said, pointing with his pipestem to the sleeping boy.

"He does that, sure!" replied Big Seth, surveying his protégé proudly. "Jest look at them thar legs! Thar's bone and muscle for you! And as for running! I believe that boy could outstrip a deer. He'd been home quick enough to-night if he hadn't had that poor little Injun on his hands. But he'd have died in his tracks rather than leave her. He's a *man*, I tell you, that boy! And I'm going to keep him a man. I ain't going to have no consarned money-grubber or 'torney-at-law meddling with him, crookening his ways and breaking his sperrit."

"His folks are that sort, are they?" asked Lone Jack, with interest.

"Yes, confound them!" replied Seth,— "regular highflyers; more money than they know what to do with,—at least so I judge. Carruther wasn't the kind to talk much when he was sore. You see, thar was no mother to keep the peace; and when he and his old dad split up, it was a split for sure, deep and dark as La Corta yonder, and nobody 'round to bridge it. That's what Carruther kept harping on when he was a bit 'dippy,' as folks do get at the last, — 'Mother would make things right.' Queer how dying folks 'most always go back to their mothers. Sort of gives you a creepy feeling, as if they were hanging 'round somewhar to help the poor critters through. And Carruther's mother must have been the right sort. He left a picter of her that had about one of the nicest 'faces I ever saw, — in a long, trailing gown, with diamonds strung 'round her throat, and a big posy of a flower on her breast. Oh, she must have been a tiptopper all right! But she died when Carruther was just grown up— well, I believe that boy would sleep thar with the dogs all night. Don! Don! Don't you know those varmints are chock-full

of fleas? Wake up and go to bed!"

Don roused at the call, and started up from his shaggy, living pillow.

"Gee, I had a queer dream!" he said, rubbing his eyes drowsily.

"No wonder!" growled Seth. "That thar cake of Bonita's would give nightmare to an ostrich. I guess you dreamed the panther had you, didn't you?"

"No," answered Don, "it wasn't about the panther at all: it was about you."

"Me?" said Seth. "Don't see what you could dream queer about me."

"It was the *fiesta* made me think it, I guess," laughed Don, quite wide-awake now. "I thought it was a procession somewhere, only bigger and grander than anything I ever saw, with lights and banners and music; and it stretched far up the hills — oh, very far, — farther than I could see! And it was marching on to a big, shining archway that seemed to reach the skies. And I wanted to go, but you shut me up in the corral with the ponies and barred me in."

"It was Bonita's cake sure that gave you a fool dream like that," said Seth, gruffly.

But Lone Jack looked up, startled. It seemed as if his thoughts had, somehow, reached the sleeping boy and made him dream the truth which only Lone Jack realized: that Big Seth was indeed shutting him up in the rough mountain corral, and barring him in from the higher, nobler, wider march of life.

But, all unconscious of any such loss, Don went off to his own little room, that was a sort of lean-to to the bigger cabin, where he had gathered the few relics of his little home ten miles distant, on the slopes of La Verde, where he and his father had lived together. There was a neat camp-bed spread with linen spotless from old Bonita's washing; and a gay Navajo blanket; a small book-rack, well filled; a little stand with ewer and basin; the picture of which Seth had spoken, framed roughly but effectively in pine cones; a bright-colored Madonna and

crucifix, gifts of reward from Padre Francisco; the certificate of his baptism, First Communion, Confirmation, signed by the same tremulous old hand.

Padre Francisco had kept his friendly, watchful eye on Maria's little child ever since he was born; for, though Donald Carruther had held strictly to the promise he had made at his marriage, he himself had not been a Catholic. But, as old Nokola said, Padre Francisco was very near to heaven's gate now. Already his eyes and ears were closing to earthly things; his time for watching was nearly done. Ah, surely the hour had come for God's good angels "to guide and guard!"

(To be continued.)

The Pot of Gold.

A cobbler in Somersetshire, England, who lived on a little farm, in the middle of which was an old apple tree, dreamed that a person told him that if he would go to London Bridge he should meet with something to his advantage. He dreamed the same the next night, and again the night after. He then resolved to go to London Bridge on the first opportunity. When arrived there, he walked about the whole of the first day without anything occurring. The next day was passed in a similar manner. He resumed his place the third day, and walked about till evening, when, giving it up as hopeless, he determined to return home.

At that moment a stranger came up and said to him: "I have seen you for the last three days walking up and down this bridge. May I ask if you are waiting for any one?" The answer was "No."—"Then what object can you have in staying here?" The cobbler frankly told his reason for being there and the dream that had visited him three successive nights. The stranger then advised him to go home again to his work, and never again pay any attention to dreams. "They are as foolish as old women's tales," he

said. "My grandmother, who died not long ago, often told me that, if I would go into Somersetshire, in a small field with a lone apple tree in the centre, I should find a pot of gold; but I paid no attention to her, and have remained quietly at my business."

It immediately occurred to the cobbler that the stranger described his own orchard and his own apple tree, but he said nothing. He immediately returned home, dug under his apple tree, and, sure enough, found a pot of gold. After this increase of fortune he was enabled to send his son to school, where the boy learned Latin. When he came home for the holidays, he one day examined the pot which had contained the gold, on which was some writing. Greatly excited, he said: "Father, what I have already learned at school may be of some use to us." He then translated the Latin inscription on the pot thus: "Look under, and you will find better." They did look under, and a larger quantity of gold was found. At least, so the story goes.

Once a Novelty.

There are innovations introduced nowadays which we think very startling, but probably the time is coming when they will be regarded as mere everyday things and taken as a matter of course. In the year 1610 Mr. Coryat, an Englishman, travelling in Italy, was much taken with some quaint implements used at table; he had never seen anything like them before. These were two-tined forks, and he carried some of them back to England, where they were a distinct novelty. People were in the habit of eating with spoons, or the fingers, which were "made before forks," as the nursery rhyme has it.

The English thought Mr. Coryat a terrible dandy, and made much fun of him; and the use of forks did not become general until well on toward the seventeenth century.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Two copies of Molly Elliot Seawell's "Son of Columbus," recently noticed by us, have been ordered by the Navy Department to be sent to every ship in the service. A high compliment, and deserved.

—The announcement by the Macmillan Co. of a new book by Kathleen Norris, "Poor Dear Margaret Kirby," is sure to create favorable anticipations in all who have read "Mother" and "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne."

—Messrs. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, jointly with Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., have just published the American edition of Monsignor Benson's new book, "Come Rack! Come Rope!" Canon Barry calls this "the English Martyrs' epic."

—"What Dora Dreamt" is an attractive operetta in one act, four scenes, for "junior girls in convent and parochial schools," by a member of the Presentation Order. The success of similar dramas for older pupils already produced by these Sisters insures a welcome for this their latest venture. Text and music are charming in their simplicity and variety.

—In pamphlet form comes the first of a series of most interesting and scholarly articles by Warren Washburn Florer, Ph. D., of the University of Michigan, on "Luther's Use of the Pre-Lutheran Versions of the Bible." Much of the matter for his treatise, Dr. Florer states, was gathered in the Library of the University of Notre Dame, which possesses original editions of some of the Bibles in question. Prof. Florer is to be congratulated on his painstaking research and eminent broad-mindedness. Published by Mr. George Wahr, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

—In his appreciation of Gen. James Longstreet, contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., shows praiseworthy restraint in not venturing an opinion as to what that famous Confederate chieftain did or failed to do, or as to the merits of the course of action he urged upon Gen. Lee at the battle of Gettysburg. "It does not become an outsider and a civilian to do so," says Mr. Bradford. In referring to Gen. Longstreet's conversion to the Church, however, the writer's religious prejudice gets the better of him, and he concludes his article, otherwise a commendable one, with gratuitously insulting references to the Catholic faith. Not approving or understanding the step taken by Gen. Longstreet, Mr. Bradford should have restrained himself from any allusion to it. In describing it as he does, plainly for rhetorical effect, he has grossly insulted the

Catholic readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Let us hasten to remark, for the benefit of its editor, that reflections cast on any denomination of non-Catholics by way of reparation would be only an added insult. Until adequate apology has been made for Mr. Bradford's offence, the Catholic public will be justified in ignoring the existence of the *Atlantic Monthly*. There are other excellent magazines whose editors, whatever their prejudices or predispositions may be, always bear this fact in mind—that the day has passed in our country when slurs on the Catholic religion or misrepresentations of it could be indulged in without effective protest on the part of the offended and the wronged.

—In a prefatory note to a separate edition of Cardinal Newman's "Lecture on Literature," the editor, the Rev. Gilbert J. Garrahan, S. J., says that the volume has a double end: "It aims both to introduce the student to the critical analysis of a prose style of acknowledged excellence, and to serve him as a starting point in his acquisition of a body of sound principle and theory regarding literature and its problems." A chronological table of Newman's life is followed by the text of the lecture. Then come "Rhetorical Studies," which consider the structure of the lecture, analytically and synthetically; and "Studies in Literary Theory," advancing questions and problems designed to promote assimilation of what has been read, and to stimulate original reflection. The method is excellent; we have known it to be used with great profit. To know Newman is a good part of a liberal education; and it is matter for rejoicing that scholars everywhere are at length waking up to this fact. The present work should be zealously welcomed and widely used. Published by Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss.

—"The Housing Problem," edited by Leslie A. St. L. Toke, B. A., is the third pamphlet in the series of manuals published by the Catholic Social Guild, whose general title is "Catholic Studies in Social Reform." The object of the present pamphlet is not to present the history or statistics of the housing problem, but rather to state the ideal situation, based on Catholic principles. Failures in practical work, the author points out, are due to lack of a uniform guiding theory; consequently, the whole movement as he sees it needs a new orientation. As an aid to that end he states Catholic principles which make home and family life uppermost, and indicates the need of their application both in town and country communities. This ad-

mirable monograph is concluded by a bibliography, and gives as an appendix Mgr. Benson's suggestive paper, "A Catholic Colony," reprinted from the *Dublin Review*. The fourth issue in this same series is "The Church and Eugenics," by the Rev. Thomas J. Gerrard. In the first of the seven chapters which make up this timely and important brochure the author says: "In the modern eugenic movement there is much which is opposed to Catholic principles. But at the same time there is much in it which is in harmony with Catholic principles, and indeed highly conducive to the end for which the Church exists. It were, therefore, most unwise either to approve or condemn the movement without many distinctions and reservations. The purpose of this manual is to indicate briefly the chief elements of the movements, and to offer such criticism as may help to form the judgment of the Catholic social student." Points of divergence, both in end and means, between the eugenists and Catholic ethics are plainly pointed out; and where the eugenic remedies are at fault Catholic remedies are set forth. Marriage and celibacy are treated in their connection with the main theme. These excellent and important publications are for sale in the United States by B. Herder. Price, 20 cents each.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Illustrated History of New Mexico." Benjamin M. Read. \$10.

"Twelve Catholic Men of Science." Edited by Sir Bertram Windle. \$1.25.

"History of the Roman Breviary." Mgr. Pierre Batiffol, Litt. D. \$3, net.

"A Pilgrim of Eternity: The Story of a Unitarian Minister." Rev. George S. Hitchcock, D. D. 60 cts.

"The Heliotropium." Jeremias Drexelius, S. J. \$2, net.

"Columbus and His Predecessors." Charles H. McCarthy, Ph. D. 50 cts.

"Faustula." John Ayscough. \$1.35.

"Glimpses of Heaven." Sister M. Aquinas, O. S. B. 50 cts.

"Lances Hurl'd at the Sun." Rev. James Cotter. \$1.

"Your Neighbor and You." Rev. E. F. Garesché, S. J. 75 cts.

"Socialism from the Christian Standpoint." Fr. Bernard Vaughan, S. J. \$1.50, net.

"Life of St. Francis of Assisi." Fr. Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. \$3.50, net.

"Two and Two Make Four." Bird S. Coler. \$1.62.

"The Teacher's Companion." Brother De Sales, M. A. \$1, net.

"The Westminster Hymnal." \$1.25, net.

"The Orchard Floor." 90 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Thomas Phillips, of the archdiocese of San Francisco; Rev. Casper Huth, diocese of Rockford; and Rev. Richard V. Howley, D. D., archdiocese of St. John's.

Brothers Stanislaus and Ignatius, C. S. C.

Mother M. Angela, of the Order of St. Ursula; and Sister M. Bernardine, of the Sisters of Notre Dame.

Mr. Thomas B. Fisher, Mrs. John Kieffer, Mr. Daniel Meloy, Mrs. Philomena Nieuwland, Mr. John Fitzgerald, Mr. Francis Bell, Mr. David Dwyer, Mrs. W. P. Hombach, Mrs. Bridget Cantlon, Mr. Charles Dalton, Mr. Patrick Dinan, Mr. James Enright, Mr. John Meehan, Miss R. J. Riggs, Mrs. Agnes D. Muggavin, Mr. John Chrystal, Mrs. Mary A. McGraw, Mrs. William Bergé, Mrs. Bridget Gayer, Mr. George Cahill, Mr. Joseph Dittman, Mrs. Mary Woughton, Martha Kelly, Mr. William Hoeffner, Mr. John Corish, Miss Johanna Kelly, Miss Mary Bacon, Mr. Francis Dillon, Mr. Frank Lamkiewicz, Miss Margaret Coughlin, Mr. Edward Schnur, Mrs. James Brogan, Mr. Frank Steins, Mrs. Mary Kelly, Mr. Andrew Schoon, Mrs. Mary Hanley, Mr. George Meinz, Miss Gertrude Miller, and Miss Blanche Harper.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the famine and cyclone sufferers in China:

N. N., \$1; W. A. Tynon, \$3; A. R., \$2; Mrs. M. B., \$1; Miss L. G., \$3.



THE PRESENTATION.
(Schola Art. Beuron)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 1, 1913.

NO. 5

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A Hymn for Candlemas.

On a Familiar Expression.

(Adapted from the Sarum Breviary.)

BY T. J. BRENNAN, S. T. L.

① JERUSALEM beloved,
Joyful morn has dawn'd to thee!
Sing with joy and exultation,—
Sing a song of jubilee;
For the Lord, whom thou art seeking,
He for whom the nations pray,
He, in human flesh appearing,
To His Temple comes to-day.

All the faithful sons of Israel
Are in Him to God allied,
And, presented in the Temple
Of the Lord, are sanctified.

Light the Gentile world to lighten,
And thy glory, Israel,
Beams in Him the heavenly Dayspring,
God with us, Emmanuel.
Now the aged world receives Him
In its arms with faith's embrace,
And with Simeon rejoices
In the sunshine of His grace.

May we, Lord, with holy Simeon
And with Anna, wait for Thee
In the visions of Thy Temple;
May our hearts Thy temples be!

Amen.

WE have all heard the expression, "an ignorant man"; we have probably often used it ourselves. But, like most expressions, when we come to examine it we find it not so easy to define; or if we do define it, it is by the use of terms equally vague and indefinite. If we define it as "lacking in knowledge," then we might ask the further question, What kind of knowledge do you mean, or in what degree? And one would have to go on again, only to find oneself landed in another indefiniteness. But if you come down to the concrete, and take one of those whom you have heard described as "ignorant," then you are in a better position to decide on the value of the expression. The uncomplimentary adjective is usually applied to country-people, sometimes by their rustic brethren; more often, however, by the dwellers in the city. We shall take, then, as the subject of our consideration one of those countrymen thus described, and analyze his mental furnishings. We shall not, however, be unjust to our agricultural friends; we shall not take one who is an idiot or a fool or half-witted; but rather one who, while a stranger to books and to what we call "the world," has gathered knowledge from his work and from his fellow-laborers of the soil. Is such a man ignorant? He is generally set down as such, but let us see.

THE only supreme valid test for social work is the result of the work on the giver, not on the receiver. Charity does not consist in giving, but is the inward spirit of the giver seeking to make itself akin to the spirit of Christ, who redeemed the world by giving His own self.

—"The Orchard Floor."

A man reared in the country, and earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, has a wonderfully varied experience. He comes in contact with a great number of animals, of plants, of flowers, of human beings; he is one of Nature's factory hands, daily turning up the soil, sowing or tilling or reaping; and not one kind of crop or two, but a great variety, each to be treated according to the laws of its kind, and differently according to soil and climate. He has domestic animals for pleasure and for profit; and each of these also is a subject around whose handling there grows up unconsciously a world of knowledge. Horses and cows and sheep, pigs and poultry,—how different they all are, how sensitive to disease and sickness; how capable of being developed into prize-winners or of being spoiled by neglect or by wrong treatment! In all these matters the ordinary "ignorant countryman" is an expert. He did not get his knowledge from books, and so both he and you are inclined to undervalue it. But it is knowledge, all the same, varied and valuable.

If you feel inclined to dispute this, go out on a farm and watch the daily life of an ordinary farm hand. His tools, indeed, are rude and simple, but each one needs for its handling not only muscle but experience. You can tell this by taking hold yourself, and trying to do as he does. He is at work early; and as he advances to his field of grain or vegetables he is, perhaps, accompanied by another like himself. If you listen to their talk, you will find that they have as much to say as two university professors. Talk flows free and fast,—sometimes narrative, sometimes comment, sometimes joke or reflection. If you try to join in the conversation, you will find that these "ignorant men" can correct you and enlighten you almost at every point. They know the value of everything they raise; they have tested the worth of many methods, and have facts to prove their statements; they know the ways and the habits of every

plant and animal on the farm, with the litany of ills and accidents to which each is subject. If, in your superior wisdom, you suggest some changes in crops or in animals or in their handling, they will very quickly put you in your place by a few facts of their own experience. They will not, of course, refer to books or specialists; but even if they did, you would find that these books and specialists had drawn their information from such as they. Change the subject to some other crop or animal or method of farming: here again these "ignorant men" are experts; they display a store of first-hand information that makes you feel small indeed. After talking the matter over for a few days, go back to your city home and experiment on raising a small patch of lettuce or asparagus. I need not tell you what the result will be; for perhaps you have already tried it, and I do not wish to recall unpleasant memories.

Now, all this skill and knowledge comes to the "ignorant countryman" necessarily; he can not help acquiring it, any more than he can help learning his mother tongue. It is simply the ordinary outfit of a man in the country, and he escapes being known as a man of learning only because all his neighbors know quite as much as he does; just as a man that can read and write is not now looked up to, because these are at present such ordinary accomplishments.

Now, if you compare the "ignorant countryman" with the average dweller in the city, you may at first sight think that, with all his knowledge, our country friend is still a child in wisdom compared to his more fortunate brother from town. The city man certainly makes a better showing. He talks better; he talks on world-subjects because he reads the morning paper and subscribes for a monthly magazine; he is more assertive, and occasionally makes fun of his country cousin when he sees him, on his annual trip to town, staring at the big buildings or trying to stop a street car in the middle of the block.

But let us get a closer view of this city-bred gentleman and take his measure. Watch him, for example, read his morning paper. Can you say he is acquiring knowledge from the operation? Surely not. It is invariably done at breakfast, between bites, and is confined to a rapid glance at the big headings or the funny supplement or the baseball news. As for looking therein for facts to be grouped around some favorite subject, he has no time for that; nor, if he had, would he go to a newspaper for facts. Or, is he interested in politics? If so he reads only the party newspaper, and the continuance of his subscription will depend on the paper's ability for showing that the country's salvation depends on that particular party, and that the other party is a den of thieves laden with the spoils of honest labor. So far, therefore, as his reading is concerned, it is for the most part sporting news or sensations or political fiction. It is taken on trust, without the slightest effort to verify one statement out of a hundred; whereas the knowledge of the countryman is most vast and varied, and is made up exclusively of facts which his own hands have handled or which have passed before his eyes.

But let us follow our city friend to his workshop. Perhaps this will give him superior opportunities. He works downtown in the manufacturing district,—a panorama of smokestacks and scrapheaps. At eight o'clock sharp he is at hand and his task begins. He is part of a machine, and he works in silence. He uses one tool day in and day out the whole year round. He does not begin and finish anything, and there is no room for personal taste or talent or expression. He is simply told off to drive screws or to work a lever or to feed an engine. The beauty of the finished product comes not from him but from the machinery; and his work consists in repeating the same act in the same way on the same material every working-day of the year. To compare his opportunities for knowl-

edge and development with those of a farm hand would be ridiculous. He had, indeed, to acquire a certain quickness and skill in his specialty; but, that being once acquired, he is simply a repeating machine for the rest of his life. The morning whistle puts this piece of machinery in motion, and it requires only a minimum of intelligence to keep it in action till the specified time is exhausted.

You may say, however, that the countryman is deficient in other ways: that his knowledge, for example, of history, of world-conditions, is almost negative; whereas the city man is at home in these matters. He picks them in his daily newspaper, in his occasional visit to the public library, in free lectures, and by contact with those who have travelled. But, then, facts are not knowledge; they must be grouped together and studied from some definite angle; and this our city friend certainly does not do. His knowledge is scattered, unconnected, and vague; and if he were asked to stand an examination in any of the subjects on which he loves to talk, he would stand a poor chance of promotion.

On the other hand, the countryman's knowledge of the world or of its history is very limited but very precise. He knows nothing except the history of his own neighborhood; but that he knows first-hand, or at least from the lips of witnesses. He knows when and where and to whom each of his neighbors was married, and can call them and their children by their first names, and knows their peculiarities and talents; he can tell even to the minutest details every incident of local importance for a period of fifty years; he knows "who's who," and who are the "has-beens," who are the "comers," and can philosophize in homely phrase on the rise and fall of each. Indeed his knowledge is simply amazing. Besides, it is all first-hand and would be accepted in the strictest of courts; for it all passed under his eyes or was received from living witnesses. The reason of its small value is

that there are so many who are up in the same subjects and so few who want to learn.

Let us make a supposition. Suppose you could resurrect "an ignorant countryman" of the days of Julius Cæsar,—let us say one of the camp-followers that accompanied his army to Gaul, or one of those gladiators that were annually butchered to make a Roman holiday, and then buried like a beast. He would be more valuable than a whole school of archæologists; he could give a more vivid account of social conditions in those times than all the antiquarians of our day. He could tell you how they reaped and sowed; how they built their houses and cooked their food; how they marched to war at the call of Cæsar; how they sacked cities and brought back the captives to grace the chariot wheels of the victor; he could describe city life and country life, life in times of war and in times of peace. And as he sat by the fire and talked the night away, we should realize how much knowledge lies buried in the grave of an ordinary "ignorant countryman."

Or suppose one of our own despised country neighbors were to return to life two thousand years from now; how he could delight and instruct, and how the learned and the curious would ask him many questions about the far-off twentieth century! And to all our country friend could give first-hand information, and could easily enlighten them on details which will then be bothering the heads of scholars and be discussed in learned reviews. Peter and James and John were but ignorant fishermen; but if they came back among us, how amused they would be at some of the hypotheses of the higher critics! However, they died, and much knowledge died with them; and not the whole horde of Biblical scholars can ever equal in value what we could get from one of those ignorant countrymen who left all things and followed Jesus,—could we but call them back from the dead.

Knowledge is a queer thing. It seems to increase in value according to the square of the distance. A man that knows all about the stars or the ancient Egyptians is saluted in the market-place and pointed out in the streets; but the man that becomes an expert in the raising of vegetables and chickens has to bring in his goods by the backdoor and nobody bids him good-morrow. Still, no one maintains that the stars go faster or shine brighter because of the astronomers; but we all know that without the gardener and the vegetable man few could afford a full meal.

Two thousand years from now the modern countryman will be of immense interest to the learned world; to-day he must be satisfied to raise our vegetables and cattle; and we who eat both, give him credit for being little higher than the objects of his care. However, as one who has lived both in the country and in the town, I simply want to testify that the average countryman is a scholar with an amount of first-hand information; that, as one of Nature's factory hands, he is working for an employer who has no trade secrets; and that this factory is at the same time a school the most varied, the most interesting, and the most elevating in existence.

THOUGH beauty attaches to every virtue, yet it is singularly the attribute of temperance, for two reasons: first, from analysis of the general idea of temperance, which involves a certain regular and appropriate proportion, in which the essence of beauty consists; secondly, because the things from which intemperance restrains us are the lowest things in man, and befit him in respect of the nature that he has in common with beasts: and therefore man is most exposed to degradation and disfigurement herein. Consequently beauty is the singular attribute of temperance, as that virtue particularly removes what disfigures man.

—*St. Thomas Aquinas.*

A Far-Away Princess.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

V.

PERHAPS it was as well that M. Lemontier was in such haste to be off on his mission to Morocco that he hurried Harcourt away rather unexpectedly on the day following the evening spent with Mrs. Granger, when the momentous decision that Moira could go to America with the latter was reached; or else it might readily have happened that the young man would have reconsidered the consent which had been wrung from him. For there was no doubt that, with reflection, his dislike increased rather than diminished for the plan which in his own mind he stigmatized as "romantic folly," and against which his pride revolted as equally undignified for Moira and for himself. But the sudden call for departure left him without time to make any other arrangement for Moira during his absence. And, after all, it was a comfort to leave her under the protection of one so capable and so kind as he knew his old friend, Mrs. Granger, to be.

"Only take care," he said to Moira almost sternly, in the midst of the hurried preparations for his journey, "that you do not permit yourself to be led into making any overtures of reconciliation to my father. That is something I should never tolerate or forgive. And since your heart is so set on doing this, which I disapprove, I think that, rather than have you masquerading under a name which is not your own—"

"It is a name which I have a right to bear," Moira repeated once more.

"That may be; but the fact remains that it is not mine, which is the only name proper for you to bear. And, therefore, if you will not be satisfied without going to America, I prefer that you shall go openly as Mrs. Royall Harcourt."

Moira's eyes expanded widely.

"But you said—" she began.

"I know," he interrupted impatiently. "I said that you should not appear there as my wife unless I was with you. Well, I'm still of that opinion: you certainly should not do so. But of two evils one must choose the lesser; and it appears to me very much the lesser evil that you should go bearing your own name than that you should be discovered, as must inevitably occur, masquerading under another."

"You are very fond of that word 'masquerading,'" Moira remarked.

"I am not fond of it at all,—quite the contrary," he replied; "but it is the only word which describes what you want to do."

Moira did not answer; and, as she gazed at him, he might have read, had he looked at her, a dawning indecision in her eyes. She was, in fact, almost tempted to say, "Since you feel so strongly about this, and disapprove so utterly, I will give up the idea and remain in France." But he did not look toward her; and while she hesitated—held back by one instinct, urged to speak by another,—he began to talk of what was needed in the way of preparation for his journey. "I shall want a sun-helmet above all," he said. And as Moira assented to this, she told herself that it was best not to make an impulsive promise; it would be better to talk the matter over with Mrs. Granger later; and if she then decided to do what Royall wished rather than what she herself desired, her first letter to him could convey the news.

So in the short time which remained before his departure little more was said about the American visit. And when the final moment of separation came, the pain of parting was so sharp on both sides—and on Moira's side intensified by an overwhelming premonition of worse parting to come—that she could only hold Royall in an embrace that seemed as if it would never let him go, while her white lips could find no words in which to express the anguish that tore her heart.

"My love, my dearest love, take courage!" he said, startled by the intensity of her grief. "Our separation is only for a little while. We shall very soon be together again."

"May the good God grant it!" she whispered; but deep in her soul an instinct said, "Never again!—never again!" And it was this instinct which tightened the clasp of her arms about him until he could hardly release himself without employing a strength he did not wish to exert.

"Moirà," he cried appealingly, "you have always been so brave, you won't fail me now! Dear heart, I must go,—you must let me go!"

"Yes, I must let you go," she answered, rallying all her powers to respond to the appeal, and forcing her arms to fall from around him. Then, lifting her hand, she made the Sign of the Cross upon his brow, and with this gesture of blessing and farewell motioned him away.

He rushed for his waiting cab, but paused *en route* to the railway station to call on Mrs. Granger for a few minutes, and beg her to go to Moira as soon as possible.

"When I see how she is suffering I am torn with regret for the necessity of leaving her," he said; "but it is too late to change anything now. I must go with Lemontier, since I have agreed to do so; and I don't know how long we may be gone, nor how far his plans may carry us; but I want to tell you that, since this is so, I am glad that you are going to take Moira away with you. I would rather that it were anywhere else than to America, but even America will be better for her than Paris just now."

"I am certain of that," Mrs. Granger replied; "and you may be sure that I will take good care of her."

"I am sure of it," he said, wringing her hand in a painful grasp. "I trust her to you, and I only make the condition that no overtures of any kind shall be made to my father."

"Royall, do you really think that is right?" his friend asked gravely.

"Right or wrong, it is the one condition upon which I consent to her going," he answered. "For the rest, I leave everything to you, with equal confidence in your kindness and your judgment."

"I will try to deserve your confidence," she told him, much moved. "And now, dear boy, God bless you and bring you back safe from those dreadful African places you should never have agreed to go into!"

"I had no choice," he said. "Good-bye, with heartfelt thanks for all your kindness! And you'll see Moira soon?"

"At once," she answered.

But, although she was as good as her word, she did not find Moira at home when she reached the hotel in the Rue St. Honoré.

"Madame went out almost immediately after Monsieur left," she was told by her maid.

"Have you any idea where she went?" Mrs. Granger asked.

Oh, yes, the maid had a very clear idea as to that! She had no doubt that Madame would be found in some nearby church, praying for Monsieur's safe journey and speedy return; and she even suggested that St. Philippe du Roule would probably be this church.

But Mrs. Granger felt that she could not follow Moira to such a refuge; and she contented herself with leaving her card, on which she wrote:

"I shall return at five o'clock this afternoon, to take you away with me; so be ready to go without fail."

Notwithstanding this message, however, Mrs. Granger had really little expectation of finding Moira prepared for such decisive action. She was, therefore, not surprised when, on being ushered at the appointed hour into the same sun-flooded little *salon* where she had been before, she was met by a pale girl, whom grief seemed to have robbed of vitality, if not

of charm, and about whom there were no indications of intended departure.

Although perceiving this, Mrs. Granger chose to ignore it.

"I hope you are ready to come away with me at once," she said, as she sat down. "I'm sure you must feel that it is much the best thing to do."

But Moira's large and lustrous eyes, filled with intense sadness, expressed no assent to this statement as they met her own.

"Forgive me if I say that I do not feel that it would be the best thing to do," she answered. "You are very kind to wish to take me away, but I think it better that I should remain here for the present."

"What do you mean by the present?" Mrs. Granger inquired. "Of course if it's only to-night that you are speaking of, there's no objection to your remaining here; but I think it would be much better for you to spend the night at my hotel, and be ready to go to London with me to-morrow."

Moira clasped the slender hands that lay in her lap tightly together, as if nerving herself for an effort.

"Dear Madame," she said in her exquisite tones, "you will certainly think me very changeable, and you may also think me very ungrateful, when I tell you that I have decided not to go with you, but to remain in France, as Royall wished me to do."

Mrs. Granger nodded with the air of one who sees her own prescience justified.

"I rather expected this," she said. "It's very natural. I understand exactly how you have arrived at such a conclusion. You are grieving over Royall's departure, and this grief makes you blame yourself for having maintained your own wishes against his."

"Yes, I blame myself very much," Moira assented. "I not only maintained my wishes, but I forced him to yield to them against his judgment; and that was wrong,—I recognize it now. And, recog-

nizing it, I have decided that I will not do what he so deeply disapproved."

"In other words, you are anxious to make a sacrifice of your own wishes as a kind of holocaust on the altar of affection," Mrs. Granger commented. "My dear, it is an impulse that all except deeply selfish people are likely to feel at such times of separation. But you may believe me that it is on the present occasion entirely uncalled for. I assure you I have good reason to know that, instead of gratification, Royall would be very sorry if he heard that you had changed your plans and decided to remain here alone instead of coming away with me."

There was an expression of startled incredulity in the eyes that gazed at her now.

"How can you know this?" Moira asked.

"Because he came to see me this morning on his way to the railroad station," Mrs. Granger answered. "And shall I tell you exactly what he said to me? Well, in the first place, he, too, was suffering from the same kind of remorse that you are feeling, and with a good deal more reason. 'When I see how she is suffering I am torn with regret for the necessity of leaving her; but it is too late to change anything now,' he said (implying that he would have changed it if he could). And then he added: 'I am glad that you are going to take her away with you. . . . Even America will be better for her than Paris just now.'"

"You are certain, quite certain, that he said that?" Moira asked.

"I am absolutely certain," Mrs. Granger replied. "There was no room for mistake. And he added also: 'I leave everything to you' (that's *me*), 'with equal confidence in your kindness and your judgment.' So you see, my dear, that he has put you into my hands, and that it would be anything but a comfort to him to learn that, under a mistaken idea of sacrificing your wishes to his, you insisted upon remaining here in loneliness and sadness, instead of coming with me and finding diversion

for your mind during his absence, as well as a possible chance of doing a work of reconciliation between his father and himself."

"Ah, there is no hope of that!" Moira said sadly. "He has positively forbidden any effort of the kind. In that at least I must obey him; and, realizing this, as I knelt before the altar after his departure this morning, I said to myself: 'Since I am forbidden to make any attempt to reconcile his father to our marriage, there is no reason for my going to America, except a reason of self-gratification, which it is well that I should sacrifice.'"

"There I differ with you," Mrs. Granger returned briskly. "Even self-gratification is allowable sometimes, and it is clearly allowable in this case. Besides, I don't by any means give up hope of your presence in America leading to the reconciliation we both desire; although I own that we are bound to abstain from any direct attempt to bring it about, since that's the condition Royall has made in giving his consent to your going. But if Governor Harcourt could see you — by chance, as it were, — and if he could then only learn who you are—"

A sudden glance in Moira's glance made the speaker pause.

"Did Royall tell you that he had changed his mind about my going to America under his name, and would prefer it?" the girl asked quickly.

"No: he had not time to tell me. Did he really say so? Well, that proves he's growing more reasonable. Did he make it a condition also?"

Moira smiled a little.

"On the contrary, it is my impression that he left the decision to your judgment and mine," she replied. "He only said that he would prefer it to my 'masquerading' under a name not really mine."

"We must take a little time to consider the matter, then," Mrs. Granger said. "I should think that it was decidedly better for you to go openly as Mrs. Royall Harcourt (for I could make it clear to

everyone why Royall was not with you, and he could join you later) but for the fact that it would defeat all hope of bringing you under the notice of Governor Harcourt. He would take very good care never to see you if he knew you to be his son's wife; and since you, on your part, are bound not to approach him, we should find ourselves in an *impasse*, as far as any hope of reconciliation is concerned. Besides, I think he would consider your coming as a kind of defiance of him, and therefore—"

"Therefore, you believe that I should not go under that name?"

"Considering the chief object that we both have in view — the bringing those two proud and obstinate men together if possible, — I think your idea of taking another name is best. It does savor a little of romance and drama, as Royall said. But, after all, romance and drama are founded on real life; and things more dramatic than any that find their way upon the stage are constantly occurring. I'm not afraid of the charge of being romantic, and I don't suppose you are—"

"'La Princesse Lointaine' hardly could be," Moira laughed gently.

"Then let us have the courage of our romanticism, and proceed boldly with the drama we have planned. The princess from far away shall go *incognito* to try to conquer the realm of hearts that she is made to conquer—"

"Ah, you are indeed kind!" the princess cried, with eyes that shone through sudden moisture.

"No, only truthful," Mrs. Granger said; "and I am also of a disposition that likes to surmount difficulties. 'Anybody can do easy things,' my father used to say: 'I like to accomplish hard things.' He accomplished many, and I have inherited his nature. Difficulties put me on my mettle."

"You remind me of Browning's—"

I count life but a stuff

To try the soul's strength on,"

Moira murmured.

"That's it exactly," Mrs. Granger responded. "And, unless I'm much mistaken, you count it the same thing. Well, we'll see what you make of it—how your soul comes out—in the task before you. For we've settled it once for all, I think, that there's to be no more wavering. You are going to America; and, this being so, there's no earthly reason why you should stay here in loneliness to-night. Call your maid and tell her to put up what is immediately necessary—she can finish the rest afterward,—and come with me to the Hôtel du Rhin; for I promised Royall I would take care of you, and see that you weren't left to grieve too much."

After this, as Mrs. Granger said, there was no more wavering on Moira's part. Her resolve finally taken, the preparations for her journey were soon made, and she was ready to accompany her new friend to London the next day.

"There are a few points which we must settle," observed Mrs. Granger, as they sat together, with a growing sense of intimacy, in the evening, after she had carried Moira back with her to her own hotel. "In the first place, if we are to leave Mrs. Royall Harcourt in Paris, you must also leave your maid behind. There is no help for that."

Moira made a gesture of immediate acquiescence.

"I have not thought of anything else," she answered. "If there were no other reason for leaving her, it would be an extravagance to take her along, because I have really no need of a maid."

"Her place can easily be supplied if you should feel the need," Mrs. Granger said, in the tone of one who has never known difficulty in supplying any need. "And now a more important point: you are going to meet my husband in London, and I shall introduce you to him as Miss Fortescue. I have decided that it will be best not to take him into our confidence as to who you really are."

Moira looked a little startled at this.

"But when he finds out who I really am—and of course he must find out in time,—will he not think that you should have taken him into your confidence?" she asked.

"He never thinks that anything should be different from the way in which I arrange it," Mrs. Granger replied. "He's very satisfactory in that respect. And my experience with both men and women is, that if you have a secret to keep, the fewer people who know it the better. Nobody can betray, either by intention or by indiscretion, what he or she doesn't know. Robert would never intend to betray anything which was confided to him, but it's quite possible that he might betray it by indiscretion. At all events, we'll be on the safe side, and give him no chance to do so."

"How, then, will you account for my being with you?" Moira asked, deeply astonished by this truly American and modern view of matrimonial relations.

"Nothing easier than that," Mrs. Granger replied. "I really needn't account for it at all. As I've said, he always takes for granted that I have a good reason for whatever I do. But I shall tell him that you are related to an old friend of mine (which is quite true, for I have no older friends than the Harcourts); and that, since you have lately lost your parents, and are alone and in grief, I have persuaded you to accompany me on a visit to America, in order to divert your mind."

"That is all quite true, as far as it goes," Moira conceded. "Only—"

"You think it doesn't go far enough? That's where you are mistaken. He will be perfectly satisfied, and ask no troublesome questions either of me or of you. So now, this being settled, there remains for me only to say that I hope you understand that you are going to America as my guest."

"After I reach there, yes," Moira replied; "but not as far as the journey is concerned. Royall has left me well

provided with the means for that, and he would never consent to my going otherwise."

Mrs. Granger was not altogether pleased by this, -but she knew when to yield.

"Being what he is, I suppose Royall wouldn't consent to your not paying for your own railway and steamer tickets," she said; "but kindly remember that everything else is my affair."

The next morning, therefore, saw the opening scene of the drama which these two confessedly romantic persons had arranged, when from the Gare du Nord their train steamed out of Paris, leaving Mrs. Royall Harcourt behind, and bearing a reincarnation of the Moira Fortescue who twenty-five years before had entered there in the charm of her Celtic youth and beauty. The dramatic spirit which she had possibly lacked rose like effervescent wine in her daughter, giving color to her cheek and a sparkling light to her wonderful dark-blue eyes, as Mrs. Granger noted with approval.

"You look a different creature from the girl I found yesterday," she said. "The change is doing you good already, and I expect wonders from the experiences which are before you. Have you ever been out of France before?"

"Only once, when I went to Ireland with my mother; and I was a small child then," Moira replied.

"Well, you'll enjoy London. It's at its very best at this season. But we shall be there only a few days longer, since our passage is engaged on the *Mauretania*, and good steamship accommodation is hard to get. London is simply overflowing with Americans just now."

"I hope that I shall not have to meet any of them," Moira remarked, a little apprehensively. "I'm sure that Royall would not wish me to do so."

"Without reference to Royall — who doesn't deserve the consideration you are so anxious to pay to his wishes,—I don't intend you to meet any of them, if it can be avoided," Mrs. Granger

replied. "Your deep mourning furnishes a good excuse for avoiding anything of the kind."

"It seems to me that it would be better if no excuse were required," Moira said. "What I mean," she added hastily, as Mrs. Granger looked at her in some surprise, "is that there is a class of persons, such as companions and governesses, who are never expected to enter the society of their employers. If you would let it be known that I am with you in a position of that kind—"

"My dear, you are distracted! Royall would never forgive us."

"Royall has left the details of this matter in your hands and in mine; and what I suggest would simplify things very much," Moira urged earnestly. "If I am with you as your companion and secretary, there would be no need of explanations or excuses about my not appearing socially, since no one would expect me to do so."

"It *would* simplify things, and avoid explanations," Mrs. Granger admitted; "but I repeat that Royall—"

"Let us leave Royall out of this," Moira interposed firmly. "What he is chiefly concerned about is that I shall not be recognized as his wife, and what I propose would lessen greatly the danger of anything of the kind. As your guest, people must see me occasionally, and they would look at me curiously,—all the more because you could not give any convincing explanation of who I am; but in the position of which I speak there would be no scrutiny and no curiosity, for nobody would notice me at all."

"I'm by no means ready to assent to that," Mrs. Granger said, looking at the brilliant face, the striking distinction of the whole graceful personality. "You don't realize that it would be impossible for you ever to escape notice altogether; but I grant that what you propose would lessen this notice, and spare all necessity of explanation about you. So if you insist—"

"Oh, I do insist, and I shall be so grateful to you for consenting!"

"Then I'll introduce you to Robert as my companion and secretary; and if you want to carry the play further, if you wouldn't mind reading a little French with Leila to improve her accent—"

"Leila is your daughter?"

"My only daughter, just twelve years old."

"I shall be delighted to help her with her French accent, and anything else. Madame, dear Madame, how good you are!"

"I can only reply to that in a phrase which I have heard Robert use sometimes," Mrs. Granger declared, laughing. "In this case, most emphatically, 'the boot is on the other leg.' It is you who are good, and Leila who will profit by your goodness."

"At all events, we have settled matters delightfully!" Moira cried. "And now indeed I feel as if the stage were set, and the play about to begin."

(To be continued.)

A Blind Boy's Prayer.

BY THOMAS E. BURKE.

YOU'VE hid the sunshine from my eyes, dear God,

And left my feet to stumble on the way;
I have not known the redness of the dawn,
Nor richer crimson of departing day.

Yet will I gladly tread my darksome path,
Striving as best I may to do my part,

If only, dearest Lord, You will not quench
The sunshine at my heart.

Let my poor soul be as a flaming lamp

Leading the footsore from the ways of sin;
Teaching that, though earth's dawn I may not see,

A fairer light is guiding me within.
I do not ask that You should smooth my path,
Nor take away earth's bitter, galling smart:
One thing alone I pray—"O do not quench

The sunshine at my heart!"

A Roman Pilgrimage.

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.

II.—SANTA CROCE IN GERUSALEMME.

NO one who loves the Church of Christ can leave St. John Lateran unmoved. We are not all of us historians, and the long centuries of Papal history (which, after all, is but another name for the history of Christianity) may be little known to us in detail,—may be scarcely known at all in any way that a historian would count as knowledge; but we have been for hours standing in a place bound up with the most central idea of Catholic faith, and we can not leave it without finding our mind full of that great subject of the Papacy.

As we come out of the Basilica that is his cathedral, our thought flies wistfully across Rome to him, and we must kneel to pray for him. Who on earth so lonely, and who under heaven has so august a companion? How greatly separated from all men else must he be who is God's Vicegerent in the world! None can halve his office with him, or share it, or be his colleague in it. In his ineffable aloofness he can have but one companion—a Man whose manhood is hidden in the white disguise whereof his own white raiment is perpetual reminder. Superhuman as are his dignity and function, all humanity is his care and charge; to the farthest corners of the earth his heart is carried out, from his own splendid prison, with a love that counts all the race of men his children. How many prayers each of us, mixed in the world's jostle, must owe to yonder lonely watchman, in whose prayer each of us has place, to whom the salvation of every separate soul is a separate longing and never-ended solicitude! We are all given in charge to him; and is he not ours, and must we not fence him about with an impregnable phalanx of loyalty and intercession?

We kneel here in the porch of the

Basilica that is peculiarly his own, and that he may never see; and our eyes range down the great open space before us; and they lead us, as our full heart leads, to the Cross, toward which he stands forever in the relation held for so brief a moment by Simon of Cyrene. For that is the Pontiff's perennial office—to help carry the Master's Cross. And down there is another basilica, the reliquary of the Holy Cross—Santa Croce in Gerusalemme. Whither could our Rôman pilgrimage more fitly lead us next? They whose memory enshrines unspoiled Papal Rome note sadly how different the scene is now. In those days the vast space was filled with lovely avenues of trees, stretched across green lawns. Trees and lawns are gone now, and ugly buildings have disfigured the left of the piazza. On our right the walls of Rome lead down to Santa Croce.

There were once the gardens of Helio-gabalus, priest of the Phœnician god, and emperor at fourteen. His colleagues were women, and his Senate of women; his horse he made Consul; and he would have all Rome worship the lump of black stone that represented the god whose name he bore. Before they killed him he had married four wives, and entered into another marriage too horrible to speak of here. He was not turned eighteen when he was beheaded.

The Horti Variani became the site of the palace of the Empress Helena, Constantine's mother; and was called Palatium Sessorianum, so that the church is known as the Sessorian Basilica. The edifice was formed out of one of the halls of the palace, and was consecrated by Pope St. Sylvester I. (314-336.)

St. Helena, according to a tradition which is supported by the evidence of many historians, was a native of Britain, and daughter of Coel, the British prince from whom Colchester is said to take its name. She was born about the year 246, and married Constantius Chlorus, grand-nephew of the Emperor Claudius II., at that time holding a military command

in Britain. In 292 he became Cæsar, and in 305 was proclaimed Augustus; in the year following he died at York. Their son, Constantine the Great, is believed to have been born at the same place. When he became emperor, he caused his mother to be proclaimed Augusta throughout his armies, and had medals struck in her honor, on which she was called Flavia Julia Helena; for Constantius claimed descent from Vespasian, the first of the Flavian emperors. To her Constantine was a dutiful and devoted son; and, like him, she embraced the faith in the Sign of which he had conquered. She was already a very old woman, but she showed a youthful ardor in the practice of her late-found, but deeply loved, religion. A special feature of her piety was her devotion to holy places and things.

When her imperial son wrote to Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, that it was his desire to have a great church built upon Calvary, the aged empress-mother herself undertook to see this work carried out, and made pilgrimage to the city where the King of kings had been slain by His rebel subjects. She was fain to help there the needy and helpless, as she had done in many other places; to enrich with princely gifts churches and oratories; to venerate the spots made forever sacred by the sufferings of Him whose only crown had been of thorns, whose throne had been the bitter Cross, whence He had claimed, and claims always, the sovereignty of all human hearts. And there were other voices calling her,—divine warnings and visions, that told her of the ineffable treasure she should find. As, afterward, many gave themselves to long journeys and many fastings, long vigils and prayers, that they might see the Grail, so Helena took the holy road to find the very Cross itself.

Constantine had bidden Macarius make search for it on Golgotha; and when his mother came, they showed her the place. A mound of earth had long ago been heaped upon it by the heathen, and a

shrine of Venus capped it. They told her the place where the Saviour's body had once lain buried, and that the image of Jove covered the spot. Underneath would, very like, be found the Cross itself, since Roman use was to bury by dead malefactors the instruments of their suffering. And three crosses were found; and with them the nails that had held to one of them Him whom nothing could keep from earth when love and pity called Him to it; and, beside them, the bit of board on which Pilate had had written the title in which he had sought to find pretext for shedding the blood of this just Man. To Pilate it was nothing that He claimed to be God—a matter of words and names and Jewish law. But they cried for blood; and, if in truth, the Man had vaunted Himself as King of the Jews, in that was the paltry excuse the frightened judge wanted: 'Who made Himself a king was not Cæsar's friend.' So the accusation was written, and Pilate would not alter it,—*Quod scripsi scripsi*. He would not, even to please them, write the lie they wanted. He had never said He was King of the Jews. 'Thou sayest that I am a king. My kingdom is not hence. If My kingdom were of this world, My servants would certainly fight.' Pilate knew better, craven as he was, than to put in *His* mouth a claim to such narrow sovereignty as that. The mocking heathen called Him King of Jewry; all the kingdoms of the world Satan offered Him; earth and heaven the King Himself claimed, and has made good His claim forever.

But there were three crosses: which was that of the King of Sorrows? Let Himself decide. It was no case for trivial, human argument,—proof and counter-proof, and all the pedantry of criticism. Let His own maxim be remembered: 'The tree is known by its fruits.' Solemnly, in tense expectation, the three emblems of shame and glory were carried to one that lay in dire sickness; and, each after other, offered to her with lowliest prayers.

One touched her, and there was no sign; another, and Sickness held her own; then the third; and at its touch Disease, that had come in with the eaten fruit of the forbidden tree in Eden, shrank back; for on that wood the Lord of Life had bent His august head to Death; and, in her victory, Death had known herself vanquished forever. The water out of the dead Heart was the spring of Life unconquerable for every dead heart that would live again; the tree that had been the Master's hard deathbed was set for the healing of the sick nations.

The woman, who had been at grips with Death, at the touch of that on which our fair Captain Christ had seemed to lose His battle, and had won His earth-campaign, arose like the widow's son of Naim, like the ruler's daughter, like Lazarus, and entered life again by a gate more marvellous than that of birth. God Himself had answered: the emblem of death had brought the message of life. 'Twas no human proof, but a divine; irrefragable to all who believe in Omnipotence, a scoff to such as would imprison God's almighty truth behind the rusty grate of human likelihood.

Helena believed; and all Christendom believed till the unspeakable Reformation arrived, with unfaith in her heart and a smug lie upon her lips, to teach God's children they should be the devil's men. As the Accuser himself taught in the Garden, who would have God Himself a liar, and man to know all things. Helena believed, and Macarius believed, and praised God for His treasure-trove,—a treasure lightly esteemed now by them who care less than nothing for the Poor Man of Nazareth, who had nothing to bequeath from that hard deathbed but His Mother—to His friend, in change for us all, His faithless friends—and Himself, wrapped always in the white winding-sheets of His mystic, immortal death.

One part of the Holy Cross the Empress gave in charge to Macarius, and founded a sumptuous church for the honorable

housing of so priceless a treasure. She had made for the relic a case of silver, and once a year it was to be exposed to the general veneration of the faithful. But it was exposed on other occasions too, as need was, especially for the consolation of pious pilgrims to the Holy City. The rest of the Cross the Empress took to Constantinople; and, leaving one part there, she carried the remaining part with her to Rome, where, in the loving arms of her good son Constantine, she died on the 18th of August in the same year—326.

It was to receive this great relic that the Basilica of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme was formed out of one of the halls in Helena's Sessorian Palace; and there, too, was deposited the Title. Under Pope St. Gregory II., between 715 and 731, Santa Croce was restored; and the adjoining monastery was added by Benedict VII., between 975 and 984. Lucius II., in 1144, rebuilt the church, which was much modernized by Benedict XIV. just six hundred years later. Over the high altar is a baldachino supported by four columns of precious marble, two being of *breccia-corallina*. The body of the altar is a huge urn of green basalt enclosing the relics of St. Cesarius and St. Anastasius. The tribune behind is enriched with fine frescoes by Pinturicchio, or a pupil of his; and were given to the church, during the reign of Alexander VI. (1492-1503), by the great and famous Cardinal Carvajal, who is himself shown in one of them, kneeling before the Holy Cross uplifted in the arms of St. Helena. Near the entrance of the Basilica is the most interesting metrical epitaph of Benedict VII. recording his foundation of the adjacent monastery and his other good deeds, as also the enormities of the Antipope Franco.

It was in this church that the consecration of the Golden Rose used to take place on Lætare Sunday. It will be remembered that Henry VIII. received it—returning the thorns, we suppose, to the Holy See.

Near the confession, on the right, is seen the loggia, from which takes place the exposition of the great relics which are the special treasure of this church—viz., that of the True Cross, the Title of the Cross, one of the nails of the Passion, and two thorns from Our Lord's Crown. They are kept in a chapel behind the balcony. In 1492, some repairs being ordered by Cardinal Mendoza, there was discovered, near the apex of the apse, a niche with a brick front, inscribed *Titulus Crucis*. Within was a leaden coffer containing a wooden plank a palm and a half long (about nine inches), a palm broad, and two inches thick. The board was whitened; the letters, Hebrew, Greek and Latin, were red, some of them eaten away. But enough were left to show that the inscription had been, "Jesus Nazarene, King" (of the Jews). Innocent VIII., then Pope, came with the College of Cardinals to venerate it, and Cardinal Mendoza caused it to be enclosed in a silver shrine.

From the left aisle, near the tribune, there is access to the subterranean church, where there is a Pietà; from it opens the chapel of St. Helena, the floor of which is formed of earth brought by the Empress from Calvary. Over the altar is her statue. The mosaics in the vault, restored by Zucchi in 1593, were originally placed here in the fifth century, during the pontificate of St. Leo the Great (440-461). One represents a half-length figure of Our Lord; one, the Invention of the Holy Cross; one, Pope St. Sylvester I., who dedicated the Basilica; one, St. Helena; and the others, St. Peter and St. Paul and the Evangelists.

The monastery, founded by Benedict VII., is in part occupied by Cistercians, the rest by troops. There used to be a famous library here, but during the exile of Pius VII. and the French occupation of Rome the rare and curious MSS. were taken away; some are now at the Vatican.

VIRTUE'S sentinel is work.—*Anon*

Irish Scenes and Memories.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

V.—THE TRUE LOVE OF MAGGIE MAY.

SHE was the lone sister of six brothers, but for all that Maggie May Conway was not a spoiled girl. To be sure, she was her father's "pet" and her mother's "treasure" and the idol of those six boys. But, in spite of the praising and petting and idolizing, Maggie May was the gentlest girl in Co. Limerick. Her father, Dr. John Conway, was the physician of Knockfeen village, with a practice that took him into the country for miles around. He was a good family doctor, disposed to be cheerful and sympathetic with his patients. He was especially kind to the poor, following out the maxim which Father Tracy had given him years before: "What a man gives to the poor will come back double."

Maggie May was nearly twenty-one, "tall and well-proportioned," as the people about put it. Her rich growth of hair was gold colored, and, as one of the Celtic bards said of a lady of his time, "every strand was a ray borrowed from the sun." Her features were long; her eyes mild and full of expression. Indeed, if you saw her in the still of a summer morning as she walked down the village to Mass, you would say she was the most beautiful girl you ever laid your eyes on.

Hers was not merely a physical beauty, however, which will spoil a girl who has not the good sense to keep her feet on the ground. Maggie May had a ripe mind. She had been going to school to the nuns ever since she was able to walk; and then she went to Newtownbarry, Co. Wexford, for an advanced course in the convent there. She could talk with her father about the Celtic movement in literature, and often had the better of the argument, though she rarely pressed her victory.

When Dan Donovan started a draper's shop at Knockfeen and began life for

himself, there were many who shook their heads at the "foolish venture." First of all, he had left a good position in Dublin,—that is, good as positions go in Ireland. In the second place, he was a stranger to Knockfeen, having been born at the east side of the county. But a travelling man told him a shop was needed there; and Dan went, secured a place, and began business. You may be sure the days came and went slowly enough at first; for the people were not anxious to change from old to new ways. No doubt he was a good young man, who made fine promises; but the new broom always sweeps well. And many a night Dan went to bed in the little room above his shop with a tired and sorry heart, and many a morning he woke with no new hope for the new day.

Often and often Maggie May went by the shop on little business trips to Athery. Five or six times she saw Dan standing solitary as a signpost at his door. He looked well, too, with his thoughtful face, and with a stature as tall and as brave as the son of the Fenian mother described in the song. Maggie May inquired about the stranger, heard his story, and pitied.

"Poor young man, all alone in the village, and not one of us lifting a hand to help him! 'Tis shameful, so it is!"

So next day she went to the shop, bought presents for her father and the boys—handkerchiefs, neckties, collars, and what not—till they thought the girl was taking leave of her senses entirely. Then she had a good word to say to this one and that about the new shop and the fine young man who was behind the counter. The people went, reluctantly at first, out of friendship for Maggie May; more willingly later on, because the shop was well supplied with the latest and best, and because the handsome young man was kind and obliging.

One day when Maggie May was coming back from her walk she stepped in to buy a new pair of kid gloves for her mother. Now, her mother did not need gloves at all, but the young lady felt she had a

duty to perform to the lonely draper.

"What size did you say, Miss Conway?"

"O yes, the size! I haven't thought of that. Now, let me see!" She frowned, trying to remember. "How stupid I am not to know the size of my own mother's gloves!" she said, with confusion.

Donovan came to the rescue with a timely suggestion.

"Now, Miss Conway, unless 'tis very urgent, you could call in later on, and meantime you could find out the size."

"Yes, that will be best, Mr. Donovan."

She was about to leave, when Donovan made a little speech which he had been intending to make for some time.

"Miss Conway, before you go I want to thank you as much as ever I can for the great kindness you have shown me in coming yourself and getting the people to come to my little shop. You see, I am just starting; I haven't much yet, but I hope to get on better as the months go by. Just now you have been a very good friend when I need friends most, and I hope—I hope—God will bless you for it."

"Now, Mr. Donovan, I knew you had a good shop, so I came here myself, and got my friends to come too. That's all. You have held them all by courteous attention."

The months went by, and Dan Donovan prospered even as he deserved. Always he remembered the pure young face of Maggie May that first brightened his shop and brought luck ever after, and always he was strangely glad at the thought. Many times they met and chatted, and their acquaintanceship quickened into friendship. What wonder is it that in these two young hearts friendship ripened into love? And that was what caused all the trouble.

Dr. John Conway was a good man,—let no one doubt that. But many a good man has a weakness, and Conway had his. He was an Irishman with an ambition for an Anglo-Celtic alliance. To put it concretely, he wished his Maggie May to marry a Major Sterwood, of the "Queen's

Own." He had met the Major several times in Limerick at the home of Dr. Breenly, who was a lifetime friend of his. This Major Sterwood was a relative of Dr. Breenly, and of course crossed the Channel two or three times a year to visit him and his family. On two or three occasions Dr. Conway took Maggie May with him to visit at the Breenlys', where she met the Major; and, naturally, there was "big talk and ado" about a future match. To make a long story short, the Breenlys were the means of opening negotiations for a marriage alliance between the Celtic house of John Conway, M. D., and the Anglo-Norman house of Major Sterwood, of the "Queen's Own."

The Major was not an Irishman, nor was he a Catholic. However, Sterwood was a good enough name, and he a good enough man for any woman, thought John Conway. In addition to his good name, he stood high in army circles. To be sure, he was a member of the Church of England; but, as they were to be married across the Channel, a dispensation could be easily secured, and Maggie May would be as happy as the day is long. That was how John Conway reasoned; and, to tell the truth, his wife shared his views. Not that her heart was so set on the match; but a chance like that does not come every new moon.

Early in December came the solemn night when Maggie May was to be informed by her father of her coming marriage to Major Sterwood. The fire in the grate cast a cheerful glow on the carpet of the sitting-room, and danced fitfully on the glass hangings of the chandelier. The clock on the mantelpiece beat back and forth the march of the moments, while the old grey-and-white cat purred contentedly in a plush-covered chair. By accident or by design—it is not so important either way,—both parents were alone with their daughter that winter evening. The father was evidently nervous, as most honest men are when they have something to propose which

needs diplomacy to hide its unpleasant features.

"Daughter," said the Doctor, clearing his throat—he always said "daughter" on solemn occasions,— "we have something very important to tell you to-night. You are now nearing twenty-one years complete, coming June tenth. You have always been a good, dutiful daughter, the light and comfort of your mother and myself. Of course we should like to keep you always, to brighten the house, especially when we are grown old; for we shall have to depend upon somebody else then to take care of us. But that would not be fair to you. So, after thinking it over ourselves, and talking it over with our closest friends, we have decided to arrange a match between you and Major Sterwood, the cousin of the Breenlys. In fact, we have already broached the matter; and the Major—fine gentleman that he is—has shown himself well disposed and well pleased. I feel the time has come to let you know our wishes, and what we have done in your behalf."

The Doctor felt he had said just what he intended, and had said it well. There was a profound silence. And a profound silence may be the highest tribute of appreciation or the most crushing form of disapproval.

"And now, daughter, we are waiting for a word from you," ventured the Doctor, when the long pause had grown painful.

"And what should I say, father?" she asked, her eyes watching the blaze that rose and fell behind the grate.

"Say! Why, that's a strange way to put it, daughter. Surely, you can say how thankful you are, and how happy and how fortunate."

There was a note of ill-humor in the Doctor's voice.

"Father, I can not be thankful for that which I do not consider a gift; I can not be happy for what I know would bring me only misery all my years; and

I can not call myself fortunate for that which would bring me only misfortune."

"That is unusual language to your father and mother, my girl. You don't know how long and how hard we have worked to bring this match about."

"Father, I wish you hadn't,—I wish you had left that Englishman to go his own ways." Maggie May's eyes glistened with the tears that were ready to break their barriers.

"Daughter," said Dr. Conway, in a tone that always meant the last word to his children, "we have set our hearts on this match."

"And, father," answered the girl, "I have set my heart against this match." The glistening tears were all dried up in the blaze of her eyes.

"My God, is she mad,—is the girl mad to use such language? Am I doting or do I hear the truth?"

"Father, listen one moment."

"No! Away with you, you impudent hussy! How dare you—be off!"

"John," interposed Mrs. Conway, "let her speak. The child should be heard."

Dr. Conway did not say "Yes" and he did not say "No."

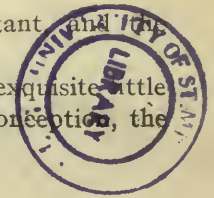
All traces of anger gone, Maggie May began:

"Father, and you mother, you have always been good to me,—very, very good. You have given me whatever my heart wanted, and more. You have never asked me for anything; though often I wished you would, so that I could show you I had a love for you in return. Now you come at last and ask me to give the heart in me to some one else. I wish I could give it, for your sakes; but I am not free. Let me say it as truly as the heart beats in me, I can never marry this Englishman."

"Go to your room!" exclaimed the Doctor.

She was gone in an instant, and the door closed behind her.

In her room there was an exquisite little statue of the Immaculate Conception, the



crushed serpent beneath the feet, the blue girdle gathering in the white robes. Before it knelt Maggie May, and prayed long and tenderly to the Virgin Mother; while abroad, the vast sky was lighted with the trembling stars.

Dr. Conway and his wife held conference far into the night. The conclusion was inevitable. It is always so in Ireland. Father Tracy was to be brought into consultation; he was to be acquainted with the proposed alliance; he was to advise, and then win over the wilful, foolish heart of Maggie May.

The consultation took place next day; and Father Tracy listened to the long narrative of eulogy for the Major, his position, possibilities, and what not.

"And now, Father Tracy, what do you think?" asked Dr. Conway, when he had finished.

"I don't know what to think. Sometimes if we'd think less and pray more, the paths we plan would be straighter and smoother."

"Well, Father, we have set our hearts on this match, and you must see Maggie May and get her to be reasonable."

"Listen to me, John Conway. We are wise in our ways, and we plot and figure, but God doesn't always figure with us. I know your Maggie May; I have seen her grow from a child up. Her heart is white,—just as white as the lily. But the lily is easily crushed till the life dies out of it, and it never grows again. I'll speak to Maggie May, John; but I will not crush the love out of her young heart, if I think the Lord God put it there."

That evening, when Maggie May, in answer to his invitation, entered his little sitting-room, Father Tracy was just finishing his Office.

"Just wait now a minute, child," he said, as he fingered the pages looking for an antiphon. "And now, Maggie May, I have something to say to you," declared the priest, when he had put aside his Breviary. Presently they were discussing the proposed alliance, "Tell me,

what is there about this English Major that makes you turn against him?"

"Father, no doubt Major Sterwood is as good as they say he is. I hope so, for it will be all the more to his credit. But how can that concern me? I have never had the least desire to marry an Englishman and leave my own country."

"But perhaps you would grow to like this—this Englishman after a while?"

"No, Father. A girl has one heart to give, and after it is given she should never take it back and give it to another."

"To another?"

"Yes, Father, to another."

"I see, — I see! So somebody else has first claim to Maggie May! Well, *well!*" (Father Tracy was silent for a while.)

"And is he one of our own people, child?"

"Indeed he is, Father, and worth more than a whole army of English officers."

"You don't tell me! And who is he?"

"Mr. Donovan."

"The draper upstreet?"

"Yes, Father."

"Well, I declare!"

The priest looked fixedly at the well-worn carpet of the sitting-room, and was lost in the mazes of his reflections. When he came back to the open, Maggie May was still waiting.

"Child, this Donovan is here only seven or eight months, and he's not rich and has no pretensions. Your father will be in a fine temper when he hears it, and many a day will go by before he consents."

"Father, I will wait."

"I believe you will," said the priest, thoughtfully.

She left presently.

Later on Father Tracy broke the news to Dr. Conway. He was an outraged man, you may be sure, and swore he would see the "hussy" dead before he would give his consent.

"Don't say that, John," cautioned the priest.

"Father, I am speaking simple truth: I'd see her dead before I'd consent to her marriage with that pauper."

"God may take up your threat, John," said the priest, as he went sadly away.

It was with a sense of crushed pride the Doctor broke off negotiations for an alliance with Major Sterwood. But you may be sure he was fully determined that if his family could not step up to the Major, it would not step down to Donovan.

Life in the Conway house went on much as before. Maggie May was quieter, the Doctor was a trifle less demonstrative; but beyond that there was no perceptible change.

Shortly after the Christmas holidays, two years later, Maggie May contracted a cold while visiting friends in Cork. In a week after her return she was in the clutches of pneumonia, and the death struggle was on.

The best physicians in Limerick came, examined and prescribed. A renowned specialist was summoned from Dublin, and with him came hope. He examined and prescribed. But Maggie May was sinking fast. Her mother sat by the bedside all the day and far into the watches of the night; her father came often, lingered a moment and went sadly away. There were times when words came incoherently from the sick girl, and there were times when she was strangely calm. In one of those calm moments she whispered to the nurse:

"Father Tracy—I want to see him!"

She had already received the last Sacraments and was prepared for the long journey. It was something else now.

"Father," she whispered when the priest was alone in the room, "I would like to see him,—I would like him to come, so I could marry him as I promised."

"And you still think of him? And you still love him?" asked the astonished priest.

"Always, always!" she said, through her parched lips, as if she were saying a prayer.

They were married that waning day in late January, with a pale sun breaking through a cloud in the blue above. They

vowed their vows till Death should them part, and Death even then was trying to set them asunder. But Death did not conquer, for Love gives life. When Maggie May looked into the eyes of Dan Donovan, she whispered:

"O Dan, Dan, I do not wish to die yet!"

"And you shan't, my own! For God doesn't want you yet, and He won't put our lives asunder so soon."

"May His will be done!" ejaculated Father Tracy.

"Father, bless us both, and your blessing will keep us together," said the young man, kneeling down before the priest and holding the feverish hand of his young wife.

"God bless and keep you together all the years, my children!" said the gentle priest, as he signed them with the Sign of the Cross.

Some of the neighbors said it was Father Tracy's blessing; a Limerick physician said it was a case of "reinforced vitality"; Moll Magee said "it was the sight of Dan Donovan himself—God bless him!—that kept the life in the girl." One can not be sure. Anyhow, Dan and Mrs. Donovan were the loveliest couple that ever entered the dear old chapel of Knockfeen two months later, when they got back from their trip to the North of Ireland.

(To be continued.)

THERE is a very remarkable title of our Blessed Lady in the Litany—Tower of David and Tower of Ivory. It means that she was very strong in soul. It is a title which exalts fortitude or strength, and is a consolation, as bringing out a side of our Blessed Lady's character which has its own attractiveness. Gentleness is one of her characteristics, but it is perhaps her strength that would have struck one most if one had lived with her. We are all attracted by strength, even if it is not accompanied by gentleness. When both are found together, they win love.

—Anon.

Thoughts on the Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

Feb. 2, Quinquagesima Sunday.

AS we draw nearer to the great season of penance, sorrow for sin and the desire of forgiveness occupy the mind of the Church. These are the special features of the liturgy of this Sunday: "Mercifully hear our prayers, O Lord, we beseech Thee; and, absolving us from the bonds of sin, preserve us from all adversity,"—such is the penitent cry of the Collect. It follows upon the confident appeal of poor human nature set forth in the Introit: "Be Thou unto me a God, a protector, and a place of refuge to save me; for Thou art my strength and my refuge. . . . In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped: let me never be confounded."

The Epistle is St. Paul's magnificent eulogium of Charity. Do what we will, suffer what we will, nothing avails us to salvation without the love and friendship of God,—this is the burden of the Apostle's teaching. Sin is the opposite of charity, just as darkness is the absence of light. St. John says: "He that loveth not abideth in death."

The Gospel shows us the poor blind beggar at the gate of Jericho. "Son of David, have mercy on me!" is his persistent cry. He is told to hold his peace; but he realizes his need, and the goodness and power of Him who is passing by, and his cry still rings aloud: "Son of David, have mercy on me!" His confidence and perseverance win for him the gift he craves.

Other portions of the liturgy echo the same sentiments of loving trust and earnest desire. "Thou art the God that alone dost wonders. . . . With Thy arm Thou hast redeemed Thy people," sings the Gradual. "The Lord, He is God. He made us, and not we ourselves," the Tract continues. "Blessed art Thou, O Lord!" cries the Offertory. "Teach me Thy justifications."

How beautifully all this is summed up in the Collect! Like the blind beggar of Jericho, we appeal for mercy, and that in the most suppliant manner possible; for we "beseech" Him first to listen to our cry, before we venture to set forth our petition. If we could better grasp the idea that we are always undeserving of God's bounty, our prayers would become more powerful as they were more penetrated with humility. If we examine the Church's formulas of prayer, we can not help realizing that this disposition is always plainly set forth.

We may distinguish in this Collect two separate petitions. The first is for deliverance from the bonds of sin, which keep the soul captive and prevent its union with God by charity. Grace alone can rescue the soul from its servitude to the devil. "Know you not," says St. Paul, "that to whom you yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants you are whom you obey, whether it be of sin unto death, or of obedience unto justice?" The cry of the sinner for deliverance will reach the ear of the God "who made us,"—the God "who doth wonders." He will receive back to favor His erring children.

The second petition is for preservation from adversity. When sin has been renounced, the penitent may hope with all confidence for the ever-ready help of God in overcoming every obstacle in the way of true and lasting happiness. For no adversity can equal that entailed by servitude to sin; when those bonds are cast off, the Christian need not fear the ills of life, which, if bravely borne, will purchase an eternal reward.

To achieve worldly wealth no toil is deemed too arduous, no sacrifice too great. Peace, health, friendship, honor itself, are offered at its shrine. Wealth has its noble uses, without doubt; but he who barter for its possession the precious jewel of his self-respect insults the majesty of duty, dishonors God, and renders himself an everlasting bankrupt.—*Anon.*

A Saint and His Picture.

ST. FRANCIS OF SALES had repeatedly declined to allow his portrait to be painted, when, in June, 1618, a devout lady conceived a plan by which to overcome his repugnance. She interviewed the holy Bishop's confessor, Father Favre; and shortly afterward the latter reproached the saint, not without some show of severity, for being the cause of many venial sins,—murmurs, complaints, uncharitable remarks, etc., made by the faithful because their Bishop would not consent to have his picture taken. The confessor concluded by advising his august penitent to amend.

St. Francis submitted with admirable simplicity. "Very well," said he: "let them have the likeness of this earthly man; but let them pray well that I may conform myself to the likeness of our Heavenly Father."

Once the artist had painted a good picture of the man of God, he made numerous copies of it, as everybody wished to have one; and, moreover, he found a means of securing quite a number of originals. Having provided himself with a portfolio of sketches of the Bishop's figure, he went to St. Francis and said: "My Lord Bishop, if you will give me some more sittings so that I may touch up these sketches from the life, you will be putting bread into my mouth; for my purse is as empty as the traditional artist's. You will keep me from lying, too; for I have to tell all who buy these pictures that they were painted in your actual presence. And, besides, Monsignor, you are so dear to me that, when—I must say it!—I don't see you, I always paint you a good deal handsomer than you really are."

The Bishop smiled, and said: "I rather think that my artist is more ingenious than ingenuous; but, however that may be, I must not be stubborn this time." Accordingly he gave the painter

a sitting of three or four hours' duration. At its conclusion the latter declared: "Monseigneur, you have to-day given me a very notable alms." And St. Francis replied, with his kindest smile: "Yes; and you have occasioned me a very notable mortification; but I forgive you on this condition—that you never again ask another alms of this kind."

Something of which Catholics Should be Ashamed.

A DISPOSITION of mind which strains our forbearance to the bursting point is that of the Catholic person who has an ever-ready apology on his lips for his Faith and all things Catholic, and an equally ready and cringing admiration for the views and work of outsiders. The disposition grows out of rank ignorance, and is fostered by a human respect as cowardly as it is inane. One such victim of this folly writes to the *Catholic News* of the manner of his disillusionment and enlightenment. He says:

I belong to that large class of Catholics who like to find fault with their own people, and so sometimes—alas! I should say frequently—I criticise our charitable works. But last week I had an experience which brought me up with a jolt, and got me to thinking I had a little restitution to make. I shall try in the future to make it. This is what happened.

I had two old ladies incurably sick with cancer; and I spent an hour and a half in the office of a big non-sectarian institution, gradually going down the ladder of hope till I reached the ground-floor, with the sign staring me in the face: "This way out." It was a case of "No tickee, no washee,"—or, in other words, "Pay up, or nothing doing." During my wait in the office I had a chance to read over last year's report, and I saw there large sums of money paid by the city of New York for the keep of patients, and a long list of special benefactors, some of whom were Catholics.

I went home doing a heap of thinking, and immediately telephoned to the House of Calvary at 5 Perry Street. It was rude to telephone, but I did. I explained the case to the Sister, not mentioning anything of my morning's experience; and before I got halfway through she said: "Send both old ladies to us at once."

Moreover, she added: "Whenever you come across any such cases in the future, let us have them without delay."

The class of Catholics "who like to find fault with their own people,"—there you have them characterized, the meanest of the mean. Contrast with their attitude the disposition of outsiders, distinguished non-Catholics in all the walks of life, who are vying with one another in their commendation and appreciation of Catholic genius and Catholic activity. In the last year two works of apologetics for the Church have been compiled on the basis of just such evidence. Of course there are defects in men and methods and institutions. But the people who shout their criticism from the housetops are not the ones to come down and take up the burden and help to make things better. Let us leave the fault-finding and detraction to the enemies of religion, who are numerous and active enough.

The class of Catholics "who like to find fault with their own people" has, too, an intellectual or academic wing. They are our "advanced thinkers"; some of them fall under another designation formed by Papal judgment. But, without being Modernists, these Catholics have high regard for the "method" and "temper" of heterodox and rationalistic writers, and a corresponding scorn for the slow, if sure-footed, wisdom of Catholic scholars. This phase of the delusion is well analyzed in a recent issue of *America*, in an article called "A Snare of Rationalism," by the Rev. Henry Woods, S. J. Referring more especially to the study of Scripture, he says: "This manufacturing of reputations for the unorthodox, and the systematic depreciation of the orthodox, is a common practice of the adversaries of the truth. Haeckel is a great biologist; Wasmann is a petty dabbler. Acton was an historian of tremendous weight, though his letters to Mary Gladstone will hardly bear this out. There are few works so overrated as the Cambridge Modern History, which he

planned. Its articles are superficial, worthy only of a magazine. It is expanded to twelve large volumes by means of large print, wide margins, and copious bibliographies. The modern bibliography is a base imposition. It is purely mechanical, rarely indicating an author's research." And further Fr. Woods writes:

We have our historians of real worth, men of laborious research,—Gasquets, Stevensons, Pollens, Bede Camms, Moyes, Janssens, and others too numerous to mention. But the world ignores them; no self-sufficient journalist ever calls them scholarly, learned, or profound. We have had our writers who, had they been against us, would have won fame. Where is there such an author on ethics and natural right in the rationalist host as Tapparelli, reconstructing with rigorous logic the scholastic system of ethics, to whom his successors, though not agreeing with him absolutely, acknowledge themselves to owe so much? Where can one find amongst our enemies such philosophers as the Neo-Thomists, Kleutgen, Liberatore, Zigliara, Cornoldi, to mention only those who have passed from this world? The Church has amongst its faithful sons intellects of the highest order, and the cure for Rationalism amongst its children to-day is to study their works, not to scoff at them.

A final word and we have done with this detestable snobbishness. Catholic writers in general, especially in our country, fall under this ignorant ostracism. How many Catholics, we wonder, have read "The Golden Rose," for example, "Come Rack! Come Rope!" or "The Light of the Vision"? Yet these ought to be Catholic "best-sellers"; and, incidentally, they have not their superiors as works of fiction among the "six best-sellers" of the last twenty years. It is high time for Catholics to "come to." Living in an environment certainly not Catholic—rather anti-Catholic,—we are apt to take on the complexion of the time; we are prone to misprise and overlook ourselves. But the Church to-day, and Catholic men and women to-day, as in every age of our history, in whatever field of activity they enter, are making high and shining marks upon the world around them.

Notes and Remarks.

The enemies of the Church in France must be asking themselves nowadays whether the abolition of the Concordat was really so great an anti-Catholic victory as they were pleased to believe it. Judging by results in Paris, the Church has snatched real triumph out of apparent defeat. While the Concordat was in force there were only 77 parishes in Paris for a population of 2,888,000 (about 37,000 souls per parish). Since the present Archbishop of Paris felt himself free to undertake the work of church extension, he has founded as many as nine new parishes in the city, and fifteen in the suburbs. The new churches erected bring religious services and Catholic influence to a population estimated at 631,500 people. The *Liberté*, and even the *Lanterne*, Parisian newspapers which can not be suspected of any Catholic bias, confess that the Catholic churches in Paris now are to be found crowded, and that they never were so well attended. All of which simply proves that Providence still knows how to bring good out of evil.

A Wisconsin corporation the other day paid a fine of \$2,000 the minimum penalty impossible for some two hundred and odd specific violations of the Child Labor Law. A repetition of the offence, it is to be hoped, will entail, not a comparatively small fine, but a genuinely long imprisonment of the corporation's head or manager. The violations in question occurred in a factory. Still worse than factory offences, however, is the abuse of tenement or "home" work. "Of all the blots upon our industrial civilization," says the editor of *Collier's Weekly*, "this 'sweating' system is perhaps the biggest and the blackest."

Home indeed! Two rooms, or one, in a crowded, dirty tenement, — airless, dark, cluttered beyond belief with the mixed-up refuse of daily living and incessant toil; rank

with the germs of the dread diseases that come from hunger and crowding and promiscuous living, cold and cheerless and sad. Only a sort of workshop, but infinitely worse than any shop; for here there are no laws against long hours, child labor, unsanitary conditions, — only unceasing, monotonous toil for less than enough to pay for daily bread. Seventy-five per cent of all the finishing work done in the garment industry of New York is done in this way. Not only is this form of work in itself intolerable, but it drags down the scale of wages in the factory work and seriously menaces the health of the rest of the population. No home is so far away from New York that one of these infected garments may not reach it. The contractors say that if any one concern abolishes home work it will at once be ruined by competition with others which do not. This may or may not be true. But the question should not be left for the disputing parties to decide. In a case so intimately bound up with the welfare of the whole community, the conditions should be regulated by law.

Regulated, yes; for of course a law prohibiting indiscriminately every species of home work done for the factories would produce almost as many evils as it would remedy. Judicious study of the conditions, however, and a modicum of common-sense in framing statutes adequately to meet them, would immeasurably improve the sad lot of innumerable daily and nightly toilers.

Unless Joseph Dutton, better known perhaps as "Brother Joseph," the self-sacrificing friend of the lepers of Molokai, has passed away (we hope not) since our last message from him—it is postmarked Jan. 4, 1913, — he has had the rather unusual experience of reading his own obituary. He will be no less amused than surprised at many of the published statements concerning himself, some of which are too absurd for contradiction. But Joseph Dutton is a very busy man and a very matter-of-fact one, and we doubt if he will spend much time over these obituary notices. He has imbibed too deeply the spirit of Father Damien to care what the world may say of him. No one who knows all the facts of his strange

vocation—they are known to but few—would think of publishing them until the news of his death was confirmed. Let us hope, for the sake of the lepers and the lepers' friends at Molokai, that this will not be the case for years to come. Only one like Charles Warren Stoddard, whose little book, "The Lepers of Molokai," first drew Brother Joseph's attention to the Hawaiian lazaretto, could fittingly tell the story, full of romance and pathos, of his conversion and vocation.

The Sister of Charity in China, to whom we have been sending our readers' alms for the famine and cyclone sufferers, and contributions toward the erection of a church in a district where the native Christians are eager to practise their new-found religion, and the pagans are hardly less so to be instructed in it, writes:

Great disasters are the means generally used by Almighty God in China to open the eyes of the poor pagans, slaves of the devil, the world, and the flesh, to the beauty of Christian charity; and they usually end in numerous conversions. But without money the efforts of the missionaries are greatly retarded. What is the use of speaking of a loving, merciful God to a poor man who is shivering from cold and perishing from hunger, unless you prove that the religion of which you speak to him inspires those who follow it, not only to love God above all things, but their neighbors as themselves for His sake? Therefore, you try to secure for him the food and clothing supplied from the store of Divine Providence. Then he will love you and believe what you tell him.

By their generous alms, our readers are thus, at the same time, practising charity and propagating the Faith. The zealous missionary in charge of the temporary chapel, which he hopes soon to replace with a church, has written to say how greatly edified he is to see the poor—men, women, and children—crowd to the chapel for Mass, walking miles even in snow and rain, filling every available space, and waiting patiently for confession and Communion. "The chapel is very poorly furnished, having no carpet for the altar step, and only tin candlesticks. A wooden

crucifix is the best I have been able to secure for the altar. But I suppose by degrees Our Lady will find means to furnish her house. Meanwhile the materials are being gathered and foundations are laying for the church. This will give employment to many of our poor neophytes during the winter."

"The suffering in the district devastated by the cyclone will be awful this winter," writes another missionary,—one who for two days and nights was in the middle of the storm, and witnessed all its horrors. He and his fellow-priests are now distributing flour and rice in the ruined villages, hearing tales of woe everywhere,—people entreating for clothes and covering for children at night. "But, alas! the demand is far too great for the supply."

Only three or four months ago, when a writer in one of the leading English reviews asserted that the Catholic Faith was unquestionably making steady progress throughout the Kingdom, there was a storm of denials from the sectarian press,—so furious a storm that it could not be expected to last long; however, the editor of the *British Congregationalist* should not have forgotten it so soon. He now corroborates the much-abused reviewer's statement by declaring in a recent issue of his journal: "Undoubtedly Romish influence in the Church of England is increasing. The Roman Catholic Church is striving to recapture England. Convents are springing up in all parts of the country. Schools are being opened and supported by Nonconformists.... All Protestants must prepare to resist the evil influences of Rome."

Something really ought to be done, or the people of England will all be reduced to the condition of the old lady who had no place to go. She was taking her usual drive one day last summer, and, seeing a church in course of erection, inquired of her coachman: "What church is that, Michael?"—"Tis a Catholic church,

ma'am, I'm thinking by the size of the cross that's upon it," he answered. A little farther on she noticed a large new building, and asked what it was. "A convent, ma'am," replied Michael, who mischievously drove past an orphan asylum soon afterward, and volunteered the information that it was just erected by a community of exiled French nuns,—"God be good to thim!" The old lady relapsed into silence, whereupon Michael became more loquacious, pointing out every new Catholic institution that he passed. He had just indicated a second church and a school, when his mistress lost her temper and exclaimed: "Drive on,—drive on, Michael! Very soon we Protestants will have no place to go." Michael afterward declared that he thought of a place but refrained from naming it. "And, mind ye, I'm not saying now what place it is, or the kind it is."

"One may now be proud of being a Serb," writes an officer of the Servian Army in a letter to his mother, a lengthy extract from which is published in the *London Tablet*. After recounting the wondrous victories over the Turks achieved by the Servians, he continues: "War is certainly terrible, horrid, and cruel, but necessary. It has shown what stuff we were made of, and it has done what 'humane, peaceful, and civilized Europe' has been shirking for several centuries. We have certainly done great and good work, a real crusade, whatever may be said."

"A. C." (a sister of this officer, if we mistake not, and a Catholic) tells in the same paper of her experiences in a Servian hospital where for some time past she has been a nurse. Her observations go to show that the Serbs, though schismatics, are animated by the spirit of the Crusaders of old. She writes:

A great many of the wounded from Monastir refused to follow the doctors' orders concerning diet during the Advent fast; for they were anxious to receive Holy Communion, and, according to the precepts of the Orthodox

Church, preparation for the Sacrament includes seven days of black fast. Nor do the Servians fail in the matter of devotion and reverence to the Mother of God, *Bogoroditsa*. In many hospital wards a red light burns day and night in front of the ikon. True resignation is met with under the most poignant circumstances. "It is very much better that I have lost my hand than my leg, don't you think?" one poor fellow said to me, glancing at the stump of his right arm. "But, of course, most pleasure in life is gone from me now," he added; "I can never again reap nor dig nor mow."

I have never noticed any rancor against the Turk, whom they hated with a frank, open hatred as their natural enemy,—they being Christian, he being Moslem. One of them showed me a matchbox which he had taken from the dead foe. "I will never use it," he said, "except to light my ikon lamp on Christmas Day!"

There are always at least two sides to every question, and each is safe to have its advocates. While there is no need to doubt the patriotism of the American legislator who deems it unadvisable to admit into this country as a prospective citizen any immigrant incapable of reading his native language, it is not at all a certainty that the country's best interests will be served by the passage of such a law. As the *New York Sun* points out, there is still in this Republic of ours an incalculable amount of rough, hard work to be done, and the doing of it postulates brawn and muscle rather than literacy in either English or a foreign tongue. Thousands of illiterate honest men, and other thousands of more or less educated scoundrels, flock to this country year after year; and laws that admit the latter while excluding the former may well inspire doubt as to their wisdom and efficiency.

A writer in the *Chicago Israelite* is impressed with the success achieved during its still brief career by the Catholic Church Extension Society. He says:

Since it has gone into this propaganda work it has achieved results that show that it was no mistake to have undertaken it. From a report just sent out by the Society it is learned that ninety-three chapels have been built

during the past year through the efforts of this organization. The report states that during the seven years of the existence of the Society 630 chapels have been erected. That certainly shows great activity, and indicates that there was necessity for such an organization in the Catholic Church. . . . The Synagogue and School Extension Department of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations has been in existence a little longer than the Catholic Extension Society; and, while it is doing a great amount of work — work that it can be proud of, — it has not succeeded in beginning to do what the Catholic society has done.

There were not wanting among Catholics themselves, seven years ago, and quite possibly are not wanting even now, critics who "viewed with alarm" the innovations in oldtime missionary work which the Extension Society advocated. These timid and ultra-conservative persons should take notice of the foregoing tribute, and note the source of it.

The following reference to the charities of the Duke of Norfolk occurs in a character study of him, appearing in the *London Sketch*. The paragraph tells also of the characteristic kindness and humility and self-sacrifice of the English Catholic nobleman:

The largest charity is not too large, nor the smallest too small, for him. He has entertained fifty thousand school-children in Norfolk Park, and he has travelled fifty miles to give prizes at a small village school of thirty souls. He gives Norfolk Park to Sheffield or his seat to an old lady with the same willingness. On one occasion he made a special journey from London to be present at a children's concert at Angmering, in Sussex. At the station, where his carriage was in readiness, he observed a woman with a large parcel in her arms, and immediately invited her into the carriage with him, as the wind was bitterly cold. But she was going the opposite way — with the result that she had the carriage and he walked!

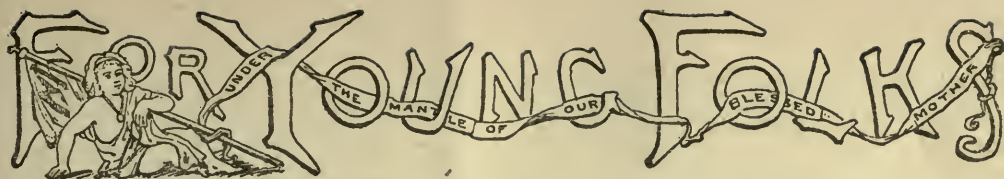
It is gratifying to learn that, even at this late day, justice is being done to the memory of John Dryden, author of "The Hind and the Panther." The eighth volume of the Cambridge History of English Literature is styled "The Age of Dryden";

and in the course thereof the converted poet, whom Macaulay rather acridly called "the illustrious renegade," gets his deserts. "Catholic readers," says Papyrus in the *London Catholic Times*, "will be pleased to know that

Dr. Ward defends John Dryden's conversion to the Faith from every accusation of self-seeking or inconsistency. Had Charles II. lived, there is no reason to suggest that Dryden would have failed to follow his principles and taken the step which led him to allegiance to Rome. 'As already hinted,' says Dr. Ward, 'the supposition that this step was, or might have been expected by him to be, to the advantage of his worldly interests is not worth discussing. The intellectual process which led to it, and to the ultimate completion of which "Religio Laici" points, was neither unprecedented nor unparalleled. . . . There is no single known fact in his life to support the conclusion that he changed his faith for the sake of gain. Nor can his consistent adherence to the Church which had now received him be explained away by the insinuation that another change would not have been of any use to him. It is sometimes forgotten that his political was consistent with his religious loyalty; and that, under the new régime, he declined to take the oaths which might have secured to him the continuance of at least a measure of the royal favor.'"

Dryden, as everyone knows, was no saint, nor are all his works unobjectionable; but that he changed his religion to fatten his purse is a historic lie that every Catholic student of English literature will be glad to see nailed at last.

"To the victors belong the spoils" is a political maxim so very generally acted upon, openly or by indirection, by all parties in this country, that it is distinctly refreshing to hear President-elect Wilson dissenting therefrom. "If men are to know," he says, "that a mere change of administration is to empty an office, no matter how they have deserved to be reappointed, there is not anything of justice or public right left." The point appears to be very well taken. Effective public service should, on the face of the matter, be the determining factor in the retention or dismissal of any and all public officials.



Rose and Thorn.

BY CECIL UNDERWOOD.

WHEN Mary was a little child,
Beside her door there grew
A blushing rose of fragrance sweet,
With leaves of fairest hue.
But 'neath the rose Our Lady knew
A piercing thorn had grown,
And prophets said the rose tree's life
Would symbolize her own.
She wondered how it could be so.
But lo! on Easter morn,
She knew the rose was Bethlehem,
And Calvary the thorn.

White Eagle.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN, AUTHOR OF
"BILLY-BOY," ETC.

V.—A MORNING BATTLE.

THE sun shone out next morning as if it had never known cloud or storm; the wind, blowing from the west, had the softness of spring. The white cowl of San Pedro glistened fair and whole upon the mountain's brow, but fell into fringes upon the ridge, as the snow trickled into little streams that bore life and verdure to the slopes and the valley. In the rocky gorge below Batty Bob's "chimney" a group of men were gathered round the long, tawny thing they had found dead in the morning light—the huge panther, or "mountain lion," as some called it, that had been preying for nights on the flocks and the folds. Nothing so fierce and terrible had been seen on San Pedro for years, all the lookers-on agreed, as Lone Jack measured the long, sinuous body

from tip to tail; and they noted the fearful strength of teeth and claw, unusual even in these deadly prowlers of the night.

"That ar critter don't belong here," said Batty Bob, who took a personal pride in San Pedro and all that it held. "We don't hev no sech bloodthirsty varmints 'bout these here parts. Why, jest look at that jaw! It's got the snap of a steel trap. Them durned railroads, with their screeches and snorts, is hunting all the wild critters out of their way down to us. We orter kick about it,—we sartinly orter kick. Turning man-eating critters like this loose on us to gobble up our kids! What kep them children from being chewed into hash I don't know."

"I do: it was that!" said Lone Jack grimly, as he pointed to the long, dark mark on the animal's tawny hide, the scorch of Don's firebrand.

"And if there is one thing that makes a wild critter cavort it surely is fire," put in Old Grizzle, who had shuffled with some difficulty to the spot. "Wind and water at their wust the varmints will stand; but fire gits them, and Carruther's kid had sense enough to know it. My, but that boy has gumption! I don't wonder Big Seth brags on him so much. He surely has gumption!"

And this was the general verdict of San Pedro, as the story went over the mountain and the valley; and old and young strayed to the gulch to see the long, tawny creature, with its scarred hide, lying prone upon the rocks.

Don, who had slept late after his exciting experience, came with the rest, to find Dick Pratt and his father there before him. Joel Pratt, a hard-headed Yankee, who had come to San Pedro in search of health, was "running a store," and gathering in the scant coin of the

few dwellers around the old mission. Dick was about Don's age, tall and skinny and sharp, and looking out for every chance to "do" the simple-minded people about him. But Dick's sharpness did not extend to "doing" mountain lions, and he was standing awestruck before the great dead beast when Don came leaping down the ridge, with old Tobe at his heels, to see their fallen enemy.

"Easy, Tobe,—easy!" said Don, as the dog began to sniff and growl. "There's no fight in him now. He's down and out for sure. Whew!" whistled Don, as he reached the "critter's" side. "He *was* a whopper!"

"Why, I thought you got him!" said Dick, for the story had travelled round with the usual variations.

"I?" said Don. "No-o: Big Seth shot him. I hadn't anything but my jackknife, and that was broken. I only made a fire to keep him off."

"To keep him off!" echoed Dick, who was enviously anxious to take down the young hero of the past night. "You were a fool to stand and face a panther. Why didn't you run?"

"Because Nona couldn't,—she had hurt her foot and wasn't able even to walk," answered Don, simply. "I tell you it was lucky we got home safe, with that thing loose in the snow." When it came skulking down the trail last night, I said some prayers, you bet; and then I let a burning stick fly. I didn't think I could hit him, but I did. Gosh, didn't he howl! I've been thinking about our ponies, Dick," he said, changing the subject as if it were of no further interest; "and I don't believe I'll swap."

"Why not?" asked Dick, his face darkening. "You were ready enough yesterday."

"I know," said Don; "that is, I said I'd think it over, and I've thought. Your Scip is the biggest and best-looking, I'll agree."

"Worth two of that little rat-tailed Tony of yours," said Dick.

"Then what do you want to swap for?" asked Don, gravely.

"Oh, because—because I'd train him!" answered Dick. "I'd take down his dander. I'd put Dutch Hans to ride him with a pair of spurs that would soon cure him of his tricks."

Don's grey-blue eyes suddenly flashed into fire.

"Then you'll never get him," he said. "Dutch Hans that weighs more than an ox,—Dutch Hans driving spurs into my poor Tony! Dutch Hans! Never will I swap with you now, not if you gave me all the silver in your father's drawer to boot."

"Pshaw!" said Dick, who had reasons of his own for getting possession of Don's fiery little mustang. "You jump at everything a fellow says before it is out of his mouth, Don. Of course I wouldn't let Dutch Hans ride Tony, if it would hurt him. I'd be a fool to do that."

"You will never get him," said Don, his eyes still ablaze. "I do not know why I thought of it, except that your Scip looked so big and tall, and my legs are growing longer every day. And Nona could ride him; I dare not trust her on Tony, who would buck, if the notion took him, on the very edge of La Corta itself. But when I thought it over last night, I found I could not give him up."

"Well, if you are going back on your bargain like that!" said Dick. "I thought you always stuck to your word."

"And I do," answered Don. "But I gave you no word. I said I would think, and I have thought: I thought of it as we came home from the *fiesta* yesterday. I thought—no, I could not think when Winona and I were out in the snow, with the panther crying on the rocks; but I thought when I came home and lay on the skin before the fire, with Tobe and Tad. Tony is, like them, my friend. My father always told me never to give up a friend even if it was a dog or a horse, so I will keep Tony," concluded Don de-

cisively. "There is no use to talk about it any more: I *have* thought."

"All right!" said Dick, angrily. "You won't get a chance to swap again. There's a fellow at the pass ready to give me fifty dollars down for Scip, and I'll take it. But I thought you wanted him. I ought to have had more sense than to believe a slippery fool of a half-Indian would tell the truth—"

The sneer died upon Dick's lips. With the spring of a young panther, Don was at him.

"Take that back!" he cried fiercely. "Take that back, Dick Pratt. I do tell the truth. Take that back, or I'll—I'll choke you!"

"He will," shrieked Old Grizzle, in his cracked voice, as the two boys, who had been talking somewhat apart from their elders, clenched and rolled on the rocks.

"Catch 'em,—hold 'em! Pull the young rascals apart before they kill each other!"

Lone Jack made a stride forward and caught Don in an iron grip, but his voice was very low and calm.

"Let go, my boy!" he said. "Let go, or you'll be sorry. Let go, Don!"

Don's fierce clutch relaxed at the words. Panting and trembling, he staggered up in Lone Jack's strong, friendly hold, while the gasping Dick was helped to his feet by his frightened father.

"You young savage, I'll have the law on ye for this!" said Mr. Joel Pratt, shaking his fist at Don.

"What law?" asked Lone Jack, with a blaze in his sunken eyes. "That boy of yours called names we don't stand for out here. We've got a law of our own, and we hold to it."

"Ye do, do ye?" sneered Joel, an ugly look darkening his sallow face. "I've sort of heerd whispers that you hedn't always been so consarned pertikler yourself."

"Maybe not," answered Jack, his voice cool and hard. "But there's one law I carry round in my hip pocket," and he touched the muzzle of his revolver,—“a

law that is very strong against meddling, Mr. Pratt. Come, Don! You and I both seem to have struck a snag here this morning. Let us get out. I promised Bonita to bring her a hare for her potpie she brags about as fit for a queen. Let us go hustle for our dinner."

He laid his hand on Don's shoulder, as he spoke, with a friendly comradeship unusual in Lone Jack, who usually kept to himself in grim reserve; and the man and boy turned away together over the snow-clad heights.

Don was still shaking from his outburst of passion. Jack noted how the boy's breast was heaving, his breath coming in quick, short pants. When the blood of the Eagles' boiled, it was slow to cool. Don could not talk yet, as Lone Jack understood; so he went on in the light tone of contempt that he thought would soothe the boy's unspoken feelings.

"They're mean, low cusses, those Pratts, father and son,—regular land sharks, gobbling up every penny they can reach, grabbing at every chance. They ain't worth an honest hit, an honest kick. Best let critters like that wriggle on their slimy way, and not bother with them, kid."

"He said—he said I didn't tell the truth." (Don's voice was still husky and quavering.) "Gosh, I got mad at that! Something flamed up in me like fire. I felt as if I could kill him."

"Don't say that," replied Jack, quickly. "Don't feel it, my boy. It's bad for you."

"I know," said Don. "Padre Francisco tells me so always. It is a sin."

"Oh, I don't know about that!" said Jack, whose ideas on the subject of sin were rather vague; "but for a minute or so up there, you certainly were dangerous."

"Yes," assented Don again; "and it was a sin,—a great sin. I'm sorry."

"So am I," said Jack. "Those mean skunks of Pratts ain't worth the tussle; and, like as not, that measly little rat will be trying some dirty trick on you to even up. You'll have to watch out for him."

"Pooh! I'm not afraid of that," said Don. "But I'm sorry,—sorry I got so fiery mad."

"Oh, I wouldn't bother about that!" answered Lone Jack, lightly. "But there is a hot, high spirit in you, my boy; and you'll have to hold on to it with a tight rein. And who is to teach you I'm sure I don't know," added Jack to himself, as he thought of Seth's talk over the cabin fire the night before,—of how the boy was just to grow,—grow like the oaks and the cedars about him. Just grow!

Lone Jack dimly realized that there was but one voice to guide the fiery young Eagle—the failing voice of the old Padre in the valley; one star to lead him—San Pedro's altar light.

(To be continued.)

He Took Notice.

A recent writer recalls the old story of a party of Arabs in search of a lost camel, over a wide stretch of desert. As they travelled they met an aged dervish, with a white beard and venerable look; and this dialogue took place:

"Have you seen a stray camel?"

"Was the beast blind in one eye?"

"Yes."

"Was he lame in his left hind leg?"

"Yes."

"Had he lost a tooth in the right jaw?"

"Yes."

"I have not seen your camel," said the dervish, "but—"

"How then," the disappointed Arabs interrupted, "can you describe him so accurately?"

"Simply because I observe small things," was the dervish's defence. "On my way I noticed the track of a camel in the sand. By the lighter impression of one of the hoofs on the dust I perceived he was lame; by the manner in which the tufts of grass were eaten on one side more than the other, I learned that one eye was sightless; by the jagged edges

of the bitten grass, I knew that he had lost a tooth. I saw not your camel, but I can point to you where his track was leading, so that you may easily overtake him."

Thus, by keeping one's eyes open, one may learn much that is hidden from the unobservant.

How Bismarck Reformed His Shoemaker.

Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor of Germany, was very particular about having everything done on time; and when anybody disappointed him he was apt to take unusual, though generally effective, measures to cure the offender.

A shoemaker had once promised him that a pair of shoes would be finished at such a time. The shoemaker failed to keep his word,—a thing, it seems, he had lately got into the habit of doing. The next morning he was awakened at six o'clock by a messenger, who asked if the shoes were ready. Every ten minutes throughout the day he reappeared with the same question.

At first the shoemaker was stubborn and thought that he would make the great Bismarck wait. No one else could suit him so well. But as the messenger appeared regularly without fail at the end of each ten minutes, even while the shoemaker was eating his dinner and supper, he finally decided that he would swallow his pride—since he could not swallow his food in peace—for the sake of a good night's sleep. So he hurried up and finished the shoes late that night, doubtless breathing more easily when at last they were delivered to the waiting messenger.

It is probable that the shoemaker took good care never to disappoint Prince Bismarck again.

THE beautiful magnolia was so named after Pierre Magnol, who was professor of botany at Montpellier in the seventeenth century.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. Benziger Brothers publish a new edition, revised and enlarged, of Bishop McFaul's excellent Pastoral Letter on the Christian Church, already noticed in these columns.

—Two addresses to students, papers replete with valuable historical information, are contained in "A History of Education in New Mexico," a pamphlet by Benjamin M. Read, of Santa Fé, New Mexico.

—An index volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia will soon be issued. Besides the usual analytical index, it will contain such supplementary matter as may be necessary to round out the treatment of certain subjects, and especially to bring up to date some of the articles in the earlier volumes of the work.

—From the Convent of the Visitation, Wilmington, Delaware, comes a little book entitled "Lights and Counsels of the Rt. Rev. Alfred Allen Curtis, D. D., former Bishop of Wilmington." That simple and saintly prelate, wise and learned though he was, never posed as a sage or a scholar, yet he was wondrously versed in the things of God. Many of these sayings of his have an unction and a power not to be found in similar works of more pretentious claim. Published by the John Murphy Co. The price, we fear, is prohibitive.

—The recent death of Father Moritz Meschler, S. J., removes alike a distinguished member of the Society of Jesus and a noted writer on ascetical subjects. Born a Swiss, Father Meschler wrote in German, but his works were early translated into English. Of these the best known in this country are: "The Gift of Pentecost," a series of meditations on the Holy Ghost; "The Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God"; and "Three Fundamental Principles of the Spiritual Life." Long a master of novices and for years editorially connected with the *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*, he was able to unite solidity and depth of religious instruction with literary expression of no mean order. R. I. P.

—Mgr. R. H. Benson's "Confessions of a Convert," which were read with so much interest when they appeared in THE AVE MARIA, and for which there have been constant demands in book-form, will soon be published by Longmans, Green & Co. This is an especially welcome announcement. The book is a record of the author's religious life and development, with accounts of the various stages of belief through which he passed, and of the influences which

bore upon him. It includes sketches of his home education, his school life, his ministry as a parochial clergyman in town and country, his membership in an Anglican religious community, and finally the stages by which he came to submit to The Church and his experiences in the Fold itself.

—"The Indian Trail down the White Water Valley" is the title of a monograph in which Mr. J. L. Heinemann seeks to preserve and perpetuate traditions that antedate the making of history in the neighborhood of Connersville, Indiana. This interesting brochure is dedicated to the pupils of St. Gabriel's Catholic school in that city.

—"The Early Sea People," by Katharine Elizabeth Dopp (Rand McNally & Co.), is the fourth volume of their Industrial and Social History Series. A stoutly bound, illustrated book of 224 pages, it gives in the form of a story an interesting account of the ancestors of the Teutons and Scandinavians. It should prove an attractive volume for the average school boy or girl.

—A beautifully printed book from the Devin-Adair Co., is "Songs for Sinners," by the Rev. Hugh Francis Blunt. The collection is dedicated to the memory of the Rev. Edward M. Rafter. Father Blunt's quality is well known to readers of THE AVE MARIA; indeed, some of these poems are reprinted from it. We quote one of the best of the shorter pieces.

GOD'S WORLD.

There is a flower that blows
On the desert wild
Where no man ever goes:
Oh, vain that flower smiled!
No man—yet God can see
How fair a flower may be.

There is a bird that sings
In the woodland drear;
But trees are lifeless things—
No man the song will hear.
No man—but God can tell
If birds are singing well.

—The paper on "Lourdes and the Holy Eucharist," read at the Eucharistic Congress in Vienna last year by the Rev. Paul Aucler, S. J., has been translated from the French by E. Duncan Boothman, M. A., and published as a penny pamphlet by R. & T. Washbourne. Fr. Aucler does not hesitate to say of Lourdes: "Since Apostolic times, there is, undoubtedly, no place in the world where man has so constantly been in close contact with the supernatural." The pamphlet is one of exceptional

interest because of a lengthy note by the translator, formerly a clergyman of the Church of England, the remarkable cure of whose son, Joseph Boothman, is narrated by Father Aucler. A separate detailed account of this cure, which took place on May 22, 1907, would be welcome to a great many readers to whom much of what Fr. Aucler has to say is already familiar.

—The following announcement in the *Month* for January will be of deep interest to all who have been wishing for a revised English translation of the Latin Vulgate Bible. Our readers will remember the efforts made many years ago to secure Cardinal Newman's learning and literary skill for this great undertaking. It is not explained why the work is not now postponed—one would think that it had better be—until the labors of Abbot Gasquet and his associates have been completed:

An endeavor is being made by certain Catholic scholars to carry out suggestions offered in this periodical some years ago as to the production of a Catholic version worthy in every way of the unique character of the Sacred Writings. As an experiment, a new translation from the original Greek of St. Paul's Epistles to the Thessalonians (probably the first of the New Testament in order of time) has been prepared and equipped with all accessories in the way of Introduction and notes necessary for their complete understanding. It is proposed to print this "rationally,"—i. e., without the present interruption of verse-divisions and with a natural arrangement of chapters and paragraphs, so that at least the meaning is not unnecessarily obscured by its method of presentation. If this first *fasciculus* meets with acceptance from educated Catholics, the work of translating the rest of St. Paul, and in time the whole Bible itself, will be proceeded with.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Songs for Sinners." Rev. Hugh F. Blunt. \$1.
- "Illustrated History of New Mexico." Benjamin M. Read. \$10.
- "Twelve Catholic Men of Science." Edited by Sir Bertram Windle. \$1.25.
- "History of the Roman Breviary." Mgr. Pierre Batiffol, Litt. D. \$3, net.
- "A Pilgrim of Eternity: The Story of a Unitarian Minister." Rev. George S. Hitchcock, D. D. 60 cts.

- "The Heliotropium." Jeremias Drexelius, S. J. \$2, net.
- "Columbus and His Predecessors." Charles H. McCarthy, Ph. D. 50 cts.
- "Faustula." John Ayscough. \$1.35.
- "Glimpses of Heaven." Sister M. Aquinas, O. S. B. 50 cts.
- "Lances Hurlled at the Sun." Rev. James Cotter. \$1.
- "Your Neighbor and You." Rev. E. F. Garesché, S. J. 75 cts.
- "Socialism from the Christian Standpoint." Fr. Bernard Vaughan, S. J. \$1.50, net.
- "Life of St. Francis of Assisi." Fr. Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. \$3.50, net.
- "Two and Two Make Four." Bird S. Coler. \$1.62.
- "The Teacher's Companion." Brother De Sales, M. A. \$1, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. George Newton, of the diocese of Southwark; and Rt. Rev. Mgr. Stafford, diocese of Newark.

Sister M. Redempta, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Brigida, of the Poor Clares; Sister M. Ruth and Sister M. Elizabeth, Sisters of Mercy; and Sister M. Genevieve, Order of the Visitation.

Mr. Joseph Picquet, Miss Eliza Woods, Mr. William Rourke, Mr. Patrick O'Brien, Mrs. Anna B. White, Mr. Maurice Richmond, Jr., Miss Mary Cullen, Miss Marie Thompson, Mr. Edward O'Connell, Mr. William Alexander, Miss Anna Fitzsimmons, Mr. Edward Bamberry, Mr. Philip J. Kelly, Mr. Albert Borowski, Miss Nellie Ryan, Mr. Anthony Danuser, Mrs. W. H. Kinsella, Mr. Henry Doerr, Mrs. Peter Lynch, Mr. Joseph Ehret, Mr. Frank Fischer, Mr. Martin O'Brien, Mrs. Mary O'Brien, Mr. Charles Ferner, Mr. John Ryan, Mr. C. A. Goodwin, Mr. William Lyons, Mr. Charles Hackmann, Mrs. Ellen Fitzgerald, Mr. Oliver Jones, Mr. John J. Ahern, Miss Mary Hall, Mrs. Josephine Tighe, Mr. George Menke, and Mr. Arthur Linck.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the famine and cyclone sufferers:

J. E. F., \$2; Miss A. E. McC., \$2; T. M. G., \$10; per Mrs. C. E. Q., \$14.50.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Tollhouse.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

A TOLLHOUSE stands where the road stops short;

And the tollman never sleeps,
But night and day beside the way
The portals grim he keeps.

And none may halt or turn aside
When the tollhouse comes in view;
For the tollman stands with outheld hands
For that which is his due.

Or sturdy youth or tottering old,
The blind or those who see,
Or stiff with pride, or humble-eyed,—
Each one must pay the fee.

But who should fear the tollhouse gate
Or the tollman's stern demand?
For beyond the wall there waits for all
A face, a voice, a hand!

A Sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin in Holland.

BY PETER CONWAY, O. S. B.



AMSTERDAM, the busiest town in Holland, is a place much frequented by English-speaking people during the summer months. It is not to be wondered at that so picturesque a town should attract many visitors. Though the title "Venice of the North," which is sometimes applied to it, is an exaggeration, for the deep blue Italian sky is never seen in that part, yet Amsterdam resembles Venice on ac-

count of its numerous picturesque canals.

Out of the many thousands of English and American people who visit Amsterdam every summer, probably not one has ever heard of Heiloo and the ancient pilgrimage connected with it. Though they may not be aware of the fact, they are close to a famous pre-Reformation shrine of Our Lady. A few words concerning the history of this sacred spot may have the effect of drawing some, at least, to visit it, should they find themselves in Amsterdam.

Heiloo ("holy place") well deserves its name. It was first hallowed by the presence and preaching of St. Willibrord, a Benedictine monk, educated first at Ripon, in England, and afterward in Ireland, who crossed over to the Netherlands in the seventh century to preach the faith to the heathen. He is rightly considered the Apostle of Holland. He built a church at Heiloo for his converts. Near the site of this church there is a spring, which, tradition says, burst forth at the bidding of the saint. It has always been held in great veneration by the people, and they used to make pilgrimages there.

When and how the devotion to 'Our Lady of Heiloo sprang up, it seems impossible to say. We know that long before the Reformation, pilgrims used to visit at Heiloo a chapel dedicated to Our Lady "Vrouw ter Nood" (Our Lady Help in Need). It is very probable that pilgrimages were made there before 1300; for at that date the name of a village near Heiloo had already been changed

from St. Aachterskerke to Bevenwyk, an abbreviation of Bedevaastswyk, which means "rest place for pilgrimages." In a document dated 1409, preserved in the archives of Utrecht cathedral, the priest who had charge of the chapel at that time is spoken of. Another document of 1440 speaks of Our Lady's chapel at Heilige Loo.

That the pilgrims were numerous is proved by the fact that five inns stood in the vicinity to provide for their needs. One was called St. Willibrord's, another the Inn of the Chapel, and another the Stable of Bethlehem. Very little more than this can at present be gathered concerning Heiloo before the Reformation.

Pilgrimages formed part of the so-called "mummery" which the Reformers determined to abolish. In 1573 the chapel at Heiloo was destroyed on the same day as the famous Benedictine Abbey of Egmond, which is not very far distant. If the Reformers thought to stop the pilgrimages by this act, they were greatly deceived. Those were dark days for the Church in Holland, and it was then that the people required more than ever the aid of Our Lady Help in Need.

The devout still came to ask her patronage and to do her honor even amid the ruins of the chapel. Heavy fines were then imposed as the penalty for visiting the sacred spot; it made no difference: the pilgrims still came in large numbers. In 1637 the authorities resolved that every vestige of the chapel should be removed, and even its ruined walls were then levelled to the ground. But they could not destroy the love of the people for Our Lady Help in Need and their veneration for the place. If there was no ruin there, the place was still there; and they continued to go to Kapel ("chapel"), which became the name of the neighborhood. To this day an inhabitant of the place will tell you he lives at "Kapel."

There are several old engravings preserved, giving views of the chapel in ruins,

before the final desecration of 1637 just alluded to. In a picture painted in 1630 we see the portrait of a rich merchant and his family, the background being formed by the ruined chapel; an old servant is saying her Rosary, another is reading a prayer-book. Around the chapel are seen the pilgrims in prayer. There are one or two other pictures of the chapel. In them we see all classes of people represented as making the pilgrimage: there are rich and poor; a monk, a nun, a poor man on crutches, etc., etc. Mention should also be made of a map carefully drawn up for the use of pilgrims. There is a copy of a hymn book, now very rare, containing hymns to Our Lady Help in Need. The compositions are poor, for the most part, but one is very beautiful. Here is a translation of two stanzas:

O chapel sweet, where there is no darkness,
Where the blue starry sky is the dome,
Where the foliage of the trees forms the church
ornaments,
And birds make music in thy honor!

Obtain for us, Virgin sweet, through your power
with Our Lord,
That His goodness will not allow that forever
This place should be desolate
Where so many souls have poured out their
sorrow.

This was evidently written after the destruction of the chapel; for it speaks of a roofless building, stripped of all ecclesiastical ornament, such as is represented in the engravings. It may be remarked that devotion to St. Willibrord was also kept up, and his name coupled with that of Christ's Mother; for in these engravings he is represented, with mitre and crosier, at the side of the chapel.

After the chapel had been sacked and the bare walls alone left standing, tradition tells us that Our Lady appeared in one of the windows. In 1650 a Jesuit Father named Meese mentions in a letter that there is a rumor which says that the Blessed Virgin appeared between the ruins of the chapel at Heiloo. The old engravings represent her appearing in the ruined window of the chapel. This

apparition, in all probability, caused an increase in the number of pilgrims despite the penalties.

A chronicler relates that in 1713, on the night of December 7, the water gushed forth from the spring once more. Whether it had been choked up by the Reformers or had ceased to rise from natural causes does not appear. But we are justified in supposing that the same bad motives which moved the fanatics to destroy the church, moved them to destroy the spring as well. The following words, written under an old print, give good reason for this supposition:

Here you see the walls of Our Lady's at East Dune,

Near the Runn-well, where the ground has been covered with stones,

To bury the miracles and singular gifts
Of the Queen of Heaven, the Mother of God.

But the zeal of the people is growing seven times more,

Because they feel the help of Our Lady in Need.

The words, "near the Runn-well, where the ground has been covered with stones to bury the miracles," imply that the spring, or well, was filled up with stones to prevent pilgrims from using the water.

Fresh penalties were threatened against those who should visit the "Kapel." Fortunately for the pilgrims who still continued to go in certain numbers, these cruel penalties were not rigorously carried out. The greater part of the population of the district was Catholic, and the chief men of the place were very tolerant, on the whole, and practically refrained from molesting the pilgrims.

A visitor to Heiloo in 1706—an apostate who went apparently to mock—says he found there an alms box, and round the spot where the chapel had stood could still be seen the deep traces of the crawlers. From this it would seem that pilgrims were accustomed to make reparation for the sacrilegious destruction of the chapel by going round the site on their knees.

Though the pilgrimages survived the days of persecution, in course of time they degenerated, and very few really

devout people went to Heiloo. The only vestige remaining sixty or seventy years ago was the custom among the young folks of the district of going to the sacred spot on certain days, more for a frolic than out of devotion. The tradition of Heiloo as a sacred spot became almost entirely lost. In 1830 the pilgrimages—or rather the noisy gatherings—already mentioned were stopped by ecclesiastical authority, partly on account of the abuses, and partly because the few real pilgrims were insulted by the non-Catholics. The tradition was all but lost when, in 1886, the parish priest of the place tried to revive the devotion to Our Lady Help in Need by erecting an altar in her honor in his church. In 1902 his successor bought the ground where the chapel had once stood.

On July 1, 1904, the eve of the Visitation of Our Lady, a Catholic gentleman from Alkmaar, a neighboring town, went to Heiloo to visit the holy spot. He was filled with sorrow at seeing the loneliness and desolation of the once celebrated place, and he felt a great desire to see the pilgrimages restored. He spoke to some of his friends; and, to his joy, they at once showed great interest in the matter. In the early part of 1905 they obtained permission to search the ground, which had been bought in 1902, and which was now covered with a small plantation. When half the ground had been cleared the remains of the old spring were discovered. As soon as this was known, the devout began to come. The Bishop of Haarlem, in whose diocese Heiloo is situated, was duly informed of the discovery. He showed great interest, and encouraged the three or four friends to continue the work; but to be prudent, and to make certain they had found the real spring before allowing the news to be published.

The matter, nevertheless, got into the papers; and a Protestant writer proved, to his own satisfaction, that the real spring had not been found at all. By means of

the old maps, however, it became clear that the spring discovered was the genuine one. A low wall was built around it, of the stones found lying in it. A wooden cross was set up on the site of the chapel. An actual link between past and present was not wanting. An old man of ninety-five years, Kees Enke, by name, who had formerly joined in the pilgrimages, came forward and made a deposition before a public notary.

On the 16th of July of the same year, 1905, about thirty gentlemen came from Amsterdam on a pilgrimage. They performed the last part of the journey from Haarlem to Heiloo on foot; that is to say, they walked for three hours. The old man Enke was sitting at the foot of the wooden cross waiting to greet them. "I saw the old pilgrimages," said he; "I should like to see the new ones." The devotion had recommenced. In the same year several thousand pilgrims came.

The gentlemen, who were now joined by several ecclesiastics, drew up a summary of all that had happened, and presented it to the Bishop, suggesting that it was time some further steps were taken, as the pilgrims were rapidly increasing in numbers. The Bishop was most encouraging, and made those who had presented the petition a committee to spread the devotion, and to try and rebuild the chapel. The other members of the hierarchy, the clergy of the diocese, and the heads of religious houses, were thereupon, acquainted with what had been done, and help was asked.

In July, 1907, the first organized pilgrimage arrived, numbering five hundred persons, headed by their parish priest. It was soon followed by others; and in 1908 fourteen pilgrimages were arranged. Amsterdam sent its first pilgrimage of over a thousand people in 1907.

In 1908 a statue of Our Lady was presented, and placed in a small wooden shrine, such as one finds on the roadside in Catholic countries. In the same year plans were drawn up for a magnificent

Gothic chapel. The committee decided that it ought to be very rich as an act of reparation. The foundations have been laid, and a very simple chapel erected on them, until funds sufficient for the chapel proper have been collected. The first stone was laid on July 1,—the date, be it remembered, on which the gentleman before alluded to first visited the spot. On August 23 the new chapel was blessed, and Mass was said. To follow the tradition of joining St. Willibrord with Our Lady, a statue of this saint replaced the one of Our Lady in the wooden shrine. As the pilgrimages steadily increased, the Bishop, to show his good-will, and to encourage pilgrims to come, erected in March, 1910, the Confraternity of Our Lady Help in Need. Encouraged by this, the committee have bought the surrounding property; so that there will now be room for processions and vast concourses of people. They have worked strenuously, and now this ground is being beautifully laid out.

In 1910 nearly eight thousand pilgrims visited Heiloo, accompanied by many priests; in 1911 the number was over ten thousand. These numbers are of those only who came with official pilgrimages. If private pilgrims were counted, the number would be considerably increased. The Bishop has now given permission to erect the Stations of the Cross, in the wood near at hand. The Twelfth Station has already been put up, making a beautiful Calvary, and thus following out the tradition; for the old accounts of Heiloo tell us that the pilgrims went to a Calvary before going to the "Kapel." As the old man Enke said, "We went first to the Calvary, then to the 'Kapel,' and there we placed our candles in the ground." An old pilgrim's hymn runs thus:

Come let us go together,
First to the Calvary,
With lowly and contrite heart;
From there to the Chapel,
To ask there
Mary's help.

Last year (1912) Amsterdam sent a pilgrimage of over fourteen hundred. The

total for the first nine months of the year is over fourteen thousand, not including those pilgrims who came privately. The little chapel can not, of course, contain such large numbers; and this year a huge tent was erected, in which the pilgrims could hear Mass. The committee have agreed to build a church to contain fifteen hundred people, if the Bishop will allow them to raise the money for it. It will be placed near the present small chapel. The latter will, in time, make way for a Gothic structure, which, however, will be small, like the original "Kapel." A medal has been struck, having on one side a representation of Our Lady Help in Need, holding the Holy Child, after the pattern of an old medal in the museum at Haarlem.

It is with great reserve that we speak of what have been called by the people "miracles"; for it is not for us but for the proper authorities to pronounce judgment in such matters. The only ancient documentary evidence that cures were granted at Heiloo is contained in the lines written under an old picture: "Here you see the walls of Our Lady's at East Dune, near the Runn-well, where the ground is covered with stones. To bury the miracles and singular gifts," and so forth. These words seem to prove that the place was famous for extraordinary answers to prayer, and that the Reformers wished to destroy the chapel and fill up the spring with stones, to prevent the people from visiting it, and using the water of the spring. Since the recommencement of the pilgrimages, Our Lady has granted the prayers of pilgrims in very remarkable cases.

Such, in short, is the history of Our Lady Help in Need. The number of pilgrims is steadily growing, and before long we may see all Catholic Holland making a yearly pilgrimage to its once famous shrine. We hope for more still; viz., that the devout servants of Mary will find their way there from other countries. It is with the intention of attracting the notice of the numerous English-

speaking Catholics who visit Holland in the summer that this has been written. Heiloo is easily reached from Amsterdam. An hour's journey by rail to Alkmaar, and then a short tram ride brings the pilgrim within easy reach of the "holy place." It would be a pity that those who had travelled so far to benefit the body, should miss the benefit of the soul so easily derived from the pilgrimage to Our Lady Help in Need at Heiloo.

A Far-Away Princess.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VI.



RS. GRANGER had been quite justified in saying that her husband was, as a rule, perfectly satisfied with whatever she did, and asked no troublesome questions about any of her actions; but she forgot to reckon upon the fact that all rules are subject to exceptions, and that it was likely he might exhibit some natural curiosity concerning the companion whom she so unexpectedly, and without warning, brought with her from Paris. He was too well-bred to show any very marked outward signs of his surprise when, on meeting his wife, the most striking-looking young creature he had ever seen was presented to him in a casual manner as "My friend, Miss Fortescue, who has been good enough to come with me as my companion and secretary." But the expression of his expanding eyes, and the glance he turned upon Mrs. Granger, prepared that lady for inquiries, which, however, she anticipated no difficulty in parrying.

But it was here that she found herself mistaken. It proved by no means easy to satisfy Mr. Granger's curiosity with the rather vague formula of explanation she had prepared.

"Who on earth is this stunning girl you've brought with you, Emily?" he

inquired, as soon as they were alone together. "Where does she come from? And how did you pick her up?"

"I didn't 'pick her up' at all," Mrs. Granger replied, in a slightly rebuking tone. "I met her in the best social surroundings. She is a very charming person, and connected with old friends of mine."

"What old friends? I don't recall the name of Fortescue among our friends."

"My dear Robert, do you suppose that I have never had any friends except those who are yours also?"

The asperity with which the question was asked caused Mr. Granger to open his eyes again. It was so unlike Emily to be irritated in this manner.

"No, I don't suppose anything of the kind," he answered. "But I thought I was pretty well acquainted with at least the names of your friends. However—hem!—who *are* the Fortescues?"

"Very good people," Mrs. Granger responded loftily, in a phrase which is well understood to apply to social rather than to moral excellence. "You've only to look at Moira to see that. But it wasn't really the Fortescues who were the old friends of whom I spoke," she added hastily, "but some others with whom she is connected, and who—er—don't care to recognize her at present."

Scenting a mystery—as indeed he would have been the most obtuse of men if he had not scented it,—curiosity flamed high in Mr. Granger.

"Not care to recognize a girl like that!" he exclaimed. "Why, what has she done?"

"She has done nothing,—nothing that could be blamed," Mrs. Granger replied. "The difficulty of her position comes altogether through the fault of others."

"Whose fault? And who are the others?"

At this the lady turned upon her questioner with an air of exasperation.

"I never knew you so inquisitive before!" she cried. "I really think that you might trust my judgment and discretion, especially in a matter like choos-

ing a companion, which concerns myself alone."

"My dear Emily, you know that I always trust your judgment and discretion, and never interfere in your personal affairs," her husband hastened to say. "But I didn't imagine that there was any reason why I shouldn't ask a few questions when you spring such a surprise as this upon me. For you've always said you would never have a companion."

"One is at liberty to change one's mind, I suppose," the irritated lady replied. And then, being really a very sensible woman, and recognizing the right of her husband to make the inquiries she found so provoking, she suddenly changed her tone. "It's true that I've always said that I would never have a companion, and I don't really need one now," she confessed. "But Moira—that is, Miss Fortescue—was not willing to come with me as my guest without rendering some service in return; so we made this arrangement. I will tell you all that I can about her, since you are so curious."

"Oh, not at all,—not at all!" Mr. Granger felt bound to demur, for the last words were distinctly reproachful. "You needn't tell me anything that you'd rather not tell."

"I'll tell you what I can," Mrs. Granger repeated. "It was through an old friend—whose name I would rather not mention—that I met her in Paris. Both her parents have lately died—that's why she is in deep mourning,—and she was left alone, in a very sad and unprotected position. But she is closely connected with people in America whom I know—I can't mention *their* names either,—and who, I believe, will need only to see her to be convinced that she is—er—all that could be desired. So I asked her to go to America with me, in order to give them an opportunity to see her; and she finally agreed to do so, but begged to be allowed to go as my companion and secretary, to which I'm sure there can't be the least objection."

Mr. Granger's eyes had opened wider and

wider during the course of this highly mysterious relation, and an expression of unusual gravity now settled on his genial, good-humored face.

"There's certainly not the least objection to your having a companion and secretary, if you want one," he replied; "but I must say that, in my opinion, there is an objection to mixing yourself up in other people's affairs as you appear to be doing."

Mrs. Granger flushed angrily; for, being of an extremely decided character, and having been an independent heiress from her earliest youth, she had never, as it chanced, had to endure reproof except in the mildest form. But again good sense triumphed over annoyance, as she perceived that an attitude of disapproval on her husband's part would not only interfere with her comfort, but might (if it became apparent to Moira) also interfere seriously with the success of her plans.

"One is never safe from surprises," she remarked, in a tone which indicated her own very decided surprise. "The last thing I could have imagined possible was that you would doubt my discretion. Of course if you can't trust me—can't believe that I know what I am about, and that I am not likely to mix myself up foolishly in other people's affairs,—I had better tell you the whole story, though I should prefer not to do so, on account of violating confidence."

This had the desired effect of putting Mr. Granger on his mettle.

"I have already assured you that I don't wish you to violate confidence in order to tell me anything," he said heroically, though conscious that his curiosity had rarely been more excited. "I expressed an opinion, in which I think you'll agree, that it is, generally speaking, undesirable to interfere in other people's affairs; but this doesn't mean that I haven't implicit confidence in your discretion,—for you know that I have."

"I thought I knew it," Mrs. Granger replied; "and I'm glad to be assured

that I wasn't mistaken. Well, all I ask is that you will display your confidence in my discretion during the short time that Moira and I wish to maintain our little mystery, and believe that there wouldn't be any mystery at all if it were not to serve a good purpose."

"I'm rather doubtful of the wisdom of mysteries," Mr. Granger permitted himself to observe; "but of course I'm ready to give you all the confidence you want; and I hope that you and 'Myra'—is that her name?—will succeed in your purpose, whatever it may be."

Mrs. Granger opened her lips to correct the "Myra" which had fallen from his—and then closed them without doing so; for it suddenly occurred to her that this substitution for such an unusual and distinctive name as Moira would add effectively to the disguise which the bearer of that name had assumed.

So it came to pass that a little later, as Moira stood before her dressing-table putting the last touches to a very simple dinner toilette, a quick tap at her door was followed almost immediately by the entrance of Mrs. Granger, herself in full toilette, with a narrow satin train following her like a snake.

"My dear," she cried abruptly, as Moira turned around, "do you mind if I call you Myra instead of your own lovely name, which *does*, however, require a slightly difficult twist of the tongue to pronounce it properly?"

Moira's eyes expanded, very much as Mr. Granger's had done.

"Dear Madame," she answered, "you may call me what you please, if it is easier to you; but I assure you that you pronounce Moira perfectly, and I'm afraid I should hardly know myself as Myra."

"Oh, yes, you would! The names are so much alike that it's really hard to distinguish one from the other when spoken," Mrs. Granger replied. "I've just had a proof of that; for, although you say that I pronounce Moira perfectly, Robert thought that I called you Myra;

and when he repeated the name, I didn't correct him."

"Why not?"

"Because it struck me, like a flash of inspiration, that it was better for you to be known for the present as Myra to the few people who will hear your Christian name."

Moira still stared uncomprehendingly.

"I don't see why," she said.

"Then I'm afraid you're inclined to be stupid," Mrs. Granger remarked frankly. "Don't you see that a name so uncommon might, when taken with other things, afford a clue to your identity as Moira Deschanel? Now, don't say that you don't believe that anybody would be likely to put two and two together in that way; for I can tell you there's nothing more likely. I've just had a much more difficult task than I expected in evading Robert's inquiries about you—never, never again will I trust any man not to exhibit curiosity!—and I felt that it was positively providential that he misunderstood your name, and so gave me the suggestion to change it. I believe that if he heard you called Moira—and he is by no means very keen-witted, either—it would very soon lead him to guess who you are."

"But if your husband is curious about me, why do you not tell him who I am?" the girl asked. "I should prefer you to do so."

Mrs. Granger shook her head in the most determined manner.

"It would never answer," she said. "He would suggest all kinds of doubts about the wisdom of what we are doing, and worry me constantly with scruples and advice. Now, I particularly dislike having advice offered me; for I have confidence in my own judgment, and I always know clearly what I intend to do. Therefore, I don't care to hear other people's opinions, not even Robert's, on a subject that I've made up my mind about. This is one reason why I don't wish to tell him who you are; and another is, as I've mentioned before, that he might betray

the secret without intending to do so."

"I am really very much distressed —" Moira began.

But Mrs. Granger cut her short.

"You needn't be," she said. "With my management of my part of the affair you have nothing whatever to do. I've settled Robert; and, having given me a pledge of confidence, he is now on his honor not to make any more inquiries about you until I permit him to do so. Nevertheless, I think it will be safest for me to call you Myra instead of Moira—if you don't object."

"I don't object to your calling me anything you like," Moira said again. "But it seems—a little disingenuous, doesn't it?"

Mrs. Granger gave her a slightly ironical glance.

"In that case, how does 'Miss Fortescue' strike you?" she inquired.

"It strikes me as altogether different," Moira answered. "Fortescue is a name which I feel that I have a right to use. I always liked the Spanish custom of bearing the mother's as well as the father's family name. But my Christian name was bestowed on me in baptism, and is therefore not subject to change."

"I know dozens of people who are called by names other than their baptismal names," Mrs. Granger replied. "There's nothing more common. I've a friend who was baptized Elizabeth, and has been called from her infancy Dot by all her family and friends. But of course if you object to my calling you Myra, I won't do so. I can say Miss Fortescue—"

"No, no!" Moira interposed quickly. "I should be sorry if you did that. It would seem like putting me at a distance. Call me anything,—Myra, if you wish to do so. I told you this at first."

"Myra, then, it shall be for the present," Mrs. Granger said, patting her arm caressingly. "It's not so pretty as your own name; but you'll hardly notice the difference, as I pronounce it. Come, then, let us go to dinner. The restaurant of this

hotel is one of the most fashionable in London, and I'm glad you are looking so lovely and so Parisian. No wonder Robert called you a 'stunning girl.'"

But at this Moira drew back suddenly, looking very doubtful.

"I didn't think of our dining in a fashionable restaurant," she said. "Dear Madame, don't you see that here in London there might be many people who would recognize me as Moira Deschanel?"

Mrs. Granger's face fell suddenly and almost ludicrously.

"Why, yes, of course I see it," she answered, after a moment's pause. "London is not like America. It's so very near Paris, and society is so cosmopolitan that among the class of people who come here there would almost certainly be some one who would recognize you; for you are far too distinguished in appearance to escape notice. What are we to do? What am I to tell Robert, who is waiting for us?"

"Tell him that you have decided that, as your companion, and to avoid inquiries about who I am, it is better that I should dine quietly with your little girl. Isn't that permissible?"

"It's permissible enough, but I don't like it."

"I like it extremely," Moira assured her. "I shall much prefer dining with her to going into that restaurant, where, in fear of recognition, I should be uncomfortable every moment."

"Very well," Mrs. Granger assented resignedly. "I suppose it *will* be best. And Leila will be delighted; though she's already had her dinner at luncheon-time, and her tea later, in the English fashion."

"I don't suppose she will object to another dinner," Moira said, smiling; "and it will be a good opportunity for us to make acquaintance."

"That's true," Mrs. Granger agreed again. "I'll order dinner, then, served privately for you two. And now I must go and disappoint poor Robert, who is

all aflame with curiosity about you; and who also, I'm sure, thought dinner would be a good opportunity to make your acquaintance."

"Tell him that he will have ample opportunity for that later," Moira laughed in reply.

As Mrs. Granger had predicted, Robert was disappointed; and Leila was delighted by the change of arrangement which she announced, when she found the two together; for they were exceedingly good friends and very fond of each other's society.

"Oh, *good!*" Leila cried, jumping down from the arm of the Morris chair on which she had been perched, beside her father, and executing a *pas seul*. "I'm quite ready for another dinner, thank you, mummy! And I want to see how I'll like Miss Fortescue; for we've just been agreeing, dad and I, that she's as pretty as a peach."

"Leila!" her mother reproved. "You displease me very much with your fondness for slang, and you will certainly shock Miss Fortescue. French girls don't use slang phrases."

"Don't they?" Leila's surprise was apparently a little sceptical. "I'll ask Miss Fortescue about that, though I didn't know that she was a French girl. Is Fortescue a French name?"

"No, but she has French blood, and she was born and brought up in France, so she speaks the language in the most beautiful manner possible; and that's why I have asked her to speak French with you in order to improve your accent."

"Mummy!" Leila's exclamation was at once horrified and reproachful. "I didn't know you had laid a trap like that for me. So she's just a governess, and of course she'll spoil the pleasure of dinner by wanting to talk French all the time. I'd rather go to bed, if you don't mind."

While Mr. Granger, who was as lax in discipline as American fathers usually are, threw back his head and laughed,

Mrs. Granger caught her daughter by the shoulder and gave her an admonitory shake.

"You will do exactly what I have arranged for you to do," she said. "Miss Fortescue is not a governess — though it would be wonderful good luck for you if she were, — and she has merely agreed to talk or read French with you occasionally, to oblige me. It is a chance such as you may never have again to learn the very best French accent; and if you have any sense at all you will appreciate and take advantage of it."

"But will she begin to-night?" Leila queried anxiously. "You see, I'd like to enjoy my dinner; and I can't if I have to be thinking of the irregular verbs, — and there are so many of them in French."

"I don't think it likely that she will begin to-night," Mrs. Granger replied, joining in her husband's laughter. "If she does, just tell her that irregular verbs are apt to interfere with your appetite, and she will understand."

There was no need, however, for Leila to plead the distaste, shared by many French scholars, for the irregular verbs of that language. Miss Fortescue considerably maintained the conversation in English; and by her choice of topics, her charming sweetness, and dash of humor, completely fascinated the big-eyed and long-legged child, who appraised her with a child's shrewd intuition for what is sincere and lovable in character. By the time dinner was ended their friendship was established on a firm basis; and, as Leila had announced that her mother had given her permission to sit up later than usual, "to keep you company," they sat together by one of the open windows of the room, which overlooked the brilliantly lighted Embankment and the river beyond.

"London is beautiful!" Moira said, looking out on the myriad lights mirrored in the current of the dark stream, and feeling the soft enchantment of the summer night, the stir and animation of

the great city's holiday crowds. "I did not expect to find it so beautiful."

"Have you never been here before?" the much travelled young person beside her asked, in evident surprise. "I've been here often: we come over almost every year. London is nice enough, but it isn't beautiful like Paris. You'll find *that* out when you see it by daylight."

"Oh, there's no city so beautiful as Paris, I suppose!" the daughter of that siren city echoed, with a sigh.

"Not any that I've seen, and I've been almost everywhere," Leila stated in the superior tone which extensive travel is apt to produce in even mature persons. "I always jump for joy when we go to Paris, and I was dreadfully disappointed that mummy wouldn't take me with her when she went there last week. She said she couldn't be bothered with me, but I shouldn't have bothered her at all; for I like to go to Paquin's and Doucet's and all the rest of them, and see the beautiful dresses, and the lovely ladies."

"But you've liked London this year, haven't you?" Moira asked, with amusement at such youthful sophistication.

"Yes, London's been awfully interesting this year," said Leila. "The Coronation was splendid. We had a very fine place to see the procession, and I was able to get a good look at Princess Mary. I was more interested in her than in anybody else. She's very pretty, and looks as if she would be pleasant to know. It's a pity one can't know her, isn't it?"

"You might find her very much like other people if you did know her," Moira said consolingly. "A fairy-tale princess had best remain in the fairy tale."

"She was like a fairy-tale princess in her golden coach," Leila said, with eyes shining over the reminiscence. "It was like a fairy tale come true just to see her; and I wished — oh, I *did* wish! — that I were a princess too."

"My little girl, we can't all be princesses," Moira reminded her. "Remember that Princess Mary isn't riding in a golden

coach all the time; and that, in consequence of her rank, she is bound in a hundred ways that you are not."

"That's what mummy said," Leila remarked. "But, all the same, I'd like it. However, there's no use wishing for what's impossible; and I can't fancy dad a king, though I think mummy would make a very good queen."

"I think so, too," Moira agreed, laughing a little.

"*You'd make a lovely princess!*" was Leila's next rather startling remark, as she stared at the figure beside her with eyes that still held a vision of Coronation splendors. "I always try to fancy now how people would look in a royal procession; but I don't find many that, it seems to me, would look as if they belonged there; but *you* would."

"You are very flattering," Moira murmured, with a sudden tightening of the throat, as she remembered how she had heard again and again that in "*La Princesse Lointaine*" she looked indeed as if she "*belonged there.*" A passionate longing for the life she had given up, for the part she had made her own in a manner possible only to a true artist, and into which she had merged, as it were, all the rich charm of her personality, rushed over her, and for a moment she saw the brilliant scene before her through a mist of tears. Then she gathered herself together, and turned to the chattering child with a slightly tremulous smile.

"Since you are fond of princesses," she said, "and since your mother wants you to hear some very good French, how would you like for me to read to you some day a beautiful French drama called '*La Princesse Lointaine*'? You can translate that, can't you?"

"Oh, yes! '*The Far-Away Princess,*'" Leila replied quickly. "I'd like that immensely. I love to be read to, and I have no difficulty in understanding French, but" (with hasty recollection) "I don't like to speak it on account of the irregular verbs, you know."

"I suppose they are troublesome sometimes," Moira said with ready sympathy. "But the only way to become acquainted with them is to use them. I'll help you, if you wish. We can agree to speak French instead of English when we are together. How would that do?"

"I'd really rather speak English," Leila answered, with a sigh; "but mummy says you have a beautiful accent, and that I ought to improve mine; and if you don't think that just hearing you read would be enough—"

"I don't think so. If you want to improve your accent, you must speak."

"Well" (with another sigh), "we'll try it, then; but I do like to talk, and my ideas don't flow freely in a foreign language."

"Nobody's ideas do," Moira told her; "but you'll soon forget that it is a foreign language, and then they will flow as freely as in English. *Maintenant, parlons Français!*"

Then she began herself to speak in that language, and soon even the child beside her was fascinated by her exquisite intonations, by the purity and beauty of such French as she had never heard before. Involuntarily she cried presently:

"Mademoiselle, listening to you is like hearing music."

But Mademoiselle shook her head in admonition.

"*Parles-vous Français, ma chère,*" she said.

Leila laughingly obeyed, and for the first time in her experience found pleasure in using the language of which she had a fair knowledge, and trying to imitate the accent of the companion who spoke it so charmingly.

So Mrs. Granger found them when she suddenly entered the room, — conveying a sense of haste and excitement by her very movement — and interrupted the conversation.

"O mummy, we've been having the loveliest time!" Leila cried, springing up and rushing toward her. "Miss Fortescue

speaks French like an angel, and I don't mind talking with her one bit."

"That's a marvel!" Mrs. Granger commented. "I wonder if Miss Fortescue realizes what a miracle she has wrought. But it's time for you to go to bed. Say good-night, and run away."

Leila looked at her keenly.

"You've got something interesting to talk about," she announced. "Mayn't I stay a little longer?"

"You may not," her mother answered in a tone which admitted of no further questioning. "Go at once!"

Typical American child as she was, Leila knew—at least as far as her mother was concerned—the point where prompt obedience was demanded; and, without demur, she said good-night and went reluctantly away.

The door was hardly closed upon her when Mrs. Granger turned to Moira with the same air of haste and excitement that had marked her entrance.

"My dear," she said, "I've hurried up to give you a warning, so that you can go to your own room if you prefer to do so; and I think you will prefer it. At all events, I felt bound to prepare you; for Robert is about to bring here a man whom you certainly would not like to meet unprepared. I left them still smoking over their coffee, but they will be up in a few minutes."

Moira, who had already risen, now moved quickly across the floor; but paused with her hand on the knob of a door which opened into another room of the suite.

"Who is the man?" she inquired. "Do I know him?"

"No, you don't know him," Mrs. Granger answered; "but you know of him. He is Royall's cousin, Paul Lyndon."

(To be continued.)

The Words of St. Achard.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

ST. ACHARD lay a-dying. He had worked with heart and brain
For the glory of his Order. And his heart was full of pain
Lest the monks without his guidance be not faithful to their trust,—
Lest the weapons of his forging all unused should turn to rust.
So he called the good Anselmo, kneeling sadly by his bed.
"Bid your Brothers come together. I would speak to them," he said.
So the gentle monk departed, on the Abbot's mission bent;
With his eyes all dim from weeping, down the cloistered walk he went.
Soon the gray-gowned monks came trooping forth from cloister and from cell,
As they heard the urgent clamor of the monastery bell.
"Come with me," said good Anselmo. "Brother Achard bids me say
There are many things of moment he would have you hear to-day.
He is very ill, my Brothers,—lying there with labored breath:
'Tis a blessed thing and holy to observe a good man's death."
Good St. Achard from his pallet said: "My Brothers, dry your tears;
You have been my faithful comrades through these long, unnumbered years.
Now I leave you with a message that I pray may ever last:
By the fervor of the present make amends for all the past.
If you love not one the other, earthly penance were in vain.
You must drink the cup of sorrow, you must bear the cross of pain.
God is Charity, my Brothers. If a heavenly crown you'd win,
You must love, like Him, the sinner, though you hate the sinner's sin.
You must bear your ills in patience; keep your hearts in holy peace,

WOMEN have a smile for every joy, a tear for every sorrow, a consolation for every grief, an excuse for every fault, a prayer for every misfortune, and encouragement for every hope.—*Saint-Foix.*

So you carry peace to others, so you win a soul's release.

Keep the flame of Faith unsullied. Trust the Father's tender care:

It may be that daily labor may become perpetual prayer.

With a high and holy courage, with a sweet and childlike trust,

Bow yourselves before your Maker. He has said,
'Ye are but dust.'

Yet His kindness is so gracious, you may win this signal grace:

If you grow all self-forgetting, you may stand before His face.

Choose the least of earthly blessings. Praise the Lord for victories won.

Ever say in time of trial: 'May God's blessed will be done!'

Guard the tongue from wrong, that never vain or useless words you speak.

If in anger you are smitten, turn in peace the other cheek.

Love is all,—remember, Brothers!"

Then he blessed them, and he slept.

Years have passed, and still in honor have his holy words been kept.

In the Footsteps of Saint Agnes.

BY CHARLES BUTTEVANT.

THAT, in spite of either the blandishments or threats of her pagan captors, and in the face of all the pomp and power of Imperial Rome, a little girl of twelve should have kept her faith and purity unsullied, was so utterly inexplicable to the heathen spectators of that sublime constancy that they set her down as a witch, and attributed her miraculous protection from outrage while in prison, as well as from fire later on, to demon agency. They did not know—how could they?—that the fair child's virginal innocence shielded her more effectively than an armed host could have done, and, with its dazzling whiteness, blinded those who would have tarnished it, and veiled her with a mantle rivalling in purity the snowy fleece of her own symbolic lamb.

All Rome is holy ground, and its very dust a relic soaked with the blood of martyrs; but if there be a portion of its sacred soil more blessed than others, then surely it is that once trodden by the feet of little Agnes, and that consecrated by the pressure of her lifeless body when she had won the celestial palm for which she yearned as might others of her age for pleasure or playthings. The site of the villa and lands owned by the parents of Agnes is now occupied by the church and catacombs that bear her name, and the entrance to which is in the Via Nomentana, about a mile and a half from the Porta Pia. Another church is dedicated to her in the Piazza Navona, where Domitian's "Circus Agonalis" once stood, and is on, or near, the site of her imprisonment and martyrdom. It replaces two other churches, the first of which, built soon after the young saint's death, was a mere oratory, whose successor was constructed in 1125 on the same level as the present crypt, and is mentioned in a Bull of Pope Urban III. as *Cryptæ Agonis*. When Innocent X. was raised to the Papacy, the Pamfili family, of which he was a member, erected the present church, within which he was eventually buried. Pope Innocent had a great liking for the Piazza Navona, where, indeed, his family palace stood, and in front of which he caused a beautiful fountain to be constructed from designs by Bernini.

This church of Saint Agnes—or Agnese, as it is also called—is in the form of a Greek cross, and has some very fine statues and bas-reliefs, long rows of antique columns, rare marbles, and handsome bronzes; but its most interesting possession is the crypt whose vaulted chambers formed part of Domitian's "Circus Agonalis." Some of the original mosaic pavement of these underground chambers still remains, while various ancient frescoes commemorate the different occasions on which the child-martyr was shielded from danger by her angelic bodyguard. In the narrative of Ambrose—

who must not be confounded with Saint Ambrose — we read that, after Agnes had refused to offer incense to Minerva, the judge ordered her to be led to an underground cell and there exposed to insult and outrage.

"When her hair was loosed," writes Ambrose, "God gave such length and thickness to her flowing tresses that they seemed to cover her completely; and when she entered the cell she found there waiting for her an angel of the Lord, who surrounded her with a dazzling light, by reason of the glory of which none might touch or look upon her. The whole room shone like the dazzling sun of midday. As Agnes knelt in prayer, Our Lord appeared and gave her a snow-white robe. The prefect, Symphonianus' son, the prime mover in the prosecution, came with some young companions to offer insult to the maiden; but suddenly falling on his face, he was struck dead, and his terrified companions fled in terror. At Agnes' prayer the youth was restored to life and converted to Christianity. The people cried out that she was a sorceress and had raised him by magic."

After this stupendous miracle the prefect resigned his office to Aspasius, the deputy-prefect, who caused Agnes to be imprisoned in the very vaulted chamber still shown to visitors to the crypt; and it was from this dismal cell that she was led to martyrdom. Cardinal Wiseman follows very closely the description of the execution given by Ambrose, the "servant of God," when, in "Fabiola," he writes:

"Agnes raised for one moment her hands and eyes to heaven, then calmly knelt down. With her own hands she drew forward her silken hair over her head, and exposed her neck to the blow. A pause ensued, for the executioner was trembling with emotion and could not wield his sword. As the child knelt alone, in her white robe, with her head inclined, her arms modestly crossed upon her bosom, and her amber locks hanging almost to the ground, and veiling her

features, she might not unaptly have been compared to some rare plant of which the slender stalk, white as the lily, bent with the luxuriancy of its golden blossom. The judge angrily reproved the executioner for his hesitation, and bade him at once do his duty. The man passed the back of his rough left hand across his eyes as he raised his sword. It was seen to flash in the air for an instant, and the next moment flower and stem were lying scarcely displaced on the ground. It might have been taken for the prostration of prayer, had not the white robe been in that minute dyed into a rich crimson,—washed in the blood of the Lamb."

The parents of Agnes bore her body to their estate. "There had long been in the villa an entrance to the cemetery on this road" (now the Via Nomentana), writes the author of "Fabiola" when describing the death of the faithful Emerentiana; "but from this time it had already received the name of Agnes, for near its entrance had this holy martyr been buried. Her body rested in a *cubiculum*, or chamber, under an arched tomb. Just above the entrance into this chamber, and in the middle of the grounds, was an opening, surrounded above by a low parapet, concealed by shrubs, which gave light and air to the room below." And here it was that the Christians gathered in prayer beside the tomb of Agnes, till they were driven away by an armed pagan mob. Emerentiana alone refused to leave the grave of her foster-sister, and was stoned to death where she knelt. In that same hour a terrific thunderstorm broke over Rome, and was accompanied by so violent an earthquake that the pagans fled conscience-stricken from the place, nor ever again dared to disturb the Christians at the tomb of Agnes.

"That night," Ambrose continues, "the parents of blessed Agnes came with the priests and took away the body of the holy virgin Emerentiana, burying it in the field adjoining that of the most blessed virgin Agnes.... Now it came to pass

that while the parents of blessed Agnes were spending the night at her tomb, suddenly in the dead silence a bright light shone forth, and they saw an immense army of virgins passing, all robed in cloth of gold; and among them they saw also most blessed Agnes, robed like the rest, and at her right hand there stood a lamb whiter than snow. Her parents and all with them, seeing these things, were silent with wonder. But blessed Agnes said to her parents: 'Do not grieve for me as dead, but rejoice and be glad, because I have gained the mansions of light, as these have done before me, and am united to Him in heaven whom while on earth I used to love with my whole soul.' She then passed away."

This vision of Saint Agnes, which the Church commemorates on the 28th of January, created a great sensation, and eventually reached the ears of Constantia, a daughter of the Emperor Constantine, who was suffering from a painful disease which covered her with ulcers. Although she was not a Christian at the time, she felt great confidence in Saint Agnes; and, visiting her tomb by night, prayed earnestly that she might be cured. When she rose from her knees, every trace of the disease had disappeared.

This miracle filled the imperial family with joy, and the city was decorated in honor of Constantia's recovery. She was soon after baptized near the grave of her heavenly benefactress, in whose honor she got the Emperor to build a basilica; and, close to it, he had a mausoleum constructed, where Constantia and her sisters, Helena and Constantina were afterward buried. Pope Alexander IV. had this mausoleum converted into the present circular church, which he dedicated to Saint Constantia; for this daughter of Constantine attained to great sanctity, and, having made a vow of chastity, established a religious Order near this spot, of which she herself was the superioress. The splendid mosaics that once adorned the cupola, supported by twenty-four

coupled columns of granite, have long since disappeared; but some other mosaics, dating from the time of Constantine, may still be seen in the vault of a circular passage that is outside the range of columns.

The staircase, leading down to the catacombs of Saint Agnes, is also said to date from the reign of Constantine. These catacombs were originally much larger, but they were considerably reduced in size by the building of Constantine's basilica. Their general aspect is the same as in all Roman cemeteries of the kind, the walls of the subterranean galleries being pierced with horizontal niches where bodies had once lain; a rudely carved palm branch indicating, in many instances, that they were those of martyrs.

At the foot of the great staircase that gives access to the underground church, there is a fine inscription by Pope Damasus, which is in a state of excellent preservation. The basilica is composed of two large crypts, divided by a gallery; one crypt was reserved for the male members of the congregation, and the other for the female. The stone armchair, hewn, like the crypts and gallery, out of the solid rock, and located at the end of the chancel, was the bishop's throne, while the stone benches on either side of it were reserved for the attendant priests. According to tradition, it was in front of this episcopal chair, which is itself immovable, that Saint Peter placed his portable wooden altar in times of danger.

Some doubt exists as to the exact place of burial of Saint Agnes; but a marble tablet inscribed *Agne Sanctissima*, now in the Museum of Naples, is supposed by many to have been the original covering of her tomb. However this may be, Pope Paul V. had the remains of both Agnes and Emerentiana placed in a silver vase under the present high altar. The *Cimitero Maggiore*, or Greater Cemetery, and the Cemetery of Ostrianus, are but continuations of the Catacombs of Saint Agnes. In the opinion of De Rossi and

other competent authorities, the Cemetery of Ostrianus was the scene of the ministry of Saint Peter; and, although some recent discoveries have led Marucchi to give the preference to that of Saint Priscilla, many still favor the earlier view. It is certain, at all events, that the Ostrianus Cemetery was known for ages as "Saint Peter's Baptismal Font," "Saint Peter's Pool," and "The Stream where Saint Peter Baptized"; and that it was a place of pilgrimage in the sixth century, when drops of oil from the lamp that burned before what was called "Saint Peter's Chair" were carried away in little phials as precious relics. And the spot attracts great crowds still every 18th of January, the feast of Saint Peter's Chair.

Besides the principal basilica, there are various subterranean chapels, more or less artistically painted and decorated. Among the subjects dealt with by these primitive artists are: the Parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins; Adam and Eve; Moses Striking the Rock; the Three Children in the Fiery Furnace, and Daniel in the Lions' Den. But the most interesting picture of all is the fresco of the Blessed Virgin and Child in a little chapel below the level of the basilica; for this was the first picture of Our Lady discovered in the catacombs. She is represented in an attitude of prayer, or adoration, and there is on either side a monogram of Constantine.

On the 21st of January, the feast of Saint Agnes, all Rome flocks to her shrine, one of the great attractions of the day being the blessing of the two little lambs, representing Innocence and Sacrifice. Their delicate limbs are tied with red and blue ribbons, and they are carried into the church in separate baskets, in each of which is a damask cushion; and are then laid, basket and all, upon the main altar. They are blessed by the Abbot of the Canons Regular of the Lateran, and then the choir sings the antiphon, *Stans a Dextris*. When all is over, it is the duty of the master of ceremonies of the Lateran

Basilica to present the lambs to the Pope. The Holy Father then gives them to the nuns of Saint Cecilia in Trastevere, nor do they change hands again. But about Easter they are shorn of their fleece, which is sent to the Vatican; and the palliums, which are woven from this wool, are presented by the Pope to various metropolitans, who wear them as a symbol of their share in the plenary jurisdiction of the Chief Shepherd over the one true Fold of Christ.

Irish Scenes and Memories.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

VI.—THE FALLING OF NIGHT.

JOHN HARTIGAN died at the noon of a July day, when the air was still and dry and the sun hot. He left behind him a large family and a widow, — she that used to be Mary Cusack from back near Glen. The women came at three o'clock to lay out the corpse, and soon John was stretched upon the bed, his hands clasped over his breast, with the crucifix between them. His strong face was as white as ivory, his eyes closed, his lips pressed together. Mrs. Hartigan herself was as tearless as a stone; for the heart in her was broken, now that her husband was still and cold. The little children—the younger ones—went about the house, not knowing what had happened, and looking with large, wondering eyes at their dead father.

The evening is coming now. The hills grow fainter, and the line of the horizon melts into the land. Nearby neighbors have caught the silence of the place of death, and the spirit of quiet extends to people more remote. The men in the hayfields, who could not stop work for fear the hay might be spoiled by a rain shower on the morrow, work fast but silently, gathering in the last cocks to finish off the "reek." Mike Donovan lifts a heavy forkful to John Hackett, who stands on the rung of the ladder which rests against

the "reek." Hackett lifts it to another man farther up, who in turn pitches it to the man on top. Always their conversation is subdued; for the neighbors feel a deep sympathy, as the one taken is a "great loss."

Little Johnny Hogan walks up the "boreen" for the cows, which are waiting near the gate of the high field to be driven home for the milking. The shepherd dog trots before him, unmindful of the birds that rise of a sudden from behind tufts of grass beside the lane. He reaches the gate of the high field, and if you were to stand beside him you could see the houses that lie in the wide valley below. They are whitewashed, and the roofs of many are newly thatched; for the thatcher made his circuit of the townland a few weeks before. In the rear lie "haggards," out of which many drills of early potatoes have been dug. You can see the bare places where the withered stalks are piled together, in sharp contrast to the green of the growing stalks not yet uprooted by the spade. Apple trees bend their scores of arms under the weight of the rapidly ripening fruit. The wheat fields lie in great ridges, which will turn to gold with the August sun. Under the oats the clover catches the night dew and grows apace. Out of many chimneys the smoke rises in graceful columns.

Johnny opens the gate and the cows pass leisurely through, one by one. There is no need for the boy to run beside them, to turn them this way or that: they know the way, and are anxious to get to the barn, where their full udders will be relieved of the milk. They form a great, unbroken procession as they follow one behind the other, their bodies swinging from side to side, their heads tossing, their tails, like whips, beating off the flies. One lows long and plaintively, and the echo comes back from a little body of water called Loughdee. Once within the barn, they stand quietly chewing the cud, while the foaming milk flows into the wooden buckets, which, when filled, are emptied

into large cans, that in turn are carted to the dairy where the milk is "set" in wide, shallow pans. Usually there is talk and laughter and, here and there, a snatch of a song; but this evening the milkers speak softly out of respect for the dead man that lies in a sombre room lit up by two wax candles in the house of Mrs. Hartigan a couple of fields away.

The men at the hay have almost finished their work. John Hackett is pulling on one of the hay-ropes that extend over the "reek" to keep it safe against the wind squalls that betimes blow across from the Atlantic. While John pulls, the man on top strikes the rope lightly with a hay-fork to make it taut down the sides. He holds the prongs toward him, so that if the fork should slip from his hands, no great harm would come to the man below. When the ropes are made secure the men go around the "reek" with wooden rakes, smoothing it down and taking off the loose hay. The work is completed at last.

"By gor, Jim," Hackett says, lifting a fork and rake over his shoulder, "if it rains now itself, 'twon't be any great harm."

"'Twon't, John, — 'twon't; but Bill Ahern hasn't reeked his ten-acre field yet, an' he wants the dry weather a little while."

"Oh, I don't think 'tis goin' to rain anyway!" John added, looking up at the sky with keen eyes.

And, truly, heaven carried no menace on its broad face that evening. Here and there a star began to peep,—the advance-guard of the great army that very soon would encamp on the wide acres of the sky. The leaves on the maples were faintly stirred with the soft wind of the South. Not a single cloud floated anywhere above the earth, while all around was sweet with the smell of the garnered hay.

"So poor Hartigan is dead, after all!" mused Mike Donovan, as he walked behind the other men, not paying any attention to Hackett's pronouncement about the weather.

"Wisha poor John! An' he didn't last long." It was Tom Sullivan, the man

that worked on top of the reek, who spoke.

"Faix he didn't. Sure 'tis only a week ago, ere yesterday, he took sick. I was mowin' a little o' thim rushes," Donovan continued, walking more leisurely along the headland of the potato field, toward his house, "whin John walked by me on the path beside the bog. 'Good-day, John!' says I. — 'Good-day!' says he. 'An' God bless your work!' — 'An' you too, John,' says I. 'An' how are you?' — 'I'm not well at all, Mike. I have just been up to Dr. Conway about a pain I've been havin' in my side, an' about a reelin' I gets in my head after I've been workin' for a bit. An' Dr. Conway examined me an' told me to go home an' go to bed at once, an' that he'd be down later on in the day with medicines.' John left me an' went home, an' the first thing I knew was that he was down with a ragin' faver; an' next day he had the priest, an' a couple o' days more he was given over by priest an' doctor, and to-night he's wakin'."

"Yerra, life is so short anyhow, we're foolish to spind so much of our time pullin' an' draggin', when in a few years we'll have to lave it all behind us," said John Hackett, as he changed fork and rake from one shoulder to the other.

"That's all very fine talk, John," replied Tom Sullivan; "but a man has to pull an' drag an' make a livin'. Sure, 'tisn't the likes of us would go 'round the country with a sack on our backs beggin'. We must live an' work, an' save a little for our childer whin the rainy day comes."

"Sure I know that myself. I'm only sayin' we mustn't think that workin' an' gettin' together a little money is the only thing."

Probably Sullivan would have found some way to take exception to Hackett's final admission even, but they were already before the door of the house, where Mrs. Donovan announced: "Supper is ready!"

Back on the white road, the rattle of cars, returning from the market of Ardee, comes faintly; a dog barks from the yard of a neighboring house at a passing

stranger; a cow, her head above the gate, lows plaintively. The milkers have now finished their work; the milk is set, and the dairy door is closed for the night. The moist dew is on the grass and on the unripe ears of wheat, and on the unraked hay still spread out upon the meadow.

Down at the house of the dead, people speak in whispers as they come and go. From the yard before the house you can see into the room where the body is laid out; for the window is open to admit the cooling air. The two candles on the table, with the crucifix between them, burn with a steady flame for a little, then flicker slowly as they catch the cool breath of the night. Below the crucifix there is a glass of holy water, in which is placed a sprig of fir, with which those who come sprinkle the corpse. The face of the dead Hartigan is as white as the white sheets that cover the bed. How ghostly, how unlike the sights to which one is accustomed,—the face of the dead, under the flickering light of candles, as seen through the window from the yard!

In the still night, faintly outlined forms are seen coming from different directions, not talking loudly nor laughing, nor whistling the turn of a reel, nor lilting a stave of a song. For Hartigan was a young man taken away shortly after the midday of life, with promise of a calm, peaceful evening unfulfilled. His children are young and helpless, and his wife has a hard life ahead of her.

A group of men are standing, their elbows resting on the stone "ditch" some short distance from Hartigan's house. The night is rather early yet; the air is fresh, and a quiet smoke in the open is inviting. Tade Clancy is among the number, and already he is peopling the fields with spirits.

"Wisha, boys, do ye remember ould Crockett that used keep the hounds?"

"We do so."

"Ye do of course, seein' he's dead only fifteen years. But did ye ever

hear what happened at his funeral?"

Most of them had not heard, or said so at least; for they liked Tade's stories.

"Well, I'll tell it to ye so." And Tade began: "Now, ould Crockett was the divil after the hounds, an' the divil entirely after the rints. One year whin the crops were poor an' the people sufferin', they asked him to take half for that year, an' wait till the times got better. But not a bit of him would do it. 'Pay,' says he, 'or get out.' His tinnents, as ye know, were all in the parish of Ballyadam, an' the parish priest was a young man—Father Halpin, since dead, God rest him!—an' a great Irishman. An' whin he heard what Crockett said to his tinnents he spoke from the altar, an' says he: 'Do ye stop him from huntin' in yer lands, because Crockett and every other landlord is huntin' by the sufferance of the people.' An' Crockett heard it, an' wint to see the priest. 'Is what I hear true?' says he.—'Tis, an' 'double true,' says Father Halpin.—'Thin take that!' says he, hittin' the priest across the face with his whip, the black scoundrel! Father Halpin was a tall, strong man who could have pitched Crockett over the ditch with his one hand. But he didn't lay a finger on him, only said, solemn-like, just before he wint back into his house: 'The dogs you hunt with will want to get you before long.' That was all the word he spoke, an' wint through the door.

"About a year after Crockett took sick with pneumony, and died in a week. An' after four days of mournin' they decided to bury him with a grand funeral. One of the honors was to have his hounds go behind the hearse. So, by gor, on the mornin' of the funeral two of the servant boys led the dogs down the road a bit, to wait till the funeral got that way, so that whin it came by they'd fall in with the procession behind the hearse. By an' by the funeral came along, an' just as soon as the hearse got near the dogs, they let up a howlin' like all the divils

in hell were let loose among thim. They tore at the horses, barked around the hearse as if they were clane mad every dog o' thim. An' the servant boys an' the coachmin who got off the carriages, bate thim back with their whips, till the marks of the lashes were on their backs; but the dogs howled an' foamed, an' tore at the horses, till the poor beasts took fright an' galloped like mad down the road, with the dogs behind howlin' an' barkin', an' the carriages after. The police of Athery heard o' the trouble, an' ran out with their guns to meet the funeral. They got between the dogs an' the hearse, an' fired a volley an' shot some o' thim. Thin the other dogs, whin they heard the noise o' the guns, jumped over the ditch an' ran across the field an' over Duggan's hill, an' were never seen again to this day, though ye can hear thim be night most any time howling around Crockett's house back at Bridgetown."

"Faith, that's a strange story, Tade, an' I never heard it before," said Mick Ahern.

"Yerra I'm surprised. Sure I thought most everyone knew the story of Crockett's hounds," rejoined Tade.

"'Tis a bad thing to have anything to do with the priest, boys," mused John Conway, as he began to refill his pipe.

"Faix 'tis, except tō go to your duties an' be respectful," added Tom Sheehan.

And then the whistle of the "Goods" train, bound for Limerick, screamed shrilly from down near Athery.

"By gor, there's half-past tin!" broke in Jackeen Hogan. "Let us get inside, boys, an' wake the good man that's gone, God rest him!"

They turned toward the house, out of which came the low murmur of many voices. Night had settled over the land. But through the dark one could see the flickering candles, with a crucifix between them, motionless kneeling figures, a dark shroud, and a white face.

Thoughts on the Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

Feb. 9, First Sunday of Lent.

THIS Sunday is held so sacred by the Church that it can never be set aside by any feast, however solemn. For although we regard Lent as beginning on Ash Wednesday, in the early ages of the Church this Sunday was looked upon as the formal entry upon the season of penance. St. Gregory, in one of his homilies, bears witness to this fact. He speaks of the thirty-six days of fasting (the exact number of days in Lent, omitting Sundays, which are never fast-days) as the tenth part of the year,—our "tithe" offered to God. The four weekdays from Ash Wednesday were added later, to bring the exact number up to forty.

In glancing at the Missal, we can not fail to be struck by the copious use made by the Church on this Sunday of Psalm xc. From it has been taken every portion of the liturgy, except the Epistle and the Gospel. There appear to be two reasons for this choice. The first is found in the character of the psalm itself: it is a song of confidence in the protection of God against all enemies, and inspires the soul with hope in the warfare against sin, which is the chief end of this season of penance. Its opening words breathe consolation: "He that dwelleth in the aid of the Most High shall abide under the protection of the God of Jacob." The psalm goes on in dramatic form—sometimes God Himself is represented as speaking, at other times the Psalmist or the just man—to set forth the blessings promised in the first verse. "He will overshadow thee with His shoulders, and under His wings thou shalt trust. . . . He hath given His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. In their hands they shall bear thee up, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." The latter words suggest the second reason for the

choice of this psalm: they were addressed by the tempter to our Blessed Lord, at the very institution of this forty days' fast, as an inducement for Him to give some proof to the devil of His being more than Man. They are repeated in the Gospel, which recounts the temptation.

St. Paul consoles us in the Epistle with the thought of God's watchful providence over us, no matter how great our trials may be, and exhorts us to patient confidence in Him whose grace will never fail us; he reminds us that "now is the acceptable time . . . now is the day of salvation."

The Collect, as is so often the case, sums up the teaching of the different portions of the liturgy. "O God, who purifiest Thy Church by the yearly observance of Lent; grant that what Thy servants endeavor to obtain of Thee by abstinence they may put in execution by good works." Fasting is intended to purify the soul, but it is not the only object of Lent. The spirit of the season is warfare against sin, relying on God's constant aid. "Our fast," says St. Leo in one of his sermons on Lent, "does not consist in the mere abstaining from food"; fasting will be effectual, he adds, only if we "restrain the soul from sin."

Let Christians, then, enter upon their warfare with courage, animated by the thought expressed in the Introit of the Mass, in which God Himself encourages our weakness: "He shall call upon Me, and I will hear him; I will deliver him, and glorify him."

THE name "bishop," slightly abbreviated from the Greek word "to oversee," implies the work of a bishop—to direct, to rebuke, and to supervise those under his care. And his emblems of authority are very significant—the pastoral staff, which marks the chief shepherd; and the mitre, emblematic, in its divided shape, of the "cloven tongues as of fire" which descended on the heads of the Apostles on the Day of Pentecost.

Christ's Crown of Thorns.

THOUGH the words thorns, briars, thistles, have a very indefinite meaning, not only in Scripture but also in modern nomenclature, we are quite certain as to the identity of the plants used to make the Crown of Thorns of Our Lord. The spinous plant used was undoubtedly the shrub known to botanists of our day as *Ziziphus Spina Christi*. It was formerly considered a buckthorn, and included by Linnæus in the genus *Rhamnus*. The plant is common in Syria, and is a native of the East, where it sometimes grows to the height of twenty feet.

There is an opinion—not very prevalent, however,—that the plant of which the Crown of Thorns was made may have been another common spinous plant of the East, *Poterium spinosum*; but neither tradition nor fact is in its favor. This plant is rather small, with prostrate stems never two yards long and not rising high above the ground. There is no science in which names have been so conservatively and unchangeably held to as botany previous to the eighteenth century; and the very name of the plant—*Spina Christi*, as it was known before this time and ever since—suggests its identity.

The Crown of Thorns is not mentioned among the relics discovered by St. Helena on Mount Calvary; nor are others, such as the Holy Tunic, for that matter; and so it is likely that the Crown passed from the hands of the soldiers into the possession of one of Our Lord's disciples. St. Paulinus first refers to its existence in a letter to Macarius, and later we hear of it from St. Gregory of Tours. Robert, Count of Flanders, speaks of the relic in the year 1100. It was given by Baldwin II. to St. Louis of France in 1238. The following year it came to Sens, and was kept in a special chapel, where it remained until the French Revolution. After the restoration of peace, it was solemnly transferred, in 1806, to the church of Notre Dame, Paris.

In 1896, when the Crown was placed in a new reliquary, it was photographed, and at the time competent persons established the identity of the plants composing it. It consists of a circle of the thorny plant above mentioned, and certainly identified as *Ziziphus Spina Christi*. The branches of this plant are wound and held together by stems of the common rush (identified as *Juncus balticus*), which grows throughout Northern Asia, Europe, and America, and is abundant in the Holy Land. The whole Crown is about seven inches in diameter.

The thorny plant is no longer so abundant in the Crown itself as formerly, because pieces have been taken as relics to various other places, the principal being at Pisa, Treves, and Wevelghem, in the diocese of Bruges, Belgium. All these relics show thorns very unlike those of the plant called *Poterium spinosum*, which are often much branched; and, therefore, there can be little doubt as to the identity of the plant of which the Crown of Thorns was made.

A Resolve for Lent.

A LENTEN Pastoral freighted with holy counsel is that of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Power, Bishop of St. George's, West Newfoundland. After speaking of the great treasure which Catholics possess in the Holy Eucharist, he has these timely words to say about the Mass:

Besides the Sacrament, we have the Eucharistic Sacrifice, of which here is added a brief word. We should all love the Holy Mass, and qualify it when we speak of it, especially before the little ones, with reverential phrases. We can never hope fully to realize all that it means for the world and for the Christian family. Not until the last day shall we begin to estimate our real loss by our coldness toward it and our lack of appreciation. At the ineffable Oblation we offer God all the worship due Him, all the gratitude necessary to Him, and ample reparation, since the offering is infinite; and infinite, too, is God in all His perfections. The Mass is the occasion of a bountiful Christian harvest, and when present we can gather many a beautiful fruit. There can we effectually ask the

Cheerful Giver for all reasonable gifts, spiritual and temporal, for our dear ones and ourselves; and there the great privilege obtains of lifting the bands purgatorial from our beloved departed. The Mass has also given the Catholic flock the priest, who, as the ambassador of Christ, holds the exalted position of mediator between it and its Maker; and who, besides, on account of his sacerdotal character, has a hallowed influence even outside the Fold, such as no other man possesses.

Urged by all these serious considerations, we would exhort you to endeavor to beget in your hearts and homes a due regard for the Sacrifice of the Altar, and a full understanding of your duty toward the repetition of the Atonement once enacted by the murder of Love on the blood-stained slopes of Calvary. A little serious meditation can not but convince us that we all need to improve our relations with the Eucharistic Holocaust; and then there will surely arise within us the practical resolve to love it, to reverence it, to frequent it, and see that our children and others under our care do likewise. Among the resolutions you make, let this be the principal one, and, come what may, never to be broken—namely, that no flimsy pretext shall ever again keep us or ours away from the Sunday Mass; for faith in its marvellous efficacy and in its grave obligations should make that Sunday uneasy for us and unhappy on which we neglected to fulfil the Third Precept of the Church, which commands us under pain of most grievous sin to hear Mass on Sundays and holydays of obligation. Get well into your minds this very certain doctrine—that, neglecting the Mass on Sundays, you not only incur a curse, but you have very foolishly lost a thousand beneficent and extremely necessary graces, since the moments of the Mass are the golden moments of life.

Since the object of all penance is to bring one closer to God—"putting off the old man," which is sin, and inducing oneself with the garment of salvation,—a resolve excellently in keeping with the higher spirit of Lent would be that of hearing Mass daily, or as often as possible on weekdays. Abstention from social entertainments—an excellent mortification though it be—can not bring one so close to God as does the humble assistance at Mass. And it will prove a form of penance whose thorns are all on the outside.

Notes and Remarks.

If those persons of the sex supposed to be superior, who contend that woman-kind are incapable of sustaining an argument, were to take the trouble to read even a little of the best that is written on the subject of equal suffrage by women, they might possibly get rid of some of their prejudice. Because a few of those who are contending for the ballot in England throw stones, it does not follow that all suffragettes are stone-throwers, or in favor of demonstration of this sort, or that the movement in which so many worthy women are now engaged is to be condemned. Yet this is the way a great many men reason, holding that women are invariably swayed by their emotions. As if men were never governed by their prejudices!

Again and again we are told that the vast majority of women do not want the ballot. Why continue to repeat what nobody is denying? What all women *do* want, however, is industrial, economic, and moral conditions that can be secured by no other means than the ballot. "Just as soon as women realize this fact," remarks a writer in the *National Magazine*, "they will rise up in a solid phalanx in their demand for the ballot, and no business nor combination will be able to defeat them. For a woman to say, for instance, that she doesn't want the ballot but she wants pure food, is as foolish as it would be for a man to say he wanted to raise flour but couldn't be bothered about planting wheat."

One aspect of the workingman's case, were the State to take over all industry as the Socialists declare it should, is pointed out by a writer of weight, A. Maurice Low, in the February number of the *North American Review*:

Socialism would mean implanting upon Western civilization the debasing and injurious effects of the caste system of the East. A man

would be born a baker and die a baker; in all probability, the son would follow in the footsteps of the father, and there would be a caste of bakers in America, just as there is a caste of offal collectors in India. I take it this phase of Socialism has not been considered by the workingman; and I believe that the average American workingman is too intelligent and too ambitious to surrender the hope of reward for the dubious benefit of becoming a barnacle of the State, especially as the first and most marked effect of Socialism would be to increase the cost of all commodities without conferring any corresponding benefit.

So far as the average Catholic workingman is concerned, his opposition to Socialism should be more than sufficiently grounded on the fact, evident from the principles of all genuine Socialists, and openly avowed by some of their American leaders, that Socialism is the irreconcilable enemy of Christianity.

A correspondent of the London *Universe* relates a good answer made by a Catholic lady of his acquaintance to an Anglican parson, who had been importuning her to attend his church, her own being at a considerable distance from where she lived. "But I am a Catholic," she protested; "I can not possibly think of going to your church." The parson then took another tack. "We are all Catholics, you know," he declared. "Our church is a branch of the Catholic Church." The declaration was doubtless quite as familiar to the listener as to the speaker. "If you don't mind," was her answer, "I think I'll stick to the trunk." The old lady is referred to as an invalid, but evidently her infirmity is not mental. Let us hope that the discomfited parson will make a good meditation on trunks and branches,—the trunk that can never wither or die or fall off, and the branches which may do all of these.

The "constant reader" whose heart was "touched" by reading the extracts from letters of a Sister of Charity and missionary priests in China published in

THE AVE MARIA last week, and who has signified the intention of "giving something in my will for that very deserving charity," surely can not be offended if we express the hope that long before that document is drawn up the need of the intended benefaction will have ceased,—that the hungry will be filled, the naked clothed, the homeless sheltered, and the church which the missionaries are trying to erect for their unfortunate charges completed and fittingly furnished. But we can not refrain from remarking further that no one can be said to *give* what Death deprives him of. If a man clings to his money as long as he can, it is more correct to say that he is parted from it than that he parts with it. "There are no pockets in shrouds," to quote a Chinese proverb. The heart of our "constant reader" may have been "touched," but we very much fear that it was not moved. For the benefit of all our readers, let us quote another saying, — a Scotch one: "He doubles his gift that gives in time."

If a bill recently introduced into the Canadian Senate by Senator Cloran becomes law, the Dominion's regulation of divorces will measurably approximate the Church's method of settling extreme cases of matrimonial hardship. In such cases, as our readers are aware, the Church authorizes separation "from bed and board," but not (as a good many Protestants are unaware) from the bond of matrimony. Given sufficient cause, the Catholic husband and wife may be authorized to live apart; but neither of them can validly marry during the lifetime of the other. Senator Cloran's bill provides that, where divorce has been granted, the offending party shall be barred from remarrying; and it is difficult to see why such a regulation should not appeal to sane legislators in Canada or elsewhere. As the editor of the *North-west Review* puts it:

When all is said and done, when the liberty of the individual is given every consideration,

when ample provision is made for the exigencies of each individual case, when the frailties of our common nature are duly appraised, when every possible extenuating and determining circumstance is advanced in favor of the offending party in an action for divorce, still it must be admitted by all that he or she who has proved unfaithful in the first instance is not at all likely to do much better when a second opportunity offers. And the general experience of those who follow in a particular manner the fortunes of those who secured "liberty" through the divorce courts in the United States (where peculiar advantages are offered on account of the elasticity of the laws governing a severance of the marriage tie) goes to prove the truth of the general principle. Those who can not live in harmony with their first choice seldom, if ever, do better upon a second or third occasion.

The divorce evil in Canada compared with that in this country is as a molehill to a mountain, but it is to be hoped that its too great increase even in the Dominion may be effectively retarded by the passage into law of the bill in question. The only amendment that should be considered would be one barring both parties from remarriage.

An organization which is destined to do an incalculable amount of good is that of the Vigilance Committee recently formed, under episcopal patronage and direction, in every parish in the State of Maine. Its *modus operandi* is thus outlined in *America*:

A committee of representative men and women (we are glad the women are in the movement) is to be formed in every parish, in conjunction with the pastor, to protect the boys and girls within the parish limits. We already have parish societies for the relief of poverty and sickness. But poverty and sickness are not in themselves evil: they are often a blessing; but the new conditions that have arisen with such startling suddenness constitute an evil that is appalling, in the havoc it has already wrought in the souls of our young people. Against it our Vigilantes propose to wage a relentless war until it is checked, and, if possible, done away with altogether. They are to begin the fight at their own doors, and are determined to clean up the territory in which they themselves live, and to sweep out of their respective neighborhoods anything and

everything that is a menace to the morality of their young people. Every priest in the land and every respectable man and woman now groaning in anguish over the multiplication of indecent picture shows, of vile books and papers, of low resorts, of "gangs," and whatever else the devil has devised to ruin the souls of our children, will pray for, and co-operate with, this new crusade. It is a fight for the very existence of the nation.

Inasmuch as the evils which the Vigilance Committee is fighting in Maine are not local merely, but almost universal in extent, it is to be earnestly hoped that similar organizations may be formed throughout the land. We have the power, the agencies of regeneration and salvation; the need is to make them widely operative, and they will be thoroughly effective.

In the course of a recent pastoral visit to the various portions of his diocese, Mgr. Mathieu, Bishop of Regina (Canada), remarked with pleasure that several pastors had had the happy thought of writing in a register brief monographs on their respective parishes. The Bishop heartily commended the idea, and has expressed the wish that all his priests do likewise. He declares that the archives of every parish should show: when it was established; under what circumstances it came into being; what pastors served it throughout its existence; when, how, by whom, and at what cost the church was erected; who were its first and also its most zealous parishioners; how the school was opened and conducted, etc., etc. An excellent plan for adoption in Catholic parishes generally. Any one who has attempted to compile the history of a diocese knows the value of just such information,—easy enough to record in the present, well nigh or utterly impossible at times to secure half a century or so later on.

The Holy Father having recently made a new catechism obligatory for the ecclesiastical province of Rome, and strongly

recommended it for all the dioceses of Italy, some one has suggested that the catechism in question may eventually become obligatory all over the Catholic world. *Rome* does not think it likely that any such action will be taken; nor, on the face of it, does it seem to us at all probable. The little compendiums of moral and dogmatic theology which we call catechisms must all, of course, agree in essentials; but there appears to be no good reason why accidental or even ephemeral material that is quite appropriate for the children, say of France, should figure in the catechisms of Ireland or Canada or Mexico. *Rome* recalls that at the Vatican Council it was proposed to make the catechism of Cardinal Belarmine obligatory for the whole world, but the Council failed to approve the project; and our interesting contemporary adds: "From this it will be seen that the idea of a universal catechism is not a new one, but neither is it likely to be realized immediately."

One gratifying bit of news in the current *Indian Sentinel*—an exceptionally interesting number—is this statement concerning the returns from the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children: "The receipts for 1912 have been \$18,161.19 in excess of the receipts for 1911. This is due in great measure to the special efforts that have been made during the year to promote the Society. It is encouraging to note, however, the awakening to the needs of the Indian missions which this report would seem to manifest. If this ratio of gain can be maintained for a few years, the Catholic Indian mission problem will have been solved."

One probable reason for the increased receipts a good many persons will find in the *Sentinel's* very next sentence: "At no time in the past has the opposition to the Catholic Indian missions been more bitter and violent than during the year

1912." Just so; and very likely that opposition proved to be the spur needed to increase the pace of Catholic generosity on all sides. The pace should be accelerated rather than slackened; for, to quote once more, "the anti-Catholic forces are a unit in their opposition to the work."

Impartial students of world politics appear to be practically unanimous in their belief that the Republic of Portugal will be comparatively short-lived; and of late the President of Portugal, Arriaga himself, has been constrained to acknowledge that the government is on the road to ruin. And with such a blaspheming atheist as this same Arriaga for its chief executive, we are inclined to exclaim: No wonder. Says the editor of the London *Catholic Times*:

It is probable that the heads of the secret society by which Portugal is misgoverned from Paris, selected Arriaga for his post because they knew he was capable of imitating the madness of the French Revolutionists who set up the Goddess of Reason for worship. Before being made President, Arriaga was appointed rector of the University of Coimbra; and in taking up that position he said that, as the Portuguese had done away with the sovereignty of the Braganzas, so the sovereignty of God must also be rejected. In an address to some members of a provisional Cabinet, he declared that a statue should be erected to the devil because of the blow he had dealt the supernatural by his successful temptation of Eve; and in the National Assembly Arriaga gave utterance to other horrible insults against God.

That the mass of the Portuguese people are at all in sympathy with such a man, or with the activities by which he translates his abstract theories into concrete political deeds, is simply incredible; and, eventually, the mass of the people will have their way. "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it," is as true of political as of spiritual edifices; and the Lord, we may be certain, had little to do with the building of the Portuguese Republic.



In Lent.

BY EDMUND G. LAMB.

I'M just a boy, and mother says
I do not have to fast,
But I must try to keep this Lent
More strictly than the last.

There's many things a boy can do
For God in time of Lent,
So that he'll be much better when
The forty days are spent.

For one thing, he can go to Mass
Before it's time for school,
And he can try his very best
To keep each little rule.

Or, if he wants to, he may fast
From candy every day,
And spend some time at study when
He'd like to be at play.

No matter what he says he'll do,
He should be true to it;
And, though he thinks it mighty hard,
He shouldn't yield a bit.

So that when Easter comes along
'Twill bring him greater joy,
Because he pleased God very much
And proved a faithful boy.

White Eagle.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN, AUTHOR OF
"BILLY-BOY," ETC.

VI.—A DAY WITH LONE JACK.

AS Lone Jack led the way up the sunny heights of San Pedro, the Eagle light gradually softened in Don's eye, the angry flush died upon his cheek; for climbing the rugged steps under a clear wintry sky was a cheering tonic that no boy could resist.

Lone Jack wisely turned the conversation from the little unpleasantness of the

morning to the hunting and trapping, at which he was an expert. He lived by himself in a sort of "dug-out" under the rocks, that he had fashioned rudely out of an abandoned claim. It was a wild, lonely spot, where the earth had been upheaved by the same shock that had rent La Corta, and the upward way was barred by masses of fallen rock and uprooted trees. It was not often that Lone Jack had guests at his "den," as he called it. "It was too blamed hard to get at," even Batty Bob, who was given to scaling heights and diving into depths, declared. But to-day Jack wanted his gun; so he guided his young companion by bends and turns that only he himself knew, until they stood before the rough framework of logs forming the front of his abode, that was so hidden by dwarf pines and tangles of snow-wreathed vines as to be invisible to the careless passer-by.

There was no sign of life until Jack pushed back the heavy bolt that held the door; then a long, lean dog came leaping forward from some unseen depths, barking joyfully, springing upon his master and almost overturning Don in his delight.

"There! there, Pup!" (Though a good five-year-old, Pup was still bearing his first pet name.) "Down I say!" commanded Jack, as Pup continued to leap up and lick his hands and even his face. "Haven't you got any more sense than to cut up like this before visitors? He has been locked in, you see," explained Jack, as if rather ashamed of Pup's outburst of devotion; "and that makes him act foolish."

"Oh, it ain't foolish!" said Don, patting the dog's head approvingly. "It's sense,—real sense, ain't it, Pup? Gosh, but he loves you, Jack! He's just wriggling all over, he is so glad to see you." For Pup, who had obediently "downed" at his

master's word, now lay stretched at Jack's feet, every muscle a-quiver.

"There, stop!" said Jack sternly, though the grim lines of his face softened as he looked down on the dog. "Stop them fool tricks, Pup! First thing you know you'll be having some sort of a fit and I'll have to shoot you. I haven't raised that dog right, you see. He and I have been alone here so much that I've talked to him sort of like a human. Now stop that, I say, Pup!"—as the dog pressed and wriggled about his feet. "Get out in the open and take a run. We'll have a hunt together in a minute."

Pup bounded to his feet at the words. His ears pricked, his whole body alert, he sprang out of the open door and went leaping and barking over the rocks.

"O poor Pup!" said Don, anxiously. "He thinks you have driven him away from you, Jack."

"Driven him away!" echoed Jack. "Driven Pup away! He knows better than that. Why, that dog knows what I'm thinking and feeling like as if he was inside me! That dog has more sense than is natural. I haven't raised him right, as I said. Why, he'll sit here before the fire at night, with his nose on my knee, and looking up into my face with eyes that say more than any tongue can talk. No, I haven't raised Pup right," repeated Lone Jack as he took down his gun from the wall and inspected lock and barrel. "Rusty,—rusty as an old nail hanging up again them rocks. Don, you'll have to sit down a bit while I grease up this shooting iron. There's a bag of nuts up thar on the shelf you can nibble on."

Don accepted both invitations promptly. He sat down on one of the three-legged stools which, with the shelf jutting out from the wall and a folding camp bed covered with a couple of army blankets, constituted all Lone Jack's furniture.

It was Don's first visit to the interior of his friend's abode, and he looked around him with interest. The walls of earth and rock were hung with pelts of various kinds

that told of Jack's present business; a couple of fitches of bacon and some strings of smoked sausages swung above the shelf. There was no window, only a circular opening in the roof, below which a pile of rough rock formed a fireplace. All around the walls stretched the wide shelf, holding a queer collection of things indeed — frying-pan, coffeepot, lamps and candles, pipes and tobacco, camera and Mexican water jar, a pile of papers, a row of well-thumbed books. But after the rude cheer of Big Seth's abode Lone Jack's seemed dull and gloomy.

"I should think you would get right lonesome here," said Don, as he cracked the nuts between his strong white teeth. "Why don't you come into camp?"

"I do," answered Jack, who, seated astride of his stool, was swabbing his gun. "If it wasn't for that camp I'd be plumb locked up here in these rocks. Seems to me I'm a steady visitor of yours, though."

"But why — why don't you stay?" persisted Don. "There's a shack just beside Old Grizzle that you could fix up fine. Seth keeps fodder there, but he'd empty it for you, I know. And you and Pup could live there always."

Jack, rubbing steadily at his gun for a moment, made no answer; then he said:

"Like to have me so close, would you?"

"Oh, yes, I would!" answered Don. "Next to Seth, you're the best man I know except Padre Francisco, who is a saint of course, and does not count. And you know more than Seth," continued Don, with a glance at the varied contents of the shelf. "You can read and write and think about things that Seth never thinks about; now, don't you, Jack?"

"Well, yes," said Jack, after another pause, "I rather guess I do. And it's the sort of thinking I don't like, either."

"Oh, don't you?" asked Don, forgetting his nuts and turning, with an eager light in his face, to his companion. "I like to think, Jack."

"What about?" asked Jack, looking up from his gun.

"Oh, lots of things!" replied Don,—
"about the sun and stars and the clouds,
and what makes the wind blow and the
waters run. Of course I know God has
made everything; but my father told me
that men were learning more and more
about His wonderful ways, and that I
must not believe, as Nokola says, that
when the storm darkens He is angry, and
that the stars bring us evil or good. I have
a book of my father's that says the stars
are worlds like this we live in, only bigger.
Do you believe that, Jack?"

"I've heard people that knew say so,"
answered Jack, evasively.

"Seth don't believe it," said Don. "I
asked him, and he said it was all tommy
rot; for nobody had ever got up there
to measure them, he knew. And they
couldn't, of course; but it is all in my
father's book plain."

"You sort of like books, don't you?" asked
Jack, giving a final swab to his gun barrel.

"Yes," answered Don, "when I can
understand them. I've read the History
of the United States right through—
father had two books of that, —and I
know something about Rome and Greece
and England. Father used to tell me
stories about them when we lay out at
night before our camp fire. When the
weather was good we always slept out of
doors. Father used to teach me a lot of
things" (the young voice quivered for
a moment), "but there's no one to teach
me now since he has gone."

"No, there isn't, more shame for the
bunch of blockheads we are!" growled
Jack, as he took up his gun and game bag.
"Come on, kid, and I'll show you how a
hungry man can get a dinner,—which is
about all the learning I've found any use
for during these last half a dozen years."

They started out again, Jack closing
and barring his door. Then he whistled
for Pup, who, with Tobe, came bounding
over the snowy rocks, and they all went
forth for a bracing day in the winter sun-
shine. "Hunting the hare" on the white
steeps of San Pedro was fine fun for dogs

and men, and Don forgot all about books
and thoughts in the excitement of the sport.

Jack's game bag was filled while the
sun was still high in the west,—so well
filled that he was not only able to fur-
nish the delighted Bonita with "potpie"
material for several days, but had enough
to remember in generous mountain fashion
the feeble old Padre in the valley. Lone
Jack himself bore his offering down the
long stretch of the Monje Trail, past the
dark chasm of La Corta, into the warm,
sheltered depths where the crumbling old
mission stood, a score or more of little
adobe houses still nestling around its
ruined walls. But the wide lands that had
once smiled in plenty under its benign
care were now a deserted waste, save for
the narrow little patch of garden and
grove that the Padre and his faithful old
Felipe kept in order. Though it was not
often that Lone Jack left his own wild
rocky heights, the old mission and its
feeble guardians had a pathetic interest
for him. More than once he had come,
as on this occasion, with hare or bird to
tempt the old Padre's failing appetite.
Preachers and parsons had never been
very much in Lone Jack's line; but Padre
Francisco, with his friendly smile, was
different from any he had ever met.

To-day, however, the gentle old Padre
was not visible. There was only Felipe,
brown and withered, but bright-eyed still,
despite his "sesenta" years, feeding the
feathered flock, that fluttered in wild terror
around their protector as Pup drew near.

"Bah, bah, little fools, be still! The
good dog will not hurt you."

"I ain't so sure of that if I wasn't
around," said Jack. "Back there, Pup,—
back there, I say! It's nature for him to
hunt down anything that wears feathers,
but he won't do any damage while I'm
about to keep him still. Back there, Pup!
Don't send these here hens into hysterics.
We just stepped down for a moment to
bring a little game to the Padre. Thought
a little change might set him up a bit.
I heard he had not been very well."

"No, no, not well at all!" answered old Felipe, shaking his head as he emptied his dish of grain. "Much sick, much weak, much old. Soon the good God will call."

"Oh, it's not so bad as that, I hope?" said Jack quickly.

"Not bad,—no, it will be good,—all good. And why not?" asked Felipe. "After the long, long, so very long years of life to have the rest, the peace, the crown! Ah, for the Padre it will be all good! But for us that will be left,—ah, it will be sorrow and darkness and loss! The stars will go out of the sky and the light upon the altar. It will be night,—dark night. But much thanks for the hare!" continued Felipe, more cheerfully. "It will make a stew that may give the holy man a little strength. And if you would like to go into the church," added the old man, who knew the mission to be an object of interest to all visitors, "the door is open there." Old Felipe pointed to one of the crumbling arches. "Ah, *Santa Maria*, it will not be open very long!" he concluded with a sigh, as he turned into the little house.

Jack strayed through the broken doorway, he scarcely knew why; but the quiet and peace of the old place seemed to soothe and rest him. The walls were cracked; there was a wide break in the roof that Padre Francisco had not been able to mend; there were no seats or pews, only the old grey arches and pillars rising from the earthen floor; and, beyond, the altar still wreathed and garlanded with the glory of yesterday's *fiesta*. Before it hung the one treasure of San Pedro—a great silver lamp, the gift of a Spanish king of long ago, its undying light shielded by a globe of alabaster, that, in spite of the cracks and stains of time, still had a mellow translucence. Though Lone Jack stared about him quite as uncomprehendingly as Pup who had strayed in at his master's heels, the soft light of the old lamp fell upon him with a strange charm. He stood beneath it, awed, wondering, touched he could not tell how or

why. It had burned so long, and it would go out very soon now,—go out with the life of the old Padre who had kept it alight. And then, as old Felipe had said, it would be dark at San Pedro,—all dark!

Lone Jack's thoughts went back to that morning, to the fierce fight of the two boys beside the mountain lion, to the wild fury of the Eagle he had seen in Don's face, felt in his panting, quivering form. Ah, it would be a dark, sad day for Don when the old Padre's warning voice grew silent forever, and the lamp of San Pedro gave up its guiding light!

Lone Jack took his way back to his den, thinking,—thinking very hard indeed. For long hours that night he sat on the rocks without his door, thinking still. Then suddenly he came to a resolve that made him clap his hand on his companion's head almost triumphantly.

"We'll do it, Pup! No matter what trouble it brings to us, we'll do it! That boy shan't grow up groping round these here rocks like you and me, if we can help it. He's got to learn about the stars and many other things. We'll do it, Pup! Seth may say what he durn pleases—we'll write to that 'torney-at-law,' as he calls him, this very night."

(To be continued.)

Harold's Essay on Coins.

"What's this?" asked Harold, holding up a little buckskin bag that he had found in a drawer where his Uncle George had given him permission to rummage.

"Open it," said his uncle; so the boy untied the leather string and emptied some shining dust upon the table.

"It's gold dust," explained Uncle George. "We used it instead of money when I was a miner in California."

"Why didn't you use money?"

"Why, you see," replied the old gentleman, with a smile, "we didn't always happen to have it to use."

"But how did you know how much a dollar's worth of this dirt was?"

"Ah, you talk like a Forty-Niner!" answered Uncle George. "He, too, would have called this 'pay dirt.' How did we measure it? We weighed it."

"But," said Harold, not quite convinced, "I don't just see how folks get along without real money. They wouldn't take this dust at the candy shop."

"I think they would," answered Uncle George. "It ought to buy a good many chocolate drops, and the transaction would be called bartering. For a long time there was no other way of buying and selling."

"And that reminds me," said Harold, "that I must write an essay about coins, and I don't know one thing about them. If you could tell me some book—"

"I think I can tell you what you want to know," rejoined Uncle George; "'but you must put the facts into your own language.'"

So here is the "essay" that Harold handed in to his teacher a few days later.

The money of the ancient Egyptians wasn't money at all, but nuggets of gold and silver, and often ornaments of the same metals. In many pictures we see the old fellows weighing these things in little scales. The Greeks did better; for they marked the precious lumps, so they did not have to weigh them every time they wanted to sell anything. And they were of different sizes, according to their value. Then somebody thought of making coins. At first they were very large, some of those made of copper being as big as dinner plates. I think boys' pockets must have been pretty big then.

People soon began to ask for more convenient money, and coins became smaller. Copper was the favorite metal used for the less valuable ones, but iron and lead have both been used; and the English once made farthings and half-pence out of tin, in order to make use of the tin mines of Cornwall. Platinum and nickel have also been used; and no boy ever had too many nickels,—at least I never did.

Coined money was not used in Europe

until twenty-five years before the Christian era; in the Middle Ages they began to make it of gold. After that a hundred years had to pass before it was found out that coins ought to be round.

The "mite," like the one of the poor widow, is the smallest coin ever issued; its value is one-fiftieth of a cent. I'd rather have a nickel.

The Indians who used to live in North America called their money "wampum." It was just beads, sometimes strung, sometimes made into belts. The beads were made out of a certain kind of shell. My Uncle George has a nice long string of them that he found where an old mission used to be.

St. Francis of Assisi wouldn't let any of his followers handle money. When they wanted anything to eat, they had to go to somebody's door and ask for it "for the love of God." St. Francis thought money would spoil them.

A great many people have made collections of coins, some of them so rare that they are worth ever so much. Once in a while, after a few have been struck off, it is found that something is the matter with them, and so those in circulation bring a big price.

This is all I could find out about coins.

The teacher wrote on the back of the composition: "A very good essay, but it would be still better if there was not quite so much about the writer in it."

A Curious Origin.

The expression "giving quarter" has a curious origin. When the Spaniards fought the Dutch in the Netherlands, there was an agreement between them that the ransom of a soldier should be a quarter of his pay. To "ask quarter" was to offer one-fourth of the soldier's pay as ransom; and to refuse quarter, of course was to decline to accept that amount.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The John Lane Co. have brought out a second edition, with cloth cover, of "A Study of Francis Thompson's 'The Hound of Heaven,'" by the Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S. J.

—Messrs. Sands & Co. have already published Vols. I.—X., and in April will publish Vol. XI., of the new edition of Lingard's "History of England," with a continuation to date, by Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

—Viola Meynell, whose two previous stories, "Martha Vine" and "Cross-in-Hand Farm," were a delight to discerning readers, has written a new book entitled "Lot Barrow," which is published by Mr. Martin Secker.

—"Amélie in France" hardly seems to fit the story, by Maurice Francis Egan, to which this title is given. The tale centers round the shipwreck of some Catholic children on an uninhabited island, and what they learn while there of true values in life. The little book affords entertaining reading for young people, though the main incidents, apart from their original setting—in a story written for THE AVE MARIA—seem made to order. Published by H. L. Kilner & Co.

—In explanation of his reference to Gen. Longstreet's conversion in the December *Atlantic*, which has called forth indignant protest from many Catholics, Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., writes: "I recognize that my words are susceptible of an interpretation which I certainly did not intend. The sole point that interested me was that a man of Longstreet's immense self-confidence, always indisposed to submit to the judgment of others, should make the most complete self-surrender in the world. Intent upon this dramatic episode, I expressed it with an uncalled for vivacity of phrase, which I shall remove when I reprint the portrait."

—"Twin Sisters," by Rosa Mulholland (Blackie & Son), is an interesting Irish novel, as Lady Gilbert's habitual readers do not need to be told. There is plenty of action, as well as excellent character-drawing, abundant humor, and sufficient (if not very complicated) plot. Pippa and Sue Hurley, Spanish-born daughters of an Irish father, are twins merely in the chronological sense; in everything but age they are distinctly unlike each other, though both are admirable and amiable girls. The story is as strictly "non-sectarian" as the most acrid critic of genuinely Catholic novels could desire. True, on page 387 we learn that Pippa's marriage took place in the great cathedral of Seville,

and that "Pippa would rather have gone to the chapel at Kilmacreenagh"; but all references to religion, prayer, the sacraments, priests, or parsons have been carefully avoided. The publishers might have spared the reader the drudgery of cutting the book's 392 pages.

—The American edition of that admirable biography, "John Hungerford Pollen, 1820-1902," by Anne Pollen, is published by Mr. B. Herder. It has the three colored and numerous half-tone illustrations of the English edition, of which Mr. Murray is the publisher.

—"Crowns and Palms" is the title of a drama in four acts, adapted from the German of Mgr. A. de Waal, by a Benedictine Father of Conception Abbey. The scene is laid in Rome, during the time of the Diocletian persecution. The play is not without dramatic impulse, but some of the speeches are somewhat long and stereotyped; the prose, moreover, is frequently metrical. There is no arena scene.

—A typical little village of the Scotch Highlands forms the setting for the dozen sketches and short stories in "Up in Ardmuirland," by the Rev. Michael Barrett, O. S. B. (Benziger Brothers.) We have found the contents uniformly charming. There are pathos and humor, graphic character-sketching and quaintness of dialect sparingly introduced, adventures and love and ghosts and smugglers, and withal an easy, readable style that connotes more literary ability than the man-in-the-street will probably recognize.

—By the death, last week, after a prolonged illness, of Mrs. Flora L. Stanfield, THE AVE MARIA loses an old and valued contributor. Her first literary work was done for newspapers in cities where she resided, but was soon welcomed by periodicals like the *Home Journal* and the *Independent* of New York, then in their palmiest days. Though a prolific writer both in prose and verse, Mrs. Stanfield published only two books—a story, "Two Paths"; and, for private circulation, a collection of poems, which are greatly admired for their inspiration and execution. Of late years almost everything this gifted woman produced was sent to THE AVE MARIA. Our readers will recall her charming stories, short essays (like "Thoughts of a Shut-In," written after she had become an invalid), and miscellaneous articles, sometimes signed Louisa May Dalton. She also wrote much for our younger readers. Indeed, THE AVE MARIA never had a more versatile or devoted con-

tributor than Mrs. Stanfield, though she was not a Catholic. A lady of noble character and amiable disposition, she will be long and sincerely mourned by many intimate friends, and many more unknown ones, to whom her writings, though often the fruit of pain, brought cheer, as well as incentive to higher thinking and nobler living. Peace to her soul!

—"Saints and Places," by John Ayscough (Benziger Brothers), might be more accurately entitled "Places and Saints," as the descriptive papers are many, and the biographical sketches few. Of descriptions and sketches there are in all twenty-three, several of them being reprints from our own pages. The book will be enjoyed most by readers who 'know their Italy,' especially those parts of Italy that lie outside the main lines of tourist travel. While the volume furnishes abundant evidence of the author's characteristic vivid word-painting, quiet humor, and other stylistic felicities, we can scarcely echo his publishers' statement, that "this present volume must surely add a laurel to the fame of its author." Incidentally, the proofreading should have been more carefully done. The interest of the book is enhanced by a number of excellent illustrations.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Up in Ardmuirland." Rev. Michael Barrett, O. S. B. \$1.25, net.

"Saints and Places." John Ayscough. \$1.50, net.

"John Hungerford Pollen, 1820-1902." Anne Pollen. \$4.25, net.

"A Study of Francis Thompson's 'The Hound of Heaven.'" Rev. F. X. O'Connor, S. J. 50 cts., net.

"Amélie in France." Maurice Francis Egan. 70 cts.

"Illustrated History of New Mexico." Benjamin M. Read. \$10.

"Twelve Catholic Men of Science." Edited by Sir Bertram Windle. \$1.25.

"Songs for Sinners." Rev. Hugh F. Blunt. \$1.
"History of the Roman Breviary." Mgr. Pierre Batiffol, Litt. D. \$3, net.

"A Pilgrim of Eternity: The Story of a Unitarian Minister." Rev. George S. Hitchcock, D. D. 60 cts.

"The Heliotropium." Jeremias Drexelius, S. J. \$2, net.

"Columbus and His Predecessors." Charles H. McCarthy, Ph. D. 50 cts.

"Faustula." John Ayscough. \$1.35.

"Glimpses of Heaven." Sister M. Aquinas, O. S. B. 50 cts.

"Lances Hurlled at the Sun." Rev. James Cotter. \$1.

"Your Neighbor and You." Rev. E. F. Garesché, S. J. 75 cts.

"Socialism from the Christian Standpoint." Fr. Bernard Vaughan, S. J. \$1.50, net.

"Life of St. Francis of Assisi." Fr. Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. \$3.50, net.

"The Westminster Hymnal." \$1.25, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. E. Lefebvre, of the diocese of Denver; and Rt. Rev. Richard O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough.

Sister M. Antonia (Conlon), of the Sisters of St. Mary; and Sister M. Simplicia, Order of the Visitation.

Mr. Victor Taylor, Mr. George Brazier, Mrs. Teresa Corbett, Mr. August Maag, Mr. Oscar Luckett, Mr. Joseph O'Donnell, Mr. William Boyle, Mrs. Virginia Burd, Mr. Joseph Clohesy, Mrs. J. Heney, Mrs. Margaret Cordary, Mr. John A. Shields, Mr. Richard Rowan, Mrs. Catherine Linehan, Mr. Thomas Cradick, Mr. James Coleman, Ann Fitzsimmons, Mr. John Fitzgerald, Mrs. Catherine Haslan, Mr. James McManus, Mrs. G. Sigsbee, Miss Lillian O'Neill, Mr. Edward Frith, Mr. Charles Fenner, Mrs. Johanna Murphy, Mrs. Margaret Finen, Mr. George Krutz, Miss Jessie McMullen, Mr. Joseph Mathews, Mr. Arthur Mengerling, Mr. Thomas Smith, and Mr. H. J. Stokman.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the famine and cyclone sufferers in China: N. O'C., \$10; Friend, 25 cts.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 7

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Morning Star.

BY HENRY C. MCLEAN.

MORNING STAR, I make my prayer:

Day has not begun;
Darkness lingers everywhere,
Hid is yet the sun.
Till the glowing dawn appears
Lighting land and sea,
Faithful Mother, calm my fears,—
Mary, pray for me!

Light of Hope, fall not in vain
O'er a wanderer's path;
Virgin without spot or stain,
Shield me from His wrath.
Christ shall shine before all men,
He my Judge shall be;
Ere thy Son shall come again,
Mary, pray for me!

Radiant Queen of angel bands,
Gleaming from afar,
Thou hast gifts from Jesus' hands,—
Aid me, Morning Star.
Mother of the Sovereign Son
In eternity,
Till the peace of Christ is won,
Mary, pray for me!

THERE is a curious illuminated page in an ancient manuscript in Trinity College, Dublin, which represents the suppliant on his knees with bow in hand, and up the page of the manuscript are the rising arrows, which he has shot up, each arrow having a little scroll, bearing on it a petition, and thus illustrating the idea of ejaculatory prayers.

The Religious Significance of the Procession.

BY G. M. HORT.



IT has been rightly said that the religious procession, as practised in Catholic countries, and by the Church all over the world, expresses and satisfies an instinctive human craving. And this same craving must have been, even in its blind beginnings, a religious one; for is not the cry of the prodigal, *Surgam et ibo!* ("I will arise and go!"), the natural cry of even the most uninstructed seeker after God? We know that the conscious output of energy to attain hallowed places or turn toward holy things appeared right and desirable in the eyes of the more thoughtful of the pagans. The philosopher Pythagoras warned his disciples not to be stationary in their acts of worship, but to turn toward the East, and make the movements of their bodies express the eager intention of their minds. The roofless circular temples of the Druids were raised in obedience to the same instinct; and the very horror and savagery of the ceremonial processions which wound in and out of those giant avenues of stone testified to the strength of energies gone astray, and devotion which had missed its rightful aim.*

The Church was to direct this feeling

* Of course, there is abundant proof in the Old Testament Scriptures of the part played by the procession in revealed religion. But this, as known to all students of Holy Scripture, and as a vast subject in itself, is outside the scope of the present paper.

of "divine discontent" into its proper channels. Even such Protestant writers as insist on the "simplicity" of early Christian worship frankly confess that the Christian festivals of the primitive Church were celebrated with processions. In fact, many festivals would be practically inseparable from a processional pilgrimage of some kind. The feast of a martyr, for instance, would be naturally celebrated at the martyr's grave, which became the normal halting-place of the procession, and the altar where the Holy Sacrifice was offered.

It is easy to see that these celebrations were no mere formality, or even mere practice of a formal devotion. Those who took part in them felt—perhaps actually knew—that they were treading a path which would soon be their own in earnest, and which it was well to tread as often as possible in symbolic rehearsal, and to hallow with sacrament and prayer. So the earliest Christian procession was an act of *practical* religion. Its ideal appeals to all practical men. It was a preparation for what might any day become a fact of life. Its recognized goal was the martyr's grave and the altar of the greatest sacrifice.

But the clouds of persecution broke, and an outward change passed over processional worship. The relics of the martyrs were borne in triumph through the thronged streets; the symbol of the Faith was carried, like a banner, before the ranks of the faithful; and the great personages who protected the Church and had been baptized as her sons followed in their honored places, adding to the outward importance of the ceremony by the insignia of their rank. Saint Ambrose speaks of these great public processions as "ancient" in the Church in the third century, and only in a very secondary way can they be described as a counterblast to the processions with which the Arians attracted notice and spread schism. No doubt they were that counterblast; but they were also infinitely more: they were the eager, candid expression of love that had come into its own. And under

all the gorgeous pageantry we trace the ideal of the Catacombs,—progress along a given line to a sacred goal; and progress which, if not actually penitential, was, at any rate, of the nature of a discipline.

That the spirit of processional worship was always more or less the spirit of humility we see, with curious clearness, in the first formal classification of processions as of two kinds—triumphal and supplicatory. It was the triumphal train which was to be preceded by the cross-bearer and the cross, and which came to be popularly known as a "cross procession." Supplicatory processions in times of national distress were always popular with the devout laity; but from the fifth century on they were more often and more earnestly resorted to. An incident in the life of Gregory the Great shows the cause of this.

Pelagius II. had made Gregory his nuncio; but the future Pope was altogether devoted to a monastic life, and persistently withdrew from public affairs to his convent. Only the call of sorrow and fear brought him forth. Rome was smitten with a terrible pestilence; Pope Pelagius himself was sick to death, and Gregory led a procession of his fellow-citizens through the desolate streets. Barefooted and with all other signs of mourning, singing penitential psalms, the sad train moved on toward the great church. It passed the Castle of St. Angelo, and then (says the beautiful and well-known story) Gregory raised his sorrowful eyes, and saw the Angel of Death standing on the mount above the city, thrusting his sword into his sheath. He told his vision, and the despair of the penitents was turned into hope. That very day the pestilence began to abate, and Gregory was forced to accept the vacant pontificate.

The ceremonies of the great procession of Corpus Christi are too familiar to need more than a mere reference to its origin as a landmark of sacred history. It was instituted by Urban IV. in 1265, to commemorate the vision which came to a

doubting priest in the town of Bolsena. As he consecrated at Mass, blood fell from the sacred wafer, and the mystery of Transubstantiation was made clear before his eyes. Raphael chose this incident as the subject of one of his masterpieces—"The Host of Bolsena."

Other annual processions which did not gain this wide-world significance were dear to the faithful in particular towns, and had, as a rule, their starting-point in the miracle or martyrdom of a local saint. Of such is "The Pardon of St. Romain," celebrated for many centuries in Rouen, and having as its central incident the release of a condemned criminal from the city prison.

In the days of St. Romain (A. D. 638) Rouen was ravaged by one of those monsters no longer called "fabulous"—a dragon from the slime marsh on which the city was built. The saint determined to brave the creature in its lair, but could find none to accompany him except a condemned criminal, whose courage and devotion were held year after year in remembrance along with St. Romain's own. The symbolism of this mediæval procession is peculiarly beautiful; for the freed sinner proceeding to his confession and absolution in the cathedral was the central figure of the train. The symbols of pardoning Love were borne before him, and the whole ceremony was known to the townsmen as an object-lesson in the ransoming power of Christ.

It is not too much to say that the ardor of the Crusades was a broad international expression of the processioning, or "pilgriming," spirit. It was more than that, too: it was an organized attempt to secure freedom for that spirit. A fixed tax was paid to the Saracens for "Liberty of Christian Pilgrimage"; and the adequate protection of pilgrims was the true *raison d'être* of the Military Orders. Whatever their subsequent faults and failures, it was for this purpose those Orders were founded, and their vows and discipline framed. Templars, Knights of

Malta, and the like, were to be the armed guards of the great procession, which, as a matter of course, included many weak and helpless persons.

But the Crusades, humanly speaking, ended in failure; and the processioning spirit turned home again. There was another great revival of religious fervor; for, in the passionate longing for the Holy Land, native shrines had been forgotten and neglected. After the Crusades came the "Golden Age" of what was called "Domestic Pilgrimages"; and all over Christian Europe, from this time to the sixteenth century, we see the great tide of procession moving from shrine to shrine. Loreto, Canterbury, Lough Derg, St. James of Compostella,—these are as names taken at random from an uncountable multitude.

Long after the Reformation, we have in England and Scotland the pathetic survival of the processioning instinct. Holy Wells were still visited on the name-day of the saint with whom they were associated. The bounds of each parish were still beaten once a year by minister and people, and prayers and passages from the Gospels read at the halting-places. Herrick alludes to this latter custom in one of his poems, where he asks to be buried under a "Gospel-tree,"—
that, though thou seest not, thou mayest think upon

Me when thou yearly goest procession.

In fact, there are very few rural customs of the English people which do not contain some faint, lingering germ of the Faith of their forefathers; and it is no surprise to the student of history that certain outdoor demonstrations of Catholic practice have been of late years so favorably received by English villagers, and have excited so much friendly interest.

In the Luxembourg, Paris, hangs a beautiful picture by J. Breton—"La Bénédiction des Blés"—("Blessing the Corn"). It represents the village priest and people carrying the Blessed Sacrament round a field of young wheat; and the procession,

outlined against the bright glow of earth and sky, is a sublime and simple allegory of religion as a part of practical daily life. Many an English Catholic, standing before this picture, must have dreamed of the time when this practice of the primitive Church (so long the practice of Catholic France) might be restored in his own land, by the free will of a still religious folk.

Prophecy would be rash enough, but here is surely room for hope. The great procession which never retreats—which in its triumphs carries the Cross—may be making more headway by its simple object-lessons than it is itself aware of.

A Far-Away Princess.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VII.

IT had certainly been with something like a shock of surprise that, startled by her husband's exclamation—"Why, there's Paul Lyndon!"—Mrs. Granger had looked across the brilliant dining-room where they were seated, and seen the well-known face of Royall Harcourt's cousin. "Good Heavens!" she ejaculated. "What on earth has brought *him* here?"

"Pretty much what has brought the rest of us, I suppose," Mr. Granger replied, with evident surprise in his tone. "Why shouldn't he be here? But if he came for the Coronation, I wonder we haven't met before. Ah! he sees us, and is coming over to speak!"

Lyndon had, in fact, caught sight of the familiar faces of his old friends, and, rising from the table where he was dining with two or three other men, came across the room to shake hands with them.

"I'm delighted to meet you both so soon," he said. "I heard that you were in London, and meant to look you up to-morrow."

"What do you mean by 'so soon'?" Mrs. Granger inquired. "We've been here for a month or more."

"But I haven't," Lyndon replied. "I arrived only yesterday."

"So you didn't come for the Coronation?"

"Not at all. I've come on business, which will keep me in London for a few days. Then I'm going to Paris."

"Naturally,—that's the Mecca of all good Americans."

"It is not mine," Paul Lyndon said a little dryly; "but I've a particular reason for going there at present. I'll tell you about it if I may join you after dinner,—that is, if you've no engagement?"

"We have none at all, and shall be very glad for you to join us," Mrs. Granger assured him. "We are staying in this hotel, and can go up to our own sitting-room to talk quietly." Then, on an impulse, she added: "I myself have just come from Paris to-day."

There was a significance in her tone which made Lyndon glance at her quickly; but he did not make the inquiry that for a moment seemed trembling on his tongue. Instead, remarking only, "I'll have the pleasure of joining you, then, presently," he turned and went back to his companions.

"An odd fellow!" Mr. Granger commented, looking after him. "Who else would come over to London in this year and at this season, and time his arrival after the great attraction, that drew all the rest of the world, was over!"

"But he says he has come on business," Mrs. Granger remarked; "and I hardly think he would have cared for the Coronation. He *is* an odd fellow, but I like him,—I've always liked him."

"Oh, so do I!" her husband assented, in the unenthusiastic tone with which Paul Lyndon was generally commended. "He's extremely clever and hard-working; and he'll arrive wherever he wants to go, there's not a doubt of that. But 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy'; and it's a pity he doesn't know how to play sometimes."

"He knew how to play as well as any one when he was younger," Mrs. Granger

said; "but he was always tremendously ambitious, which is the reason he is so absorbed in his professional work now."

"I wonder what has brought him over?" Mr. Granger observed meditatively. "It strikes me that business is probably only a cloak for family affairs. I've forgotten to tell you, my dear — or rather, I haven't had time to do so—that I heard while you were away a sad piece of news about young Harcourt. It seems that he has married some show-girl, or worse, in Paris—"

"He has done nothing of the kind!" Mrs. Granger interrupted impetuously. "I met Royall Harcourt when I was in Paris, and heard all about his marriage from himself. Moreover, I met the girl he married, and she is charming."

"But she was on the stage—"

"Yes, but not as a show-girl or anything of the kind. She comes of good people, and she made her *début* as an actress in one of Rostand's beautiful plays, and achieved such a success that Paris was raving over her, when Royall saw, fell desperately in love with her, and persuaded her to marry him off-hand."

Mr. Granger stared across the table at the speaker.

"You appear to know all about it," he said, as soon as his surprise permitted him to speak. "But, nevertheless, it must have been a very undesirable marriage; for I understand that Governor Harcourt is furious, and has renounced Royall in the most approved fashion of outraged fathers."

"Royall has acted very badly toward his father, as well as very foolishly," Mrs. Granger admitted. "I told him so, but of course it did no good. He's a true Harcourt in his pride and obstinacy, whether the Governor believes it or not. Like you," she added, "I've little doubt that Paul Lyndon has come over to see his cousin and try to smooth matters; but, unfortunately, he arrives too late."

"Why too late?"

"Because Royall left Paris before I did. He has gone to Morocco."

"To Morocco! What the deuce has taken him there?"

"He has gone as illustrating artist with a distinguished French writer; and he is to be paid enough for his sketches to make him, for the present at least, independent of his father."

Mr. Granger whistled softly under his breath.

"I wouldn't have believed it!" he said. "He must have genuine talent, after all, as well as pluck. But what has he done with the show—I mean actress—whom he married? Is she going to continue acting?"

"If she were, there would have been no need for Royall to go to Morocco," Mrs. Granger answered. "No: he's a true Harcourt in that respect also. He won't allow his wife to remain on the stage."

"Then what has he done with her?"

"There was no need for him to do anything except say good-bye. Paris is her home: she has always lived there."

"Then he just left her behind?"

"Yes, he left her behind; there was nothing else to be done."

"Pretty hard lines for him, if he was so desperately in love, — and in the honeymoon, too!"

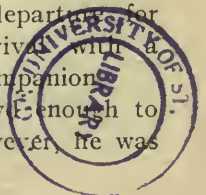
"It *was* hard lines," said Mrs. Granger. "You'd have thought so if you had seen him the day he went away. Poor fellow! His face haunts me yet."

"Oh, you saw him just before he left?"

"He stopped on his way to the railway station to say good-bye."

Mr. Granger glanced curiously at his wife, but he asked no more questions; and silence followed for a few minutes, during which he applied himself to his dinner; while Mrs. Granger, glancing now and then at him, wondered if he were engaged in that mental process known as putting two and two together,—in other words, if he suspected a connection between Royall Harcourt's departure for Morocco and her own arrival with that beautiful and mysterious companion.

If Mr. Granger was shrewd enough to suspect this connection, however, he was



also discreet enough to say nothing about it; and when he presently spoke again it was on an altogether different subject. But, though relieved to be spared the necessity of evading awkward inquiries, Mrs. Granger was able to give only a very divided attention to his remarks; for her mind was busy with conjectures about the meaning of Paul Lyndon's unexpected appearance. It seemed altogether probable that he had come on an errand of reconciliation; and if this were the case—if Governor Harcourt had authorized him to convey even a partial forgiveness to his son,—then there would be no longer need for Moira's masquerading as Miss Fortescue. She could be presented to Lyndon as his cousin's wife, and everything would at once and most beautifully arrange itself. Mrs. Granger's spirit—that "managing" spirit of which Royall had spoken, and which was so strong in her—rose with elation as she thought how entirely the situation was under her control and its details in her capable hands.

"Only I must give Moira warning!" she reflected; and then remarked aloud, breaking in irrelevantly on what Mr. Granger was saying upon a totally different subject: "I hope Paul will tell us immediately and frankly what he is going to do."

"You'd better not count on his telling you much," her husband warned her. "He's a very reserved fellow, you know."

"I don't believe he'll be reserved with me," she answered. "You see I've known them so well all my life."

She proved to be right in her opinion; for Lyndon, laying aside his habitual reserve, began to speak of the matter which really had brought him abroad almost as soon as he joined Mr. Granger and herself in the palm court, where they had gone for their coffee and liqueurs.

"I suppose," he said abruptly, "that you've both heard of Royall's unfortunate marriage?"

Mr. Granger nodded.

"Heard of it a few days ago," he an-

swered sympathetically. "The news came from Baltimore. It's too bad of Royall; though I don't think any one is surprised at his doing such a thing. But everybody's immensely sorry for the Governor."

"Everybody well may be," Lyndon said. "It's a terrible blow to him,—almost the worst possible. I don't know when or how he will recover from it. And my mother is equally distressed. In fact, I found both of them in such a sad state when I went down to the Manor the last time that I made up my mind that something must be done."

"What kind of something?" asked Mrs. Granger.

The young man looked at her, and his brows drew together in a frown of perplexity.

"That was what was hard to tell," he answered. "It seemed rather hopeless, because my uncle is positively determined that he will never recognize the—er—woman whom Roy has married."

"Oh!" Mrs. Granger gasped. "He is still determined upon that?"

"Absolutely. And it is impossible to blame him when one considers what she probably is."

This was so different from what she had been dreaming of that for a moment even Mrs. Granger found herself incapable of speech; and while she sat silently gazing at him Lyndon went on:

"I felt almost desperate when I left the Manor; but I soon perceived that the only thing to do—the only thing that held any promise in it—was for me to come and see Roy myself, talk matters over with him, find out what kind of woman he has married, and learn if there is any hope of buying her off or inducing him to leave her."

"Paul Lyndon, I am ashamed of you!" Mrs. Granger exclaimed, with a vehemence that startled both her companions. "How dare you talk of 'buying off' a woman—and a woman you know nothing about—from her husband, or of trying to induce him to leave her?"

Lyndon stared at the indignant countenance which confronted him.

"My dear Mrs. Granger," he said, "you don't understand the situation. This woman is most likely an adventuress of a very objectionable type, and will probably be willing enough to be bought off. And if Roy hasn't come to his senses yet—it's perhaps too soon to expect that,—he will in time, no doubt; and it's well to let him know in what way the door of return will then be open to him."

"In other words, the door of return will be open if he abandons his wife! I couldn't—I really couldn't—have believed it possible that such a suggestion would come from Governor Harcourt or from you."

"It doesn't come from my uncle," Lyndon assured her. "He makes no suggestion at all, but simply accepts the fact that he has lost his son. It is I who am not willing to accept that fact, and who, on my own initiative altogether, wish to pave the way for Roy's return to his proper place at home."

"And can you think of no better way than that he should abandon the woman he has married?"

"It is the only way," Lyndon said simply. "You could move the rock of Gibraltar as soon as you could change my uncle's determination never to acknowledge or receive that woman."

"But she is his *wife*!"

The young lawyer shrugged his shoulders. "There are divorce courts to change that," he said.

"And how about 'whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder'?" Mrs. Granger demanded, with scathing emphasis. "Oh, yes, I know that is out of date, and contemptuously disregarded in many parts of America now! But I thought it still held force with the old families of the Land of Sanctuary."

"You know that it does," replied Lyndon; "but there are situations which justify the annulment of marriage, and it appears to me that this is one of them."

"And you've come to that decision without knowing anything really about what the situation is," Mrs. Granger told him. "Well, now listen to me; for I *do* know something about it. I met Royall when I was in Paris the other day, and I can tell you, in the first place, that it would be quite as easy to move the rock of Gibraltar as to induce him to consider leaving his wife; and, in the second place, that he would be a fool as well as a craven if he *did* consider it; for she is one of the most charming women I have ever seen,—and you'll admit, I suppose, that I know something about what a woman should be."

"There's no one whose judgment I would sooner trust on that point," Lyndon told her with the utmost sincerity, though his eyes expanded in a fashion which was rapidly becoming very familiar to Mrs. Granger. "I fancied that you might have met Royall when you first spoke of having been in Paris," he went on, "and I hoped to obtain some light on his state of mind that might help me in approaching him; but I didn't think of your meeting the woman he has married, and I couldn't have imagined your entertaining such an opinion of her."

"Why not?" (The interrogation bristled with challenge.) "What do you know of her?"

"Well, only the facts of her antecedents. You'll admit that, however charming she may appear, a French actress is not a fitting wife for Royall Harcourt."

"I'd admit it readily enough if Royall Harcourt were, like his forbears, simply a transplanted Englishman, of a rather narrow, provincial type," Mrs. Granger replied uncompromisingly. "But, you see, he isn't. He's artistic in his tastes, cosmopolitan in his sympathies, and altogether what gardeners call a 'sport'—that is, a new variety—on the Harcourt family tree; and nobody knows this better than his father."

"There's no doubt of that," Lyndon admitted; "but I don't see that it affords

any excuse for his conduct toward his father."

"Not for his conduct toward his father — and I've told him so, — but it *does* explain, if not excuse, his marriage."

The young man shrugged his shoulders in a manner which, as Mrs. Granger afterward confessed, made her want to box his ears, it was so expressive of slightly contemptuous incredulity.

"I perceive that I am speaking to Royall's champion," he said, "rather than to a friend who would help me to bring him back where he belongs; for it's all very well to talk of artistic tastes and cosmopolitan sympathies, but duties come before either, and Royall has duties at home."

"Not duties that demand his leaving his wife; for a man must, if necessary, leave father and mother in order to cleave to his wife, you know."

"My dear Emily," Mr. Granger suggested at this point, "your knowledge of Scripture is very — er — edifying, but I'm afraid you are not helping Lyndon very much in the difficult matter he has in hand."

"I'm trying to help him to see the matter as it really is, and not as he imagines it to be," Mrs. Granger replied. "He ought to be grateful to me for that, but he evidently isn't."

"Oh, yes, I am!" Lyndon assured her. "But I confess I'm extremely astonished also. I couldn't have imagined your taking such a view of what Royall has done."

"Again, that's because you don't understand, except in the most general way, what he has done," she returned.

"Are you quite sure that *you* understand?" Lyndon inquired. "About the woman whom he has married now, — you've taken her at her surface value; and of course she must be attractive, or Royall would not have acted as madly as he has in marrying her. But you must be aware that the most attractive women are often the least estimable."

"And I remind you that I am old enough and experienced enough to tell

when a woman is estimable, and I'd stake my faith on this woman."

Lyndon looked down at his coffee-cup for a moment. Then he said slowly:

"No doubt I shall be able to judge the situation better when I see Royall. It's possible I shall go over to Paris to-morrow."

Mrs. Granger started at this announcement; for in the heat of discussion she had lost sight of Lyndon's intention of going to see his cousin.

"I'm sorry," she said — "and yet, perhaps, it's as well, — that you won't find Royall in Paris if you go."

"No?" The young man looked at her with renewed surprise. "But I thought I understood that you had just seen him there."

"So I did, but he was on the point of leaving; and did leave yesterday, for Morocco."

"For Morocco!" Lyndon echoed, as Mr. Granger had done a little earlier. "Why on earth has he gone there?"

"For a reason that takes men into many dangerous and inaccessible places," Mrs. Granger answered. "Because he is to be well paid for going; and it was necessary for him to make money, since his father, as you probably know, has cut off his supplies."

"I beg your pardon" — for the first time Lyndon's manner became a trifle stiff, — "but his father has, on the contrary, notified Royall that the allowance he has had ever since he went abroad will be continued; but he has declined to increase it, for sake of a marriage he refuses to acknowledge."

Mrs. Granger lifted her shoulders.

"It amounts to the same thing," she observed, with what her companion felt to be truly feminine logic. "Of course what was sufficient for one isn't sufficient for two; and, besides, Royall very naturally incurred some debts at the time of his marriage. He could hardly be blamed for that, since he is the only son of a rich man."

"It would, however, have been a trifle.—deferential, let us say, to the rich man in question, if he had notified him of his intentions, matrimonial and otherwise," Lyndon remarked, more sarcastically than his hearer liked.

"I'm not defending Royall's conduct to his father," Mrs. Granger replied in a tone of asperity; "but neither do I think that his father's conduct toward him is to be defended. In my opinion, they are both wrong, and equally proud and obstinate. Royall is enraged at the things his father has written of his wife; and, rather than explain, or ask again for the means to live, which have been refused him, he has gone on a dangerous expedition into a country where war is in progress; and if he never returns, his father will have himself to thank."

"I don't agree with you," Lyndon said, though he looked startled. "I don't think his father can be held accountable for any result that may occur from Roy's rashness. But this is grave news, and the first thing to do is to make him hear reason and come back. Can you tell me where I can reach him with a dispatch?"

Mrs. Granger shook her head.

"I can't," she answered; "and, moreover, I'm perfectly certain that it would be useless to send anything of the kind. He won't come back. And what inducement have you to offer him to do so? Can you promise him reconciliation with his father?"

"No," Lyndon admitted. "I have no authority to promise that. My uncle does not even know, though he may suspect, why I am over here; and I am sure he would disavow any promise of reconciliation that I made, unless Roy, on his part, agreed to leave his wife."

"Then, you may spare yourself the trouble of sending any dispatches to Royall Harcourt," Mrs. Granger told him emphatically. "By mentioning such a condition you would only make the breach much wider between himself and his father. And as to paying any heed to

your recommendations or requests, do you think *that* is likely when he was deaf to the pleadings of his wife, and to my earnest advice?"

"I'm afraid it isn't," Lyndon admitted again; "but what am I to do? I can't go back home without trying to reach Roy in some way."

Mr. Granger, who up to this point had been ignored by the two absorbed canvassers of the *affaire* Harcourt, now broke into the conversation again.

"Since you can't see Royall, at least at present," he said, addressing Lyndon, "why not try the next best thing, and make an effort to see his wife? You can satisfy yourself then whether your or Emily's opinion of her is correct. She is to be found in Paris,—you said so, didn't you, my dear?"

The lady at whom he looked met his eyes with an expression in her own which conveyed a strong intimation of her opinion of the exasperating nature of masculine interference.

"I said that Royall left her in Paris," she answered in a very distinct and somewhat reserved tone; "but I didn't say that she remained there. In point of fact, I'm quite certain that she did not do so."

"But she can't have gone very far away in such a limited time," Mr. Granger went on; "and I suppose Lyndon could easily find her."

"My dear Robert" (the rebuke of the tone was now marked), "Paul has not expressed any desire to find her; and I am not at all sure that she would wish to be found by any one who thinks of her as he does."

"But how is he to think differently unless he sees—"

"Really, Robert, you must let me say that I think we are both offering Paul too much advice, especially since he doesn't seem disposed to accept any of it."

"He hasn't had a chance, so far as mine is concerned," said Mr. Granger. "You've been offering him advice for half an

hour, but this is the first I've offered."

"And it strikes me as very good advice," Lyndon interposed. "Since I can't see Roy at the present time, the next best thing will be to see the woman who has made all the mischief, and find out what it may be possible to do with her."

"Will you kindly tell me what you mean by that expression?" Mrs. Granger inquired, with a calmness which was plainly of the surface only.

"I mean," the young man answered, "that if she is of the type of woman I imagine her to be, she can probably be bought off,—especially if she is made to understand that there is nothing to be hoped for from Royall's father so long as she retains her hold on him."

Mrs. Granger gasped silently for a moment, and then, with the same outward calm, which was belied by the fires of inward indignation in her glance—

"Paul Lyndon," she said, "I told you several minutes ago that I was ashamed of you. I renew that statement; and I may add that I am also disappointed in, and disgusted with, you—"

"My dear!" Mr. Granger remonstrated in a low tone.

"Don't interrupt me, Robert!" (The fire flashed out vividly now.) "I shall certainly tell him what I think of him. For I'm sure that what you've just expressed is your idea, and yours alone," she added, turning upon Lyndon. "Governor Harcourt may be furiously angry with his son; but I know him too well to believe that he would ever think of trying to bribe a woman to leave her husband. Why, there could hardly be a deadlier insult offered to her!"

"You are quite right in believing that the idea is mine alone, and was not suggested by my uncle," Lyndon answered quietly. "I'm sorry that you think so badly of it and of me; but you see my experience in such matters is greater than yours, and I know that arrangements of the kind are often made."

"Perhaps, when the woman in question is merely an adventuress—"

"Frankly, that is what I believe this woman to be."

"And you have no respect for my opinion, or confidence in my judgment, when I tell you that she is as far removed from that class of woman as—as I am?"

"My dear Mrs. Granger, I have, generally speaking, the greatest respect for your opinion, and confidence in your judgment," the young man told her; "but in this matter I'm afraid you are hardly qualified to judge, since your knowledge of such women must be very limited."

"In other words, you think that you know more about her than I, who have seen her?"

"At least I think that I should like to apply my own judgment to the case; and therefore I'll see her, if you will give me her address."

"If I had her address, nothing would induce me to give it to you, since you wish to use it for such a purpose," Mrs. Granger declared. "But, as a matter of fact, she left Paris as soon as Royall did, and her present address is—er—unknown."

"But no doubt some one in Paris will be able to tell me where she is to be found. Can you give me the names of any of her friends or associates?"

"I can *not*," replied Mrs. Granger, with an emphasis which was not to be mistaken. "And you will waste your time if you go to Paris looking for her, since I know that she went away without leaving any address behind."

It was his disappointment, perhaps, which made Lyndon say a little bitterly:

"And yet you declare that she is not an adventuress! If she were such a woman as you believe her to be, why should she conceal her place of residence?"

"Perhaps because she anticipated that, in Royall's absence, his family might approach her with some such proposal as you are ready to make," Mrs. Granger

cuttingly replied. And then, catching her husband's expression of face, "I think," she added, "that we had better drop the subject. There's evidently nothing to be gained by discussing it. Now I am going upstairs" (she rose as she spoke). "Robert, bring Paul up when you've finished smoking, and by that time I may have recovered my temper."

(To be continued.)

In Honor of St. Valentine.*

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

BACHELORS who'd married be
 When the Easter candles shine,
 Raise your prayers right lustily
 To the great St. Valentine.

Valentine has Cupid's bow,
 Taken from that pagan child;
 He can make an arrow go
 To the heart that's sweet and mild.

He can tell a lady true,
 And his aid is gladly lent;
 For he whispers when you woo,
 "Marriage is a sacrament."

All the beeches sing in tune
 For the winds blow from the west;
 Softly sings the crescent moon,
 "Spring is best,—love is best."

Lenten days will soon be done,
 White stars bloom in sunny places;
 There's new fervor in the sun,
 Little shrubs show new-found graces.

When we safely married are,
 Joseph is the saint we hail;
 But when marriage is afar,
 Valentine will most prevail.

Pray to him in early spring
 When the snows begin to pass;
 Soon the lily bells will ring,
 Soon will come the Easter Mass!

Bachelors who'd married be
 When the Easter candles shine,
 Raise your prayers right lustily
 To the great St. Valentine.

A French Catholic Novelist.

THE name of Raoul de Navery, celebrated though it be among the connoisseurs of popular Catholic literature in France, is comparatively unknown to English-reading Catholics. Only *comparatively* unknown; for a few of this writer's hundred and odd volumes have been translated into English and have achieved a considerable measure of popularity. Even among those to whom the name is not unfamiliar, however, the personality of the author remains a sealed book; and not all of them, perhaps, are aware that "Raoul de Navery" is merely a pseudonym employed by Madame Marie Chervet (1831-1885). A writer who rendered to the fiction-loving Catholics of nineteenth-century France much the same service as Mrs. James Sadlier and Anna Hanson Dorsey rendered their coreligionists in this country, Mme. Chervet and her career may, not incongruously, appeal to the interest of many of our readers.

Marie Saffray was born in September, 1831, at Ploërmel, France, where her father exercised the function of census-taker. The death of this father while Marie was still a child was an exceptionally unfortunate occurrence for her, because her mother was a stern and authoritative, rather than a tender and loving, parent; and the early years of the girl, as of her brother who subsequently became a physician, were less joyous and sunny than is usually the case with children of the fairly well-to-do. Accordingly, when Madame Saffray decided to send her daughter to the boarding-school of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, at Vannes, Marie left with little regret the home where her desire to love and be loved had remained unsatisfied.

Her entrance into the convent school, far from being, as is the case with many petted little girls, an occasion for tears, was for Marie the dawn of a happier life. She experienced no difficulty in familiar-

* From "Les Columbas de Saint Valentin," a mystery play of the thirteenth century.

izing herself with this new environment, in which her heart, too long weighted and repressed, could at length open out and expand at will. She ever afterward cherished tender memories of this school, and her works bear numerous traces of her sojourn therein.

Her teachers were not slow to interest themselves in this intelligent and docile child, whom they knew to be unhappy; and one of them in particular conceived a special affection for the new pupil. This nun—designated later on by the name Mother St. Madeleine—showed herself a veritable mother to Marie, and so won the young girl's confidence that to her alone among all the nuns did Marie show the mysterious copy-book in which were carefully written out her first rhymes, inspired by her new-found happiness. Mother St. Madeleine found some merit in these first attempts, sagely encouraged the youthful versifier, and filled the latter's cup of bliss to overflowing by calling her "my little poet."

As the child grew up, this same kind teacher carefully supervised her reading, initiated her into the beauties of Holy Writ, and taught her intelligent comprehension of the Fathers of the Church, notably St. Jerome, the eloquent apologist of Christian women. Nothing seemed wanting to Marie's content. She was in a thoroughly congenial atmosphere, and looked upon her severance from her convent ties as a trial to be undergone only in the indefinite by and by. The trial came all too soon. She was abruptly called home, launched into the social world, and found herself at the age of sixteen handed over, in a "marriage of convenience," to a husband thirty years her senior—Dr. Chervet. This ill-advised union proved an unhappy one. A little daughter, its sole issue, died in infancy; and the death of the Doctor himself not long afterward put an end to a situation that was nothing less than lamentable.

Scarcely more than twenty years of age, heart-broken and but ill provided

with worldly goods, Marie Chervet found herself again alone with her mother, facing a future more sombre than smiling. At twenty, however, discouragement is not likely to be permanent. The young widow did not hesitate as to what she should do. Her poetic talent had developed, and she relied upon it to console her for her misfortunes, and at the same time increase her financial resources. She was wise enough to see that, as a preliminary step, she needed to complete her education, prematurely interrupted on her departure from the convent. She accordingly visited the principal cities of France, and even some of those in Italy and Germany, displaying everywhere an active mind and attentive observation. She had a natural taste for art, and spent long hours in celebrated cathedrals and museums.

Her beauty, her misfortunes, and the fervor of her faith, contributed equally in securing for her much valuable assistance. At Nice, an Italian town in her day, the Bishop, Mgr. Galvano, received her cordially. At Treves she was the welcome guest of the Bochholtz family, and during a long visit contracted a lasting friendship with the young daughter of the house, Emilie, to whom shortly afterward she was to dedicate her volume, "*Prismes*."

A better spot in which to recover her tranquillity, a retreat more peaceful, and at the same time more charming, she could not have found than this town on the banks of the Moselle, near Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle, so rich in monuments and historic souvenirs. In this sympathetic environment she speedily acquired the language of the country, and became enamored of the seductive pious legends that sprang spontaneously from the dreamy and mystic soul of oldtime Germany.

On her return to France, Mme. Chervet took up her residence at Metz, which city possessed for her, besides the greatness of its past and the beauty of its cathedral, one other special attraction—a convent of the Sacred Heart, where, in her capacity

as a former pupil of the Society, she was heartily welcomed. Under the willing patronage of the nuns, the young widow began to think of putting her projects into execution. On the occasion of the French Expedition to the Crimea, in 1855, she published a poem, "To the Soldiers of the Army of the Orient," which was so far successful that it drew upon her the attention of the press, and induced Alcan, founder of the publishing house of that name, to proffer her his aid in facilitating her literary *début*.

The greatest obstacle in her way, the lack of funds, was accordingly removed; and in the spring of 1856, under the pseudonym "Marie David," she published "*Les Marguerites*" and "*La Crèche et la Croix*" ("The Crib and the Cross"). The plan of this latter volume had been laid out at Nice. Bishop Galvano, who approved of it, did not live to see the poems in print, though the volume was dedicated to his memory. The book is made up of graceful poetic legends, all relative to some episode in the life of Our Lord, "written before the canvases of the great masters or under the porticoes of miraculous churches." A work so thoroughly dominated by religious inspiration was certainly a brilliant first offering. At the time, too, it was an energetic act of faith, emphasized by an eloquent appeal made, in the preface, to "Christian poets." The least flattering criticism passed upon the work was that some of the poems reminded the reader of Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and especially Alfred de Musset. On the whole, the volume was very well received; and so Marie Chervet achieved her first fame through a work very different from her future productions, and under a name other than that which she was to make celebrated.

Encouraged by this first success, she next essayed some Biblical dramas in verse, a species of the olden "mysteries." Two of these—"Martha and Mary Magdalen" and "The Prodigal Son"—were played by the pupils of the Sacred Heart

Convent in Metz, in the presence of Bishop Dupont des Loges, in 1858. A volume, published about the same time, "*Souvenirs du Pensionnat*," was dedicated "to the pupils of Sacred Heart convents, with the authorization of Madame Barat, Superior General" (now Blessed Mother Barat). They were republished in 1873 under the title "*Comédies, Drames, et Proverbes*." While they show evidence of a thorough knowledge of Holy Writ, the beauties of which are often happily reproduced, they display likewise a taste for complication and a seeking after effect quite foreign to the simplicity of the Gospel narratives.

Metz was most congenial to the young authoress; but, as her reputation began to grow, she understood that the provincial stage no longer sufficed for her efforts, and accordingly betook herself to Paris,—or, rather, the little village of Avon, near Fontainebleau. Here she lived with her mother until the latter's death, about 1870; and it is gratifying to add that, notwithstanding the mother's early severity, Marie uniformly lavished upon her all a daughter's loving attention.

In 1858 she published another volume of poems, "*Les Prismes*," giving up her first pseudonym, and choosing for this new work the more sonorous and masculine form, Raoul de Navery, the pen-name that she ever after used. Less Biblical than her first volume, "*Les Prismes*" was also less interesting, though graceful and promising. In the same year appeared another volume containing two versified narratives, "*Peblo*" and "*Simplette*." The former is notable for nothing more than a very clear allusion to her unhappy marriage; but "*Simplette*," a sombre tale, evidently inspired by an episode in Young's "*Night Thoughts*," shows marked dramatic intensity. This book was an epoch in Marie's career. Poetry was henceforth to be for her only an agreeable pastime: her real work was to be in prose,—the prose of fiction.

Her first efforts in this new field were

not only successful from a literary and a financial viewpoint, but highly commendable from the motive that inspired them, and the subsequent enlightenment of which they were the medium. Having read a great deal and kept herself thoroughly well-informed as to the direction of the current in intellectual matters, Mme. Chervet had noticed among Catholic writers, especially novelists, an inveterate tendency to deal in their stories with priests only in their churches, and with religious only in their monasteries or convents, as if the sublimity of their vocation debarred them from any contact with the world. The tendency arose, no doubt, from a sense of reverence, but it was none the less blameworthy. It was more: it was dangerous, since it left the irreligious novelists (and France has never been lacking in multitudes of that genus) a free hand in caricaturing at their ease the rôle played by priests and religious in ordinary everyday life. The remedy seems simple enough, but Raoul de Navery appears to have been the first to apply it systematically, by depicting the simple truth of the matter as an offset to the extravagant burlesque of the impious fictionists.

In 1860 she published no fewer than five volumes, the first of a collection of tales with the general title "The Altar and the Hearth": "Viatrice," "Nouvelles de Charité," "L'Ange du baign," "Monique," and "Récits consolants." In the preface to the first of the five we find a clear indication of her programme and her purpose. "This collection," it says, "has for object the showing, in turn, of the priest, the prelate, the Sister of Charity, and the Christian Brother, as they really are when appearing in the scenes of private life." Further volumes in the same series appeared during the following six or seven years: "L'Abbé Marcel," "Avocats et paysans," "Legendes d'Allemagne," "Chemin du Paradis," "Aglé," "Choix d'une femme," "Choix d'un homme," "Religieuses," "Jeanne-

Marie," "La main qui se cache"; and then, after a lapse of seven years, "Zacharie, le maître d'école."

Among her other activities during the period signalized by these stories of the altar and the hearth was her work as associate editor of two Catholic magazines, the *Messager de la semaine* and the *Clocher*. Many of her subsequent books, novels, dramas, art essays, etc., first appeared in either one or the other of these periodicals. Notwithstanding the fertility of her literary resources, however, Raoul de Navery had, up to the time of the Franco-Prussian war, no income that placed her beyond the necessity of continuous labor. There were not wanting evil advisers to assure her that her slender purse was the result of the too Catholic, religious tone of her books; and that if she were not so careful of the palpably moral tendency of her stories, if she would condescend to write for the more sophisticated among the reading public, she could readily command an income double or treble that which she was actually receiving.

It was a temptation, and one to which she all but succumbed. In fact, she undertook a work in which, under the title of "Mémoires d'une femme de chambre," she introduced certain personages of the court of Napoleon III., concerning whom there had been circulated anecdotes more or less scandalous. Her pen did not serve her well in this new line of action: the few friends who saw the manuscript were unanimous in judging it to be rather mediocre than notable; and, fortunately, it was never published. Providence had much to do with its non-appearance. The famous Jesuit, Father Félix, who for fifteen consecutive years (1855-1870) had given the annual conferences at Notre Dame, was still preaching in the different parishes of Paris. In the course of a retreat he one day gave a scathing denunciation of bad books and corrupt writers. Among his auditors was Raoul de Navery, who at once saw the application of his

remarks to her own case; and, taking his words as a warning from Heaven, speedily sought him out and made her confession to him.

Father Félix knew the work of his penitent; was aware of the good she had already done; thought she could do still more; and, counting on the lively imagination and the dramatic intensity which characterized her books, foresaw for her a more prosperous future. "My daughter," he said to her, "you have received from God precious gifts, which you should now more than ever consecrate to His service. Continue perseveringly the line you have hitherto followed, and I feel sure that you will receive your reward even in this life." He readily secured her promise to destroy the equivocal manuscript; and, desirous of helping her career by rendering it more lucrative, himself introduced her to a publisher at whose door she had thus far never thought of knocking.

This was Blériot, whose *L'Ouvrier*, founded in 1861, was practically the first serious attempt at a truly popular Catholic magazine. It rapidly acquired well-merited repute not only among the classes for whom it was especially intended, but also among literary folk, who were attracted by its careful and graceful editing. L'Abbé Geslin was for years its editor-in-chief; and when he left its office to found the *Clocher*, Father Jean Grange took up the task, and acquitted himself of it from the start with notable vigor and success. Among the contributors to *L'Ouvrier* when Father Félix's protégée joined its ranks, the most notable was probably Alexandre de Lamothe, author of "Camisards" and "Martyres de la Sibirie." In 1877, when *Veillées des Chaumières*, a magazine designed especially for young girls, was added to *L'Ouvrier*, the names of Fathers Grange, Lamothe, and Raoul de Navery appeared in its pages also as the principal writers.

From this period until her death in 1885, it was to these two periodicals that Mme. Chervet contributed the bulk of

her literary output; in their pages first appeared the most important and most celebrated of her works. There is room here to mention only a few of these: "Les Idoles," "Drames de la Misère," "Parias de Paris," "Héritiers de Judas," "L'Accusé," and so forth. Of her numerous works published by Blériot independently of the magazines mentioned, two deserve to be named as furnishing convincing evidence, notwithstanding the author's masculine pseudonym, of that author's sex. "Robinsons de Paris" and "Petits," both published in 1879, could have been written only by a woman, and, moreover, a woman who had been a mother.

It is pleasant to record that the tremendous activity of this Catholic author won for her not only a goodly return in dollars and cents, but not a few distinguished tokens of approval from the State and from literary academies. In 1883 she first noticed symptoms of the heart disease to which, two years later, she fell a victim. She was surrounded on her deathbed by several devoted friends, and received all the consolations of religion from the parish priest of Reuil. Her passing was as peaceful as could be desired by any faithful child of the Church; and her memory will long survive as that of a French novelist whose works need no expurgating from the viewpoint of either faith or morals.

THE first commission to the Apostles was to "go into the world and teach all nations, baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The first thing is doctrine. This is like the foundation of a house. It is of no use to have strong walls unless there is a firm foundation; indeed, the stronger the walls, the greater will be the ruin. It is the mission of the Church to-day to insist that all ethics must have a basis; and, unless it is well assured, the higher the ethical structure we raise, the more disastrous will be its fall.

—*"The Orchard Floor."*

Irish Scenes and Memories.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

VII.—MAD MATT.

AT every season of the year, under torrid sun or drenching rain, "Mad Matt" Donaghue was to be seen on the main-travelled roads about Athlery, Ardee, and Knockfeen. And so familiar was his odd figure to all the people, young and old, for miles and miles around, that not a lone child on the road would think of running away at the sight of him. It might be midwinter, with the wind blowing a gale across the country, and pelting the rain before it: just the same, Mad Matt braved the wind and the wet, and appeared as indifferent to the elements as if he were caressed by the zephyrs of a summer sea.

Perhaps he was sixty years of age,—certainly not more. His hair—which had never been cut, so far as anybody knew—was half gray and extended midway down his back. About his loins were gathered two or three doubles of canvas, which were held together by a belt of black leather. He was hatless and shoeless, and you might as well fling feathers against the wind as give head or foot wear to Mad Matt.

He walked on the right side of the road, his shoulders bent forward, his feet seeking the smooth places where broken stones were not scattered. "You'll be there, an' they'll be there, an' we'll be all there by an' by," he said to himself betimes as he went along. This sentence was followed by mutterings for some ten minutes. Then out of the incoherency this thought stood apart: "If Nell was here she'd know, but Nell is gone like the rest o' them." Again incoherency; then finally: "Wisha, God help us, an' 'twas a sore night for all of us the night they came! An' they're gone now, an' we'll never be the same agin." So all along the road, day after day these phrases were audible,

Between them were the lapses of incoherent muttering. Perhaps if those lapses could be filled up, if thought could be brought out of the disconnected words one might find a story.

There were certain families who always gave Matt shelter with the coming of night. When in the neighborhood of Knockfeen his haven of rest was the Condons "o' the Hill," so-called to distinguish them from several other families of the same name that lived in the neighborhood. He might happen in at five, six, seven, or eight o'clock. The hour made no difference; there was supper and a bed that night, and a breakfast before he left next morning. As he entered the yard one wild night, when the wind whisked around corners and the rain beat on the roofs of the houses, Mrs. Condon was hurrying from the dairy to the kitchen. She noticed Matt.

"Wisha, Annie," she called in to her daughter, who was sweeping back the ashes from before a blazing fire,—"*wisha, Annie, here's that anashore of a Matt. Hurry, child, an' get him a cup o' hot milk an' some bread an' butter, an' whatever else you can find.*"

Presently Matt was before the kitchen door, shaking the rain from his long hair.

"Yerra, poor man, get inside out o' the rain an' the wind, or you'll get your death o' could."

Matt leaned over, pushed back the bolt of the half-door, and in a moment was sitting on the "hob" beside the cheerful fire. As the blaze leaped up and down, one could watch him under the play of light. His thin beard, which probably never in long years had felt the pressure of a comb, was, for all that, remarkably regular. His face, brown from exposure, was long and thin, and free from even a single wrinkle. His eyes, neither wild nor staring, gave the effect of gentleness and timidity to his expression. The height of his forehead was exaggerated by the long hair which was pushed back from it. Except for the occasional sentences and

mutterings already mentioned, Matt never spoke; and when in people's houses he refrained from even these. But he always understood when spoken to, and when advised to do anything not impossible or obviously foolish always obeyed. When Annie Condon said, "Now, Matt, take this hot milk and bread and butter and this piece of bacon," he took them, nodded his head in thanks and ate. When Mrs. Condon said, a couple of hours later, "'Tis ten o'clock, Matt, an' you must be sleepy an' tired; you'd better go to bed, me poor man," Matt climbed up to the loft, back of the kitchen, and was soon fast asleep. He was up in the gray of the morning, took a piece of bread and a cup of sweet milk from anybody who happened to be around, and set out again on his life wandering.

Many tales were abroad to explain Matt's strange condition. Micky the Fenian said that in days gone by he stole an umbrella from the priest's side-car while the priest was giving the last Sacraments to a dying woman; and because the priest had to go home in the rain, Matt had to endure the wind and the wet with sparse clothing ever after.

"That's a yarn, Micky," Tade Clancy objected; "because why, I'll tell you. The punishment is too big for the sin, so it is; an' God doesn't work that way."

"Faix, if ye want to know the truth," said Johnny Mangan, "Matt Donaghue is mad because he married a Protestant from North Ireland in his young days, an' she coaxed his money away from him, an' thin left him without a hapurth in the world. Sure 'tis no wonder he's mad, boys!"

"Yerra, what are ye talkin' about, Mangan? Sure the man was never married anny time," protested Tade Clancy. "If you want to know the truth, I'll tell ye."

"By gor, that's no way to put by what honest men say, Tade Clancy." Johnny Mangan's feelings were hurt, or he pretended they were,

"If ye want to know the story," Tade repeated, not heeding the interruption, "I'll tell ye. Mad Matt is a Wexford man, be all accounts. He lived in a farm out from the city of Wexford, with his two sisters. It was the time when the 'White Boys' wint around the county in the night, batin' an' killin' people they had a grudge agin. For some reason or other, they got a grudge agin poor Matt, an' they wint to his house one night an' rapped at the door. 'Who's that in God's name?' says Matt.—'Frinds that are droppin' in to visit ye,' says they.—'Frinds are always welcome to our house,' says Matt, openin' the door. The door was hardly open whin the divil a bit—God forgive me!—but six masked min broke down the half-door an' stood in the middle o' the kitchen. The two sisters started cryin' and screamin', an' ye never heard such a hullabaloo in all yer life. They locked the two sisters in one o' the rooms, robbed the house, and nearly bate the life out o' Matt before they left. The poor boy was found by the neighbors next mornin' lyin' on the floor, nearly half dead. An' while, after a few months, he recovered the health o' his body, he never recovered the health o' his mind. So he's Mad Matt to this day."

"Wisha, glory to God, an' I wonder if that's true?" said Mikeen Ahern.

"Yerra, do you suppose 'tis to make it up I would?" retorted Tade.

"Faix, it may an' it may not," Mrs. Clancy was pleased to remark in her practical way, as she added a couple of fresh sods of turf to the fire.

With the lapse of years Matt grew weaker, and in a little while his figure was seen no more on the white, winding roads. Many and many a woman offered him a place of rest, now that his wanderings were over.

"You will be no bother at all, poor man! An' you can have your bed up in the loft, an' a bit an' a sup whinever you want it," said one good woman, the mother of twelve children.

"Sure you can stay with us," another declared; "an' come an' go as you like."

But Mad Matt shook his head slowly, and pointed his lean finger to an old hut, abandoned long since, a short distance away from Creela graveyard.

"Yerra, is it loosin' your mind you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Sheehan, who was standing by at the time.

"Faix, it isn't; for he has lost it already," Mike Quinn's wife whispered.

To the hut went Matt, and lived alone, with the green fields around him, and heaven above. The grass grew up to the door, and the smell of the hay was in the house all summer. The bees, that sucked the sweets from the flowering clover below the tall spears, charged the air with slumber and dreams. At his door sat Matt, watching the great crop rise and fall like the sea when the wind came with gentle cooling from the south or west. Many a bird rose and hovered for a little over the nest where her young ones were songless in the soft grass; many a butterfly, with speckled wings, fluttered from flower to flower, gathering its toll. In the shady places of a shallow stream that flowed outside the hayfield, the cattle stood, their feet in the cool water, their heads under protecting branches. Upstream, where large stones were thrown to form a weir, the waters leaped and sang unceasingly.

"You'll be there, an' they'll be there, an' we'll be all there by an' by," murmured Matt, as he sat before the door, watching the face of the country. Children came and brought him something to eat, or an extra blanket to cover him in the cool of the evening. Matt never spoke, but his eyes showed gratitude.

Summer passed, and the leaves were changed to gold. Autumn passed, and the leaves were changed to brown. The blight of winter was on everything—grass, tree, shrub. A chill wind from the North brought the frost of a January night when the stars shone near together in a cloudless sky. Matt sat at his door, watching the heavens, and perhaps listen-

ing to the songs which poets tell us are sung by the stars. Feeling the chill air herself, Mrs. Sheehan thought of the "poor anashore" in the hut, and, accompanied by her son John, took him a warm blanket. She found him sitting at the door, watching the heavens.

"Here, Matt, go to bed now, and put this extra blanket over you."

Matt's expression did not change.

"Do you listen, poor man? Go to bed now, an' don't be sittin' out here in the could."

She shook him gently by the shoulder. At her touch he fell over, face downward. "My God! John, lift him up! He's stunned with the could!"

Mother and son lifted the light body back on the chair. The eyes were open and still watching the heavens.

"O dear God, he's dead!" cried Mrs. Sheehan, as she touched the cold hand.

The neighbors came, and the body was prepared and placed on the couch where Mad Matt used to sleep. Next day one of the Poor Law Guardians was in favor of having the dead man laid away in the paupers' graveyard up near Ardee. But the people of Knockfeen thought otherwise.

"He was among us in life," spoke up Dan Sheehan, "an' we're goin' to have him among us in death."

And the neighbors echoed:

"That's talking, Dan!"

So Mad Matt was laid away in Creela graveyard, around which stretched the growing hayfields when the summer came back.

(To be continued.)

THERE is in the ancient city of Bristol, England, a court of justice which has existed from the oldest times; it is called the Court of Pie-Poudre,—that is, "of the dusty foot"; for it was instituted to meet the wants of the traffickers at the great fairs, and was held originally in the open air, to accommodate those who came all dusty-footed to ask immediate settlement of their disputes.

Thoughts on the Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

Feb. 16, Second Sunday of Lent.

THE Collect, which sums up the spirit of the liturgy of each particular day, is on this Sunday a prayer of deep humility: "O God, who seest that we ourselves have no power, keep us in soul and body; that we may be defended from all adversities which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts that may hurt the soul."

A like humility appears in the Introit: "Remember, O Lord, Thy bowels of compassion, and Thy mercies that are from the beginning of the world. Let not our enemies ever rule over us. Deliver us, O God of Israel, from all our distress. To Thee, O Lord, have I lifted up my soul. In Thee, O my God, I put my trust; let me not be ashamed."

Joined with the confession of weakness is the expression of unbounded confidence in God's power and goodness. This is apparent in both formulas. In both, also, we find an earnest prayer for all that we need for our bodily life—protection from adversity, deliverance from distress,—as well as for the welfare of our souls, in freedom from thoughts of evil, and victory over our spiritual adversaries.

Both soul and body, as we learn from the Epistle, are to be sanctified by the observance of the precepts given to His followers by our Lord Jesus Christ. By the practice of penance we are to subject the body to the dominion of the soul; by confession of sin, contrition, and union with the will of Almighty God, the soul is to be more and more purified during this season of penance. "For this is the will of God," says the Apostle, "your sanctification."

But it is the Gospel which gives the key to the teaching of this Sunday's liturgy. On account of the selection of this particular Gospel, this day has often

been known as "Transfiguration Sunday." The Evangelist narrates in simple words the wondrous event of Our Lord's manifestation of His glory to the three chosen disciples. Leading them apart from their companions to the heights of a mountain solitude, "He was transfigured before them." Our Lord enjoyed the beatific vision from the first moment of His conception, as theologians tell us. The bliss thus possessed by His soul would naturally communicate itself to His body, causing His face to "shine as the sun." But this outward effect was suspended during His lifetime, as a rule; He allowed it to appear on this occasion, and that for various reasons. He would thus prove His divinity, and strengthen His disciples against the scandal of the Cross; He would encourage them to suffer trials patiently in the hope of future glory; He would show the excess of His love, "who, being in the form of God, . . . humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Moses and Elias appeared "talking with Him"; as representatives of the Law and the Prophets, respectively, they bore witness to our Blessed Lord as the long-expected Messias.

The wonderful revelation of the glory and majesty which were His by right could never fade from the recollection of these three disciples of Jesus. Yet the memory of that scene did not suffice to keep all of them steadfast in the day of trial. When our Divine Saviour was taken by His enemies, "the disciples, all leaving Him, fled"; one only of the three—John the Beloved—stood under the Cross at the last.

A Christian in a state of grace is very near to God, and realizes to some extent the happiness of having God present in his soul. "It is good . . . to be here," he says, echoing Saint Peter's cry on Mount Thabor. But, even as the favored Apostles, many a soul loses sight of past fervor and falls away from grace when temptation is strong.

Happy for such a soul if the recollection of the bliss of union with God which it once enjoyed tends to strengthen hope and increase charity when God has once more received it to favor. This was the case with the three disciples of whom we have been speaking. St. Peter in his Epistle recalls with joy the day "when we were with Him in the holy mount"; St. John says, "We saw His glory,—the glory, as it were, of the only-begotten of the Father"; while St. James, we may well believe, was strengthened by the memory of that glory to shed his blood, the first of all the twelve, for his Divine Master.

In the light of these thoughts we understand better the many expressions of to-day's liturgy concerning the weakness of our nature, and the impossibility of keeping steadfast in our service of God without entire dependence upon His gracious help.

CHRIST is called "the Door," not a literal thing of wood, but a spiritual, living door. He is called "the Way," not one trodden by men's feet, but one which leads to the Father in heaven. He is called "the Sheep," not an irrational one, but the one which through its precious blood taketh away the sins of the world. He is called "the Shepherd," because He not only keeps His sheep, but dies to save them. He is called "the Lion," in opposition to him who goeth about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. He is called "the Stone," not quarried by men's hands, but "the chief corner-stone, elect, precious." He is called "the Son of Man," because "He was bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh." He is called "the Son of God," because He is "the only-begotten of the Father." He is called "Christ," because His Father anointed Him to be the High-Priest of the Church. He is called "Jesus," because "He will save His people from their sins." His titles are indeed many; their subject, however, is one.—*St. Cyril.*

How Thomas More and the Bishop of Rochester Died.

(From the "Chronicle of King Henry VIII. of England." Being a contemporary record of some of the principal events of the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. Written in Spanish by an unknown hand. Translated, with Notes and Introduction, by Martin A. Sharp Hume, Knight of the Royal Spanish Order of Isabel the Catholic.)

How the Bishop of Rochester and Chancellor More were sentenced has already been told. At that very time, the Pope, to see whether they would obey him, sent a cardinal's hat to this Bishop, whom he knew to be a very learned man. When the King knew it, he was in a great rage; and on the very day the Bishop was sentenced to death the cardinal's hat arrived. The King ordered both their heads to be cut off; so they brought them out of the Tower to the scaffold. It was quite a sight to see the great number of people, for it was a good long while before the prisoners arrived; and when they came there were over five hundred halberdiers with them.

The first to ascend was the Bishop; and when he saw so many people he gave them his blessing, but he was not allowed to say anything. Then the good Bishop, seeing they would not let him talk, said these words: "Worthy people who are here, I beg you to pray to God for my soul; and also pray that He will lead your King on a better road than at present." Then the guards retired, and the holy man knelt and said to the executioner: "Do thy duty." Then he placed his head upon the block, after having offered up a prayer in Latin; and the executioner struck off his head in three blows, and he rendered up to God the soul that was His already.

Then the good More ascended the scaffold. He had seen all that had passed; and any man may imagine the anguish he was enduring, above all when he saw the Bishop headless. "Gentlemen," he said, "do what is to be done at once;

for, although I would fain speak to the people, I know you will not allow me. So I only ask them that when they see the blow struck they will say three times the name of Jesus, so that my soul may take its flight with that sound." He said no more, but lay down at once. And when the captain of the castle saw his determination, he said to him: "Sir Thomas More, see here; the King sends you a pardon; abandon this opinion for which you are dying." And he took out the King's great seal, and the people all hoped that the sainted More would be saved. But the Holy Ghost was within him, and he said these words: "Captain, in vain you strive; for the real pardon I hope for is that of my Lord Jesus Christ, who has the power; and before my eyes I see the real great seal, which is the Five Wounds of the Saviour. Let the headsman therefore do his duty." Then the captain told the executioner to behead him, as he slighted the King's pardon. More asked for the headsman, and said to him, "Brother, give five strokes in honor of the Five Wounds," which he did. During the strokes the crowd said the name of Jesus, so his soul was thus accompanied.

Catholicism and Culture.

WE had occasion recently to remark upon a form of Catholic snobbishness which systematically depreciates the work of our own people, and will accept it at all only when it has received the Protestant *imprimatur*. Of course no enlightened Catholic is so stupid; for, whatever intellectual attainments such critics make pretension to, the simple fact remains that they blunder woefully. On the other hand, just how much may be said positively for Catholic achievement, the education of the loyal Catholic may not go far enough to embrace. But a Catholic writing in the London *Tablet*—one who knows whereof he speaks, and who has rare power of expression—sets

himself the task of developing as a text a statement of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's to the effect that "all modern culture is practically, in itself or in its origin, Catholic." The *Tablet* writer is Bernard Whelan; he goes on to say:

If, with fully awakened eyes, we view the cultivated world in the past or in the present, we shall discover the humanizing influences of Catholicism everywhere at work. Among these influences not the least is the cultivation of the Liberal Arts; indeed, in the ordinary worldly sense, they are, I suppose, considered the main producers of what is called culture. If we take this point of view to-day, we shall see Catholicism instigating, encouraging, and protecting them always and everywhere. She took up the torch dropped from the hands of exhausted civilizations, and she has borne it since, to light the arduous ways of those who practise the greater arts.

Those who study literature or painting or sculpture or music, or the inclusive art of architecture, have to learn their lessons in the Catholic school. Let them, in their perversities, alter certain externals: the inward spirit, which is Catholic, must remain, or the work is dead to us, with our inevitably Christianized perceptions. By no subterfuge can Catholicity be escaped in our civilization; she is a kind of Hound of Heaven. The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire would be a pamphlet to the book that should describe the rise, the struggles, and the triumphs of Catholic Arts throughout the variety and vigor of their manifestations. In the days of Constantine and of the peaceful triumph of Catholicity, the epic begins; it would need more authors than are fabled of the works of Homer to give us all its history and romance.

With something of the spirit in which Francis Thompson writes of Catholic inspiration in his famous essay on Shelley, and with a kindred power of style, Mr. Whelan takes up the arts one by one, and triumphantly vindicates his thesis in regard to them. "The more one thinks," is one of his judgments, "the more does Catholicism prove to hold a monopoly of the means of culture." And again: "Although there is civilization outside the pale of Catholicism, it is an overflow from the riches of her treasure-house,"—words upon which our people and others may well reflect, and reflect again.

Notes and Remarks.

One must be quite unsophisticated to accept at their face value the judicially-worded statements of many editors and correspondents, Catholic and non-Catholic, on the subject of Catholic representation in the Federal Cabinet. All these gentlemen are thoroughly cognizant of the common, not to say the universal, conviction in this country that no Catholic, howsoever well qualified in other respects for the presidential office — nay, though he towered above all other candidates as a giant above a pigmy, — could be elected to the White House. Religion, then, *does* in practice have something to do with a man's availability for public office in this country; that it does not is a statement unwarranted by facts and thoroughly disbelieved by those who are fondest of making it. The Catholic position is, not "We want such a man appointed because he is a Catholic," but "We object to such a man's exclusion for the sole reason that he is a Catholic." The present occupant of the White House was American enough to recognize the correctness of that position in the case of Chief-Justice White; it is to be hoped that his successor will prove equally capable of rising superior to the clamors of bigotry.

Whenever the daily press is accused of giving too voluminous and detailed accounts of crime, divorce proceedings, white slave activities, and the like unsavory matter, a favorite defence by the editors, not merely of the recognized yellow journals, but of papers generally considered reputable, is that publicity is an effective deterrent of all sorts and conditions of criminality. The defence is a fallacy. Publicity undoubtedly tends to check some forms of rascality; but, just as undoubtedly, it tends to the extension and repetition of many other forms. Long and graphic newspaper descriptions of murders, suicides, bank-robberies,

train-wrecking, insurance frauds, etc., have in innumerable instances served merely as text-books in which the morally weak have learned their lesson all too well, and have imitated the crimes described.

Another fallacy frequently put forward by editors who offend in this matter of emphasizing and amplifying criminal news is that the papers give the public just what the public wants, and are therefore entirely justified in so doing. Mr. C. V. Stansell, writing in the *New York Evening Post*, says on this point:

Just because that big baby, the public, will devour unwholesome news, swill-tainted fiction, and gaze at indecent picture shows or vaudeville, is no reason whatever that it should be aided in doing so, especially by a power which ought to be a leader of thought and a bearer of light in our national life.

Well said! That he is merely supplying an evident demand, is a congruous excuse on the part of a yellow journalist who frankly owns that his paper is purely and simply a commercial venture, conducted to make money, irrespective of ethical considerations or moral obligations; but, in the mouth of a self-respecting editor, such an excuse is "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare."

Reviewing a pamphlet just issued by the Russell Sage Foundation, and entitled "A Comparative Study of Public School Systems in the Forty-Eight States," the *Dial* takes occasion to comment upon the salary of teachers on the basis of figures given in the report. "The statistics of average salary," says the *Dial*, "in the forty-eight States show some surprising contrasts. California and Arizona, with averages of 918 dollars and 817 dollars respectively, set the pace for even New York and Massachusetts, whose averages are 813 dollars and 757 dollars respectively. North Carolina is disgraced by the fact that its teachers receive salaries averaging only 200 dollars; and this, of course, means that there are thousands of individuals receiving far

less than this average. The average for the entire country is only 485 dollars, which is less than the average for factory workers and common laborers. 'The fact that teachers' wages are lower than those paid for almost any other sort of service means that, as a nation, we are neither asking for nor getting a high grade of service; and that, as a nation, we place a low valuation on the teacher's work.' It seems to be about time for public speakers to stop boasting about our national devotion to education. Stated in aggregates of millions of dollars, the figures are doubtless impressive; stated in any rational way, with reference to the numbers of teachers and taught, or with reference to our resources in wealth and taxation, they constitute a pitiful exposure of our national niggardliness."

And the pathos of all this is that the teachers themselves, in view of the widespread failure of the public schools in making citizens, have not the consciousness of working for a great cause to console them in their penury.

From a correspondent in Servia we learn that the soldiers of the allied forces in the Balkan War fasted as usual in the first week of Advent, so as to approach the Sacraments in the manner appointed by the Orthodox Church. When told that under such stress they would be held exempt from strict observance of the rule, they refused to profit of it; declaring that, whatever they might have done at home, they could not now lessen any mark of the respect they owed to the God of battles.

The *Missionary*, a magazine devoted to the conversion of America, informs us that at the closing exercises of the Imperial University of Japan, held shortly before the death of the late Emperor and attended by him, a study in Christian philosophy won for its writer the first place among twenty-four competitors. The subject was "The Philosophy of St.

Augustine in the 'De Civitate Dei,'" and the author bore the name of Francis Xavier. The incident is a significant one, remarks the *Missionary*; and brings to us the earnest wish that the philosophy of the great Doctor, as developed in "The City of God," may lead the people of Japan to the Faith brought to them nearly four centuries ago by the sainted pioneer of Christian civilization in the East.

The Committee on Public Morals of the American Federation of Catholic Societies has issued, in neat pamphlet form, its report under the title, "The Crusade for Public Morality." The report is written in the first person singular, though there is no individual, nor indeed any, signature. It reviews, not so much the work the Federation has done along the lines in question, as the *raison d'être* of activity and the principles which should guide such effort. Much of the Federation's energy has been directed against the stage,—a fair target assuredly. If a people are as bad as they are acted, then the American nation may well expect the doom of the pagan world. From all accounts, many of our theatres reek with—in a dramatic way—the lasciviousness that was Greece and the sensuality that was Rome.

One is rather irresistibly reminded of Isaac Watts' oft-quoted line, "And while the lamp holds out to burn," on reading in the London *Universe* that a nonagenarian Anglican clergyman was recently received into the Church. That valorous and vociferous association, the Protestant Alliance, has already in all probability explained the action as an entirely negligible result of senile paresis, and possibly that is why the relatives of the old gentleman have issued this statement:

It was a great shock to his relatives and friends when, only three days before his death, he [the Rev. John Cooper] expressed a wish to be received into the Roman Catholic Church. He had given no previous hint of this to any

one, but had apparently arrived at his decision, in which he was firmly convinced he was right, solely on the question of authority, which, during his residence at Clacton, he had spent much time in studying in the writings of Cardinal Newman and others; and he left behind him the material for a pamphlet which he directed to be printed and circulated privately among his friends, explaining his position, and making it clear that the conclusion he had reached was simply the result of his own study of the subject. He was received by the Rev. Father Gane, O. S. C., a few hours before his death.

We remember an oracular editor's stating, some years ago, that "Newman was no loss to the Church of England and no acquisition to the Church of Rome." The case of the Rev. Mr. Cooper seems to favor the contention that Newman was not only a very great loss to the Church of England in 1845, but the contributory cause of continuous losses ever since that date.

Declining an invitation to attend a three-dollar-a-plate banquet of the Associated Charities of San Francisco, the Socialist Mayor of Berkeley, J. Stitt Wilson, protested against what he termed "dining with Dives while Lazarus lies hungry at the door. There is something vulgar and ostentatiously pagan," he said further, "in the spectacle of a group of citizens of a twentieth-century city sitting down to a \$3 banquet, while pictures are being shown displaying the hunger of the poor. I am not a very good Christian — I wish I were, — but, in the name of Christ and His hungry people, I enter my protest against the word 'charity' being used in connection with any such function."

Sentiments which, though emanating from a Socialist, we heartily applaud. Mr. Wilson is a very much better Christian than he thinks himself.

It often takes time for true greatness to be adequately appreciated, but when the moment comes the enduring character of the fame makes up for its tardy

arrival. The *Independent* is seeking from each of its readers a list of "ten names—the ten living men or women in the United States whom they believe to be doing most for the world in general and their own country in particular." In this connection it recalls that when, a few years ago, a newspaper ballot was taken "on the question of who was the greatest man France had produced in the nineteenth century, Pasteur ran 200,000 votes ahead of Napoleon." The figure of that great Catholic scientist is apt rather to grow in importance than decline as the world ages. Incidentally, it remains to be seen whether in the present ballot the living Pasteurs will receive their due as against the living Napoleons.

A writer in the *Chicago Israelite* gives one reason for the non-attendance at church of multitudes of the citizens of the Western metropolis. "The Chicago down-town theatres and lecture halls," he says, "are becoming more and more utilized every Sunday to exploit all kinds of religious fads and fancies as well as social and political propaganda. There are a number of rationalistic platforms that attack religion week in, week out. Socialistic and anarchistic vaporings are heard from other rostrums. Spiritualistic and Theosophic mysticisms are retailed at still other stands with some show of success." The prevalence of such multitudinous opposition to religion does not, however, dismay our Jewish friend. He finds in it, rather, excellent reason for satisfaction on the part of the religiously inclined:

The mere fact that these various anti-religious organizations spread this doctrine from their platforms from week to week would indicate that religion still has a meaning and a message for the large mass of people. Were this not the case, the men at the head of these destructive rationalistic movements would not forever be hurling their thunderbolts of attack against religion. It is not very probable that men would bombard a corpse. These iconoclasts are forever telling their people that religion is

either dead or dying. Well, it is a rather queer method they are pursuing to show that religion is dead. When a phenomenon is dead, we bury it and let it alone; we do not keep hurling anathemas at it. We would not quite appreciate the attitude of soldiers on the battlefield who, while a serried phalanx of live soldiers on the opposite side were opposing them, were aiming their guns at the soldiers whom they had already killed. If religion is dead or dying, why do these liberal spokesmen for nihilism in religion keep on thrusting their swords and other weapons of attack at the sanctum of religious thought?

Possibly because they believe in the soundness of Voltaire's advice: "Lie, lie, and keep on lying; something will always be believed."

A remark made recently by a non-Catholic to the editor of the *Canadian Register and Extension* illustrates the frame of mind in which thousands of intelligent persons outside the Church now find themselves. Few of them, however, are quite so frank as the person referred to, who is quoted as saying: "Yes, I admit that you Catholics have all there is in religion; but we have been nurtured in such a system of inconsistencies in our churches that we can not believe any one of them longer, nor are we able to accept yours. We would give anything for your faith, but it is not given to us."

Such persons should be reminded that faith is for all who sincerely desire it and seek it. Did not our Saviour say, "Seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you"? The real reason why so many outside of the Church never enter it is because they are not sufficiently interested in the subject of religion. The world is too much with them. It was St. Ambrose that said: "In order to learn one must deserve to know."

The enemies of religion in Italy have long been emulating their political congeners in France. The laicization of the schools in the Gallic Republic has been followed by an attempt—and thus far a rather successful attempt—at

dechristianizing the Italian schools. There is ground for hope, however, that the disaster will not be complete. Italian Catholics, inert perhaps for too lengthy a period, have finally recognized the necessity of concerted action; and the League of Italian Catholic Women has been flooding the department of the Superior Council of Instruction with indignant protests against the non-sectarian—or, rather, the anti-religious—trend of its educational policy. These protests have not been unavailing. True, the Council impudently repudiates the right of Italian citizens to meddle with the question at all; but, nevertheless, it states that it adopts the Rava regulations of 1908, which give to Catholic parents the right of insisting that their children who attend an elementary school shall receive regular instruction in the Catholic religion. That is something, but the League will do well to continue its action until even better results accrue.

The New York *Sun* reports the Rev. Dr. Z. T. Sweeney, pastor of the Lenox Avenue Christian Church, Harlem, as saying, in explanation of why Christians are not converting the world:

I was once talking with Pangiri Bey, private secretary to Abdul Hamid Khan, Sultan of Turkey. "If you Christians expect to convert us Mohammedans," he said, "you must first agree among yourselves upon what Christianity is before you present it to us." No sectarian presentation of the Gospel will ever convert a heathen world. The warring and wrangling sects of Christendom owe it to God, the heathen, and themselves to get down upon their knees and pray and reason till they can agree upon what is essential in Christianity, and present only that, if they hope to bring the heathen in subjection to Christ.

This is true, and well said. Brother Sweeney is now preaching a series of sermons on "The Conversion of the World." We sincerely hope he may have large audiences,—that is, if what we have quoted is a fair specimen of his pulpit utterances.



White Eagle.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN, AUTHOR OF
"BILLY-BOY," ETC.

VII.—MR. STEPHEN CARRUTHER.

FAR away from the sunny slopes of San Pedro, the man-made heights of the great Empire City glistened with the winter snow; mighty structures of stone and steel that rose tier upon tier — flashing with electricity, panting with steam; thrilling and throbbing with fierce, active, passionate life; smouldering with volcanic powers as strong in their way as those which had rent La Corta — barred the smooth path of the Monje Trail.

In a towering sky-scraper, that bore his own name carved upon the granite lintel, Stephen Carruther, millionaire, mine-owner, magnate, and master of a hundred different enterprises, stood by the window of his private office, looking with grim, grave, uninterested gaze at the busy scene below. He was a man past sixty, tall and gaunt in frame, with strong, rugged features, keen, piercing eyes, and a hard mouth. There were still some friends who remembered when those eyes had a twinkle, those hard-shut lips a smile; but that had been long, long ago.

As he stood by the window this morning, looking out on the wintry scene, waiting for his secretary in the outer office to sort out his mail, his face had the dull, lifeless look of a well-worn mask. A tap at the door aroused him. He turned from the window with a frown that made Bart, the dapper little office boy standing on the threshold, tremble.

"It's — it's — it's Mr. Waring, sir," he stammered. "You said he was always to be shown in, at once."

"Of course, if you are engaged, my dear friend—" chirped a cheery voice behind Bart.

"Oh, not at all, — not at all!" said Mr. Carruther, quickly. "Come right in, Waring." And he held out a greeting hand to the newcomer, a round, rosy, white-haired old man, wearing the stiff stock and collar of sixty years ago. "I keep this hour for a glance at my morning mail, but all locks and latches are open to you. Sit down. My letters can wait for you. You have some news for me, I see."

Mr. Waring dropped into a leather-cushioned chair, a little out of breath. He was a trifle asthmatic, and had evidently taxed himself.

"The elevators were crowded, and I climbed the stairs," he explained. "I really could not delay coming to you, my dear Carruther, for another minute. Yes, I've had news at last."

"Of—of—" Stephen Carruther seemed unable to shape the question trembling on his lips.

"The boy," his visitor finished the sentence for him,—"Don's boy."

"Then—then there is a boy?" Again the tight-pressed lips seemed to force the words.

"Aye, there is, — there is! I knew there was. Elbridge told me that he had met your son four years ago; and he had a boy, a sturdy, handsome young chap about seven or eight years old, with him then."

"A young savage," muttered Carruther in an undertone, "with the blood of a strange savage race in his veins. When I think of that mad marriage, Waring, I—I"—again the lips that had quivered for a moment hardened into silence.

"Then don't think of it, man!" said the little lawyer, eagerly. "That's all over and done. There's not a bit of use

in brooding over it now. The poor girl is gone; Don" (the speaker's voice trembled at the name) "is gone too; but he has left a son of his blood and name,—of your blood and name, Carruther. The boy has a grandson's claim on you."

"I deny it," was the stern reply,—*"I deny all claims."*

"You can't," declared the other, boldly. "The laws of God and man uphold them. If you were to die intestate to-morrow, every cent of your fortune would go to this boy as your legal heir."

"I've seen to that," answered Stephen Carruther, briefly.

"Yes, I know,—I know," said Waring, warming up as he spoke. "As your lawyer, I had no right to question or to criticise; but as your friend of nearly fifty years, I told you plainly and forcibly what I thought of your will. I refused to draw it up. It was robbery, — cold-blooded, accursed robbery of your own flesh and blood. But that was ten years ago. I thought perhaps now — now that Don has gone, disowned, unforgiven, — gone God only knows how or where, in what suffering, want, neglect—"

"Waring!" burst almost in a groan from the thin lips, and Carruther's stern face quivered into agonized lines, "don't—don't, in God's name, turn the knife in me like that! I can't bear it,—I can't bear it!" He put his arms on the desk before him and buried his face in his clasped hands, while his frame shook like a reed in the blast.

Waring looked on, startled and appalled.

"Forgive me, old man!" he said gently.

"I am sorry that—no," he broke off suddenly, "I am *not* sorry: I am glad that I struck into the depths; glad to know that my old chum hasn't hardened into a thing of stone and steel; glad that Steve Carruther—the Steve Carruther of forty years ago—has a heart in him yet. But I am talking too long and too much," remarked the old lawyer, with a tactful change of tone, as Carruther still sat with bowed head, as if unable to command his

voice. "I'll leave the letter, or rather communication, that I received this morning, and let you consider it at your leisure. And if I can be of any help to you by word or deed, I'm ready to push the search to the ends of the earth; for we've tracked the boy,—I think we have tracked Don's boy for sure."

And, without further farewell, the lawyer laid a letter upon his friend's desk and wisely disappeared, pausing without the door to caution the office boy that Mr. Carruther did not wish to be disturbed until he called.

It was fully five minutes before the bowed, shaken man looked up. Waring's words, spoken with the hot impulse of old friendship that sometimes would break through the even calm of business relations, had indeed turned the knife of a grief buried deep in Stephen Carruther's breast,—so deep that no one guessed its present pain. The death of his son—the son against whom he had sternly closed his home and heart; whom he had turned from him with fierce, bitter, insulting words; whom he had left to struggle with poverty and privation to which he was all unused—had been a swift, unlooked-for blow to the stern old man.

He had always held to the secret hope that the proud spirit so like his own would yield: that his son would come back to him, and all the bitterness of the past be forgotten and forgiven. As the years had gone by he had longed more and more to look into his boy's clear, true eyes, to clasp his hand, to feel that there was one faithful arm on which he could lean when his own strength began to fail. And, while he still hoped and dreamed, there had come, like a bolt from the blue sky, the brief notice of his son's death, published in a San Francisco paper. Stephen Carruther had gone on in his proud way, and given no sign of grief or pain, except to grow harder and colder. He had authorized the inquiry for Donald Carruther's heirs begun a year ago, "to avoid," as he said, "any fraudulent claims

that might be made later upon his estate." But not even old "Jim Waring," the friend of his youth, had guessed the grief that was rending the desolate father's heart,—how his thoughts and dreams were filled with agonizing memories of his dead boy.

For it was as a boy he pictured his son now. The man had defied, disobeyed him; had married against his word and will; had broken all ties of home and kindred; had vanished in the shadow of the bitter years that had fallen between them. But the boy stood out against their darkness,—the boy who had been his hope, his pride. It seemed to be the boy Don he was sorrowing for to-day, as he sat at his desk, steadying his face into its usual calm, rubbing his spectacles into their usual clear glitter. What a fool he had been this morning,—what a weak, womanish fool! But Waring, good old Jim, had known and loved the boy, too.

What was it Jim had left him to read? He replaced his glasses, and picked up the envelope that lay before him on his desk,—a coarse yellow envelope bearing an almost illegible postmark, and directed to Mr. James Waring's address. A single sheet of paper within bore these few terse lines:

"I don't want your money, and I'm risking what is more than your money in writing this to you. But Donald J. Carruther left a son; and, if you mean to do the fair and square thing by the boy, you can hear of him by writing to J. B. D., San Pedro, Blank County, California. No double-dealing stood for. You've got to show your hand, and say who and what you are straight and plain."

Mr. Stephen Carruther read this curious missive through three times, with a darkening brow. It was not the style of correspondence to which he was accustomed: it was brusque, rude,—nay, he felt with rising anger, it was threatening, insulting. How Waring could have considered such a document for a moment he could not see. "Show your hand, and say who and what you are straight and plain."

The reader's ire rose at every word.

Why, this was the "hold-up" of some wild West highwayman, and no information at all. Ah, it was as he had thought and feared! His dead son had sunk into depths he could not, must not, strive to reach. The boy, if there was a boy, must be a boor, a clown, a half-civilized young savage, who would be only a constant grief and shame to his pride. He would have nothing to do with him, this wild young shoot of an alien race. He would let him go. And, with his lips tightening into the old hard line, he crushed the letter back into his pocket until he should have a chance to burn it unseen; and then, taking up his telephone, called briefly to James Waring:

"Drop that Western matter you called about this morning. I'm done with it."

"Eh?—what?" came the surprised question. "Done with it, you say?"

"Yes, utterly, entirely, forever. Don't ever bring it up again. Let it be dead, Waring,—buried, forgotten."

And Stephen Carruther, his cold, hard business self again, dropped the telephone and touched the bell for his secretary.

But the rock had been rent. Deep down in his heart were flowing gentle rills of memory, whose soft, low murmur he could not hush. In vain he tried, his lost boy rose before him everywhere,—in office, bank, exchange, club: baby Don, laughing and crowing in his mother's arms; older Don, toddling manfully at his side with chubby hand in his; schoolboy Don, with book and sled and skates; college Don, full of life and hope and spirit. The pictures thronged upon the desolate father in torturing succession all the busy day; they followed him at night to the place he called "home,"—a palatial mansion, where his widowed sister Helen presided, and, with her three children, enjoyed the prestige and privileges of his position and wealth. Indeed, the young Grevilles, Algernon and Muriel, were already regarded as their uncle's heirs; pale, crippled little Lilian seemed to have too frail a hold on life to count.

It had been one of Helen's reception days, so Mr. Carruther had told her that he would take dinner at the club; but, though it was his custom to linger over his wine and cigars with a friend, he felt no inclination for companionship to-night. He opened the great hall door with his latchkey, flung down hat and coat without waiting for the service of Helen's liveried page, and turned wearily into his own especial sanctum, a spacious book-lined room, where the picture of his dead wife smiled in sweet graciousness over the Colonial mantel; and his boy, bestriding his first pony, faced it on the opposite wall. The shaded electrolier burned dimly; the fire that always awaited his coming was not kindled. Helen's reception had evidently interfered to-night with her usual consideration for his comfort. He had not been expected home so soon.

Sinking into the great cushioned arm-chair before the hearth, all the distractions of the busy, troubled day over, the old man let thought and memory have their way. This boy Don, whose image he could not banish, had left a son,—a son of his blood and name; a son who, Waring had said—but no, no! The proud spirit of the Carruthers rose again in all its fierce strength as the old man recalled the letter of the morning,—the letter so carefully drawn up under the dim light of the "dug-out," with only Pup as witness; the letter in which Lone Jack "risked" more than its recipient would ever guess. That letter, Stephen Carruther grimly decided, settled the business. Let the boy stay in the rough wilds where he was born, with the rough boors who were his fitting mates. He would never, never claim him.

(To be continued.)

PRINTING was introduced into France by priests in 1469. The first press was at the Sorbonne. The Royal Library of France was founded by priests; and all clerical libraries were open to the public.

For One Good Deed.

"Say, uncle, tell us a story, please!"

"Oh, yes, Uncle Dick,—a nice story about knights and minstrels and old castles, and tournaments."

"Me want a stow'y 'bout wobbers, untle."

"Hold on, hold on, young people! Not so fast. In the first place, I can't stay with you long enough to tell you an old-fashioned, good, half-hour tale; and, in the second, I'm not sure that I remember any shorter one that's worth while. I certainly can't recall a brief one in your line, Tom. Tournaments were quite big things in their day, and an account of one would carry me beyond your bedtime before I got through with it. Come to think of it, however, I read the other day a rather pretty story, that isn't long and that satisfies the conditions of my little namesake here, since 'tis about a brigand, or, as Dickie says, a 'wobber.'"

"What his name, Untle Dick?"

"Well, I don't know that Father Recupito, who told the story in a book published two hundred and fifty years ago, mentioned his name at all; but, as the brigand was an Italian, we won't be very far astray in calling him Giovanni. If that was *not* his name, 'tis the only thing in the story that isn't true. Father Recupito got the tale from a good old bishop who vouched for the facts. And here they are.

"This Giovanni was the chief, or head man, of a band of brigands who committed all sorts of outrages near the Italian city where the bishop just mentioned resided. One day some of his band brought the chief a very beautiful girl whom they had abducted, or stolen from her home. The maiden with tears and sobs, begged Giovanni not to molest her or allow any injury to be done her. 'For the love of the Blessed Virgin Mary,' she concluded, 'let me go unharmed.'

"A tiny spark of the devotion he had once felt for the Mother of God still remained in the heart of the brigand, and

at the girl's appeal it seemed to emit some little glow. In any case, he not only granted her prayer, but accompanied her to within a few rods of her home. On leaving her, he begged the maiden to recommend him to that Blessed Virgin to whom she was so tenderly attached.

"The very next night Giovanni dreamed that an august Queen, beautiful beyond words, came to him, and, looking at him with pitying eyes, graciously said: 'What you did yesterday through regard for me pleased me very much: I will remember you when the occasion comes.' Waking up soon afterward, Giovanni remembered the dream faintly, but paid no attention to it, and it gradually slipped from his memory altogether.

"In the course of a few months the brigand chief was captured, tried, and sentenced to die on the gallows. The night before his execution, the beautiful Queen appeared to him again in his sleep, and said: 'Do you recognize me?' He replied that he remembered having once seen somebody that resembled her a good deal. She then reminded him of her former visit, and added: 'I am the Virgin Mary, for whose sake you respected that young girl who was my client. I come to reward you for that good deed by assuring you that, after your execution, you will eventually enter into the joys of heaven.'

"The doomed man instantly awoke, and God's grace whispered to his heart that it really was the Queen of Heaven who had appeared to him and promised him eternal salvation. He sent for the prison chaplain, made a good confession, told the priest about his dream and authorized him to tell all the world about it. A few hours later the crowd surrounding the scaffold witnessed a very unusual spectacle: a condemned man with the noose about his neck smiling as contentedly as if he were just about to receive an exceeding great reward—as indeed he was."

"But him was too dood for a weal wobber," commented Dickie.

Mother Carey's Chickens.

The petrel, a sea bird, of which there are several varieties, is closely associated with storms, and is considered a bird of ill omen by superstitious sailors. It loves to play hide-and-seek among the waves, and is never tired of following in the wake of a ship tossed by an angry sea. At the fall of night it settles down upon the waves, tucks its head snugly under its wing, and is rocked to sleep in the cradle of the deep.

Sailors will tell you that the petrel never touches land even to nest, but that, wherever it goes, it carries its solitary egg under its wing until hatched. Wilson, in his great work on "The Birds of North America," says of it: "The most singular peculiarity of this bird is its faculty of standing or even running upon the water." It appears to do both with great facility. It is this walking upon the water, like the Apostle Peter, that has caused it to be called little Peter, or Petrel.

The petrel is also, and perhaps more generally, known as Mother Carey's Chicken, which is a corruption of the name first given to this bird by Portuguese sailors—*Madre Cara* (dear mother),—signifying, of course, the Blessed Virgin. The petrel is regarded by them as a sign of Heaven's protection instead of an ill omen. They will tell you that the Mother Most Loving gives notice to mariners of approaching storms by sending flocks of the stormy petrel to warn them.

What Do I See?

I WONDER if the little stars
That in the blue I see
Are blossoms that shall bloom for God
For all eternity?

Or do my eyes but see the stems
That pierce the under-sod,
The blossoms being fairer far
That are upturned to God?

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Lords of the Devil's Paradise" is the title of a new work by G. Sidney Paternoster, describing the Putumayo rubber atrocities. It is published by Stanley Paul & Co.

—A little pamphlet in excellent form is "Our Lady's Rosary Explained," by A. D. Scott, and published by R. & T. Washbourne. The explanation is clear and precise, and the brief meditations for each mystery very helpful.

—It is gratifying to announce a cheap reprint of Dom Henry Norbert Birt's abridgment of Lingard's History of England. The work is admirably done, and is brought down to the accession of King George V.

—A new book which the Anglican bishop of London hopes will shock London has just been issued by Stanley Paul & Co. It is by W. N. Willis, and deals with "The White Slaves of London." The story of the fearful ravages of the traffic is told in a way calculated to dispel ignorance and apathy.

—"Mass for the Dead" and "The Catholic Scout's Prayer-Book" are penny pamphlets of the London Catholic Truth Society. The former gives the Latin and English text of the Requiem Mass and final absolution; the Prayer-Book is a manual in which are presented the principles of the Scouts' organization, as well as appropriate devotions.

—Mr. Chesterton is always busy in his own diverse and unparalleled way. A forthcoming book of his is "The Evil of Eugenics"; and he has lately proved to his own content that Shakespeare wrote Bacon, which puts the Baconians on the defensive. Incidentally, the best characterization of the Baconians that we have seen is the *Athenæum's*. They are simply "incorrigible," according to that sage review.

—One of the most interestingly told stories of conversion lately come to our notice is "The Trumpet Call: A True History of my Conversion to the Faith," by Clement A. Mendham, with a preface by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Mostyn. The author of this brochure need fear no charge of egotism: his narrative is informed with just the right amount of personality to make it a living document, and one that will instantly carry conviction as to his own fair-mindedness and sincerity. Reared in the Wesleyan communion, he had every obstacle in the way of prejudice and mistrust to overcome. His journey to the City of Peace is a record of the workings

of grace in a quiet and earnest soul; outer influences were few. Reflection and study, and over all grace, brought this soul home. In gratitude wherefor the author has written this very readable account of his conversion. Published by R. & T. Washbourne.

—Reviewing Abbot Gasquet's new volume, "England under the Old Religion, and Other Essays," the *Athenæum* remarks: "They are all of distinct value; and, though naturally of a controversial nature, are written without a touch of bitterness and in a broad spirit. There is also a clear intention to deal faithfully and fairly with historical matters."

—The opening sentences of the preface to "God or Chaos," by the Rev. Robert Kane, S. J. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons), are scarcely calculated to attract the desultory general reader. "The subject-matter of this work," writes its author, "presents a double difficulty. It demands deep and tough thinking. It needs clear and precise expression." Father Kane has overcome the second difficulty; and the reader with a taste for logic, abstract reasoning, or philosophy in general, will not find the first one formidable. The work comprises four books: Realities and Reasons, I Am who Am, The Nature of Necessary Being, A Triple Touchstone.

—Advocating a cheap edition of Bishop Challoner's immortal work, "Missionary Priests," a correspondent of the London *Tablet* observes: "While that utterly unreliable work, 'Foxe's Book of Martyrs,' is to be had at all prices from one shilling upward, it is quite impossible to procure a copy of Challoner anywhere except at a very high price. I am repeatedly asked why the one book which shows the other side of the picture to Foxe remains out of print. There are cheap editions of Butler's 'Lives of Saints,'—why not also of Challoner? A book like that would do far more good than half the controversial works that are published, because so few read the latter, while thousands would read the former if it could be obtained at a reasonable price."

—If the demand for Catholic religious and devotional books in France is to be judged by the copiousness of the supply on the part of French Catholic publishers, there is an immense amount of good reading done in that officially Godless Republic. Among recent volumes issued by one of the best of those publishers, M. Téqui, of Paris, we note such (translated) titles as: "Allocutions to Young People," by

the Rev. Paul Lallemand; "The Truth to Worldly People," "Last-Mass Sermons," by the Very Rev. Joseph Tissier; "Toward the Fuller Life," by Ad. Goutay; "Foundations of Faith," from the Spanish of Father Laplana, S. J., by Abbé Ev. Gerbeaud; and "Education in Chastity," by the Rev. Dr. A. Knoch. These brochures are all worth while, and, like most unbound French books, are relatively inexpensive.

—Pustet & Co. have just published the organ score to the Proprium de Tempore of the Graduale Romanum. Beginning with the Vigil of Pentecost, we have the harmonized chant for the twenty-four Sundays after Pentecost, Trinity Sunday, and Corpus Christi. "Text and melodies agree with the Vatican Edition, but the modern notation is used." The harmonization is the work of Dr. F. X. Mathias. Although this work can not, of course, supply the musical management of the voice, it can assist organists to train their choirs to execute the chant with harmonious cadence, correct rhythm, fulness, and finish. The grouping of the notes, words, and syllables of the original is in no wise changed, but rather rendered more effective, by means of the modern notation. Untrained singers, too, often pour forth all they can without discrimination, instead of restricting the chant to such modulation as gives ease and distinction. In transposing the chant, Dr. Mathias has taken into account the capacity of the ordinary voice, and maintains throughout a happy medium. The book is in the usual style of Pustet's well-known liturgical publications, and will be welcomed by organists everywhere. Price, \$3.50.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "God or Chaos." Rev. Robert Kane, S. J. \$1.25.
 "Up in Ardmuirland." Rev. Michael Barrett, O. S. B. \$1.25, net.
 "Saints and Places." John Ayscough. \$1.50, net.
 "John Hungerford Pollen, 1820-1902." Anne Pollen. \$4.25, net.
 "A Study of Francis Thompson's 'The Hound

of Heaven.'" Rev. F. X. O'Connor, S. J. 50 cts., net.

- "Amélie in France." Maurice Francis Egan. 70 cts.
 "Illustrated History of New Mexico." Benjamin M. Read. \$10.
 "Twelve Catholic Men of Science." Edited by Sir Bertram Windle. \$1.25.
 "Songs for Sinners." Rev. Hugh F. Blunt. \$1.
 "History of the Roman Breviary." Mgr. Pierre Batiffol, Litt. D. \$3, net.
 "A Pilgrim of Eternity: The Story of a Unitarian Minister." Rev. George S. Hitchcock, D. D. 60 cts.
 "The Heliotropium." Jeremias Drexelius, S. J. \$2, net.
 "Columbus and His Predecessors." Charles H. McCarthy, Ph. D. 50 cts.
 "Faustula." John Ayscough. \$1.35.
 "Glimpses of Heaven." Sister M. Aquinas, O. S. B. 50 cts.
 "Lances Hurlled at the Sun." Rev. James Cotter. \$1.
 "Your Neighbor and You." Rev. E. F. Garesché, S. J. 75 cts.
 "Socialism from the Christian Standpoint." Fr. Bernard Vaughan, S. J. \$1.50, net.
 "Life of St. Francis of Assisi." Fr. Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. \$3.50, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. J. J. Plantvigne, S. S. J.
 Sister Ann, of the Order of Mt. Carmel; and Sister M. Eucheria, Sisters of the Holy Cross.
 Mr. John Broecker, Miss Camilla Wynn, Mr. Jacob Stiller, Mr. John Keegan, Mr. Matthew Horen, Miss Julia Ottaway, Mr. Louis Timmer, Mr. Cornelius J. Sullivan, Mr. William Clarkson, Miss Mary Nugent, Mr. Valentine Hornig, Mr. Farrell Donahue, Mr. Anton Laux, Mrs. Bridget Reardon, Mr. George Knoerr, Miss Rose McElroy, Mr. Aloysius Schallart, and Miss Ida Ottenad.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."
 For the famine and cyclone sufferers in China: Friends, \$10; W. J. T., \$10; M. A. P., \$6; Rev. T. F., \$8.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 49.

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NO. 8

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At Sea.

BY F. W. G.

SORD, who art wonderful upon the deep,
 Whose ways unknown are in the trackless sea,
 Whose footsteps hidden in its mystery
 (Where winds and waves in endless freedom
 sweep),
 Whose watchful eye is never closed in sleep:
 Thy sea-borne servants put their trust in Thee;
 Bring them to havens where they fain would
 be,
 Their outward and their homeward goings keep.
 Lord, when life's billows rage tempestuously,
 Amid the storms of sorrow, doubt, and fear,
 Still, as of old, be Thou forever near;
 From every peril set Thy loved ones free;
 And when at last the harbor lights shine clear,
 Show us the haven of Eternity.

Lourdes and Its Curé.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

OF all the modern sanctuaries of
 Our Lady, that of Lourdes is
 pre-eminent. Millions from every
 part of the world have gone on
 pilgrimage to the famous Grotto to seek
 healing for soul or body, and many are
 the miracles which have been wrought
 there. Rationalists and sceptics have
 striven in vain to explain them away by
 attributing the extraordinary cures to
 either natural causes or latent forces at
 present unknown to us. The *vox populi*
 which, when it is a question of sanctity

or of the supernatural, generally echoes
 the *vox Dei*, loudly and persistently
 protests against their sophistical conclu-
 sions. The very presence of such multi-
 tudes of believers, and the faith which
 made many of them whole, supply an
 argument in support of the authenticity
 of the apparition, and of the marvellous
 results which have followed it, which
 nothing can overthrow.

While Lourdes and its miracles have
 made the Pyrenean peasant girl, Berna-
 dette Soubirous, known to all the world,
 it is possible that to many of the pilgrims
 the name of the parish priest, or curé,
 who counted that privileged soul among
 his flock is unknown and forgotten. Yet
 the Abbé Peyramale, who was Curé of
 Lourdes on the memorable occasion when
 the Blessed Virgin revealed herself to
 his humble parishioner, was a remarkable
 personality in his own way. He was a
 fine type of the French rural clergy.

The historian of Lourdes, M. Henri
 Lasserre, whose widely-circulated work on
 the apparition was written as a thank-
 offering for favors received, has rescued
 the former Curé of Lourdes from partial
 oblivion. He prefaces a monograph on
 the subject with these words: "In this
 mournful epoch of moral decadence, when
 so many unjust prejudices are dissemi-
 nated against the priest, it appears to us
 opportune to show what a true apostle
 of Jesus Christ is; to disclose, in the living
 reality of its sacerdotal type, a man who
 in our age had the incomparable honor
 of being an instrument of the Immaculate
 Virgin. It is by the contemplation of

such noble figures that people learn, or re-learn, respect for the priest; so that in depicting the venerated character of the good and illustrious Curé of Lourdes, we believe we are at once performing a work of truth and a work of edification."

In the Brief which conferred upon the Abbé Peyramale the title of Prothonotary Apostolic, Pius IX. said that, "among the workers in the Lord's vineyard, this priest was distinguished by the lustre of his piety, his uprightness and courage, as well as by his wisdom, prudence, and learning"; and he wished that such men should not be lights hidden under a bushel, but that, quite the contrary, in these days in particular, when impiety has declared a criminal war against the Most High and His saints, they should shine with more splendor, to serve as an example to others.

"My father, Dr. Peyramale," the Curé often remarked, "knew only three things—his God, his King, and his medicine; and he died at eighty-six such as he had lived." The eldest son followed his father's profession; two or three entered the public service; and one, who had been tutor to the pages of Charles X., quitted France after the fall of the Bourbon monarchy and emigrated to America. A daughter of the last named, Delphine Peyramale, married a brother of the celebrated Garcia Moreno, President of the Republic of Ecuador, who was assassinated by the enemies of the Church and died a martyr's death for the Faith.

The future Curé of Lourdes was born and baptized on January 9, 1811, at Momères, Hautes-Pyrénées, and received the names of Mary Dominic. It was the feast of the Blessed Berruyer, Archbishop of Bourges; and M. Lasserre notes the interesting coincidence that, on the eve of his death, the last pilgrimage to Lourdes to which he bade farewell was one from the Archdiocese of Bourges,—“as if, in this beautiful history, it was written that the shades of evening should vaguely recall the first light of morning.” Another

notable coincidence, which does not escape the vigilant observation of his biographer, was that on the same date, in 1844, Mary Bernard Soubirous, better known as Bernadette, was baptized in the parish church of Lourdes. Yet another. Eleven years after, on the 9th of January, 1855, the anniversary of both these baptisms, the Curé Peyramale took possession of the parish of Lourdes. Bernadette's mission was thus the central point of his life. He was born thirty-three years before, and died thirty-three years after, her birth.

It is a trite saying, but none the less true, that the boy is father to the man; and young Peyramale was no exception to the rule. M. Lasserre gives some interesting incidents of his childhood, in which the budding virtues that were afterward to blossom into a life of holiness were already disclosed. Having determined from his earliest years to devote himself to the service of the sanctuary, after passing through the usual seminary course, he was ordained in 1835, and was appointed to the curacy at Vic-en-Bigorre. He walked from Momères to his first mission, his stick in one hand and his bag in the other; and, on reaching the presbytery, thus announced himself to the Curé, M. Bayle: “I am Mary Dominic Peyramale, your new curate; and I have come as a disciple to learn from you how to cultivate the Lord's vineyard.”

He was then twenty-five, of lofty stature and striking physiognomy, inspiring every one with instinctive respect and irresistible sympathy; although his biographer intimates that he was a bit brusque and irascible at times, finding it difficult to possess his soul in patience when his indignation was aroused by any display of impiety or selfishness. But these natural defects—if defects they could be called—were like spots on the sun, which serve only to make its brilliancy more apparent. So evidently thought the old Curé, who, after a few years' experience, evinced his appreciation of his worth by observing: “He is an apostle.”

Several edifying examples of the Abbé Peyramale's generous and self-sacrificing almsgiving, worthy of a Francis of Assisi, a Vincent de Paul, or a Curé of Ars, are recorded. One story, though a familiar one, will bear retelling.

The Curé of Vic had, as servant, an old sacristan, who cut wood, carried water, and groomed the horse. It was his morning's work, and the poor old man was very exact about it, although the weakness of advancing years made it fatiguing. A short time after the Abbé Peyramale's arrival, this good man showed some symptoms of mental aberration. He often walked by himself in the garden, striking his forehead, and was apparently a prey to some absorbing preoccupation. The moment he entered the woodhouse or stables, he hastily emerged therefrom, making the Sign of the Cross several times in a terrified manner. The Curé became alarmed.

"François," he said, "you've a secret that troubles you. There's something extraordinary."

"Yes, Monsieur le Curé, there is something extraordinary; but I can't tell you,—you'd be very upset."

"Speak out, and don't be afraid."

François hesitated for a long time. The priest insisted.

"Well, Monsieur le Curé, your presbytery is haunted."

"What! My presbytery haunted!"

"Yes, Monsieur le Curé: spirits come there at night."

"You're mad, my poor François!"

"I'm not mad, Monsieur le Curé! You know that before going to bed I double-lock the presbytery at night. For forty years I haven't once missed doing so."

"Well?"

"Well, Monsieur le Curé, look—it's enough to make one's hair stand on end!—in this house, double-locked like that, for three weeks the spirits have taken to working nights. Every night I leave my pitchers empty: at half-past five in the morning I find them full. Every night

I leave the wood untouched in the woodhouse: in the morning it is cut. In the stables the spirits have currycombed the horse. They certainly come out of the ground; for the door is not open, and the garden gate is double-locked and bolted, as I've made sure of the night before."

"You should watch," said the Curé.

"Watch! I'd fall down dead at only the sight of a spirit!"

The Curé was braver than the sacristan; and at four o'clock the next morning the Abbé Peyramale was caught in the act,—stealthily doing before daybreak the old servant's work. When François heard the whole story, he recovered his senses but lost his heart: the young curate had gained possession of it forever.

Like the Curé of Ars, he was very fond of catechising the children—those living flowerets of the Lord's garden,—and training the little ones in habits of solid and practical piety. Sometimes, after catechism, he would take one of them with him on an errand of charity to visit some of the sick poor. "A theoretical teaching is not enough," he often repeated: "we want practical teaching; and the latter is more essential than the other. Our Lord began by doing before teaching, and His teaching was the outcome of His example."

In 1842 the Abbé Peyramale was promoted to be Curé of Aubarède, where his firmness and tact put things in order. On his arrival there his father presented him with a horse, which was gratefully acknowledged, with the jocose comment that he would now be in the right position of a parish priest—between Heaven and earth. He soon parted with it to relieve a parishioner of debt; and in the space of five or six years, three or four other horses thus disappeared.

The Curé of Vic having passed away in 1850, the whole town unanimously petitioned Mgr. Laurence, Bishop of Tarbes, to give the appointment to the Abbé Peyramale; but that prelate thought fit to decline, and in the year following

summoned him to fill the position of chaplain to the civil and military hospital at Tarbes, where he soon gained the goodwill of the soldiers, and made the patients almost forget their ailments in listening to his soothing words of consolation.

In October, 1854, the unexpected death of the Abbé Forgues rendered vacant the pastoral charge of a small, obscure town in the Upper Pyrenees. This was Lourdes, then little known, now world-renowned. The Abbé Peyramale, then forty-four, was appointed curé. Hardly a few months had elapsed when he was already popular in town and country, among clergy and laity. He began by visiting all the families of his new flock, and the curés of the canton or district of which he was dean.

"He was cut to be a hero and a saint," says M. Lasserre; "and he seemed destined to become legendary even during his life. So, at Lourdes, as at Vic, Aubarède, and Tarbes, we have been told with emotion by those who were his children a number of touching, original, and charming stories. Everything demonstrates and testifies that the Curé of Lourdes already had a lustre all his own, and a very striking one, when he was all at once thrust into the full effulgence of the divine workings. After the apparitions of Mary on the rock of Massabielle it becomes easy, thanks to a thousand documents, to verify with rigorous exactitude, as we have done in our 'Notre Dame de Lourdes,' the smallest acts of the life of the Curé Peyramale. But, long before that, tradition had already taken hold of this epic man, and, despite its customary haziness, explained in a few characteristic traits how this priest was pleasing to the Lord, and merited to be the elect of Mary to take her glorious part in the merciful designs which she meditated accomplishing."

The wretched soon learned the way to his house, always open, and told everywhere of his beneficence. The poor were his friends, and he gave the generic name of "my clients" to the floating population of the blind, the maimed, the halt, and

the needy who crowded round his door. People related with tearful eyes the extent of his overflowing charity, while their faces would be lit up with smiles as they repeated his *bonmots* and witty sallies.

"To me," he said, "the poor represent Him who is sole Master, and we are here but to serve them." He not merely served them, but made himself like them, being often reduced to absolute penury. All his father gave him or left him gradually disappeared in alms. When his resources were completely exhausted and he had nothing of his own to give, he went to some well-to-do person and got him to promise to visit such or such a one, not liking himself to go empty-handed to the poor. Thus, not content with being charitable himself, he caused others to exercise charity.

All his life he lived practically in lodgings and amid borrowed furniture. He did not evince the same indifference with regard to the House of God. His church, poor and tottering, built a thousand years before for a village, was insufficient for a place which, increasing century after century, had grown into a small city. One of his first thoughts was to build a new church to replace the old one, almost past repairing. This project was already maturing when, in February 1858, took place the events at the Grotto of Lourdes which were to fill the whole world with wonder, and lead to the ultimate erection of the magnificent basilica which overlooks the scene of the apparition of Our Lady to Bernadette Soubirous, who, as Sister Mary Bernard, a professed nun, not many years ago passed from the scene of her earthly vision of the *Immaculata* to where she now enjoys the Beatific Vision and sees the Virgin Mother and her Divine Son face to face.

From that time forward, to use M. Lasserre's words, "the Curé Peyramale enters into the broad daylight of history,"—a history in which the legend of the Pyrenean shrine is linked with the life story of the good Curé of Lourdes.

A Far-Away Princess.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VIII.

MOIRA stood for a moment motionless, gazing wide-eyed at Mrs. Granger, after she heard that the man who was coming up was her husband's cousin, Paul Lyndon. Then—

"What had I better do?" she asked. "Would it not be well if I remained here and met him as—as Royall's wife?"

"No!" Mrs. Granger cried, with a vehemence which startled her. "Let us go to your own room, and I will tell you why you must not think of such a thing."

Seizing the girl by the arm, she swept her away—out of one apartment and into another—as if by the force of a hurricane; and it was only after they were safe behind a closed door that she resumed her usual manner.

"No doubt I've astonished you," she said, as she sank rather breathlessly into a chair; "but I've been so astonished myself that I seem to have lost all my bearings. Never again shall I think that I know any man until I have seen him tested. But I couldn't—I really *couldn't*—have believed that Paul Lyndon was what he has proved himself to be."

"What has he proved himself?" Moira inquired, in a tone of anxiety.

"He has proved himself capable of advising and doing things which I regard as absolutely base," Mrs. Granger replied. "The revelation has amazed me; for I have always had a very high opinion of him, and liked him a great deal better than most people do. But I don't think I shall ever like him again," she ended, with a shake of her head which expressed the strongest possible disapproval.

"Why not?" Moira asked with deepened anxiety. "Is it something he has done or said about Royall which has shocked you so much?"

"Yes, about Royall and also about you,"

Mrs. Granger answered. "My dear, I hate to tell you; but it is better that you should know on what errand he has come, since you have suggested revealing yourself to him as Royall's wife."

"It seems the most straightforward thing to do," Moira said simply. "And I think it is what Royall would wish me to do."

"Royall would never wish you to lay yourself open to be insulted," the older woman cried hotly. "And that is what would follow if you let Paul Lyndon know who you are."

"Insulted!" the girl gasped. Then she leaned forward, her face pale, but her eyes shining. "Please tell me exactly what you mean," she said.

"It's a hateful thing to tell you," Mrs. Granger repeated; "but unless you know what proposal he intends to make you can't understand why I am so averse to your revealing yourself to him. Well" (she drew a deep breath), "he has come to propose to Royall that he shall leave you; and to *you* he means to offer money, in some large sum, as a remuneration for allowing him to go without making trouble. This sounds horribly brutal, I know; but it is, in plain words, what I have drawn from him as the reason for his being here."

"But I don't understand," Moira said, in a bewildered tone. "Does he not know that we are married?"

"Of course he knows. How could he fail to know when Royall has explicitly announced the fact?"

"Then what does he mean by proposing that Royall shall leave me, and that I shall accept a bribe to let him go, as if—as if I were—"

"He means," Mrs. Granger broke in, "something which is very common in America, I'm sorry to say, and of which, no doubt, you have heard even in France: he means divorce."

"Divorce!" Moira seemed able only to echo this astonishing statement. "But, again, I don't understand. To a Catholic,

of course, there is no such thing as divorce; but even in the case of others there must be some cause for it, and what cause is there between Royall and me?"

"You don't know to what a pass things have come in America," Mrs. Granger told her. "To secure a legal divorce in certain States there is no longer any need for cause; the flimsiest excuse will do,—as for instance, nominal desertion. It is possible by such means to discard a wife or husband as easily as you would change a partner in a game."

"And this cousin comes to propose that Royall shall by such means discard me?"

"Exactly. And I can only say that it is a very good thing that he is at present unable to meet Royall; for I don't know how far Royall's indignation might carry him. I'm sure only that such a proposal would make the breach between himself and his family beyond healing."

"I am sure of it also," Moira agreed; "and therefore it is perhaps a good thing that he has gone to Morocco, and is out of reach. But I think," she added, "that I should meet this man, and answer the proposal he comes to make to me."

"My dear, if you have any respect for my opinion, you will not entertain the idea for a moment," Mrs. Granger cried earnestly. "I would never forgive myself, and Royall would never forgive me, if I allowed you to be subjected to such a proposal while you are under my care. No: we must go on as we have begun. I am simply furious with Paul Lyndon, and I have told him that he can not find you: that you left Paris immediately after Royall's departure, and that no one there has your address. That is true, isn't it? You didn't leave any address by which you could be traced, did you?"

"None at all," Moira answered. "There was no reason why I should do so. And since I am here with you, and you know these people—Royall's people—better than I, who indeed do not know them at all, I will be guided by your judgment. But, left to my own judgment" (she lifted

her head proudly), "I should meet this man at once as Royall's wife."

"He doesn't deserve that you should do so," Mrs. Granger said. "If he had come with a different purpose—to see for himself what you were really like, in order to tell Governor Harcourt, who believes in him as in no one else in the world,—I would urge you to reveal yourself to him immediately; and I confess that I thought of something of the kind as soon as I saw him. But when I heard him talk, when I recognized how immovable was the prejudice in his mind, and when I learned the atrocious object he had in view, I knew that you could not think of meeting him, since it would only be to subject yourself to insult."

"I feel," Moira said quietly, but with a flash in her dilated eyes, "that I should like to answer that insult."

Mrs. Granger regarded her for a moment, struck as she had never been struck before by the beauty which vivid feeling accentuated. Then she said:

"I know that you would like to answer it; but wait a little, and your answer will be more effective. Preserve your *incognita*; let Paul Lyndon see and recognize what you are; and, when he has fully recognized this, you can answer him, and I shall not counsel you to spare him."

"Then you do, after all, wish me to meet him?" Moira queried.

"For what other reason are you going to America than to meet Royall's relatives, and let them learn what you are, before you reveal yourself?" Mrs. Granger questioned in turn. "And, if opportunity offers, isn't London as good a place as any other for the meeting? I didn't wish you to meet Paul Lyndon unprepared, nor in ignorance of what his object in coming over here really is; but since you know this object, and are prepared, I see no reason why you should avoid meeting him—as *Miss Fortescue*."

"Do you advise me to meet him to-night?"

"I think not. I'm afraid we are neither

of us calm enough to bear ourselves on the occasion as we would wish to do. Let the meeting be brought about by chance; and if meanwhile he goes to Paris to look for you, why I, for one, will not have any compassion for him in his wild-goose chase."

Notwithstanding this positive assertion, however, Mrs. Granger was not able to refrain from feeling a little compassion for Paul Lyndon when she heard the next day that he had indeed gone to Paris to look for the person who had been so near him in London. For a moment her conscience suffered what might be described as a twinge; but the necessity of presenting an unmoved front to Mr. Granger, in whose tone, when he announced Paul Lyndon's departure, she fancied a shade of something like suspicion, enabled her to put all thought of self-reproach aside.

"I can't say that I am sorry for the disappointment that awaits him," she remarked calmly. "I told him distinctly that he would not find Royall's wife in Paris; and, since he does not choose to believe me, let him discover for himself whether or not I am right."

"I don't think he doubted your being right," Mr. Granger said, — "that is, he accepted your statement that Mrs. Royall Harcourt, as I suppose one must call her—"

"I don't see how you could possibly call her anything else," his wife flashed out.

"Well—er—no," he responded, in a tone which again she did not altogether fancy. "Of course that *is* her proper name. But, although he believed that you probably knew what you were talking about when you said she had left Paris, Lyndon thought it would be well to go there, in the hope of tracing her present place of abode. And, being the keen fellow he is, I believe that he'll succeed in finding her."

"I am quite sure that he will not," Mrs. Granger stated in her most positive manner. "As I also told him, she left

no address behind when she went away from Paris."

"That is what Lyndon finds difficulty in believing," Mr. Granger replied. "He has no doubt that you think it is so; but he argues that a woman who has lived a professional life of the kind that hers has probably been, will certainly have friends and associates who will know where she is, and who may be induced to part with the information."

"I hope," said Mrs. Granger, with a restrained wrath which was rather terrible, "that Paul Lyndon will not only be disappointed at present—of *that* I am certain,—but that he will have to suffer in the future for his abominable ideas. I have never been so disgusted and indignant with any one in all my life."

"I don't think that you are quite reasonable in the matter," Mr. Granger ventured to suggest. "You forget how different your and Lyndon's points of view are. You have seen the young woman, and taken up her cause with an enthusiasm to which you are sometimes liable—"

"I am the most unenthusiastic of human beings," Mrs. Granger announced; "or, perhaps, I should rather say," she added, as she caught her husband's amused glance, "that I am never enthusiastic without good cause. You dare not deny that."

Mr. Granger indicated that he did not dare to deny it.

"Well, then," the lady went on, "you, at least, should have confidence enough in my judgment to believe that I am not misled by enthusiasm in my opinion of Royall Harcourt's wife."

"I *do* believe it," Mr. Granger assured her with evident sincerity. "But you didn't let me finish what I began to say. It was, briefly, that you are Mrs. Harcourt's champion, because you have seen and—er—been very much attracted by her; while Lyndon has not seen her, and his opinion is what might naturally be expected from a member of Royall's

family; and is also what your own would probably have been if you had only heard of the marriage, and had not chanced to meet the parties concerned when you were in Paris."

Mrs. Granger was reasonable enough to admit that had the meeting spoken of not occurred, her opinion would probably have been very different; but she added that under no circumstances could she have approved or endorsed Paul Lyndon's conduct.

"It's the point of view," her husband repeated. "He is thinking of the people at home—of the terrible blow this marriage has been to the poor old Governor, and to his mother,—and he wants to set things right if he can."

"I understand his point of view perfectly," Mrs. Granger returned. "It really doesn't require any interpretation. But what I couldn't have imagined possible is that he would be so far misled by family feeling, and sympathy for his uncle and mother, as to propose to 'set things right' by setting them wrong in the most shameful manner,—by counselling a man to forsake his wife, and insulting a woman by an offer of which I haven't patience to speak."

"You ought to try to realize that he doesn't think of the woman in question as you do—"

"He thinks, I suppose—or at least he should think,—of such basic things as honor and justice, not to speak of the laws of God, as every right-minded person does," Mrs. Granger interrupted. "Don't attempt to excuse him any further, Robert; for I shall certainly lose my temper if you do."

"And that would be so unfortunate," Mr. Granger rather hastily remarked, "that we'll drop the subject immediately."

The subject was accordingly dropped; and nothing more was heard of or from Paul Lyndon for the few days longer that the Grangers remained in London. During these days their social engagements were so many that Moira saw very little of her

new friend; but, since it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, Leila profited immensely by this state of affairs. For, instead of having to submit to the uninspiring companionship of her mother's maid whenever she went out, she had the altogether delightful companionship of Miss Fortescue, and the great pleasure of playing guide to the latter, and introducing her to those famous places and sights of London which strangers and foreigners are more likely to see than the inhabitants of the great city, and with which Leila herself had been made acquainted as part of the educational process of travel.

The two fared forth together, therefore,—Moira always closely veiled, for she had an abiding fear of being recognized by some one as the famous actress of "*La Princesse Lointaine*,"—and in the course of these pilgrimages their friendship grew apace: Moira finding the precocious child as attractive as she was intelligent, while Leila speedily conceived a passionate devotion for the beautiful and sympathetic companion so unexpectedly bestowed upon her.

"O mummy, she's just too lovely for anything!" she told her mother one day in an access of enthusiasm. "I'm so glad you found her, and that she's going home with us. I've never enjoyed anything in all my life" (Leila's habitual tone was that of a centenarian) "as much as I have enjoyed going out with her here in London. I thought I knew all about the places we've seen, but she's told me so many more interesting things than I ever knew before. Westminster Abbey now,—did you know that it was really an abbey, full of Catholic monks, for about a thousand years before it was made a burying-place?"

"Oh, yes, of course! And you should have known it, too, if you had studied history properly," Mrs. Granger replied, in the intervals of the toilette she was making for some social function.

"Miss Fortescue made you see how

differently it must have looked in the old days," Leila went on, her elbows on the dressing-table, and her eyes fixed meditatively on her mother. "In the cloisters she was so sad that she almost seemed about to cry; and she said it was because she was thinking how the monks must have felt when they were turned out of that lovely place forever. It *was* hard, wasn't it?"

"I dare say it was," Mrs. Granger admitted; "but it was at the time of the Reformation, you know."

"I know." Leila's tone seemed to indicate rather a low opinion of the period mentioned. "That was the time Henry VIII. murdered his wives, and Queen Elizabeth murdered Mary Queen of Scots. I saw their tombs—Queen Elizabeth's and Queen Mary's, I mean—in Westminster Abbey; but Miss Fortescue says that, although their bodies are so close together, their souls are probably very far apart."

"Upon my word" (Mrs. Granger laughed, for it was impossible to mistake what was implied in the last words concerning the eternal fate of the illustrious personages alluded to), "Miss Fortescue seems to be interpreting history for you from the strictly Catholic point of view."

"She said she didn't want to do that," Leila explained. "But we just couldn't get away from it. For all these old places *were* Catholic, you know, and it's been such a little time since the Reformation; while everything interesting seems to have happened before it, and everything beautiful was built before it. There's Queen Eleanor's tomb now,—the Queen for whom all the crosses were erected, where her body rested after she was dead. Miss Fortescue told me such lovely things about *her*. She seemed to make me see her, as well as the monks in the cloisters of the Abbey."

"I've no doubt she could make you see anything she wanted," said Mrs. Granger. "I almost wish I had been with you."

"You'd wish it still more if you knew

how delightful it is to visit places with her," Leila intimated. "I never knew before that history could be as interesting as a fairy-tale,—even more interesting, because it has all really happened. Oh, I hope she is going to stay with us a long, long time!"

"You needn't hope for that," her mother warned her. "I'm afraid she may not be with us very long. But you can enjoy her society while you have her, and" (admonishingly) "you can profit by her beautiful French."

"We talk French almost all the time when we are out together," Leila said; "and she makes it so easy—it's like hearing music to listen to her—that I don't mind the verbs at all. I'm sorry you think she won't be with us long. Why not?"

"Well, she has duties that will probably soon call her away."

"What kind of duties?"

"My dear, how often have I told you that you mustn't ask so many questions! I declare I think the old-fashioned idea that children should be seen and not heard wasn't a bad one!"

"I think it was a beastly one!" Leila announced indignantly. "How were children to learn anything if they weren't allowed to talk? Why, almost all I know I've learned by asking questions!"

"In that case, you certainly ought to have accumulated a large supply of information," her mother remarked, with a heartfelt sigh. "But remember," she added quickly, "that you must on no account ask questions—I mean personal questions—of Miss Fortescue. That would be shockingly ill-bred."

"I shouldn't think of such a thing," Leila replied injuredly. "I've always heard that one mustn't ask personal questions; but I'd like to know what the duties are that will call her away. She says her mother and father are dead. Is she going to be married?"

"Certainly not."

"Then what—"

"Leila, that's enough! Go at once and have your hair brushed and your dress changed."

As has been stated before, Leila knew the exact line where obedience to her mother became imperative; and she accordingly departed, with her curiosity ungratified. But it was often remarked by those who came in contact with her that she had a wonderful tenacity in holding on to a point; and, having heard of the existence of something which made it probable that she might be deprived of the companionship she found so fascinating, she promised herself to discover what this was by any means short of personal questions—those being in honor barred,—in order to learn if there was not some way of averting the threatened misfortune.

But the delightful pilgrimages about London and listening to poetical stories of the past came all too soon to an end. The day appointed for the sailing of the *Mauretania*, on which the passage of the party was engaged, was now at hand, and they left London for their port of departure.

The details of going on shipboard were very familiar to all but Moira, and Leila had again the satisfaction of acting as guide to the latter over the ship she knew so well. But they had come on deck as the great vessel moved majestically out to sea; and Moira, standing by the rail, was gazing wistfully toward the shores she was leaving, acutely conscious of what the French call a *serrement du cœur* in the thought of the wide distance she was about to put between herself and her husband, and the nature of the adventure on which she was bound, when an exclamation from the child beside her suddenly caught her attention.

"O Mr. Paul!" Leila cried joyously, in a tone of mingled surprise and pleasure. "I'm so glad to see you! I didn't know you were going home with us."

"I didn't know it myself," a voice of deep but pleasant *timbre* answered. "I'm

delighted to see you, Leilita. Of course your father and mother are on board also?"

"Oh, yes, they are here somewhere!" Leila said, with a glance around the crowded deck. "I haven't seen them for some time; I've been busy showing Miss Fortescue about the ship. You don't know Miss Fortescue," she added in a lower tone. "She's mummy's secretary, and I like her ever so much. I'll introduce you to her."

"Pray do!" the pleasant voice replied, with a laughing cadence.

And so Leila, who was a very sophisticated young person, touched the arm of the graceful figure beside her.

"Miss Fortescue," she said eagerly, "please let me introduce my old friend, Mr. Paul Lyndon."

(To be continued.)

Irish Scenes and Memories.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

VIII.—THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL.

CURRAGH schoolhouse stood on the side of the road, with a "mortar-and-stone" wall surrounding it, to keep it sacred from contact with the working world. Inside the wall grew a well-trimmed hedge, which after some years concealed the masonry, that, to tell the truth, was black from age and Irish rain.

Of a summer morning it was a sight to make the heart in you glad to see the children from north, south, east and west, walking to this centre of knowledge to get what the old people called "a bit o' schoolin'." The little girls, with their white bibs and calico dresses, and their hair held back by a blue band, looked askance at a stranger when he passed them by. The boys, with their caps and knickerbockers, sauntered along, some of them spinning tops, others committing to memory a lesson in grammar or geography.

James Sullivan was the "masther" of Curragh school, with the title of "First Class." Just what were the prerogatives and privileges of "First Class" as against second or third the boys and girls did not pretend to know. They understood, indeed, that first was better than second; but how much better—well, that belonged to the inspector.

It was late July and the inspector was making his annual visit. He always came before the summer vacation; and after his visit was over, the days of rest began. Along the roads and across the flowering fields the children went earlier than usual, just to get into school and be settled before the great man arrived. The girls wore their best dresses, and the boys their Sunday suits. The master himself had on the black coat and the grey trousers which he never wore on ordinary schooldays.

The children are coming in, with the flush of the morning on their faces and the dew of the fields on their boots. There is less of a buzz than usual; for they are hushed into silence by expectancy. Little Paddy Madigan, who is the brightest boy in third class, has a throbbing pulse lest he fail to pass up into fourth; Nance O'Neill is in fourth, and disgrace would rest on her name if she did not rise with honor into first stage of fifth. Danny Donavan is at the outer end of the seat. He is not very clever, finds it hard to learn, but he has gentle eyes and quiet manners; so everybody loves him, and hopes he will not be left behind. All are excited, anxious, hopeful.

James Sullivan was a man of twenty-eight, unmarried and alone in the world. His father and mother were both under the grass of the bleak graveyard back at Kilcappa hill; and he, their only child, was left lonesome and lonely, with only the memory of happier days. One does not wonder he loved the little boys and girls from the countryside around Curragh, whose young voices made music in his school all the long day. One does not wonder, either, that there was a weight

in his heart that made his blood bound in his veins when he saw them pass out of his sight as the schoolday was over. Sorrow mellow men, makes them merciful, soft of speech, patient, and ready to hear a story of trouble or pain. Only success and visions of greatness lift the heads of men so high they can not see a tear in the eyes of the afflicted nor hear the cry of the lowly.

Sullivan knew all his little flock of scholars,—their talents, their innocence, their simplicity, their eagerness to satisfy, their leaping hearts for the least service. No wonder that these Irish country boys and girls, who had heard of the flogging schoolmasters in other districts, loved this man, who knew the power of sweetness and gentleness. Those hired slave-drivers, who felt that education must be beaten into children with a stick, had no conception of their divine mission—the opening of thought vistas to eager eyes. They had a mind to "salary" and the "results" after examinations.

At last the black side-car and handsome horse of the inspector were seen coming down over the Pike Hill road. The driver was on one seat, the inspector on the other. You could hear your heart beating if you listened, it was so still in the school. Then Mr. Sullivan, in the last few minutes that remained before the great man entered, walked to the front of the desks where the children were sitting, and simply said: "Children, you have studied hard, so do the best you can to-day." The examinations will be over about four o'clock. I want to see you all for a little while then, as this is the last day of school and vacation begins to-morrow." The children almost forgot to be afraid of the inspector, so surprised were they at the teacher's request. Presently the inspector entered. All stood up as a token of respect, were immediately seated again, and the great battle for promotion was on.

First comes the "infant class" in their ab-abs. Little Jimeen Sheehan spells

h-o-u-s-e, and Maggie Noonan spells s-c-h-o-o-l, but Tommy Duggan spells "road" r-o-a-d-e. Then he blushes, hesitates, and finally, as the inspector points his index finger at the next in the circle, shouts "r-o-a-d!" He has caught fleeing Opportunity by her single lock and is saved. Meantime boys and girls in the sixth class are working problems from blue cards which the inspector has brought along; those in the fifth are writing a letter to an imaginary Aunt Elizabeth in Dublin, telling her about an imaginary bazaar in an imaginary place called Brexwell. The third and fourth classes are giving examples of penmanship in as finished a hand as their nerves will allow. Young Danny Kennedy overloads his pen with ink, and begins to circle the curve of a beautiful C. After all, a pen is a pen, and long before the C is circled its lovely outlines are blurred with a black spot "as big as a ha'penny." Mollie Hogan, who sits next him, laughs stealthily at his misfortune, which makes Danny promise a measure of revenge, you may be sure.

Then the first class undergoes its oral test, and the second and the third. Like a pyramid turned upside-down, the higher the class the longer it takes to circle its variety of subjects. Spelling and reading; spelling, reading, and arithmetic; spelling, reading, arithmetic, and geography; spelling, reading, arithmetic, geography, and grammar; spelling, reading, arithmetic, geography, grammar, and agriculture. And so on, bigger and bigger like the house that Jack built.

As the day reaches far into the afternoon, those out on the field who were examined in the morning have grown weary of their play. The higher classes undergoing their oral tests are weary also,—weary of the long, anxious wait, of the monotonous hum of voices, of the endless changing and marching back and forth.

At last the tests are over. The inspector, with Mr. Sullivan's assistance, gathers up his array of papers, records,

cards, and what not. He locks them away in his satchel, bids the Curragh schoolteacher a perfunctory good-bye, mounts his side-car, and soon you can hear the wheels rolling over the broken stones as his horse speeds along.

Then the children, tired of the long day and anxious for the welcome sight of home, re-enter the school. The teacher stops a little rosy-faced chap of six and asks:

"What's your name?"

"Dan McCann, an' an Irishman," answers the little fellow, saluting.

Then he asks a red-haired miss of seven:

"And what's your name?"

"Rosaleen, the Irish queen," she answers, with a courtesy. These are the catchwords the schoolteacher has taught them; and as he hears them now, somehow, instead of the smile with which he has been accustomed to greet these younger children, his face is serious.

When they are all seated, he walks to the front of the desks where he stood at the beginning of the day. The children are quiet and anxious. They forget about home and vacation. The teacher surveys his scholars for a little, and then speaks softly, for his voice is heavy with feeling:

"Children, I won't delay you long. I wouldn't keep you waiting at all only I am anxious to have these few minutes alone with you before you go home. Your examinations are over now, and the vacation is beginning. You have kept at your books this year—most of you have,—and I know you will be promoted to higher classes. There may be two or three failures, but that does not matter. We can not expect all to go up. You will have a very happy vacation, I know. You will be back at home and free. Do not play all the time, however; for as we vary our working time with play, so we must vary our playing time with work. Be good, just like all our simple people around,—not only now when you are young, but later on when you are

older. Try always to remember your race, and to be proud of it and to do it honor. We come of kings and warriors and bards and orators and saints; hence the hearts in us should be warm to music and to battle and to prayer. Some of you will be going to America, maybe, later on. You may get rich and mighty, and you may have the world smiling at your feet some day. But you must never, never forget your Irish faith, your Irish love for this island home of ours, nor your love for your own people, no matter how poor.

"I am taking so much time, children, because it will be long before I see you again, if ever." (Then the eyes of his child audience grew large with wonder.) "You have always been such good children—gentle, truthful, respectful,—that I feel lonesome to leave you,—just as if you were my very own. But, you see, all my people are away under the earth; and, as I want a change in order to see the world and earn a better living, I have made up my mind to go to America this summer—"

"Yes, but you will be back in August, sir!" interrupted Danny Hogan, forgetting his manners in his fright over the terrible news.

"No, not in August,—not in August," echoed the teacher, sadly.

Nothing quickens tears in the eyes of a good man like tears in the eyes of a child. So when Kitty Shanahan and Maura Sheedy and Jimeen Hogan and Paddy Clancy cried silently for the going of this kindly, humane teacher, and when so many of big as well as little without distinction were caught by the contagion, 'tis small wonder the heart of this strong man gave way and that his eyes were glistening with tears. After all, child love is the least selfish. So little fills the heart of a child, yet it gives back so much in return! Sullivan knew this. He knew that all he had ever given those friends of his was a kind word here and there,—a little of the honey of encouragement. Yet how

large a love they were giving back to him!

"And now, children," he finished with a heavy voice, "May God be good to you and to this dear island of ours! And may He be kind and merciful to me when I am away among strangers in a lonely land! Pray for me, who will not see you again as little ones with your blue Irish eyes and with your true Irish hearts. God bless you!—God bless you! Good-bye, Maura; and you, Mollie and Jimeen and Ted; and you, little Maurice and Rosaleen; and you, Jim."

So to each one passing out he gave his strong hand that circled the child hand in its warm clasp. Then came the baby of the school, Mollie Anne. Into his arms he took the little one, stroked, with a hand that was never lifted but in love, the black hair, and whispered in a broken voice: "Good-bye, good-bye, Mollie Anne! You're the best baby girl in all Ireland." The little head nodded wearily, for the day had been long and sleepless. Then he touched the little white forehead with his lips, and presently she joined the other children.

For a long time he looked from the school door at the group that broke away into little streams and went slowly homeward to the north, south, east, and west. He had the mood that weights the heart with feeling, and then finds its escape in song. The years of quiet were ended; the lowly lives of little children that flooded his darkest days with stray sunlight and made song that could be heard beneath the rolling of winds—they were all gone, gone out of his life. The passion had caught him. The cry of the West to brave the ocean and find possessions in the New World had lured him like a siren. The longing for a wonder world, for romance, for daring and doing, had beaten at the door of his gentle soul. Yes, he must go. The eager, impulsive, imaginative, care-free Celt has caught the fever. Sorry or not, he must go.

And the children, far down the fields

or away on the white road, move slowly; for their hearts feel the pain of the parting. What to them is vacation now, when their hero is leaving! What to them freedom from books when the kindest face they have ever known will not smile them a welcome when they return in the waning summer! The smoke from the chimneys of their homes, which they see rising far down the valley, would be a sign of welcome in other years: now it is the form of one they love fading away. James Sullivan from the door sees the last of them passing over the hill or turning the bend of the road. He thinks they look back to wave him adieu, and he waves in return.

"The sweetest faces and the whitest souls that God ever blessed the world with are you! You will grow tall and fair, and the land that should be yours belongs to a stranger, and your birthright is stolen and your riches are wasted, while you are left desolate. God help me! The voice is calling me, and I'm following,—I who have been so happy here, in sun and rain, in Autumn and Spring! That's the last of them. They have turned the road bend; they have gone over the hill. And I am leaving them and following the voice, with my face to the West."

(Conclusion next week.)

In February.

BY CATHAL MALLOY.

THROUGH these dead days the early Spring is stirring;

With wings back-warping from the Southern skies

Meseems the vacant heavens all are whirring;
Still seeds but wait the word till they arise
And spread their golden cloths before the dawn.

The streams are breaking,—listen as you pass
And you shall hear beneath the snowy lawn

The first faint murmur of the growing grass.
Winter yet holds the hill,
But few winds work his will.

A Wild Robin.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

NO one knew, least of all herself, why Ruth Dunlap liked better the wild young Robin Marden than she did the staid youths who walked in the old beaten paths with dignity and circumspection. Perhaps it was the careless lock of hair that was always falling over his tanned forehead, or his utter disregard of all convention, or the fashion he had of suddenly forsaking the high, clear tones he generally employed and whispering some gentle words; or it may have been just because he was Robin, the waif who had laughed his way into the hearts of a kindly couple when little more than a baby. They had found him at an orphan asylum in Boston, and passed by scores of demure little boys and girls to choose this tiny young rascal, who struck at them when they would have caressed him, but smiled like a seraph as they turned away dismayed. The smile settled the matter; and he was borne away, for weal or woe, by those whom it had charmed.

There was no mystery about Robin's parentage. This is not the record of a patrician bantling reared by plain people. His father had been a political refugee from a Russian province, whose wife had shared his opinions as well as his exile. So far as was known, they had possessed no religious faith, but were advocates of a pronounced Socialism which was their undoing; for it kept them in a squalid poverty, where tuberculosis found them easy victims.

The Mardens had no need to complain of monotony after the little Robin was one of their household; for he became the terror not only of the neighborhood but of the entire village. Indeed, his reputation as a mischief-maker was so firmly established that he received much discredit that was not his due, as is the way of the world. But he deserved enough. It was surely he who tolled the meeting-

house bell when the postmaster took a new wife; who hid a pack of cards in the minister's hat; who dressed the statue upon the soldiers' monument in Mrs. Marden's Sunday gown; and who wheeled a neighbor's baby wagon to the top of the mountain and left it there.

As he grew old other gifts beside these troublesome ones began to develop, a deft twist of the tongue among them; and he would harangue a crowd of boys with wild thoughts that surged in his brain, or tell them fanciful stories born of his fertile imagination. He was ready, too, with his muscular young fists when occasion arose; quick to fight, but quick to forgive when sober second thought assured him that his cause had been wrong. His adopted father often shook his head and foreboded disaster when some wilder prank than usual set the village to laughing and blaming; but Mrs. Marden, ignoring all laws of heredity, firmly believed that the Socialist's child would eventually become a respectable and God-fearing member of society.

With the narrow theology of the region he would have nothing to do, but conjured out of his own mind such unanswerable questions that the village parson at last gave him up as incorrigible, at which he was pleased. When, however, he began inoculating the good little village boys with his queer ideas, not only of doctrine but of the right to hold property, their parents quickly withdrew them from the charms of his society.

Robin's work, like his study, was fitful and irregular. He would swing the scythe for days with a sort of fury, then lie down by the river and dream through a golden week. And so the years wore on.

He was about twenty when the observing ones began to notice that it was Ruth Dunlap with whom he danced most often at the rural gatherings, and this same fair girl who sat at one side with him when the decorous merrymaking went on. Amos Sargent, the schoolmaster, resented this most bitterly; for, in his

still, grave way, he had for years thought of Ruth as the young 'mistress of his household and the light of his somewhat lonely life; and that a waif, a stray, a "vagabond" from no one knew where, should supersede him was unbelievable. And then Fortune at one fell stroke favored him, at the same time striking down the tall youth who laughed at decent people's stern ways.

"Robin Marden has stolen thirty dollars from his father," — this was what the village people whispered to each other. "And, what is more, he has confessed it."

"Yes, sir," he said; "I took it. I meant to pay it back."

"So they all say," scornfully replied the father. "And you didn't need to steal it. You might have had it for the asking. I've never been stingy with you."

"Never," said Robin. "You've been too generous. And I've taken money before—"

"Don't tell me, Robin,—don't tell me!"

"Oh, I *must* tell you! Do not think me better than I am. There has never been a time when I have gone to town with things to sell that I haven't taken a little. I wanted a book or a bit of ribbon or a bunch of roses."

"Ribbons! Roses!"

"Yes: for Ruth Dunlap. She thought I earned them. And now I'm going away. I have never cared for the people here."

"I know it," said Mr. Marden, sadly.

"I am going to find my own kind, my own sort of work. I'm tired of living among strangers. And now that they know I am a thief" (his lips curled) "it would be harder than ever. But I will come back to see you and to take Ruth away. Put aside your glum looks, dear old chap!" And his arms were about his father's neck, and his shortcomings forgiven. No one whom he chose to conquer could resist him.

The next morning came; and the sun, rising from behind the hills, shone upon two desolate old people; and farther up the valley a fair-haired girl's face was sad. Robin had gone.

They heard from him twice. He was in Boston, hopeful and happy; had found some congenial and helpful friends, and would write again. But he never did, and in a year Ruth Dunlap married Amos Sargent, and thought she had almost forgotten the foreign lad who had had such power to stir her heart. And yet when the scent of roses came from the garden, or the harvest moon was in the sky, or a minor strain of music came stealing down the wind, it was as if Robin called to her, — never reproaching her, but just calling; singing a bit of Russian folk-song, or bowing as he handed her a rose, or bidding her look at the round harvest moon as he recited the famous lines with which Shakspeare has forever woven its mystic beams.

The New England conscience has become almost the theme of jokes, but it is no less a reality; and whenever the image of the absent Robin appeared before the mental eye of this daughter of the Puritans she began to reproach herself. After the birth of her little son there were for a while no vagrant thoughts; but when he was old enough to be at play with the other lads, and her husband was busy with his books, there would come to her at odd moments the vision of a dark face, with waving hair tumbling over the brow and vivid tenderness in the laughing eyes. Then she would call her little Amos, or would busy herself with some intricate household problem until she was her own calm-minded self again.

Ten years after her marriage her husband became ill, and never was man nursed more faithfully. There was no vagrant thought of Robin now. The true Ruth, the better Ruth, had, it seemed, banished him from her memory; and with him had gone the minor music and the tumbling hair and the smile that had served so well when he had forfeited esteem. She learned, too, what Amos had been to her; the bald head and near-sighted eyes no longer evoked her secret derision. She remembered with shame

how she had rebelled because his boots squeaked, and had been provoked because he insisted upon cooling his tea in his saucer. Then one day, after the doctor had told her that he could not get well, there came a swift thought of Robin. It was smothered almost before it was born, but it had breathed.

"This is the end," said Ruth to herself, and set her thin lips firmly together. "I am no better than a murderer."

Amos died, and there were furtive whispers afloat in Hilltop.

"Will Robin Marden come back?" — "She's free now." — "He's been seen lately, speechifying like a crank." — "You'd better lock up your bureau drawers." — "It's an awful risk adopting children," — these and other things were freely said when neighbors met upon the winding, elm-shaded streets.

Ruth had worn her widow's dress for two years. She would, she thought, never lay it one side. It should be part of her penance for that one wild moment when she thought, "If Amos dies, Robin may come back."

It was late in June, and the sun, having in that region so brief a summer in which to shed his beams, had wrapped the village in a garment almost like flame. Ruth had laid aside her black stuff gown and replaced it with white, — a little reproachful of herself as she felt the comfort it gave. Little Amos was down by the river, watching the water as it slipped over the shining pebbles. The birds were still, the butterflies seemed drowsy, and then — Robin came! She did not know him at first as he stood in the open door with his face in the shadow, — that thin face, the wavy lock a bit grey!

"Madam," he began, in the conventional tone of a book agent; then — "Ruth, Ruth!"

She extended her hand, steadily and calmly.

"I am glad to see you, Robin."

"Not a very cordial greeting after all these years," he answered sullenly.

"Will you come in and tell me of yourself?" she asked, with as little enthusiasm as if he had been gone but a fortnight.

"Thank you! I will not," he replied. "I have no fancy to meet your husband, the schoolmaster."

"He does not know!" she thought, and in a flash saw her way clear.

"He would welcome you if he were here," she returned, but did not repeat her invitation to come in. "How has time used you, Robin?"

"As well as I deserved. I have been cold and hungry, but happy in a way. And now I am going to die. My natural parents, having little beside to leave me, bequeathed me a body that does not take kindly to hardship. For a month I have been tramping through the mountains, selling a book now and then; but it has not helped me. Next week I start on a sea voyage,—a long cruise. I came here to say good-bye to my father. His mind, you know, is gone. He had forgotten me, and I am leaving Hilltop. I did not think to see you. Is your husband good to you, Ruth?"

"He has always been," she replied, turning a shade paler at the sudden question.

"And you are happy?"

"Quite, quite happy."

"Have you children?"

"One little boy."

"Well, I trust that he will be a credit to you both. Is that his violin?"

It lay upon the table in the hall,—a brown, mute thing of infinite possibilities.

"Yes: he shows a fondness for music."

"May I play you one tune?"

She handed him the violin without a word, and the old minor air floated from it and into the house bereft for years of its master; but Ruth's calm was that of a statue.

Robin returned the instrument to her, and she wiped a bit of dust from it in a housewifely way.

"That is my good-bye," he said. "I leave you to your schoolmaster. If it were not for him, I might wish to linger, and you would be annoyed. Some nights

when I am on the sea, Ruth, I shall pick out the coldest and whitest star and look at it and think of you. It will be no farther from me than you are, with your sanctified ways. But, Madam" (with a quick change of tone), "as I can not induce you to appreciate the volume which I am offering you at a positively ruinous price, I will not urge you further. Good-day!"

He bowed like the mixture of vagabond and courtier that he was, and turned away.

"Robin!" she cried, overcome with sudden compunction—he was so thin and changed,—"I hope God will bless you."

He only laughed, a hollow laugh.

"I am glad you can pray," he said; and, gathering one red rose from the bush beside the door, went down the path.

It was a very thoughtful mother that little Amos came back to when the shadows grew long. She had put on her widow's hat again; but in spite of it her heart knew a strange peace. That one wild moment was as if it had never been.

"You look happy and sorry, both," said the boy.

"I shall be happy," she answered, "and never sorry, if you become a good man like your father. There is nothing worth striving for but goodness,—nothing. And now, while I get supper, you may cut some roses and we shall take them to the graveyard. But do not gather any from the bush by the door."

A sailor, straying into Hilltop a long time afterward, told Ruth that Robin died at sea.

"He got awful gentle toward the last," he said. "I never saw a peacefuller man than he was. He used to be out on deck and look at the stars, and before he turned in he'd always say 'God bless her!' He seemed to set great store by a little faded rose; and when we wrapped him up to bury him, we put it in his hand. There's folks worse than Robin that's thought a lot of. He was sort of born wild, and couldn't settle down and be steady. Well, poor fellow, I hope he's found peace at last."

"Amen!" said Ruth, softly.

Thoughts on the Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

Feb. 23, Third Sunday of Lent.

THE Collect for this Sunday is an earnest cry for help: "We beseech Thee, Almighty God, hear the prayers of Thy humble servants, and stretch forth the right hand of Thy power to defend us." The like sentiments distinguish the Introit: "My eyes are ever toward the Lord; for He shall pluck my feet out of the snare. Look Thou upon me, and have mercy on me; for I am alone and poor."

For the full understanding of the liturgy of to-day, it must be borne in mind that this is "Scrutiny Sunday," as the primitive ages termed it. It was the first occasion on which an examination was made of the candidates for baptism at the coming Easter, and the liturgy abounds in references to this fact. This is why the Epistle speaks of "children of light." Baptism is to dispel the darkness in the souls of those who are longing to receive it and to fill them with light.

But it is in the choice of the Gospel that we find this more apparent. It is that of the casting out of the dumb devil by Our Lord. After He had worked the miracle, He proceeded to draw a terrible picture of the power and cunning of the dread adversary of man's salvation, and of the countless hosts of his diabolical helpers.

In baptism, the devil has to depart from his stronghold, and to yield up the new Christian to the service of God, whose "right hand of power" has been stretched out in his regard. Once the catechumen was "darkness, but now light in the Lord," since the Prince of Darkness has been expelled, and God's grace reigns supreme. But there is still need of God's powerful right hand to defend. He has plucked the feet of His child "out of the snare"; but that child, "alone and poor," must still trust in His mercy for protec-

tion and help against the watchful enemy of man's soul.

Ever since Lucifer, the proud rebel, led away from their allegiance the angels who chose to range themselves on his side, there has been unremitting warfare between those evil hosts and the servants of God. The demon, now known as Satan, is God's sworn enemy. He is powerless against his Maker, and therefore seeks to wound Him through His creatures. Left to himself, man would be utterly helpless; human reason and human strength are as nothing in comparison with the keen intelligence and mighty power of those spirits of evil. The season of Lent is, above all other times, the season in which we ought to reflect upon the existence and workings of the devil and his angels. On the first Sunday of Lent, the Church put before us the spectacle of the attack of the tempter upon the very Son of God; she would seem to warn us that the fact of our entering upon a time of more rigorous penance should remind us that our enemies will increase their efforts for our undoing.

Fittingly, therefore, does the Church put into our mouths to-day such prayers as that of the Gradual of the Mass: "Arise, O Lord, . . . when my enemy shall be turned back, they shall be weakened and perish before Thy face." Or those words of humble trust contained in the Tract: "To Thee have I lifted up my eyes, who dwellest in heaven. Behold as the eyes of servants are on the hands of their masters, . . . so are our eyes unto the Lord our God, until He have mercy on us." Here once more is suggested the thought of the "right hand" of His power, always raised in defence of His faithful ones.

The highest privilege of the Christian here below is union with God in the Sacrament of His Love; this is the consummation to which catechumens also are to aspire. The happiness awaiting them, even in this present life, is portrayed in the Communion verse. Formerly, like the Introit and Offertory, a psalm with

an antiphon sung after each verse, the Communion verse consists now of antiphon alone. It was customary to sing it in the early Church while Holy Communion was being given to the crowds of the faithful; consequently it always contains some reference to that supreme act. A haven of safety and security is held out to the soul, oppressed on all sides with deadly foes, in to-day's formula: "The sparrow hath found herself a house, and the turtle a nest where she may lay her young: Thy altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God. Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house [to be fed at Thy table]. They shall praise Thee forever and ever."

May the beautiful liturgy of this Sunday strengthen and encourage our wills to acquire fresh stores of grace for the conflict to which all are called!

Links in a Historic Chain.

A PICTURESQUE figure was recently removed from the scene in the death of Maria Frances, widow of Captain Archibald Macra Chisholm, late of the Black Watch Royal Highlanders. She peacefully expired at Glassburn House, Beaulieu, not so very far from Inverness, and in that lovely country which the pen of poet and of novelist has immortalized. She had passed the fourscore years, and her health had been so poor for several years as to compel her to lead a quiet and secluded life. But she was ever active in works of religion or charity, showing a maternal kindness toward her humbler neighbors or dependants.

She was married in 1853 to the officer above-mentioned, who had already distinguished himself in the Crimean War, and who was truly a magnificent type, physically as well as morally and mentally, of the race of Highland chieftains. Clad in his tartan, no handsomer specimen of manhood could be found. And these external advantages had come to him by direct inheritance from his father, Deputy

Surgeon-General Stewart Chisholm, of the Royal Artillery, whom the Duke of Wellington described as "the bravest and handsomest of men," and who rendered conspicuous service at Waterloo, the Siege of Paris, and in the Canadian Rebellion of 1837-38.

Captain Chisholm hastened to Rome to offer his services to the Pope in the gallant if ineffectual effort of the late Sixties, and would gladly have fought in the ranks had not his commission in the British service rendered such action impossible. He, however, took a house in the Eternal City, which was thrown wide open to the Papal Zouaves, and where, with his devoted wife, he made himself, so far as his resources permitted, the providence, financially and otherwise, of that brave and chivalrous band who may aptly be described as the last of the Crusaders.

When the last shot had been fired in defence of the temporal sovereignty, and Mentana and Castel Fidardo had become but memories, the grand old chieftain returned to Scotland, with his wife, who had shared his enthusiasm for the noblest of causes, and had aided therein by every means in her power. She survived her husband by several years, always giving to all around her an example of living faith, of sturdy devotion to the Church and its interests, and in every way upholding the traditions of those splendid races from which she sprang.

For in the passing of Mrs. Chisholm, of the gentle manner, the upright character, high ideals, and a culture which occasionally found vent in literary expression, and who in her surroundings was universally beloved, was deplored the last scion of two ancient Catholic and Jacobite families that had clung to the fortunes of the Stuarts and shared their exile over the water, — Farquharson of Balmoral, and Innes of Ballogie, in Aberdeenshire. She was the granddaughter of Lewis Farquharson Innes, who was born in the historic Castle of Balmoral, which after-

ward became famous as the Scotch residence of her late Majesty Queen Victoria. It is said that the family owned "the greater part of the lands from Ballater to Braemar, on the left bank of the Dee"; for Lewis Innes had "succeeded to the properties of Ballogie, Ballinacraig, and Mid-Beltic." Through political and other causes, however, all these broad lands passed out of the family, being purchased by Lord Fife, who, in turn, sold them to the late Prince Consort and his royal wife.

But though a page of Scottish history has been closed by the demise of that long-descended Highland lady, the event has a connection with this side of the water which can not fail to be of interest to many. For a sister-in-law of Mrs. Chisholm is Mrs. Rolland, of the Seigniory of Sainte-Marie-de-Monnoir, near Montreal, a handsome, stately, and in every sense worthy representative of the old stock. She married a son of the late Chief-Justice Rolland, and took up her abode at the delightful manor house, on lands which had belonged to a maternal relative of the Rolland family, Baron d'Estimenville, who during the French occupation was commandant at Fort. Chambly. The property had also for a time been in the hands of Sir William Johnstone, of Revolutionary fame. The daughter of the above-mentioned lady and a grand-niece of the late Mrs. Chisholm is the wife of Dr. Francis W. Grey, so favorably known to the readers of *THE AVE MARIA* and other periodicals by his scholarly articles, expressed in the most faultless English, on a great variety of subjects. He, in his turn, is of the historic family of Grey, a grandson of Earl Grey, of the Reform Bill, and the first member of that family to return to the ancient Faith.

Thus are the links of history formed, and another illustration given of the words of the classic poet:

Vainly with wastes of dissociable ocean
Does Providence sever the lands from the lands.

"Above All, They were Good."

THE published reports of eulogies on President Lincoln delivered at celebrations of his birthday last week go to prove that a great many of our people have yet to learn the true history of the Civil War period; and that, in spite of all that has been written about the greatest man it produced, very few have an adequate appreciation either of his character or his public services.

Lincoln was anything but what he is often represented as being, and never held doctrines repeatedly attributed to him; nor, until circumstances presented opportunity, did he dream of much that he accomplished and is credited with inspiring. He knew what had best be done when the time came to do it, because he identified himself with the people, and invariably stood by the Constitution. And it was because he was so honest and humble and single-hearted that he was enabled to render services the full importance of which none realized at the time, overcoming obstacles which would have proved insurmountable to one who was not an instrument of Providence.

Like Washington — no less than he, — Lincoln was a God-chosen leader. In nonessentials no two men could be more unlike; in the qualities demanded for the work given them to do they were identical. What outstands in our admiration of each is goodness. "At a first glance," writes Mr. Robert W. McLaughlin in a recent work, "the contrast between the two men seems the more striking. One was rich and an aristocrat, the other poor and a democrat; one was solemn and haughty, the other humorous and genial. Yet they were both men of action, they were prudent, and, above all, they were good; and, though neither offered any contribution to the theory of government, or created any movement, each was the commanding personality of his era."

Notes and Remarks.

In a pastoral letter addressed to the clergy and laity of the diocese of Newport from Rome, where he has been making his visit to the threshold of the Apostles, Bishop Hedley expresses the hope that the celebration of the sixteenth centenary of the "Peace of the Church," for which preparations are now being made, may have the effect of impressing Christian peoples, deeply and practically, with the idea that "the Kingdom of Jesus Christ is really a kingdom,—not a philosophy or a school or a sect or a view or a 'denomination,' but a divinely founded kingdom, with divine rights, and a visible organization to claim and exercise those rights; a kingdom which is not of this world, because it leaves princes, senates, armies, and commerce to go their own way; but a kingdom which this world is bound to admit and recognize; a kingdom which has had to fight all through its existence with its own weapon of the word and of suffering, but which can not be suppressed or abolished."

In the latest of the series of papers which, under the general title, "A Novelist's Sermons," John Ayscough is contributing to the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, we find a discussion of the Church and Vanity Fair. A point on which the average reader of history, either made or in the making, has probably not dwelt is found in this paragraph:

It is not the Church's moral laxity that holds people off, but her moral austerity. Nor was it the corruption in religious houses that made the sycophants of Henry VIII. glad to see them destroyed; those who had no material profit to make out of their suppression (and we may be sure that many were disappointed of such profit, as many made it) were well pleased to be relieved of the spectacle of the Church's old counsels of perfection in daily practice. And what is true of the sixteenth century is equally true of the eighteenth, the nineteenth and the twentieth: the wholesale

destruction of religious houses is due in part to the desire for spoliation, but in part also to the fact that nothing is more repugnant to those who would destroy both Christ and His law than being compelled to see His law illustrated in its most perfect expression.

Such repugnance very certainly had much to do with the frenzied hatred manifested in recent years to religious communities in France. At the bottom of the dislike which many a fallen-away French Catholic bore to the peaceful, active, God-fearing and God-serving monk, was a sentiment of base envy, which thought, if it did not say,

When Heaven with such parts has blest him,
Have I not reason to detest him?

Next week will witness a celebration of a kind necessarily rare on territory over which floats the Stars and Stripes—the four hundredth anniversary of a religious event. In 1513, twenty-one years after Columbus discovered the New World, Bishop Alonzo Manzo, of Salamanca, Spain, took possession of the See of San Juan, Porto Rico, the first diocese established in America. Forty-six prelates succeeded Bishop Manzo before the fortune of war brought Porto Rico under the dominion of the United States; and Bishop Jones, the present Ordinary of the diocese, is the second American bishop to be appointed to the See, the first being Archbishop Blenk of New Orleans. This last-mentioned prelate and several others are present with Cardinal Farley in Porto Rico; and the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist, occupying the site of the first church built on American soil, will be the centre of imposing religious solemnities.

Some of our readers may remember the case of a prisoner serving a long sentence in the prison at Dannemora, N. Y., who was pardoned by Gov. White four years ago, on representations which seemed to make it clear that he had been cured of his criminal tendencies by a surgical operation. It was declared that,

as a result of the operation, the prisoner's character was completely changed. From being sullen and morose he became bright and cheerful, walked with firmer step, held his head erect, and appeared to be a different man. Shortly after the operation the Governor was induced to set him free on parole, and it was confidently believed that a useful citizen had been restored to society in place of the criminal that had been taken from it.

Unfortunately, the arrest of the paroled prisoner during the first week in January of the present year, for a series of burglaries, with regard to which the evidence is complete, seems to make it clear that the improvement was only temporary, or that the operation and his subsequent good conduct were steps in a scheme to secure his release from prison. It is, of course, only what might be expected, declares the editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. "There is no trustworthy evidence to show that changes in moral character, independent of mental deterioration, result from pressure on the brain."

In connection with an illustration of the working of the penal laws in England in the latter half of the eighteenth century—the imprisonment of the chaplain of Gilling Castle, for receiving one of the servants, with the consent of her parents, into the Church,—the *London Tablet* recalls what Mr. Balfour said—said well and said truly—of the sufferings of the Church from such laws in England and elsewhere. Speaking on the third reading of the Home Rule Bill, he declared: "No religion has suffered more than the Roman Catholic religion where Roman Catholics are in a minority. They suffered it at our hands in the eighteenth century; they are suffering it at this moment in those countries where there is a strong anti-clerical majority. . . . Nothing is more scandalous or more shameful in British history than some of the penal laws, and some of the uses made of them in times

gone by to divert people from the Faith of their forefathers."

The world really does move. Half a century ago few non-Catholics would have listened without protest to a statement like this, and fewer still would have ventured to make such a one.

The election of M. Poincaré to the Presidency of the French Republic was not, as some of the dispatches from France might lead the ordinary reader to believe, a victory for the Catholics of that country. The French Catholic sentiment over the result was simply, "It might have been worse." As between Pams and Poincaré, the latter was the lesser of two evils. As *Rome* puts it: "Poincaré has been elected President of the French Republic, his rival Pams has been defeated; and the result has been mildly welcomed by French Catholics, and even by the *Osservatore Romano*,—not because Poincaré is likely to be in the least friendly to religious liberty, but because Pams was the candidate of Combes and Freemasonry; and one is thankful for such small mercies in the political France of to-day as even the triumph of Tweedledum over Tweedledee."

We commend to a good many sapient Catholics who are fond of declaring that they "have no use for this eternal denunciation of Freemasonry," this paragraph from the *London Universe*:

The appearance in the *Standard* of the 27th inst. of an article headed "French Freemasonry—The Grand Orient Lodge—Subversive Aims," may almost be regarded as an historic event. It is, so far as we remember, the first occasion on which any English daily paper has printed so frank an *exposé* of the evils of Freemasonry, and so vindicated the attitude of the Holy See in condemning secret societies. The Paris correspondent, who sends the article in question, says: "The aim of the Grand Orient is to destroy all religion, beginning by stamping out Roman Catholicism in France; to pull down obnoxious thrones and establish a universal Republic,—but one, be it understood, where its own high priests

should reign as dictators." And again: "The 'Frères Trois Points,' as they are commonly called, . . . are credited with all the revolutions of modern times in France, Italy, Portugal, Turkey, Persia, and China. . . . The objects of the Grand Orient, symbolized by the three dots (∴), were the liberation of humanity from religious, political, and social points of view. . . ." All this, of course, is stale news to Catholics. For long years we have been proclaiming these very things in our press, but have generally been considered as suffering from "Freemasonry on the brain." Naturally, the *Standard* discriminates between Continental Masonry and the English variety; but while we are willing to concede that the vast majority of Freemasons among us are innocent of the subversive aims pursued by their brethren abroad, we are not prepared to give even English Freemasonry a plenary absolution.

That many Masons are ignorant of the real designs of their Order may be conceded; that the Order itself is the avowed and deadly enemy of all Christianity is a fact which is apparently becoming better known than, unfortunately, it has been for the past century.

An appreciation of Pierre Joseph Van Beneden, contributed by Sir Bertram Windle to the current number of the *Catholic World*, recalls a saying of the illustrious Belgian scientist which is worthy of record. A young student at the University of Louvain once ventured to ask his opinion of evolution. "Young friend," he answered, "I teach scientific truth; I deal with facts, not theories." The distinction would seem more important and the eminent naturalist's statement more memorable if it were not still so common to confound scientific theories with the demonstrated facts of science. Few savants of our time have established a greater number of these than the elder Van Beneden. He had no time for theories.

It is pleasant to record that there is reciprocity of kindness and good-will among Catholic and non-Catholic organizations for helping friendless young girls in London. Speaking at a dinner in the

Hotel Cecil in that city recently, Mr. Timothy Healy, M. P., paid a high tribute to the various non-Catholic organizations which had been engaged in the work of saving these friendless girls for many years past. Now there was a "gracious exchange" between the organizations representing the two religions; so that the non-Catholic workers put Catholic girls in touch with the Catholic home, and *vice versa*. This is a mode of action entirely laudable, and is in happy contrast with the plan once common enough both in England and in our own country (and possibly not as yet entirely superseded in either) of making charity a pretext for proselytizing.

It is a satisfaction to reproduce side by side two passages from the writings of that ardent Catholic and gallant soldier, Sir William Butler,—one selection relating to the coming of the barbarians into civilized Europe; the other describing the character of "the unspeakable Turk," now, it is fervently to be hoped, taking his ignominious departure forever from the lands he has defiled by his presence. Sir William writes:

The Roman soldiers are leaving Britain, the first Frank has entered Gaul. From the frosty summits of Alp and Apennine, long lines of savage enemies look down upon their prey. The time of the barbarian has come; one thousand years of slavery have now to be avenged. Along the vast frontier sounds the dull roar of coming multitudes; the boundaries of distant provinces tremble with the tramp of steed; and from cold Cumbria to sunlit Numidia the outposts of the old civilization are listening to the shrill trumpets of kings and chieftains summoning savagery to vengeance.

They come—gigantic Gothic footmen—from dim lands of marsh and forest beyond the Vistula. They come, in hordes of Hunnish horse, lithe-limbed and agile, from the vast plains that stretch into the sunrise beyond the Caspian. They come in ceaseless crowds of Vandals and Visigoths, of Heruli and Franks, across Carpathian steep and Pannonian plain, up the valleys of great rivers, over the wintry waves of Baltic and Euxine. They come, like lava from the mountain, to burn and wither the earth; like floods of winter, to ravage and

submerge the land. They come, led by Alaric and Genseric and Attila, and a thousand nameless leaders, moving in the might of multitudes—to the wreck of Rome.

The Goth might ravage Italy, but the Goth came forth purified from the flames which he himself had kindled. The Saxon swept Britain, but the music of the Celtic heart wooed him to less churlish habit. Visigoth and Frank, Heruli and Vandal blotted out their ferocity in the light of the civilization they came to extinguish. Even the Hun, wildest Tartar of the Scythian waste, was touched and softened in his wicker encampment amid Pannonian plains; the Turk only—wherever his scimiter reached—degraded, defiled, and defamed; blasting into eternal decay Greek, Roman and Latin civilization, until, when all had gone, he sat down satiated with savagery, to doze for two hundred years into hopeless decrepitude.

A regular feature of the *Missions Catholiques*, the excellent weekly published at Lyons, is a list, from two to three columns in length, of contributions to the work of the Propagation of the Faith. We were curious enough, the other day, to add up the items, and discovered that for the week ending on Jan. 24 the total amount subscribed was 7335 francs, about \$1467. The alms ranged from one franc to two thousand, this last sum being contributed by an anonymous donor of the diocese of Malines. It is noticeable that a large number of the contributors are apparently averse to letting their left hand know what their right hand does: they give generously and they give anonymously.

A word in favor of Catholic education by Protestants was something altogether out of the ordinary fifteen or twenty years ago, but nowadays any amount of testimony like the following might be quoted. Indeed, hardly a week passes that some distinguished sectarian does not raise his voice in praise of Catholic education. Judge Gimmell, of the Chicago Court of Domestic Relations, said in a recent address:

The Catholic schools are far superior to the public schools, because they teach the young

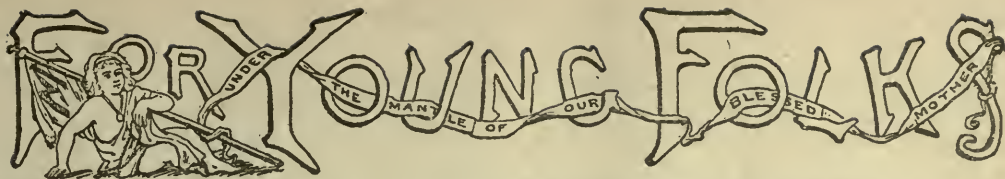
the principles of honor, morals, and industry. It isn't the lack of education that makes criminals, nor too much education: it is the neglect of the teaching of morals in the public schools.

In reference to the most impressionable age of children, Prof. John Mason Tyler, in a new book entitled "Growth and Education," writes:

The child imitates the gait and manners and almost any striking peculiarity of teacher and parent with like results. Not only habits of speech and action, but preferences and aversions, æsthetic and moral standards arise, grow and take form, as the result of surrounding conditions. He knows not how, but these habits of speech, action, and thought soon become fixed and unchangeable, and fashion his whole life. These impressions are deep and lasting, and often consciously remembered in old age, when all else has been forgotten.

Our brethren of the Roman Catholic Church can teach us a valuable lesson on this subject. They have clearly recognized the importance of a right atmosphere in education at this epoch. If I am not mistaken, what they value most in the parochial school is not so much the daily lesson or the imparting of information, as the religious atmosphere, the habits of reverence and obedience, the moulding and fashioning of the young life. With a wisdom born of ages of experience, they recognize that the lesson may be misunderstood or forgotten, but that the habit will be permanent.

Again we warn the Catholic public against impostors representing themselves as agents for THE AVE MARIA, and purporting to be ecclesiastical students, promoters of charitable enterprises, etc. One of these fraudulent persons, calling himself Brother Thomas, has lately been operating in the South; and we learn that he has collected numerous subscriptions for THE AVE MARIA and other Catholic periodicals. Our authorized agents always bear proper credentials, and can be easily identified. They are generally well known in the districts which they visit. If those persons in Florida and elsewhere who have been imposed upon by "Brother Thomas" will communicate with us, we shall do what we can to repair their loss, and to prevent this bogus agent from continuing his operations.



The Angler and the Fish.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD FABLE.

BY X. Y. Z.

CAUGHT by an angler's tempting bait,
A fish, in piteous tone,
Said: "Please to put me back, and wait
Till I am larger grown."

"No," said the angler. "You are caught;
To let you go won't do.
I see no reason why I ought
To lose a prize like you."

"If now you go, my rod and you
Again may never meet;
'Tis said, and I believe 'tis true,
That 'little fish are sweet.'

"Of little fishes I am fond,
So do not choose to wait;
Better than large fish in the pond
Are small fish on the plate."

Never give up a *certain* gain
For what you *hope* to get.
Your hope, though earnest, may be vain;
Then vainly you may fret.

Master and Pupil.

WHEN Rubens was thirty-five years old, at the height of his fame, he returned from Rome to Antwerp, his native town, and there built a *finé* house, in which he lived until his death in 1640. One of the rooms on the ground-floor was the studio of his pupils; another smaller one was appropriated to his sole use, and in it he painted some of his most celebrated pictures. His pupils were strictly forbidden to go into this apartment; and when Rubens went out he used to lock the door and take the key with him. Occasionally, however, he left

it in charge of his old servant Francesco, on condition that no one but himself should enter the room.

One day the great master received a letter from a prince who lived about twenty miles from Antwerp, inviting him to his castle in order to paint his portrait. Rubens agreed to go at once; and just before starting he gave the key of his studio to Francesco, charging him on no account to allow any one to enter, under pain of being dismissed.

The next day the pupils came as usual, and then first learned the news of the master's absence from home. Six of the boldest immediately surrounded Francesco and begged him to allow them to view the treasures of the forbidden room, if only for five minutes; but he replied that it was out of the question,—he could not disobey the express commands of his master. Then one of the youths took a gold piece from his purse, and, showing it to the old man, said: "This shall be yours if you agree to our request; and we promise not to tell any one."

"Impossible! — impossible!" exclaimed Francesco. But he could not resist the temptation to possess the gold piece; and, gradually yielding to their entreaties, he fetched the key and opened the door of the studio.

In rushed the young men pellmell, pushing and struggling, each wishing to be first—when, alas! one pushed more roughly than the rest and fell against the last work of Rubens, his famous "Descent from the Cross," the paint of which was still damp, and blurred the face of the Blessed Virgin and St. Mary Magdalen's left arm.

Words can not express the terror and consternation of the culprits, especially the more guilty Francesco.

"I am well paid for my disobedience

and avarice," he exclaimed; "but I will not allow one of you to go out of this room until you have repaired the damage you have done."

"Impossible!" replied the pupils, with one voice. "We are not skilful enough to touch the work of the master. We can not possibly do it."

But Francesco placed himself on the threshold of the door, saying,

"No one shall leave this room till the mischief is repaired."

Seeing the inflexible determination of the old servant, the young man who had given the money said:

"Francesco is right: we have done harm, and we ought to repair it to the best of our power. Let us draw lots who shall attempt it."

The lot fell on the youngest, a lad of thirteen. The little fellow protested that they should not make him do it, saying he had entered the room last of all, so that he could have had no part in the pushing. But his comrades turned a deaf ear to his complaints, and instantly left the studio, followed by Francesco, who shut the door, locked it, and put the key into his pocket, leaving the unhappy boy to fulfil the difficult task of repairing as best he could the mischief that had been done. After a time he rang the bell. Francesco answered it; and seeing that the boy had repainted the parts which had been blotted, he gave him his liberty.

Poor old man! Only think in what a state of mind he was: half wishing for the return of his master, because the hours of suspense were terrible; half dreading it, lest he should be reprimanded and discharged.

At last Rubens arrived. He did not go at once to his room to change his travelling dress, but said to Francesco, who stood rather behind him, unable to meet his master's eye:

"Give me the key of my studio; I want to take a look at my last painting."

Francesco obeyed, and followed his master, trembling from head to foot. As

Rubens stood before his picture, he could not help exclaiming:

"Our Lady's face is beautiful, after all, and St. Mary Magdalen's left arm is finer than I thought! I was in a hurry when finishing the work."

These words seemed to inspire the old servant with new life, and he could not contain himself for joy. Falling down at his master's feet, he related what had happened during his absence. When he came to the drawing lots, Rubens exclaimed impatiently:

"Which of them was it? But I think I know."

"Little Vandyke," replied Francesco.

We are not told what reprimand Rubens gave his disobedient pupils, but we know that Vandyke, who was probably a favorite, became almost as famous as his master. His paintings are more precious than gold, and any art gallery possessing one of them is rich indeed.

White Eagle.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN, AUTHOR OF
"BILLY-BOY," ETC.

VIII.—UNCLE STEVE.

No, never would he claim this strange grandson,—never, by word or deed, would he own Don's boy. And Stephen Caruther's lips tightened into their hardest line as he made this grim resolve. He lay back in his chair, closed his eyes to the picture that smiled upon him from the mantel—the sweet-faced mother of his dead son. He steeled his heart to the memories awakened. The past was dead, buried; he would turn his thoughts from it,—forget it in other interests.

There was Helen,—his clever, handsome sister Helen. They had never been very companionable, it is true; but she made a charming mistress for his home. And her children,—such nice children! There was nothing wild or rough about them. Indeed, Algernon had seemed to him a trifle namby-pamby; he would like

to see a little more "go" and spirit in a lad of fifteen. And Muriel, two years younger, wore as many gimcracks and furbelows as a woman grown. But that was nothing; he could afford to give them to her; he must not be too hard or strict. He was growing old, and life would be very lonely without any ties. He would forget that wild, young savage in the West, and make Helen's children his own. He must look after them more carefully. Algernon was too thin and pale for a boy of his age; and Lilian,—poor crippled little Lilian! He would write to-morrow to that French specialist Dent had told him about.

And while the world-weary old man tried to fill the void in his heart and life with these hopes and plans, he heard through the half-drawn velvet portières the sound of young voices on the stairs without. Algernon and Muriel were going to some evening frolic.

"The carriage has not come yet," said Muriel, as she paused with a swish of her silken skirts just outside the shadowed doorway. "It's lucky Uncle Steve is not home. He has been telling mamma that we go out too much; that she ought to keep us at home and make us study."

"Study!" echoed Algernon, and there was a note in the young gentleman's voice Uncle Steve had never heard before. "Study your granny!" The scratch of a match ended the sentence.

"Don't, Algie!" said his sister, sharply. "Hasn't mamma told you not to light a cigarette in the house? If Uncle knew you smoked as you do he'd fairly raise the roof."

"Let him raise it!" replied Algernon, and again Uncle Steve found his nephew's voice strangely startling. "Bah! You and mother are regular scare-cats, Muriel. I'm no ninny. I guess I've learned how to keep on the old gentleman's right side by this time. I ought to, I'm sure. Mother has drilled me enough. It's been 'your uncle' this and 'your uncle' that ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper."

"Oh, but you know, Algie—" began his sister.

"Oh, yes I know,—I know!" he interrupted. "I'm not going to kick over the milk-pail, you bet! If Uncle wants the soft-pedal play, I'll give it to him. None of my Cousin Don's fool breaks for me! I'm standing pat ready to turn lawyer or preacher or anything else Uncle Steve wishes."

"Preacher?" said Muriel, with a low laugh. "You'd make a nice preacher! I heard you stealing in last night after twelve o'clock. Mother was frightened to death, Algie. She says Uncle Steve will catch on to your tricks yet. You were out late three times last week."

"Well, what if I was? Mother can't expect to keep a fellow of fifteen cooped up like a sick chicken. It's bad enough to play goody-goody boy all day: 'Yes, Uncle Steve.' 'Thank you, Uncle Steve!' 'Just as you say, Uncle Steve.' I get so tired of it all. But just wait till I get off to college! Maybe Algernon won't make things whirl!"

"You can't, — O Algie, you can't! Uncle would hear of it sure, and you know what mamma has told us so often: that if you make him angry he never, never forgives. He wouldn't forgive his own son."

"I'm not his son," said Algie, coolly. "I'm something a good deal better just now, — at least everybody says I'm his heir. I tell you that sounds pretty snifty. Old Steve Carruther's heir! I'm just beginning to find out what it means. Why, fellows that know tell me that soon I'll be able to raise all the money I want without whining to the old man for funds. Just an I. O. U. to the hook-nosed sharps that lend out cash. And Ted Wharton says he heard a lot of big men talking at his father's dinner table the other day about Uncle Steve,—how dreadful he looked, and if he kept going down hill like that he wouldn't last a year, and then they said we Grevilles would get everything."

"O Algie, how nice—I mean—I mean" (Muriel corrected herself, with a nervous giggle) "how awful! Poor Uncle Steve! He does look dreadfully ashy and dead-like, doesn't he? And he is very old, too,—more than twenty years older than mamma. O Algie, if all the money was ours, couldn't we have a perfectly glorious time? We wouldn't stay in this gloomy old house a week. I know mamma hates it. She says it gives her the creeps to see all the dead people staring at her from the walls, — Aunt Margaret and Cousin Don and everybody. We'd sell all the old things and go to Paris, like the Drews and Greysons — oh, there's the carriage! Come quick, or we'll be too late to get partners. It's nearly nine o'clock now, and the dancing class meets at half-past eight. Come on, please!"

There was a patter of hurrying feet on the tessellated floor; the heavy hall door swung open and they were gone, leaving Uncle Steve sitting straight up in his big chair, his hands clenched, his eyes blazing beneath their grizzled brows. Every word of the heartless, graceless chatter had reached his ears, pierced his heart.

So this was the way they talked of him, thought of him, felt toward him, — the little vipers that he had warmed and sheltered and fed! For a while the stern, proud old man's blood burned and boiled under the sting, and then the cold wisdom of age asserted itself. And why not, he began to reason, — why should not these children look to his death for freedom, for fortune? It was the way of the world, — their world, his world. It was the lesson that life in this loveless home of his had taught them. To them, as to all others, except perhaps honest Jim Waring, he was a stern, hard old man, ruling by the fear of his power, the might of his wealth.

Old and young alike truckled to him for what he could give, what they could gain; old and young alike shaped their words, tuned their voices to suit his moods; old and young alike played their

false, deceitful parts to him. Except for Jim Waring, not a true, clear, fearless note had sounded in his life for years. Nay, he forgot the letter of this morning, — that brief, blunt message that had roused him almost like a blow. That message surely had been rude and plain enough: "I don't want your money, and I'm risking what is more than your money in writing this to you. . . . No double-dealing stood for. You've got to show your hand, and say who and what you are straight and plain."

The broken sentences came back to Stephen Carruther like the strong sweep of a mountain wind, the rush of a mountain stream to one sickening in a tropic swamp. He drew Lone Jack's crumpled letter from his pocket, straightened it out under the shaded light, and read and reread it. After all he had heard to-night, those scrawled lines, rough, strong, honest, almost threatening as they were, had a new appeal to him. "I don't want your money." What did he want, then — this rude, plain man on the Pacific slope, — except, perhaps, right and justice to Don's orphaned boy?

Long ago, when he was little more than boy himself, he had gone with a Government survey party on an expedition into the heart of the Rockies. Through all the struggles and successes, that summer had stood out a cheery, joyous memory that had never faded in all the golden glamor of the later years. Even now, in his old age, there came to him in his dreams pictures of tent and camp fire, of bivouacs under the midnight stars, of bold ventures up mountain steep and into mountain cavern, of exciting escapes from wild beast or forest fire. He had returned to desk and ledger to climb the ladder of success with untiring feet; to be a keen, practical, prosaic business man; but that page of his life, glowing with Nature's own radiant colors, had never been dimmed.

And as the world-weary old man read Lone Jack's letter to-night, it seemed to

strike a note to which the sluggish blood within him woke and thrilled. Up on those wild, rough heights from which this letter came there still was simple truth, honesty, plain-speaking. There were men who did not want his money. There was, perhaps, a boy who did not know that he was by right of blood and name his heir,—Donald's boy,—his own Donald; the son whom, as those graceless young chatterers had said, he had never forgiven; the son whose place they hoped to take; the son whose picture and whose mother's picture must not even look down from their wall! And a sudden rush of hot feeling seemed to burst upon Stephen Carruther, to sweep him from his ice-locked moorings into quick, new resolve.

"By George, I'll do it!" he said, striking his clenched fist on the letter,—*"I'll do it! I'll answer this rough-spoken chap in his own fashion. But I'll not show my hand as he asks,—not just yet. I'll go out there on the quiet and take a look at things,—at my young savage of a grandson among the rest. He can't be much worse than that soulless young whipper-snapper that I found out to-night. I'll go and take a look at—at Don's boy."*

Half an hour later little six-year-old Lilian, tossing restlessly on her dainty bed, was startled by seeing her uncle bending over her in the firelit shadows of the nursery. Once or twice before he had come, when he had heard her crying in nervous fear or pain. But, though mamma and Algie and Muriel were out, she was not crying to-night. The big dark eyes—far too big and dark for the pale little face they lit—were fixed upon the dancing shadows; the thin hands twisting the counterpane were hot and dry. Poor little Lilian had been ill, tired, restless ever since she was born. "A hopeless case of spinal trouble," the doctors had said; and mamma tearfully agreed with them. Only Uncle Steve—grim, old Uncle Steve—had kept sending for new doctors and new braces, and would not give up.

There was an unusual softness in his face as he bent over the little sufferer to-night.

"Not asleep yet, my little girlie?" he asked gently.

"O Uncle Steve, no, no!"—the words came with a short, nervous pant. "I—I can't sleep. There are monkeys and lizards dancing up and down the walls; and I am so tired watching them, Uncle Steve!"

"Shut your eyes, and then you won't see them, little girl."

"I—I can't—oh, I didn't cry! You didn't hear me, Uncle Steve?" Lilian asked breathlessly.

"Hear you? No," he answered. "What makes you think I did, Lilian?"

The big, soft eyes looked up at him in bewildered affright.

"I—I didn't know,—I thought I might have cried; and mamma said I mustn't,—that it troubled you,—that you'll get tired of having me here bothering you, Uncle Steve."

"Tired of having you here, my blessed little girl?" repeated Uncle Steve. "Why—" (he paused to steady the tremor in his voice), "mamma does not know what she is talking about. Come! We must down those monkeys and lizards somehow."

He bent over, and, lifting in his arms the frail little form wrapped in a snowy blanket, took his seat in the rocker before the fire.

"Now," as the wan little face nestled close to his, "you don't see them any more, do you?"

"No, Uncle Steve,—no." Lilian put up her thin hand to stroke his face. "I—I see only you, dear Uncle Steve,—only you."

"Now cry," he said grimly from the bottom of his own oppressed heart. "Cry all you want to. It will do you good."

"Oh, no, Uncle Steve,—no! I don't want to cry now, not a bit! You're so nice, Uncle Steve!" She snuggled down in the old man's arms, with a soft little sigh.

"Yet you were afraid of me a minute ago, weren't you?"

"Not—not afraid—not exactly afraid, Uncle Steve; but mamma said I must not cry out at night so that you could hear me; and Algie—"

"Go on!" said Uncle Steve; and as she paused he could feel a nervous tremor in the frail form. "Master Algie added something pleasant, I am sure."

"Oh, no" (the answer came with a little suppressed sob),—"no, Uncle Steve, it wasn't pleasant at all! He said you wouldn't stand cry-babies around this house,—that you'd send me to a hospital. He said you were talking to Dr. Dent, of the Home for Incurables, about me the other day."

"The cub!" broke, with a fiercer, angrier word, through Uncle Steve's white lips. "The mean, soulless, heartless young cub! My little girlie, no, no, I will never send you anywhere that you don't want to go,—never! Remember that, Lilian. I was talking to Dr. Dent indeed, but it was about a great French specialist that made little girls like you well,—well enough to hop and skip and jump all day long."

"O Uncle Steve" (Lilian sat up straight in breathless interest), "could he do that for me? I never skipped or jumped in my life, Uncle Steve. Oh, if I could,—if I just could!"

"And you shall," was the brisk but firm answer,—"you shall, little girl, if mortal man can make you. Old Uncle Steve promises you that. Now I am going to put you back in your bed; and you must shut those big, soft eyes on the monkeys and lizards, and dream about the dancing little girl you will be by next Christmas,—the hopping, skipping, dancing little girl."

"O Uncle Steve, dear Uncle Steve!" she exclaimed, putting her thin arms about his neck and kissing him as he placed her back on her pillow. "I—I do love you, dear Uncle Steve!"

"Ah, little girl," he said brokenly, "you

are the only one in all the wide world that can truly say that to-night!"

He turned to the dressing table, took a notebook from his pocket, and, scribbling a few lines, tore out the sheet, folded it, and slipped it into Lilian's hand.

"A little present for you. Show it to mamma in the morning. She will understand." And, bending over the little girl, he kissed her again and was gone.

Next morning the startled Mrs. Greville, opening the folded paper—Lilian handed her, read these few terse lines:

"Take the child to Paris. Dr. Monthalon is curing such cases every day. Spare no expense. I am leaving home for several months to survey an old claim in the West. Close the house, as you will doubtless wish the other children to accompany you; and draw upon my bankers for all that you need. I enclose a gift from 'Uncle Steve' that I hope will make my little Lilian well."

It was a bank check made out to Dr. J. Monthalon, of Paris, and signed "Stephen J. Carruther." But there was no one to thank. Uncle Steve's room was empty; he had taken only his old leathern suitcase and was gone, no one, not even Mr. James Waring, could tell Mrs. Greville where.

(To be continued.)

Quick Work.

The manager of a paper mill at Eisenthal, Germany, decided one day to find out how long it took to transform a live tree into a newspaper ready for sale. After half-past seven in the morning, three trees were cut down, hurried to the mill, reduced to pulp, and then to paper. The damp sheets were sent at once to the printing office of an Eisenthal journal, and at ten o'clock the printed papers left the press. Thus in less than three hours the trees that had been bending to the breeze were transformed into several hundred newspapers. The feat established a record for special editions.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. Longmans & Co. announce, as nearly ready, "Levia Pondera: An Essay-Book," by John Ayscough. There is about this author's work a quality which, like Mercy itself, is "not strained, but droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath."

—"The King's Table," a collection of papers on frequent Communion by Fr. Walter Dwight, S. J., is issued by the Apostleship of Prayer. Originally published in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, these articles have the devotional quality for which that periodical is known, and also a popular style. The volume is well printed and contains a number of unhackneyed illustrations.

—It is pleasant to announce a new novel by Felicia Curtis, author of "Under the Rose," which, by the way, is now being dramatized. It has also had the honor of being translated into Dutch. "In the Lean Years," soon to be published by Sands & Co., deals with the fortunes of an old Northumbrian family, under the penal laws in the reign of George II., and affords a presentment of the social and domestic life of the eighteenth century. A love story runs through the book.

—In good time and in admirable form, F. Pustet & Co. have brought out an edition of the "Officium Hebdomadæ Majoris a Dominica in Palmis usque ad Dominicam in Albis juxta Rubricas a SS. D. N. Pio PP. X. Reformatas Editum." Besides the Offices of the Breviary, this convenient little manual contains also the Masses and Benedictions of the season, and (in appendices) the feasts occurring and the Litany of All Saints. The book is of convenient size, is well printed from large, clear type, flexibly bound in Turkey morocco, and supplied with silk markers. A boon for all who recite the Divine Office.

—From the picture of the little girl seated on her father's shoulder (a charming figure of the cover illustration in colors, by George Gibbs) to the last paragraph of "Rising Water," the collection of short stories by Kathleen Norris entitled "Poor, Dear Margaret Kirby" (just published by the Macmillan Co.), is a delight. The stories, it must be said, are not of equal merit, but the best are so excellent, and all are so cheerful and natural, especially so wholesome, that one reads on and on, and in gratitude for so thoroughly good and entertaining a volume becomes oblivious of its imperfections. One reason why the collection proves so enter-

taining is that the stories deal with the life around us, and that each has a different point, always a good one and calculated to win the reader's sympathy. "Poor, Dear Margaret Kirby," like "Mother" and "The Rich of Mrs. Burgoyne," is one of those rare books which are quite as sure to benefit their readers as to afford them pleasure.

—The heated polemics occasioned by the decree *Ne Temere* over in Canada, and the rather impassioned utterances of Irish and English Protestants concerning the "Mrs. McCann Case," give especial timeliness to "The Church and Christian Marriage," a pamphlet of seventy pages, by the Rev. Daniel Coghlan, D. D. (M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin.) In five not lengthy chapters, the author gives a thoroughly lucid explanation of just such points about former and recent Church legislation concerning marriage as the general reader cares to know.

—Among the recent publications of Pierre Téqui, Paris, are two 32mo brochures of four hundred and eighty pages each—"Ma Journée avec Marie" and "Le Petit Journal des Saints." The first, by the Rev. J. M. De Lombaerde, is a treatise on the practice of "the life of intimacy with the sweet Queen of Hearts," and is meant for the use of priests, and of religious of both sexes. The second, by two missionaries, is a collection of abridged Lives of the saints, one for each day of the year, and is so far up-to-date as to include the saints canonized or beatified by Popes Leo XIII. and Pius X. Both are excellent works of their kind.

—The Open Court Publishing Co. have brought out, in the form of a slender volume of some seventy pages, "Syndicalism: A Critical Examination," by J. Ramsay MacDonald. The book's nine chapters are an amplification of six articles contributed, a year ago, to the London *Daily Chronicle*. Mr. MacDonald distinguishes, in his preface, between the "reforming" and the "revolutionary" syndicalists in France; but, as the word Syndicalism has come to indicate in English the ideas and policy of the latter alone, he confines his examination to the revolutionary type. We have found his study both interesting and illuminative.

—Miss Georgina Pell Curtis, the compiler and editor of "Some Roads to Rome in America," a book relating the stories and depicting the struggles of half a hundred men and women up to the point where they entered the Church, is about to publish a sequel to this interesting

work, to be called "Beyond the Road to Rome." It will deal exclusively with the convictions, consolations, and experiences of converts after becoming Catholics. The former book is said to have been instrumental in numerous conversions to the Faith, and it is hoped the latter may afford encouragement to many wavering souls who, while realizing the untenableness of their present position, hesitate for various reasons to take the step which would land them on *terra firma*.

—There was an antecedent probability that the Westminster Library series of manuals for Catholic priests and students would be enriched by a book on the revised Breviary, so it is as an expected volume that we take up "The New Psalter and Its Use," by the Revs. E. Burton, D. D., and E. Myers, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) Part I. treats of the Constitution "Divino Afflatu" and its effect; Part II. tells "How to Use the Roman Breviary." While this second part is designed, of course, principally for those who are beginning to say the Divine Office, it will be found both interesting and helpful to a number of mature and even aged priests who feel that the new psalter has virtually placed them in the category of newly ordained subdeacons. A thoroughly good Ordo makes the use of the new Office quite simple and easy; but, from correspondence appearing in some of our Catholic exchanges, we judge that all Ordos are not satisfactory, and that accordingly this volume will be found of distinct use.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Officium Hebdomadæ Majoris." \$1.50.

"Poor, Dear Margaret Kirby." Kathleen Norris. \$1.30, net.

"The Church and Christian Marriage." Rev. Daniel Coghlan, D. D. 15 cts.

"The New Psalter and Its Use." Burton-Myers. \$1.20, net.

"The King's Table." Fr. Walter Dwight, S. J. 56 cts.

"God or Chaos." Rev. Robert Kane, S. J. \$1.25.

"Up in Ardmuirland." Rev. Michael Barrett. O. S. B. \$1.25, net.

"Saints and Places." John Ayscough. \$1.50, net.

"John Hungerford Pollen, 1820-1902." Anne Pollen. \$4.25, net.

"A Study of Francis Thompson's 'The Hound of Heaven.'" Rev. F. X. O'Connor, S. J. 50 cts., net.

"Amélie in France." Maurice Francis Egan. 70 cts.

"Illustrated History of New Mexico." Benjamin M. Read. \$10.

"Twelve Catholic Men of Science." Edited by Sir Bertram Windle. \$1.25.

"Songs for Sinners." Rev. Hugh F. Blunt. \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Edwin Drury, of the diocese of Louisville; Rev. D. P. Coyle, diocese of Cleveland; and Rev. John Nash, diocese of Brooklyn.

Mother M. Gertrude, of the Order of Mt. Carmel; Sister M. Borgia, Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Rosary, Order of St. Ursula; and Sister M. Lidwina, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Phileas LeBlanc, Hon. M. T. O'Brien, Mr. Ferdinand Tibesar, Miss Sarah Kehoe, Mrs. Anna Moos, Mr. John O'Neill, Mr. J. F. Johnson, Mrs. M. Fallon, Miss E. Perkins, Mrs. Mary Rowe, Mr. Charles Bockrath, Miss Mary Mallon, Mr. Frank Burian, Mr. Bernard Brockford, Mrs. Margaret Casey, Mrs. Mary Reilly, Mr. Joseph Earley, Miss Mary Gartland, Daniel and Martin Madden, Mr. George Haberberger, Mr. Patrick Ward, Mr. John Helbig, Mr. P. W. Mooney, Mr. Leo Herzog, Mr. F. P. Joerden, Miss Ellen Carrigan, Mr. Morgan Casey, Mr. Frederick Lang, Mrs. Sarah Brennan, Mr. William Rogers, Mrs. Ellen Donnelly, Mr. Walter Towers, Mrs. Bridget Power, and Mr. J. C. Kassebaum.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the famine and cyclone sufferers in China:

A. T., \$3; Friend, \$1; D. M. Moran, \$5; M. M., \$1; Miss E. B., \$1; C. J. B., \$2.75; Mrs. J. H. S., \$1; Mrs. M. D. S., \$5; C. F. D., \$1; Mrs. D. Lanigan, \$4; "In gratitude for a temporal blessing," \$100; a priest, \$50; Rev. T. F., \$10; "In honor of Our Lady of Lourdes," \$100; Rev. J. H. B., \$25.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 9

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Mary's Titles.

QUEEN, thy loyal subjects hail thee,
Bending low before thy throne,
Offering gifts, earth's valued treasures,—
Loving prayers, like incense blown.

Virgin, lily hearts acclaim thee,
Following in thy spotless way;
Pure of soul, by earth untainted,—
Heaven-born flowers that bloom for aye.

Mother, sage and saint salute thee,—
Name the tenderest, truest, best;
Refuge of the weak and erring,
Home where tired hearts find rest.

May that epithet, love-laden,
Be the last my lips shall frame,
Heaven's joys for me beginning,
Mother, with thy blessed name!

PIETA.

On His Majesty's Service.

A HOMILY FOR LENT.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.



LETTER came for me the other day, marked with the inscription, "On His Majesty's Service." This set me thinking

how it may be truly said that on every soul that is made by God and sent into this world is set the legend, "On His Majesty's Service." By God's will and intention in making us, we are on His Majesty's service,—for this one thing and nothing else; on the service of the great, most excellent King and Lord of heaven and earth.

You will say, perhaps, that, under this possibly novel beginning, I am introducing an old and well-worn subject. Be it so; yet it is a subject we can never have too much of, nor meditate upon too often. It should in all reason be our daily, hourly thought all our lives long: "I am on His Majesty's service." It explains all the puzzles and riddles of life; it gives their meaning to our lives,—gives them their aim and object, without which they can be only frittered away and wasted.

The soul that has grasped this great fact of life and tries to act accordingly gains immensely. It must be so, for God's service and our happiness are inseparably bound up together. The soul that remembers it is here on His Majesty's service is delivered from many evils. It is delivered from discontent, for nothing comes amiss to it. Why? Because it recognizes the holy will of God in everything that happens; for nothing happens without at least the permission of God; and all—even things that are in themselves evil—can be turned by us to His service, His honor, and His glory. God has arranged all beforehand: not a trial, not a temptation, not a failure, not a difficulty, but He has foreseen it and fitted it into the plan of our lives, so that out of it we may profit. Even our sins we can tread under foot by repentance and amendment, and make of them steps to a higher level,—steps to be left behind, indeed, and not retraced; yet steps.

Suppose I have a difficult character,—a temperament that gives much trouble both to myself and others; perhaps I am

very sensitive, or disposed to worry, or my temper is abominably "short," or I have a tendency to jealousy about little things,—a tendency which no one hates and despises more than I do—but there it is. Well! I am on His Majesty's service; and part of my service, part of the very work that He has appointed me to do, is to battle with my temperament and character; to have patience with myself, and bravely bear the cross that my imperfect character is to me. This temperament of mine need not be an evil unless I choose to make it so by repining and discontent. God means it to be a help to heaven. I am to grow in grace and virtue and moral strength by the fight I must carry on with myself.

Perhaps I do not succeed in my plans; my business goes wrong; I go in for an examination and I fail. I have done my best, but things do not come about as I had hoped. Never mind; I am on His Majesty's service, and what He wants me to do now is to be humble, cheerful, and patient in my disappointment. Looking at things in this way, turning them all, as we may, to the service and praise of the King, we shall escape discontent.

Again, the constant, faithful remembrance that we are on His Majesty's service will have a wonderfully steadying, controlling effect upon us through life. We shall escape being slaves to ourselves, which is a most wretched slavery. We shall not be changeable, carried about by every whim and fancy; wanting a thing one minute, not wanting it the next, or not quite knowing what it is we do want,—a most unhappy state of mind, making us disagreeable to ourselves and to everyone about us.

No; if we remember that we are on His Majesty's service we shall know what we want, and we shall go straight for it—to find God's holy will and do it. And we need not go far to find it. It is here, in our daily work, in the circumstances of life in which we are, and which come, not by chance, but by God's own appoint-

ment. We shall go on, quietly, earnestly, following the teachings of our holy religion in relation to our everyday life; knowing that by so doing we are truly carrying out God's will thus made known to us; aiming straight at that mark, turning aside neither to right nor left.

When our Divine Lord wished to sum up the whole of man's duty in a short form, He did it in these words: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." There is His Majesty's service in one word—love. And this love is not mere emotion, much less empty sentimentalism. There is no true love of God in a person who will shed tears over a pretty verse to the Sacred Heart and then go and say uncharitable things about his neighbor; or who will cry over a pathetic tale of human misfortune and never stir hand or foot to relieve the poverty or misery that are all round.

There are two great tests of real true love of God which distinguish it from mere emotion. They are our Divine Lord's own tests. "If you love Me, keep My Commandments"; and "All things whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do you also unto them." There is real love: service given to God for His own sake; kindness, charity, service to others for God's sake. Service to God for His own sake,—that is, not given only for fear of punishment, but because we recognize in God our good, loving Master, our true Friend; worthy—aye, more than worthy—of all the love and loving service we can ever give Him. Service to others because they, too, are children of God, our brothers and sisters; souls redeemed by Jesus, souls whom Jesus loves. This is real love, and we can always exercise it, whether we feel or whether we do not; whether sweet and consoling religious emotions are present, (a gift of God, indeed, to help us along the weary way of life), or whether they are absent.

"On His Majesty's service,"—a service of love! There is no difficulty in finding opportunities for this service. They come thick and fast every hour of the day. Prayer, Holy Mass, work, recreation, intercourse with others, helping one another, helping the poor and the sick, saying a kind word, offering the true sympathy of a kind and Christian heart to those in trouble,—our path is strewn with these grand opportunities of the service of the King. Life will then be happy indeed,—not free from troubles, temptations, and many cares; but brightened with the light that shines from heaven; lightened by the touch of the hand of Jesus, our King.

There is a mistake to be avoided,—a mistake by which the Evil One tries to spoil the happiness of a life devoted to the service of God. He, our inveterate enemy, represents to our imagination our many sins, our faults, defects, and shortcomings; and he says, "Look at you! It is not such as you who can love and serve God." Do not listen to him. It is a lie. When God asked for your love and service, when He stamped upon your soul the inscription, "On His Majesty's Service," did He not know all about you,—just what you are? Of course He did; and He asks your love and service all the same.

Go on, then, in spite of past sins and present faults. Trust your loving God and Father, who knows our weakness, and do for Him all you can. His love will gradually draw you out of your faults, His mercy will forgive your sins. Should you fall, get up and go on again in His Majesty's service more ardently than ever. Every new act of loving service to Him will be a fresh claim for you upon the love of Him who is never outdone in generosity; and—wonderful condescension—the King of heaven will count Himself your debtor, and, when the time of reckoning comes, will repay you in full measure, heaped up, and running over.

A Far-Away Princess.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IX.

PAUL LYNDON, who was always amused by Leila's assumption of mature manners, lifted his hat smilingly in acknowledgment of her introduction to the girl who hastily turned toward him; but the next moment found his attention strangely arrested by the face which looked at him.

It was not only that this face was so pale, as if the blood had suddenly ebbed away from it; nor yet because its beauty struck him like a blow; but was chiefly because the eyes—wonderful eyes, in that first instant he felt them to be!—held a startled light which an unexpected introduction to a stranger hardly appeared to justify. It occurred to him that Mrs. Granger's secretary, of whom he had never heard before, was possibly very shy, and not accustomed to meeting unknown men in such abrupt fashion; so, with a charitable intention of putting her at her ease, he said in his pleasant, mellow tones:

"Leila is right in presenting me as an old friend, Miss Fortescue, since I've had the privilege of knowing her all her life, and that naturally seems a very long time to her. You've probably observed that her tone is generally quite patriarchal—or perhaps I should say matriarchal."

"I have observed it," Miss Fortescue

* SYNOPSIS.—When Governor Harcourt, head of an old and distinguished Maryland family, learned that his only son, Royall Harcourt (who, in disregard of family traditions, was studying art in Paris), had there married a French actress, he sternly declared that he would never recognize the marriage, nor receive under his roof the woman whom he imagined to be of the most objectionable type. His nephew, Paul Lyndon, to whom he expressed these sentiments, endeavored to soften his resolution, but quite in vain; and he persisted in sending his son a letter, in which he refused a request of the latter for an increased

answered, with a sound in her voice as of breath quickly caught, which did not, however, prevent his noticing the singularly musical inflections of her speech. "But I fancied that most American children were like that," she added after a brief pause, in which he was conscious that she made a distinct effort to grasp self-possession and speak carelessly.

"You are not well acquainted with American children, then?" he asked, with a glance which recognized the foreign note in her appearance and manner.

"I am not acquainted with them at all," she answered. "Leila is the first American child I have ever known."

"Well, Leila is very true to type in most respects," he said, smiling again at that young person; "only you mustn't imagine that all American children are possessed of her remarkable poise and worldly knowledge."

"I think it's a shame that you begin laughing at me as soon as we meet!" Leila reproached him. "He's always doing it, Miss Fortescue. Please don't mind him!"

"I shall not mind him," Miss Fortescue assured her. "I always judge my friends for myself."

allowance in consideration of his marriage, and expressed very forcibly an unflattering opinion of the character of his wife.

When this letter reached Royall Harcourt, it found him in rather a desperate situation, with an overdrawn bank account, and debts which his father's refusal to send more money left him without the means to pay. He resented deeply not only this refusal, but the terms in which Governor Harcourt had written of his wife, and vowed that nothing would induce him to make any overture toward reconciliation until these undeserved insults were retracted and apologized for. This situation was very distressing to the girl—Moira Deschanel by name—whom he had married, and who, forced to go upon the stage by the death of her father, had remained there only long enough to achieve a great success in Rostand's poetical drama, "*La Princesse Lointaine*." Deeply grieved at being the cause of alienation between father and son, she is further grieved by Royall's determination to go to Morocco, as illustrating artist of a series of articles to be written about that country by a distinguished French jour-

The tone of the last sentence seemed to hold a significance which Lyndon's quick ear caught, and which made him wonder a little whether shyness had been indeed the cause of the speaker's discomposure a moment or two earlier. Certainly the calm assurance of the words, together with the implication that his judgment might be open to doubt, indicated nothing of the kind.

But before he could pursue the conversation further, Mrs. Granger suddenly bore down upon them, with something closely approaching consternation in her face and voice.

"Why, Paul Lyndon!" she exclaimed. "Where on earth did you come from?"

"From Paris, *via* London," he replied, as he turned to shake hands with her. "I stopped in the last city long enough to call at your hotel, but was informed that you had just left. So, my own return passage being engaged on the *Mauretania*, I hurried on to catch the ship, in which I've barely succeeded. I'm glad we're to be fellow-voyagers."

"Um-m, yes," Mrs. Granger assented, without very much cordiality. Then, taking his arm, she led him firmly away.

nalist. Royall, however, is immovable; for the remuneration offered will pay his debts. And, leaving the villa on the Seine, where they have been spending their honeymoon, the two young people return to Paris.

Here Harcourt accidentally encounters Mrs. Granger, an old friend of himself and his family. She is astonished to hear of his marriage, and shocked to learn of the alienation existing between his father and himself. Going to see his wife, however, she is so charmed with her that she conceives the idea of taking her to America while Royall is in Morocco, in order to convince Governor Harcourt that she is not the type of actress he has imagined her to be. Moira eagerly agrees to this, being ready to take any step to bring about a reconciliation between father and son; but Royall refuses consent to her going, declaring that his wife should not appear in his home without him. Moira proposes to go *incognita*, bearing her maiden name; but Royall replies that, since she has acted under that name, she would be recognized immediately. She then declares that she will take her mother's family name of Fortescue,

"Robert's about somewhere," she said in answer to his inquiry for that gentleman; "but never mind him just now. I want to hear what you have been doing in Paris."

Lyndon looked at her with a slightly whimsical expression.

"You'll be gratified to hear that I have been doing exactly what you foretold," he replied. "In other words, I have been making efforts which resulted in complete failure."

"Ah!" (There was no mistaking the relief in her tone.) "But, although you've learned that I was right in this case, I presume you'll be no more amenable to advice on another occasion."

"I can't answer for that," he said. "You might not be in a position to give as correct advice on another occasion. In this case, however, you were entirely right. Royall's wife has disappeared from Paris, and left no address by which it is possible to trace her."

"Didn't I tell you so?"

"Of course you did. Haven't I just been acknowledging that fact? Therefore, when I was fully convinced of the accuracy of your information, I hastened back to

and finally, after much discussion, induces Royall to agree to this.

After his departure for Morocco, she therefore accompanies Mrs. Granger to London, as Miss Fortescue; and it is further arranged that, in order to avoid social complications, she shall be presented to her new friend's husband and daughter as her companion and secretary. Mr. Granger exhibits an inconvenient curiosity about the beautiful girl whom his wife so unexpectedly springs upon him; but she evades his inquiries, without satisfying his curiosity; while Leila, her young daughter, instantly develops a strong attraction toward the interesting stranger.

It chanced that on the evening of the day of Mrs. Granger's return to London, she and her husband, while dining in the fashionable restaurant of their hotel, unexpectedly meet Paul Lyndon. He tells them that his chief business abroad is to see Royall, and, if possible, induce him to leave his wife (whom Lyndon, like his uncle, conceives to be an adventuress of the worst character) and return to America, where the easy remedy of a divorce will be open to him.

London to ask you one or two questions. If I had found you, and if you had answered those questions, I should not be on the *Mauretania* now."

"You may set your mind at rest about that," she told him. "If you had found me in London, I should not have answered your questions."

"How can you be so sure of that?"

"Because I have no doubt of the nature of the questions. You wanted me to give you some clue to the whereabouts of Royall's wife, didn't you?"

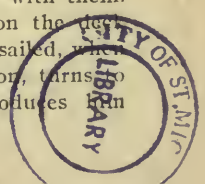
"And if I did, wasn't it possible that I might have convinced you that it was well for you to do so?"

"Never!" She met his eyes with a flash of defiance in her own. "You could not have convinced me of that, unless you were prepared to disavow altogether the purpose in finding her, which you so shamelessly expressed when I saw you last."

"'Shameless' is rather severe, don't you think?" Paul Lyndon suggested. "I thought you a better friend of mine than to condemn me so unsparingly."

"It's because I am, and always have been, a good friend of yours that I

When Mrs. Granger indignantly demands how he can propose to treat a woman in so shameful a manner, he replies that the woman no doubt can be made complaisant by the offer of a large sum of money. Told of Royall's departure to Morocco, and the impossibility of reaching him, he says that he will, nevertheless, go to Paris, find the woman in question, and endeavor to settle matters with her. Mrs. Granger assures him that he can not find her,—that she also has left Paris; but he is obstinately determined to go in search of her; and, with that object in view, leaves London the next day. Moira, meanwhile, hears from Mrs. Granger of his presence and his reason for seeking her; but, acting by her friend's advice, she does not see, or reveal her whereabouts to him. A few days later the Grangers, who have their passage engaged on the *Mauretania*, leave London for Liverpool, taking "Miss Fortescue" with them. The latter is standing with Leila on the deck of the steamer soon after they have sailed, when the child, with a sudden exclamation, turns to greet Paul Lyndon, and then introduces him to her.



condemn your present conduct," Mrs. Granger returned.

"Because I am doing, or am anxious to do, my best, according to my judgment, to bring Royall back to his family and to his duties, and save my uncle from a broken heart?"

"No, but because you are trying to do these things in an unworthy and—I must say it!—dishonorable manner."

"My dear Mrs. Granger!"

"Isn't it dishonorable to attempt to induce a man to leave the woman to whom he is solemnly and sacredly married, and avail himself of the disgraceful laws that permit divorce for any trivial excuse?"

"You forget that the probable character of the woman justifies—"

"There again! How dare you speak of the probable character of the woman when you know nothing about her, and when you refuse to listen to what *I* know? Above all, how dare you think of approaching any woman, not utterly vile, with such a proposal as you are ready to make to your cousin's wife? And you believe that I would have helped you to find and insult her with this proposal! Although you've known me a long time, Paul Lyndon, it's clear that you don't know me yet."

"So it appears," Lyndon acquiesced. "I thought you an unusually reasonable woman (you've been so frank with me that you'll excuse my being equally frank with you), and I find that you are not reasonable at all, at least on this subject."

"Because I refuse to look at it with your eyes?"

"Because you refuse to look at it with any eyes but your own. And there are always two sides to every question."

"There are not two sides to a moral question: there's always a plain right and a plain wrong."

"I don't regard this as a moral question," Lyndon said. "But we won't discuss it further, or I'm afraid our old friendship might suffer shipwreck, since you disapprove of me so utterly."

"I certainly disapprove of your conduct," Mrs. Granger repeated uncompromisingly. "But I believe you are doing yourself as much injustice as you are ready to do any one else. You feel so deeply for your uncle and your mother that you've lost your bearings, and you absolutely appear to believe that things can be made other than dishonorable and wrong because they happen to be legal."

Lyndon started a little; for the last words went straight home to his inner consciousness, where he had, in truth, undergone a struggle before deciding that the circumstances justified taking advantage of laws which his higher sense had always condemned.

"I won't say that the end justifies the means," he answered; "for we know that is a fallacy, and a very dangerous one. But I fancy we are agreed that a desperate situation sometimes requires a desperate remedy."

Mrs. Granger shook her head.

"Even if the situation were as desperate as you think it is, it wouldn't justify the remedy you propose," she replied. "But since, fortunately, you haven't been able to approach either Royall or his wife with this proposal—and I say *fortunately*, because I'm quite sure that Royall would never forgive it,—I think that, as you remarked a moment ago, we had better let the subject drop, or our friendship might not be able to bear the strain of continued discussion. And here comes Robert, to make a diversion at present."

Mr. Granger indeed approached at the moment, beaming with pleasure at the unexpected sight of a man whom he knew and liked so well.

"Halloo, Lyndon!" he cried cheerily. "This is a stroke of luck, that we should be crossing together. But I'd no idea that you'd be going home so soon."

"You've forgotten that I told you I came over altogether on business?" Paul Lyndon replied. "Having accomplished in one case, and failed to accomplish in

another, what I had in view, there was no reason for my staying longer."

Mr. Granger glanced at his wife, with an interrogative lift of one eyebrow—a facial trick which Leila had long and vainly tried to imitate,—but, receiving no information from her, was driven to obtain satisfaction of his curiosity from Lyndon himself.

"I suppose, then, that you weren't able to accomplish the end you had in view in going to Paris," he conjectured.

"I accomplished nothing at all," Paul Lyndon answered. "All my efforts to learn Mrs. Royall Harcourt's present address were fruitless. Nobody seemed to know—or nobody would tell—where she was to be found."

Again Mr. Granger glanced at his wife—rather a curious glance this time,—and cleared his throat before he spoke.

"That was—er—rather unfortunate," he said.

"On the contrary," Mrs. Granger's bell-like tones broke in, "it was in my opinion, as I have just told Paul, extremely fortunate. And we've agreed, he and I, that we will not discuss the subject any further."

"Very sensible, I'm sure," Mr. Granger remarked. "It's always best to avoid subjects on which people don't agree. By the by, what has become of Leila? I haven't seen her since we came on board."

Mrs. Granger nodded toward the rail.

"She's yonder seeing the last of England with Miss Fortescue," she said. "It was she who first met Paul; I found him with her a few minutes ago."

"I didn't recognize her until she spoke to me," rejoined Lyndon. "She has grown since I saw her last,—though she's quite the same Leila. And, then, of course, I didn't know her companion, who, she tells me, is your secretary. When did you set up a secretary?" he asked, smiling.

"Oh, quite recently!" Mrs. Granger replied. "The term 'secretary' is rather a comprehensive one," she added; "for Miss Fortescue is really a great deal beside

that. For instance, she has been of the greatest possible assistance to me lately as Leila's companion and governess, and the child is devoted to her."

"That's quite evident," said Lyndon; and then, "Has Miss Fortescue been long with you?" he asked, a little curiously.

But Mrs. Granger did not apparently hear the question,—at least she neglected to answer it.

"I suppose Leila has grown," she observed, with her eyes fixed on the child's figure, as it leaned against the rail, close by the tall, graceful form of her companion. "Of course, seeing her all the time, I don't notice it so much. I had rather intended to leave her at school in Paris—her French needs improvement,—but my heart failed; and when I found that Miss Fortescue could give her all she needs at present, it was an excuse to put off the evil day of separation. Now tell me about the people and things at home. I hadn't opportunity to ask you anything when we met in London."

So the subject of Miss Fortescue was diplomatically shelved; and Mrs. Granger hoped that Lyndon would ask no more awkward questions about her secretary. It was really not like him to ask questions at all; and the fact that he did so was a proof that he recognized something remarkable in the personality of the girl with whom he had, for a moment only, been brought into contact.

"But he would have been very stupid if he hadn't recognized it," she said to herself. "And, to do him justice, he is never stupid. Now, I wonder what Moira thought of him!"

It was some time, however, before she could satisfy herself on this point; for even after Lyndon and Mr. Granger had gone away together, and she could summon Moira to the spot where the deck-chairs of the party were placed in readiness for them, it was necessary to get rid of Leila, who clung like a burr to the latter. But a peremptory command to go and walk with her father—who

was now, together with Lyndon, pacing the long deck in regulation shipboard fashion—disposed of her for a time. And Mrs. Granger was at last able to turn to the girl seated beside her and plunge into the subject uppermost in both their minds.

"It must have been a dreadful shock to have Paul Lyndon hurled at you, as it were, in such unexpected fashion!" she said. "It almost took my breath away when I saw him talking to you."

Moira smiled a little.

"It quite took *my* breath away when Leila mentioned his name," she replied. "But perhaps it was best that the meeting was so unexpected, for sometimes preparation makes one more nervous. When a sudden call on self-possession comes one must rise to meet it."

"One doesn't always, I'm afraid," Mrs. Granger said; "but I am glad you were able to do so on this occasion. Who could have foreseen his turning up in such a manner, and running across Leila before I saw him or had a chance to utter a word of warning to you!"

"It was better so," Moira repeated. "But I confess I've been anxious to know what he learned in Paris."

"Nothing," Mrs. Granger announced in a distinct tone of triumph. "He has come back disappointed and unsuccessful, having failed completely to obtain any clue to Mrs. Royall Harcourt's present place of residence."

The girl beside her did not answer immediately,—perhaps because the person under discussion was at that instant passing before them in the procession of promenaders. Her gaze followed his figure meditatively for a moment before she said:

"It must have been a great disappointment. I am rather sorry for him."

"Moira!—how *can* you be?"

The beautiful sapphire eyes, under their dark lashes, met very quietly the astonished and somewhat indignant gaze which accompanied the question.

"I am sorry," Moira explained, "because disappointment is hard to bear, and he has come very far to meet it; and also because it would be so easy to gratify his desire to find Mrs. Royall Harcourt—if one chose to do so."

Mrs. Granger regarded her suspiciously.

"Does that mean that you are thinking of gratifying his desire?" she inquired.

"Not at all," Moira answered. "I am quite convinced that it is best he should be disappointed; but, nevertheless, I am sorry for him."

"Well, I'm not!" Mrs. Granger's lips closed like a steel-trap over the words. "And you wouldn't be either," she added, "if you heard him talk on the subject,—if you had any idea of the obstinacy and prejudice he displays."

The girl looked out over the sea, with the same meditative gaze with which she had followed Paul Lyndon's figure down the deck.

"I feel," she said, "that his prejudice is very natural, if he thinks of me as Royall's father does."

"But what right has he to think of you in such a manner?" her friend demanded. "In Governor Harcourt it is to some extent excusable. He is an old man, and he belongs, in his opinions and standards, to another generation, when many things were regarded very differently from the way they are regarded now. But Paul Lyndon is of this generation, and he has no right to be so narrow-minded and pig-headed."

Moira laughed.

"He does not look as if he were either," she answered. "I've seldom seen a face that expressed less narrow-mindedness or—pig-headedness."

"You reached that conclusion very quickly, since you saw him for only a minute or two."

"But one needs no more than an instant for an impression. And somebody—wasn't it Madame Swetchine?—has said that 'we know only those perfectly whom we divine at first sight.'"

"And do you imagine that you have divined Paul Lyndon? He's rather a hard nut to crack, I assure you."

"Perhaps it's *that* I have divined," Moira said, with a subtle smile. "Hard nuts excite interest, you know; and as I looked at his face I thought that I might like him—if I had not been so thoroughly aware that liking from me would be unacceptable to him."

"You've a chance to put that to the test," Mrs. Granger declared. "Fate has given him into your hand. While we are on this ship, he can't get away from you, and you must not avoid him. Let him know you; and by the time we reach the shores of America I believe that your work—the work you've set out to do—will be accomplished. For if you win Paul Lyndon over to your side, you may feel sure that you have won Governor Harcourt."

"Which is as much as to say," Moira commented, in a low and, for the first time, slightly bitter tone, "that Governor Harcourt has greater respect for the judgment of his nephew than for that of his son,—and it is a hard saying."

"It may be a hard saying, but it is a true one," Mrs. Granger told her. "And you must face things as they are, if you wish to succeed in what you have undertaken. You may be jealous for Royall—"

"I *am* jealous for him," Moira broke in. "It is an unjust and shameful thing that his cousin should take his place in his father's esteem."

"At least, it is not Paul Lyndon's fault," Mrs. Granger said. "Get your mind clear on that point. So far from ever trying to displace his cousin, he has often taken Royall's part, when the incompatibility of nature and tastes between father and son reached an acute point. The only thing which gives me any patience with him at present," the speaker went on, "is that, in his wrong-headed way, he is once more trying to reconcile them."

"By eliminating *me*!"

"Yes," Mrs. Granger nodded, "by

eliminating you; so it is for you to prove to him that you are not the type of woman whom one desires to eliminate."

The sapphire eyes turned on her again, and now there was a brilliant light in their depths, as of a challenge accepted.

"I think," Moira said quietly, "that I can possibly succeed in convincing him of that."

(To be continued.)

Irish Scenes and Memories.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

IX.—THE ATHERY MEETING.

THE Athery meeting* had been planned for weeks before. You read of it at the chapel gates, on the telegraph poles along the roads, outside the post office at Cronin's mill, at Madigan's forge; and for three weeks ahead Jacky the Bellman had been announcing it at all the fairs. Hence the event took on a measure of importance, surpassing anything of a like character for years before.

In Ireland, they say that it always rains at the meeting. But never a drop fell on Athery that day, nor for two days before, nor for two after. There were only a few white clouds all over the face of the heavens; a soft breeze blew in from the Shannon and up the Deel, which tempered the heat of the July sun. Insects hummed in drowsy fashion out among the flowering weeds that grew among the rushes where the soil was black and moist.

The procession formed back at the chapel gates and began to march shortly after last Mass. Every parish for miles around was represented by a banner and a number of marching men. The banners

* In Ireland the word "meeting" implies an assemblage of people that gather for some patriotic purpose. First, there is usually a procession or parade, followed by considerable oratory from Members of Parliament of more or less prominence, depending on the importance of the occasion. Sometimes an attorney or a priest adds his voice to sway the multitude.

were of various designs and resplendent with manifold inscriptions. Generally there were two upright poles surmounted by a transverse bar, from which was suspended the banner proper. The inscriptions were done in gold on a background of green. As the men marched, holding the poles, you could get the gist of the sentiment. Shanagolden banner bore the slogan, "The Land for the People"; Creela proclaimed the truth, "For God and Country"; Nenagh, "God Save Ireland"; Ballydee, "Ireland is Worth Dying For." Knockfeen was glorified by a demand expressed in numbers:

We want the land that bore us,
Which our Fathers had before us;
Then together stand
For our native land,
With heaven shining o'er us.

And so they marched, the men of Ardee with the Ardee hurling club, wearing green jerseys and caps, and each player bearing his hurly on his shoulder. The Garryown brass band was moving in single footfall, playing "O'Donnell Aboo." Then the blood surged through your veins and you longed for a gun. The Kilmeedy men came, three hundred strong; tall, large-boned men they were, who looked ahead like soldiers. The fife-and-drum band, made up of schoolboys of the "Monks' School" at Adare, whistled by to the tune of "God Save Ireland," and received an ovation. Old and New Kildimo, always factious in the past, joined hands in love on the great day, and carried a sign bearing the inscription "United we Stand."

And so they marched on and on,—the men from the West who labored in the bog fields, the men from the South who labored at the hay, the men from the East who kept the stock and the dairies, the men from the North who tilled the land; old men with the fire of the long-ago still leaping up in their eyes, as the music stirred the strings of memory; middle-aged men, with wives and big families left behind in some quiet country home. Their faces were tanned by the sun and

their hands rough from the plow and the spade and the scythe. But they were brave men, not afraid of danger with a spice of romance to it; nor fearful of war. The young men moved along, conscious that the eyes of many were upon them, and proud of their quick, firm steps hitting the road at the same instant. They might be descendants of the Gallowglasses, for all one knew. And if you stood there and watched them, blue-eyed and dark-haired like the Milesians who sailed down the Atlantic in search of Innisfail, you would know that God never meant they should be serfs.

Wendell Phillips is reported to have said on one occasion, before a Toronto audience of Orangemen, that the Union Jack is the only flag that never waved above a slave. If one quibbles about a term, it is possible the statement is sufficiently true to work up a climax in order to win the applause of Toronto Orangemen. But in spirit and truth it is as false as many another large statement that has worked its way into the minds of men. Landlordism and pauperism and privation of education that for so long was England's policy in handling the Irish Question created a slavery in fact, if not in name. And even on that Sunday, in the late Eighties, one felt the marching men of every age and condition were, somehow, the slaves of a blundering government, that could not or would not see the light even when the whole world cried out, "Lo, it is here!"

On a large field outside the town, the marching men came to a halt. A platform was constructed some seventy yards in from the road, in front of which the people gathered to hear the orators who had come from near and far. As each division entered, those who bore the banner made it secure to the side of the platform, where it waved in the soft summer breeze.

One does not remember, over the reach of years, the political sapience that enlightened the listening throngs that day. The eloquent appeals that brought

back the "hear, hear!" and "loud and prolonged cheering," and the "great applause," no longer stand large and apart above the uneventful things of the past. But Micky the Fenian was there, and frequently interrupted the Member of Parliament from County Wexford. Once, however, when that worthy man declared, uplifting his right hand, "Fellow-countrymen, our faces are set in the right direction," Micky interrupted, "By gor, yours isn't, anyhow, 'or I'd hear what your sayin' better!" This seemed a discourtesy in the opinion of those immediate to Micky; hence he was greeted with reminders like, "Whist!"—"Yerra, can't you keep your tongue quiet a while, anyhow?" All which had a chastening effect on Micky, you may be sure; for, like men in general, when his wit met with disapproval it cooled quickly.

As the shadows of the afternoon lengthened, the crowd grew weary of standing and listening. After all, many of those who came had a long distance to travel before they would reach home. The last speaker but one had finished, and a relieving cheer rent the heavens. The final speaker was not formally announced, hence the people were curious. They were told he would be brief, and you may be sure this caused a great uplifting of hearts.

"Yerra, who is it?" asked Jim Donnelly of Johnny Mangan, who stood near.

"You tell me an' I'll tell you,—without giving you a short answer," Johnny replied, straining his neck to see over the shoulder of the man before him.

Then he appeared, — white-haired and smooth-faced, holding his tall hat in his left hand, a patriot if ever there was one—the gentle Father Tracy himself. "Father Tracy! Father Tracy!" shouted some one. Then, to use an elaborate Homeric figure, even as a west wind gathers up one wave that quickens all the sea till billows break to landward, so thousands of tongues took up the name so well known, so well loved, and made of it a battle cry, a song, a phrase to conjure by. What

now were Members of Parliament from Dublin, Wexford, and Kilkenny! What were "anashoreens" of barristers who wore wigs in the court-rooms! What were Poor Law Guardians, with their weekly Unions up at Ardee or back at Newcastle! What were solicitors, with their smart talk about being "amenable to the law" for this or for that! What were they all, with their fine dress and smart talk, beside this white-haired, smooth-faced man, anointed of God, with the glory of seventy years mounting fast upon him! He stood still and silent while the thousands cheered and cheered, and waved hats, handkerchiefs, and flags, till from the hills west of the Deel River over and over again came back the echoes. Then Father Tracy reached out his hand, palm down, over the crowd; and in a little while silence settled, and faces were lifted in listening attitude.

"My dear people," the priest began very quietly and without any flourish, "the good men who have charge of this meeting asked me to say a word to you before you go home. I know you'll be glad to go when I'm finished."

A ripple of laughter quickened here, and it reached to every face when Father Tracy added:

"For up at Knockfeen they sometimes go before I'm through at all. You have noticed there are no policemen or soldiers here to-day [great cheering] excepting myself [a veritable storm]. It is said by our enèemies that we are a lawless people, an intemperate people. But there has been no fight here to-day. [The priest paused and looked around.] And I do not see a single drunken man. That makes the heart in me glad, and gladdens the heart of any man who loves Ireland. My people—for you are all mine in a sense,—I love you when you are sober, and I weep for you when you are not. Thank God, Ireland to-day is a sober Ireland; and—for I see the signs everywhere—to-morrow, with the guidance of His blessed light, Ireland will be a free Ireland.

My people, the day is coming to an end. The sun is going down in the West, and soon the stars will appear in the sky. Many of you have come from a distance and have a long journey before you. Go home sober, each and all of you, to your wives and children that wait for you at the half-door, to see if you are coming with a high head and a steady step through the falling night. They'll see you straight and strong and sober, won't they?"

"They will, your Reverence, — they will! [Great cheering.]"

"Thank you! God bless you, and take you safe home!"

The ending was so sweet, so solemn, so gentle, the people paid the tribute of breathless silence. Then the men on the stand walked down the steps and out to the road. Those who had charge of the banners took them down, folded them and bore them away. The bands played "Garryown" and "Wearin' o' the Green" and "God Save Ireland," while those about the stand broke and parted. Soon the vast field was deserted, and only the trampled grass and the empty stand, and the green bunting that fluttered in the wind of the waning day, told the story of the cheering thousands.

Now the people have eaten at the homes of friends or at some restaurant, or have stilled the pangs of hunger with the lunches they have brought. They are going through the quiet evening to their homes, — the men from the West who labor in the bog fields, the men from the South who labor at the hay, the men from the East who keep the stock and the dairies, the men from the North who till the land. They are sober and thoughtful, their eyes straight ahead. In their quick Celtic fancies they see young wives and children waiting to hear the news of the "meeting"; in their memories they hear a voice that is low and sweet — "Thank you! God bless you, and take you safe home!"

(The End.)

March Comes.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

MARCH comes in garb of green and gold,
With buoyant heart and bearing bold;
With spirits light, and footsteps free,
She moves with graceful witchery.
And crocus lances pierce the mould,
And green leaves show in wood and wold;
In swamp and marsh are flags unrolled
In glittering lines when merrily

March comes.

Gay daffodils defy the cold,
Their saffron robes the sunshine hold;
The skylarks carol loud in glee,
The thrushes sing in every tree,
Telling the youthful and the old

March comes.

The Novena of Grace.

FROM the 4th to the 12th of March is celebrated every year, in churches served by priests of the Society of Jesus, nine days of prayer to St. Francis Xavier, which, because of the numberless favors thereby obtained, is known as the "novena of grace." Its origin may be told in a few words.

Father Marcellus Mastrilli, while superintending certain works at the church of the Jesuits in Naples, during the year 1631, was mortally wounded by the fall of a hammer, weighing two pounds, from the height of a hundred feet. There was no hope whatever of saving his life, he had only a few minutes to live, when on a sudden St. Francis Xavier, to whom he had a particular devotion, stood before him, resplendent with heavenly glory. He instructed his devout client to make a vow that, on his recovery, he should proceed as a missionary to Japan, where the honor of martyrdom awaited him. The injured man did as directed, and was instantly cured. St. Francis declared also that all who should make a novena ending on March 12, the date of his canoniza-

tion, devoutly approaching the Sacraments during its progress, would feel the effects of his protection, and obtain from God anything that was conducive to the divine glory and the good of their own souls.

Father Mastrilli lost no time in setting out for Japan in fulfilment of his vow. On the way thither he stopped in Rome and related to Pope Urban VIII. the facts connected with the recent miracle; and, preaching in Madrid before Philip IV. and his court, likewise told of those marvellous circumstances. Soon after his arrival in Japan, the prediction of his illustrious patron was verified. He was arrested, condemned to the torment of the fosse, which consists of being lowered head downward into a pit, wherein he was left for four days. Shortly afterward he was put to death, as his heavenly patron had announced to him.

No life in the whole hagiology of the Church is, perhaps, more striking, more picturesque, more prolific in incident, and more marvellous in its results than that of St. Francis Xavier. It reads like a romance. If saints are "the geniuses of the supernatural order," as has been forcibly declared, surely he was a genius of the loftiest stature.

Born of a distinguished family in Navarre, endowed with splendid natural talents, he is early seen as the brilliant university student of the College of St. Barbara in Paris; acting likewise, though still young, as professor of philosophy at the College of Beauvais. While haunted by the dream of earthly glory, which he pursued with ardor, pressing into the service his noble qualities of mind and heart, he meets Ignatius. The latter follows him with the persistent inquiry: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?" Francis yields, and after that are quickly taken the successive steps which lead him to the spiritual conquest of an empire. His master is described by Cardinal Newman as "the romantic and royal-minded Ignatius, the St. George of

the modern world, with his chivalrous lance run through his writhing foe."

Surely the description applies with equal force to Xavier, as may be seen from the most cursory glance at his meteor-like career. With Ignatius and his first six brethren, he makes a vow at Montmartre to proceed to Palestine to labor for the conversion of the infidel; or, failing that, to offer himself unreservedly to the Holy Father for any service whatsoever. That was on the feast of the Assumption, 1534. At Venice, where he waits with his companions to take ship for the East (a project which is prevented by the war between the Venetians and Turks), he devotes himself to the service of the hospital, and gains the most heroic mastery over his natural repugnances. He visits Rome, and is shortly afterward ordained, taking the three vows of religion. His preparation for his first Mass is characteristic. The forty days previous are spent in a wretched hut, sleeping upon the ground, and subsisting on scraps of food which he begs in the neighborhood.

While the new religious were employed in the work of the ministry at Rome, the fame of their learning and holiness reached John III., King of Portugal; and he begged that six of these apostolic laborers be sent to the Portuguese settlements in the East Indies, whither the governor was about proceeding. Ignatius could spare but two, and named Rodriguez and Bobadilla. The latter, however, fell ill; and Xavier was chosen instead, on the very day the Portuguese ambassador was about to set out for Lisbon. At Pampeluna, Francis made that great sacrifice which has become historic. The ambassador suggested that the missionary should turn aside to bid what might be a final farewell to his mother and other relatives at the Castle of Xavier. The saint replied that such a meeting must be brief and painful; that he preferred to wait for the heavenly meeting, which would be everlasting and infinitely blissful.

He began his fruitful apostolate amongst the souls on shipboard, turning his cabin into an infirmary, lying upon the deck; refusing to eat at the governor's table, though he held in his possession the appointment as Apostolic Nuncio in the East, which the Pope had conferred upon him, and which he may be said never to have publicly employed. He preferred to subsist upon charity, and to win the hearts of the sailors and other poorer passengers by denying himself in everything, caring for the sick and comforting the wretched. Thus was made that long, tedious voyage, which after six months was arrested on the African shores, at Mozambique, where the ship was delayed till spring, and where Francis found much to do amongst the idolaters.

The arrival at Goa introduced the zealous laborer to a field white, indeed, for the harvest, and wherein toilers were few. The condition of the Church there, even amongst nominal Christians, was deplorable, and infidels abounded. Francis was eagerly welcomed by the bishop, and in half a year he had transformed the city. He next turned his attention to the Paravans, engaged in the pearl fisheries from Cape Comorin to Ile Manar. Several of them, from motives of interest, had been nominally converted to Christianity, but were attached to their former vices and superstitions. He had gained a knowledge of the Malabar tongue, and he took with him two young ecclesiastics who knew it thoroughly. He traversed all those coasts, preaching to villages full of idolaters, and baptizing so many that, from sheer fatigue, he could scarcely raise his arm.

His teachings there were abundantly illustrated by miracles. Diseases of many kinds were rampant. Numberless persons recovered their health on being baptized, or invoking the name of Jesus, or touching the crucifix, beads, or reliquary of the saint. During the process of his canonization, witnesses attested to four instances wherein he had raised the dead to life

at this period. During all that time the saint's austerities were phenomenal,—subsisting on a diet of rice and water, sleeping on the ground for three hours only, and spending the remainder of the night in commune with God.

He returned for a short interval to Goa, where he regulated the affairs of the Seminary of St. Paul for the education of Indians, lately put into the hands of the Society of Jesus, and attended to other essential matters. Then, taking with him a number of evangelical laborers, he proceeded once more to those regions where men daily imperilled their lives in pursuit of perishable treasures, while neglecting the real pearl of great price. Disposing missionary bands to the best advantage, Francis chose for himself the Kingdom of Travancore, where he baptized ten thousand infidels with his own hand. There he obtained, for a time, the gift of tongues, and preached to the various peoples in their own dialect. He assembled immense audiences—often of five or six thousand people—in an open plain, and under the blue arch of heaven expounded the eternal truths. The Brahmins, alarmed at his progress and jealous of his learning, laid many insidious snares for him, all of which he triumphantly escaped. But he passed through as many perils and adventures as some paladin of old seeking martial renown.

Perceiving that his ministry in the village of Covalan was not fruitful in conversions, he begged of God that the people's hearts might be touched by a special miracle. He ordered the opening of the grave of one who had been buried the previous day. Then kneeling, after a short prayer, he commanded the dead to arise, in the name of the living God. The command was obeyed, and the man came forth in perfect health. Francis also restored to his sorrowing parents a youth who, like him of old at Nain, was being borne to the grave; and a huge cross was erected upon the spot in token of gratitude.

He proceeded thus from one of these infidel strongholds to the other, making many conversions of dissolute Christians, of Mohammedans and idolaters; leaving everywhere "a trail of glory,"—a path made luminous by the wonders of God. Like stars in the sidereal spaces, so did these miracles cast their radiance over the nations of the East. Sometimes it was the cure of bodily infirmities, or the sudden, extraordinary conversion of a hardened sinner; now it was calling the dead to life, or again it was the calming of a furious tempest.

His labors in Japan were simply stupendous, and attended with the same marvellous results. Pagans, idolaters, bad Christians flocked to the standard of the Crucified, giving catechumens to the Church and martyrs to heaven. There is scarcely any parallel in the history of the Church since the days of the first Apostles to the achievements of this single missionary.

Nor was he satisfied yet. He cast longing eyes upon the immense, isolated Empire of China. At the time there were strained relations between Portugal and China, which made it death for any of the former nation to enter into the latter territory. Undeterred by all obstacles, courting death itself with unquenchable ardor and indomitable valor, Xavier made every effort to reach there, pinning his fate now to a friendly embassy which it was designed to send thither, or again to the hold of some trading vessel. At last he got as far as the barren Island of Sancian, near Macao, on the Chinese coast, where Portuguese traders were permitted to land their goods. There he made renewed efforts to penetrate to the mainland; and had a fair prospect of going thither with ambassadors from the King of Siam, when he was stricken with a pestilential fever. He also learned by revelation from on high that the term of his labors was reached. The exact time and manner of his death were made known to him. He confided the

fact to a friend, who afterward attested to it on oath.

He elected to be placed in the hospital ship, that he might be treated like the very poor; but the noise and the confinement seeming to interrupt his converse with God, he had himself laid upon the shore. Here his great soul arose in sublime contemplation of the Divinity, and in a burning desire to be united with the Master he had so ardently served. He was finally carried into a cabin, penetrated from all quarters by the piercing blast. He suffered intensely an acute pain in the side, intolerable oppression, and a nausea forbidding the very idea of food; but his countenance was calm and serene, his soul joyful. At intervals he raised his eyes to heaven or fixed them upon the Crucified, with the passionate love and longing which consumed him.

And so in that miserable resting-place, upon an alien shore, the wondrous apostolate of ten years and a half came to an end. In a transport of heavenly joy, the heroic soul of Xavier took flight, with a last victorious cry: "In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped: let me not be confounded forever!" Though only forty-six years of age, incessant labor and uninterrupted austerities had aged him, so that his hair and beard were a grizzled white; but his spirit to the last was young in its ardor, its zeal, its hunger for new conquests.

He was interred, after the Chinese fashion, in a chest and covered with unslaked lime. Three months later—in February, 1553,—the face was found fresh and ruddy, "as of one who slept"; the body, whence a delicious odor was exhaled, and the vestments were likewise in excellent preservation. Translated to Malacca in March (where the pestilence raging there ceased at their arrival), the remains were buried in a damp churchyard. Exhumed once more in August, they were still incorrupt, emitting the same sweet odor, which has been perceived more than once all over the church of the Bom Jesu, Goa, where the precious

remains are now preserved. And the miracles continue. Within the last few years a cripple and a blind man, both heathen, have been cured.

By order of King John III., a scrupulously careful verbal process was drawn up at Goa and in various parts of the Indies, wherein numberless miracles were attested, some even by Protestants. Francis Xavier was beatified two years after his death, in 1554; and canonized in 1662. In 1747, at the instance of King John V., Pope Benedict XIV. bestowed upon the illustrious follower of Ignatius the title of "Apostle of the Indies."

St. Francis Xavier deemed no sacrifice too great, no suffering too intense, in the service of God and of humanity. And this broad, generous love of his kind endears him to us of the present as to those of the past. He is essentially a lovable saint. His gentleness, simplicity, and meekness were as admirable as his boundless zeal. Genial and kindly, he was ever willing to employ every legitimate means of winning hearts, — a fact which may be borne in mind when imploring his assistance during the "novena of grace."

The following prayer, composed by Father Mastrilli, is usually recited during the novena.

"Saint most amiable and full of charity, I adore respectfully, with thee, the Divine Majesty; and, because I rejoice singularly at the thought of the special gifts of grace which God gave thee during life and of those of glory which He bestowed upon thee after death, I thank Him fervently for them, and I beseech thee with all my heart to obtain for me the important grace of living and dying holily. I beg of thee to obtain also for me . . . [mention a special request]. And, if what I ask be not according to the glory of God and the greater good of my soul, obtain for me what is most conformable to both."

To this prayer are added three "Our Fathers" and three "Hail Marys" in honor of the saint's devotion to the Most

Blessed Trinity; with "Glory be to the Father," etc., ten times, in thanksgiving for the benefits conferred upon St. Francis during the ten years of his apostolate. In conclusion is recited the Collect of the feast of the saint:

"O God, who, by the preaching and miracles of the Blessed Francis, didst bring into Thy Church the people of the Indies, mercifully grant that we may imitate his virtues, whose glorious merits we venerate; through Christ our Lord."

The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

March 2, Fourth Sunday of Lent.

A MERE cursory examination of the liturgy of this Sunday reveals two striking features: the joyful spirit which pervades it, and the frequent allusions to the former centre of Christianity—Jerusalem. At the outset we have the glad cry of the Introit: "Rejoice, O Jerusalem, and meet together all you who love her; rejoice exceedingly, you who have been in sorrow. . . . I rejoiced at the things that were said to me: we will go into the house of the Lord." The Gradual repeats the same words. The Tract says: "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Sion. He shall not be moved forever that dwelleth in Jerusalem." Other portions also contain the like allusions.

The spirit of joy, and particularly the first word of the Introit, "Rejoice," have gained for this Sunday the title of "Lætare Sunday," since *lætare* signifies "rejoice." Last Thursday was exactly the middle of the Lenten season; to-day, therefore, the Church bids her children look forward with joy to the coming festival of Easter, when penance and sorrow are to yield to holy joyfulness. This is why the altar is adorned with flowers; rose-colored vestments are worn in place of sombre purple, and the organ peals out as on a feast.

The references to Jerusalem have a twofold signification. In a spiritual sense, Jerusalem typifies the Church of God; but there is another reason for the use of the title to-day. The "Station" indicated in the Missal (we explained the meaning of the word when treating on Sexagesima) is the basilica known in Rome as "Holy Cross in Jerusalem." This church, familiarly styled Santa Croce, was built by Constantine in the fourth century, and enriched by his mother, St. Helen, with many sacred relics from Palestine. A large quantity of earth taken from Mount Calvary was spread upon the site of the present Chapel of St. Helen, the most ancient portion of the building. This basilica was intended to be a kind of "Jerusalem" to the city of Rome. Here we see the reason of the many allusions to Jerusalem in to-day's formulas. The church in which the clergy were assembled would lift the minds of all to that Jerusalem above, of which the ancient city of God was the symbol, and move them to desire more keenly its unending bliss.

On this joyful day the Pope was wont, in early days, to ride in state from the Lateran Basilica to Santa Croce, holding in his hand the Golden Rose, which he had previously blessed—another symbol of gladness,—to assist at the Solemn Mass. Some prince who was present would help the Pontiff to alight, and receive the rose in return for his service.

In the choice of the Gospel we see another reason for rejoicing. It recounts the wondrous miracle of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes by Our Lord; and is symbolical of the continual miracle of the Holy Eucharist, wherein the same Lord gives Himself, whole and entire, to each recipient. This Gospel can not fail to remind us of the coming reception of the Divine Bread at the great festival of Easter, now rapidly approaching, and to bid us prepare our souls for that Banquet.

The Collect, as usual, sums up the

spirit of the day: "Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that we, who are deservedly punished for our evil deeds, may be relieved by the comfort of Thy grace." In these words we accept willingly the penances imposed upon us during this penitential season, as a means of making some satisfaction for past misdeeds; and, while we humbly acknowledge the justice of our punishment, we beg from a gracious Lord some slight relief. The word translated in English Missals, "be relieved," bears in Latin the stronger interpretation, "breathe a while." In this sense it speaks more clearly of the brief glimpse of "rejoicing" which Mid-Lent holds out to Christians.

Thus does Holy Church on this Sunday, by the formulas of her liturgy, animate her children to fresh efforts. Lent is half over; let them take courage and persevere in penance for a little while longer. Fidelity to the duties of Lent will enhance the joy with which they will greet the dawn of Easter Day.

Gustave Doré's Creed.

Although Gustave Doré did not always edify his neighbor by leading the life of an exemplary Catholic, he never forsook the Church; and it is said that from the day when he undertook to illustrate the Bible, he developed a religious sentiment and an appreciation of the supernatural which rather astonished his intimates. One of his closest friends was the Anglican, Canon Harford, and amicable religious discussions between the two were frequent. At the conclusion of an argument on faith one evening, Doré exclaimed: "I am a Catholic; I was baptized in the Catholic Church, and I hold fast to her. For that matter, you may find my creed in the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians." And, much to the Canon's surprise, the artist recited the whole chapter, without omitting a single word.

The Besetting Evil of the Day.

THE Lenten pastoral of Bishop Keiley, of the diocese of Savannah, combines the careful student's knowledge of affairs with the pastor's zeal for the healing of all that is sore in the moral life of the time. The Bishop gets to the root of things when he fastens upon worldliness as the besetting evil of the day. We quote the more telling passages:

Worldliness is the prevailing sin of the day. I know that the word is a very comprehensive one; but I may with safety define what I mean by the title by saying that it means that state or condition which makes us seek pleasure, happiness, wealth, power, position, honors, and distinction as though they were the chief objects of life.

In speaking of the world I do not mean this material world in which we live, and which, as the handiwork of God, must be good; but the world which is the creation of man, and against which the Beloved Disciple warns that we should not love it. Each one of us has had a hand in the creation of this world. It is made up of the words and deeds of wicked men. And we love and cherish this world; we follow its maxims and are guided by its views. We know that Our Lord has said of His followers: "I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." It appears, then, that the mark of the true disciple of Christ is that he has the enmity of the world. It is foolish to say that the world has any cause to hate those who are animated with its views and live according to its maxims.

The chief mark of worldliness to-day is religious indifference. The children of the world are interested in all that concerns their worldly and temporal interests; and of many, if not the most of us, it may be said, as our Blessed Lord said of those of His day: "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." . . . The world tells us it is our business to be happy here; but as to the next life, no one, of course, knows anything about it, and its dread is foolish and should not be allowed to interfere with happiness here; that no reasonable man should submit his judgment to the dictation of any one, and that talk of an infallible voice is absurd and repugnant to reason and common-sense; that we must be tolerant of human weakness, and interpret the Commandments in the sense of prevailing customs, and are justified in doing

as others do; that no one has any right to dictate to us a line of conduct.

Now, a Catholic who criticises the Church for her claim to his allegiance; who says she is not progressive enough; who declares she should be more tolerant of other forms of belief; who declares that one religion is as good as another for men, provided they sincerely profess it; who arraigns bishops and priests because they proclaim the teaching of Christ and His Apostles on the subject of heresy and unbelief; who can see no harm in attending false worship; who approves of mixed marriages and blames the Church for declaring that matrimony in a Sacrament which must be received before a Catholic priest, and that marriage before a civil magistrate or a preacher is no marriage; who says that the Church should accommodate herself to American ideas, and become more liberal and tolerant (as if Christ suffered and died to make us Americans),—such a Catholic is on the side of the world, and is a disciple of the world, and is an enemy of Christ and His Church. . . .

The world freely admits the clash of interests, and says that the Church is entirely too strait-laced and puritanical in her ideas; that it is a safe rule to do as others do; that Mass and Benediction and Vespers are very good for children and women, but that men are busy during the week and need rest and recreation on Sundays; that fasting and abstinence are both unreasonable and unhealthy; that meat on Friday will do them no harm; that nobody has any right to tell men what they shall do with their own, and that people who can not get on in the world should go to the poorhouse; that it is a waste of money to build fine churches: as all that is needed is a place to say Mass; that this constant preaching of eternal interests is tiresome.

And the Catholic who misses Mass on Sundays; who rarely approaches the Sacraments; who eats meat on Fridays and never keeps Lent; who seeks to compromise with the world in the matter of sensuality and excuses his life on the score of universal custom; who gives thousands to pleasure and worldly amusements and grudgingly doles out pennies for God's cause, is of the world worldly; is an enemy of Christ and of His Church.

In presenting so lengthy an extract from Bishop Keiley's pastoral, our only regret is that we can not reproduce the whole of this ringing document, so full of knowledge and genuine unction; for it would deserve to be read by the faithful universally, and in its entirety.

Notes and Remarks.

The importance of working and praying for the conversion of the English-speaking world is shown by Cardinal Bourne in his Lenten Pastoral, where he refers to the Archconfraternity of Our Lady of Compassion, instituted by Leo XIII., and extended and amplified by the present Pope when its purpose was enlarged, and its scope made to include all those who use the English language as their mother tongue. "It is surely impossible," says Cardinal Bourne, "to exaggerate the importance of this object of prayer, which has been so earnestly commended to us. Were it to be attained in all its fulness, it would mean a gain to the unity of the Church of 132,000,000 in an area wherein we number at present not more than 28,000,000. Who can estimate the enormous power that such a transformation would exert for the spread of Christianity among the many millions of the still unbelieving world; and what a force would come into existence for the solution of social problems, which are to-day insoluble, because the remedy is being sought apart from, and very often in direct opposition to, the teachings of Christianity? Humanly speaking, so far-reaching a change may well be regarded as a hopeless quest. But God has wrought more wondrous changes in the past; and our duty, plain and definite, is to do our part, infinitesimally small though it be, in co-operating with that Divine purpose by the means that have been authoritatively proposed to us."

Three years ago, at the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, a joint committee on faith and order was appointed to bring about a union of Christian communions throughout the world. The spirit in which this committee works seems admirable. "If we are to make any advance," says one of their publications, "we must search

our consciences for our faults of pride and self-sufficiency, and then in all humility seek to comprehend what unity is." And further: "In our self-complacency, we boast that we no longer consign to fire and sword those whom we dare to call heretics. Is our forbearance due to growth in tolerance, or to a loss of faith and zeal? Have we that deep and zealous faith which made our forefathers eager to endure, if the powers of earth were against them, the tortures they had inflicted upon others? Would we ever give our blood to be the seed of the Church?"

This is clearly conceived and keenly put. "Tolerance" nowadays frequently does not show that we love our fellow-man more, but rather that we love God less. And as regards the commendable activity of the Protestant Episcopal Church for religious unity, we have only to say that, though we fear its efforts are, in the nature of things, destined to fail, nevertheless we hold the hope of a high blessing upon all who, with a right mind and readiness of will, associate themselves in this noble undertaking.

There is no surer way to lose the confidence and affection of children, according to a writer in the *Liverpool Post*, than by failure to keep promises. Children do not understand excuses or the pressure of circumstances, though they may condone delay that is not too prolonged. But the final condemnation of the faithless grown-up person invariably is: "You said you would and you didn't!" Asked to explain the meaning of the word "promise," one child replied: "It means to keep thinking and thinking about it till you do it."

The fashion, so common among grown-up people, of not keeping their word with children is a decidedly reprehensible one. It is the most natural thing in the world for children to draw the conclusion that it can not be "much of a sin anyway" to break a promise, since old folks think nothing of doing so. A promise

made to a child ought to be regarded as sacred. Even when a punishment is promised to him, he ought to get it—provided the one making the promise has a right to do so, and is qualified to administer punishment without passion. Threats are often more than chastisements to children. It ought to be remembered that little folk confidently expect to get all favors promised them; and it is only when their confidence has been shaken, or when the matter is of unusual importance, that the one giving his word is asked also to 'cross his heart.'

Count de Romanones, Premier of Spain, has come to the conclusion that some of the positions taken by his predecessor, Señor Canalejas, are untenable in practice, be their theoretical propriety what it may. To insist, as did Canalejas, that on questions affecting religion the State has a right to give a decision without consulting the Holy See, even though a Concordat exists, was to ignore in effect that, of Spain's population of nineteen and a half millions, eighteen millions are Catholics, and Catholics strongly attached to the Pope. In theory their feelings might be disregarded; in practice, those feelings would have to be taken account of—or trouble would ensue. Count de Romanones wishes to avoid trouble, so he has come to a definite understanding with the Holy See. The recent arrival in the Eternal City of Señor Calbeton, Spanish Ambassador to the Vatican, was the harbinger of smoother relations between Madrid and Rome.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen of New York made complaint that the telegraphic news agencies would not give "our side" of the present strike controversy, and they appealed to fair-minded editors to publish some few points in their favor. Without entering into any elaborate discussion of the points at issue, we make room for this expert opinion of Mr. Seth Low,

former president of Columbia University, ex-Mayor of New York, and actual president of the National Civic Federation:

In the pending controversy between the railroads and the firemen, both sides are willing to arbitrate their differences. But the firemen demand that the arbitration shall be carried on as contemplated by the Erdman Act, so that witnesses may be sworn, and perjury punished if it shall take place; while the railroads stand for an arbitration such as was held, by agreement, with the engineers. In this controversy I think they are entirely within their rights, when arbitration is proposed by both sides, in demanding an arbitration such as is provided for by law; and I think the railroads can not expect to enforce a different kind of arbitration from that which the law provides.

The controversy, at this writing, has been settled; but if the strike took place, Mr. Low's statement would have helped the uninstructed bystander to put the blame on the proper shoulders.

Lieut.-Governor O'Neill did a manly thing when, on the 20th ult., he stopped a minister who was making a prayer before the Indiana State Senate. The reverend gentleman, as reported in the press, "asked Almighty God to speed the day when the State would break its partnership with the liquor traffic, and cease filling its penitentiaries, jails, and poorhouses with the victims of rum." And the speaker went on to say: "And we pray to God that the partnership between the State and criminals may be dissolved." At this point, Lieut.-Governor O'Neill, presiding over the Senate, rapped with his gavel and stopped the minister. "You are here," he said, "to make a prayer, not a political speech. The clerk will proceed with the reading of the journal." Afterward Mr. O'Neill remarked:

The prayer was an insult to the Senate. His reference to rum and the liquor business was all right: I agree with everything he said on that subject. But when he prayed for a dissolution of the partnership between the State and criminals, I regarded that as going too far and casting an insult in the faces of the Senators. So I stopped him. He was supposed to be offering a prayer to God for His blessing on the

Senate. God does not need advice on politics, and that is what this minister was offering.

The action of the Lieut.-Governor must commend itself to all unprejudiced Americans. It was not a partisan action, but the word and deed of a clear-headed public official, gifted as well with a high sense of official honor and a like degree of moral courage. Mr. O'Neill is a young man in public service, but qualities such as that evinced by the action in question should make his career a long and useful one in the State which he has the honor to serve.

Reviewing a new collection of stories and anecdotes illustrating Irish life and humor—replies and reflections and sayings, not only of the peasants, but of others who came into contact with them,—the *Athenæum* remarks that even the crystals that sparkle in the crowd of what are not far removed from vulgarities are not set in an English that is convincing. The compiler is reminded that

many of the peculiarities now recognized as Irish brogue are not degradations of good English spoken by ignorant, foreign-tongued natives, but rather preservations of English pronunciation which has now become obsolete. Everyone who has studied the matter knows that *tea* and *meat* were once sounded in England as they now are by the Irish peasant. . . . The Irishman never says "praste" for *priest*, or "greece" for *grace*; still less "profissor" or "thafe" or "bist" or "wake" (week), though he will say "wake" for *weak*. . . . We can not consider "phwat," or "pfwat," satisfactory for the *what* which the Irishman pronounces more correctly than most Englishmen. He has not lost his aspirates, and he never misplaces them. He never says "hevings" for *heavens*, or "phropity" for *property*; nor does he say "after being" at random, but as a real paulo-post future.

The worst charges brought against the agents of the Peruvian Amazon Company by Sir George Casement are confirmed by Mr. W. E. Hardenburg in his new book, "The Putumayo: The Devil's Paradise." His account of the atrocities committed upon the defenceless Indians is

too horrible for publication in its entirety. That such barbarity should still be practised by civilized beings goes to show how cruel and inhuman greed may be. The establishment in the country of a Catholic mission, however, gives assurance that "The Devil's Paradise" is doomed. This mission is a result of the protest, vigorous and unanimous, made by the English people when Sir George Casement's grim record was made public. Commenting on "this new thing in the history of Catholic England"—the establishment of a Catholic foreign mission, worked by English missionaries, and founded for the most part by English money,—a reviewer in the *London Tablet* observes:

That there is abundant field for similar acts of generosity there can be no doubt. Governors of India have advocated the establishment of the Catholic Church in that country as the one sure rival to Mohammedanism. Travellers in China have supported the Catholic Church as the one efficient means of Christianizing that Empire. In South Africa the Catholic missionaries had champions like Cecil Rhodes, who maintained that they alone did permanent work for the natives. Everywhere the lesson of Empire is ultimately the lesson of Catholicity; and one can not but recognize the moderating influence on English thought of this constant contact with the Church's mission fields.

An American professor having stated in a popular magazine that "divorce is an incident in the mighty process of spiritual liberation, which is rapidly changing the relative positions of men and women in society and the family," Mr. G. K. Chesterton begs to differ from the professor; and, as usual, presents his views in graphically attractive form:

I think we may appeal to the sane and self-respecting people, even among those who would permit divorce, that they should tell their weaker brethren not at least to glorify it. It may be a piece of very silly sentimentalism to represent the world as full of happy marriages; but to represent the world as full of happy divorces seems to me much sillier and much more sentimental. Surely everyone who knows the world, however much he may approve of

divorce in desperate cases, knows that divorce is not usually the gate of a good life for the bad partner, or even of a specially happy life for the blameless partner. It would not be easy for a middle-aged man to move his house to the next town; but if it be hard to move his house, it is harder to move his home.

As a preliminary to all fair arguments, therefore, I propose that if we give up the romantic fashion of calling all marriage love, our opponents should give up the yet more ridiculous fashion of calling all divorce liberty. You might as well call cutting a man's leg off asserting his liberty. Certainly he is free from the leg, and the leg is free from him; and certainly it is a matter of opinion which of the two is more to be congratulated. And it is so with divorce. But, when all is said and done, at the best the man is less useful without the leg, and the leg is quite useless without the man. And it is so with divorce.

The real fact is, of course, that the "mighty process" in which divorce is said to be an incident is one, not of "spiritual liberation," but of moral disintegration,—a process fatal to the interests of the family, and hence to the very existence of the State. Incidentally, let it be said that a good many American "professors" who glorify the breaking of the marriage tie are as useless as Mr. Chesterton's "leg without the man."

When a publication devoted to the interests of anti-Catholicism forwarded to *Emanu-El*, of San Francisco, an article containing an attack on Catholic institutions, requesting its republication at regular space rates, that Jewish paper declared:

We have no desire to earn money that way, and do not intend to lend ourselves to such dirty business. Catholicism in America has done much for philanthropy and education, and its eleemosynary institutions are admirably conducted.

In applauding the manliness and spirit of fair play, evinced by this San Francisco journal, we can not forbear adding that similar tributes to the Church are not rare in a number of our Jewish contemporaries. Hebrew journalists are keen enough to note the thoroughly illogical position held by the various non-Catholic Christian sects; and they do not deem

it essential to vilify the only Christian Church that, in their minds, is conceivably the true one.

In an editorial entitled "Twentieth-Century Bigotry," the Westfield (N. J.) *Leader* refers in no less uncomplimentary terms to the publication so vigorously denounced by *Emanu-El*:

Religious bigotry is not only un-Christian but un-American, and has no place in a land where toleration and freedom of faith are principles rooted in the hearts of its liberty-loving people. What, then, are we to think of such manifestations of un-Americanism and bigotry as the *Menace*, which, when received by us, we promptly destroy as something so rabid and unclean that we can not suffer it to pollute our premises? We have no words to describe adequately the filth of its columns; and if steps have not been taken by the postal authorities to exclude it from the mails, as we think it should be, we hope our officials will soon investigate it with that end in view. This indecent sheet attacks the religious faith of a large body of American citizens; yet there is not a vestige of religion or knowledge of the most elementary Christian, or even pagan, virtues about it. It is made up of ignorance and dirt.

We have had occasion more than once of late years to note the gratifying progress of the Church in the radically Protestant lands of Northern Europe, notably in Norway. Now comes word that Finland, the Russian grand-duchy that borders on Norway and Sweden, is also falling into line with the hosts that are returning to the ranks of Catholicism. In 1899, of the two million and a quarter that formed the total population of the country, only five hundred and sixty were Catholics. At present there are about twice that number to be found in the two parishes of Helsingfors and Wiborg alone; and—an excellent sign of the times—the latter parish has just received as its provost Father Adoli Karling, the first purely Finnish priest to be ordained since long before the discovery of America,—more precisely, since 1451. Dr. Karling became a convert while a university student.

Notable New Books.

Our Lady in the Church, and Other Essays. By M. Nesbitt. With a Preface by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Casartelli. Longmans, Green & Co.

The contents of this volume, of two hundred and seventy-five pages, will not be new to our readers; however, they will be glad to see in handsome book-form a collection of the interesting and brightly-written essays contributed to THE AVE MARIA by M. Nesbitt. There are twenty-seven of them, grouped under the titles: Our Lady and Some Saints, Feasts of the Church, and Miscellaneous. For frontispiece there is a half-tone reproduction of *The Blessed Virgin Enthroned, with the Holy Child*, by Giorgione. The best notice we can give of this work is to quote the appropriate Preface contributed to it by the learned Bishop of Salford:

"Readers of the popular American magazine, the *Ave Maria* (and I understand that they are fairly numerous among Catholics in England), will scarcely need from me any introduction to Miss Marian Nesbitt, whose articles in that periodical have for some time past been a regular and welcome feature of its pages. There will be, however, many others to whom the above-mentioned magazine is not familiar, and who may not have had the pleasure of reading Miss Nesbitt's essays. It has, therefore, been a happy thought to collect and arrange these chatty and at the same time instructive papers in the present volume. It will be seen that the writer has a happy knack of selecting topics, mostly of historical or antiquarian character, but all connected with the life and work of the Church, and therefore of particular interest to Catholic readers. Like the industrious bee, she has diligently gathered her facts from many sources, often from the byways and less known tracks of ecclesiastical history, particularly mediæval. I feel sure that these modest and interesting studies will be read with pleasure and profit by others, as they have been by myself.

"I should say that Miss Nesbitt's book would make a specially appropriate volume for school libraries and school prizes."

We conclude by expressing our gratification over the publication of this book, and the hope that it may have many readers.

In St. Dominic's Country. By C. M. Antony. Edited, with a Preface, by the Rev. T. M. Schwertner, O. P. Longmans, Green & Co.

This charming volume is both the story of a pilgrimage and a picture-book, — a pilgrimage through Languedoc, France, wherein St.

Dominic spent some fourteen years; and a collection of half a hundred excellent illustrations of cities, scenes, churches, and shrines hallowed by memories of the thirteenth-century hero of the Albigensian Crusade. In the words of the author, the book "is simply an attempt to describe St. Dominic's country as it is to-day, for the benefit of those of his children who have not, and may never have, the opportunity of visiting it; and to stir in the hearts of others, for whom such a pilgrimage is possible, a great desire to make it." Descriptions of the cities, towns, and villages of such a district as Languedoc are inextricably entangled with historical reminiscences; so, while the work does not profess to be a Life of St. Dominic, or even a co-ordinated chronicle of his activities from 1205 to 1219, the period of his sojourn in this "country" which the author styles his, there is, nevertheless, very much about the saint to be found in its pages, — and it makes very pleasant as well as edifying reading.

Of the pictures it should be said that a large proportion of them were made especially for this book. Not the least interesting is a photographic reproduction of a page from the original manuscript of the story, "How St. Dominic Learned to Speak German," a transcription of which story, by the Very Rev. Dr. Steffens, appears in Appendix B.

Come Rack! Come Rope! By Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, and Dodd, Mead & Co.

If great issues, ably treated, contribute to the making of a notable work of fiction, then this latest (?) book of Mgr. Benson's stands high, not only on that author's already lengthy and creditable list, but also among all novels of the historical class. For in "Come Rack! Come Rope!" the author has a theme superlatively fine, — nothing less than man's love of God as manifested in his fidelity to the religion which God has revealed, — a fidelity tried by all that leads to the shedding of blood, and is by that supreme test ultimately sealed and crowned.

The theatre of this tremendous drama is Elizabethan England, presented with an accuracy which leaves a library of history exhausted of details, and to which much wider reading and reflection have contributed in abundance. The chief personages are a young man and a young woman of gentle blood, who put from them the lesser holiness of fidelity to God in the private capacity of married folk, to become, the one a priest, the other a woman of destiny in determining the range and disposition of the religious forces throughout a large section of England. Through the leverage

of these two lives the entire age is reached. The great figures of the time—Father Campion, Mary Queen of Scots, my Lord of Shrewsbury, and the ominous Topcliff—move in and out of the natural working of the drama.

It is a big book in size, containing nearly five hundred closely-printed pages; and therefrom rises the chief and perhaps the sole cause for critical complaint. The action covers nine years in time, during a great part of which the hero is off the stage. This leaves something to be desired, from the point of view of unity. All is forgotten, however, in the compelling interest of Robin's deeds, once he returns a priest. The close of his noble life, and the recital of his trial and execution, sound the very depths of tragic sublimity, while they close in and grasp all the faith that there is. This book has already been styled "the epic of the English Martyrs"; but it is, too, the Fifth Gospel of that Love which is of all things "alpha and omega,—the beginning and the end."

Homiletic and Catechetical Studies. By Canon A. Meyenberg. Translated from the Seventh German Edition by the Very Rev. F. Brossart, V. G. F. Pustet & Co.

An imposing octavo of 845 pages, this volume is probably as complete a presentation of the theory and practice (exclusive, of course, of delivery) of the art of preaching as is to be found in our language. Its translator's declaration that it forms a desirable text-book for seminaries may, for this very reason, be set aside. It is both too bulky and too comprehensive for a class-book, although it is an excellent work for supplementary reading by the student of sacred eloquence. Of its utility to the young preacher or the more mature pastor of souls, there can be no question. The keynote to the author's whole treatment of his subject is to be found in this statement: "He [Dr. Meyenberg] maintains that our present pulpit literature has too much neglected the drawing from first sources, and that in the training of preachers too little stress is laid upon the use of these sources: Holy Scripture, liturgy, and theology." Whether this criticism, so far as American seminaries are concerned, be true or otherwise is immaterial; it throws abundant light upon the spirit in which the work was undertaken and on the method of its accomplishment.

Seven-eighths of the whole volume is taken up with "Part I.—Homiletic Studies." This consists of seven books, in which sacred eloquence is discussed under these heads: its essence and foundation, its two supreme laws, its sources, its means, its contents, its different kinds, its exterior form and forms. Chapter

III. of Book III. contains seventy-four practical meditations, easily developed into short sermons on the Ecclesiastical Year. "Part II.—Catechetical Studies," comprises three chapters on the fundamental parts, and four chapters on a special part, of catechetics. Practically complete as it is, the work needs supplementing, so far as teaching young children is concerned, by definite instructions about the Holy Eucharist,—this in consequence of Pius X.'s decree as to the reception of Holy Communion by the young.

The "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas Aquinas. Part I. Literally Translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. Second and Third Numbers. R. & T. Washbourne.

The English Dominicans are making good progress in their arduous and excellent work of giving a vernacular rendering to the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Angel of the Schools. The first number of their translation appeared only in 1911; and the present volumes (octavos of 554 and 561 pages respectively) are dated 1912. The former contains the treatises (QQ. XXVII.—LXXIV.) on the Trinity, the Creation, the Angels, and the work of the Six Days. The latter comprises forty-five "questions" (QQ. LXXV.—CXIX.), twenty-eight of which have to do with the "Treatise on Man"; the other seventeen, with the "Treatise on the Divine Government." Particularly interesting questions are: "Of the action of the angels on man," "Of the assaults of the demons," "Of the guardianship of the good angels," "Of fate." A perusal of the second of these throws considerable light for whosoever is not wilfully blind, on some of the spiritistic phenomena that are taxing the powers of the Society for Psychical Research.

Not the least attractive portion of these volumes, especially to readers unfamiliar with St. Thomas' method, will be the objections, embodying as they do the sophistries, fallacies, carpings and criticisms of every kind put forward by the opponents of Catholic doctrine in the time of the Angelical, and, for that matter, in all previous ages. Everything, apparently, that can possibly be urged against this or that point of the Christian religion is brought forward in orderly array, only to be triumphantly refuted.

As in the previous parts, the translation is marked by notable clearness, not to say lucidity, of style; and the student whose knowledge of St. Thomas is limited to a desultory reading of the "Summa" in the original Latin will be agreeably surprised to find how smoothly it flows in our own vernacular.



A Legend of Our Lady.

BY ALBAN WELD.

WHEN Mary was a little child,
The snowflakes, it is said,
Formed in a shining crown to make
A garland for her head.

So spotless was her maiden heart,
So sweetly pure her eyes,
That she had drawn the snowflakes from
Their palace in the skies.

And when she went to Bethlehem,
Each little crystal white
Became an angel, and adored
Her Infant Child at night.

A Grandmother's Story.

"GIRLS," said Grandmother Papin,
"never be ashamed to acknowledge
a fault. A stubborn pride may
work great harm. Let me tell you a
story of my own youth to illustrate this."

* * *

When I was about your ages, and living in France, I was the honored friend of Countess de Varence. You have often heard me speak of her, but I have waited until now to tell you this particular story. She was a little wrinkled old lady, with a haughty, somewhat overbearing disposition. As a consequence of this, she had few friends. Somehow, people could not make allowance for her eccentricities. But, with all her failings, she was as kind-hearted as could be.

My parents, who were not rich, predicted great things of this friendship, and often took me to visit the old lady. I went willingly enough, not only because of the kindness she always showed me, but because I had in her a confidante

and sympathizer. She took the greatest interest in all my little affairs, and encouraged me to talk freely of them.

The friends she did have dropped off year by year till I was about the only one left. I read her papers to her, held her yarn, and amused her by my ceaseless chatter. She grew so dependent upon me that she would send for me if I remained away for any length of time. As she was very wealthy, all this augured well for my future prospects.

Meanwhile I grew up to young ladyhood. One day, when I made my visit to my old friend, she said petulantly:

"A whole week has passed since I saw you. What have you been busy about?"

"I am going to my first ball," I replied, with an air of importance.

"Ah! So your white muslin with blue bows has occupied you exclusively?"

"It's not to be white muslin with blue bows," I said, a little disdainfully. "It's to be a masked ball, and I am to be a marquise, and wear green silk trimmed with yellow satin."

"Well, you must come and let me see you when you are dressed."

This I promised to do.

The eventful day at last arrived. I visited my friend to exhibit my costume. She admired it very much, and predicted a great success for me. Then, noticing I had no fan, she insisted upon lending me a beautiful one of white ostrich tips, spangled with silver, and adorned with a wreath of painted flowers in delicate hues.

The success predicted came to me. I hardly had time to get seated before invitations to dance were showered upon me. Among my partners was the uncle of one of my friends. I was proud of this attention, because some one had told me that he was a prominent merchant of Paris, also a writer for the press.

"What a beautiful fan you have!" he remarked, as we were resting in the conservatory. "I would give anything for such a treasure. I don't suppose you would sell it, would you?" he added, seemingly in jest.

"That depends on the price you offer."

"May I really bid for it?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, fifty francs?"

"That wouldn't pay for one of the plumes," I said mockingly.

"A thousand, then?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

Then followed offers of ten thousand, twenty thousand, up to a hundred thousand. When he reached that mark, I said:

"I accept."

"When may I claim my purchase?" he asked smilingly.

"Whenever you choose."

"I shall need an address."

Like a simpleton, I then gave him that of the Countess.

It was several days before I went to return the fan and give an account of the party. As soon as I saw my friend I realized that something was amiss. I did not for a moment suspect what it was, so I began to chatter in my usual way. Almost at my first word, the Countess stopped me and said sternly:

"Mademoiselle, you are using altogether too much liberty so far as I am concerned. Since I am placed under the necessity, I must tell you that it does not please me to be mixed up with your foolish affairs. My house is not yours, and it would be better for you to forget the way to it than to point it out to impertinent shopkeepers."

Then I knew that my bidder had actually gone to the address given, and that the affair which I had considered a joke had been in reality a serious matter. I was too proud to apologize and explain, so I laid the fan on a table and walked away without a word.

I did not visit the Countess again, although I often inquired after her from her maid whom I met at Mass.

"She is very lonely," the girl said on one occasion. "She often speaks of you, and I know she is pining for your company. If I were in your place, Mademoiselle, I would go to see her."

My mother said the same thing, giving important reasons. I was headstrong, however, and would listen to no argument. A month later my old friend died. Then I was repentant and shed sincere tears. A few days later I received a letter summoning me, as one of the heirs, to a reading of the will. I went with my mother, and took a seat in the corner of the large salon where I had passed so many pleasant hours. The notary then read,—I remember it all:

"I bequeath my fortune to the Saint-Jean Hospital, with the exception of the sum of forty thousand francs, which is to be divided among my servants. My furniture, wardrobe, jewels, and art treasures are to be sold and the money given to the poor of the parish. As for my young friend, Marie Vallier" (which meant myself), "I bequeath to her a feather fan, which will be found in my secretary. Perhaps she will consider this a very meagre inheritance, but she must remember that once she considered it worth a hundred thousand francs."

A Vicious Comma.

A striking instance of the way in which the plans of mice and—deans gang aft aglee occurs in Dean Alford's classic, "The Queen's English." This learned man took credit to himself for having done something to expunge the evil of over-punctuation. But the printer inserted a single superfluous comma which destroyed the good man's self-satisfaction. He wrote: "I am happy to reflect that in the Greek text I destroyed more than a thousand commas, which prevented it from being properly understood." The comma after "commas," of course, completely changes the meaning intended.

White Eagle.*

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN, AUTHOR OF
"BILLY-BOY," ETC.

IX.—A VISITOR AT THE MISSION.

Ten days had passed since Uncle Steve had left his "hop-and-skip" present in little Lilian's fevered hand, — ten days since Mr. Stephen Carruther, millionaire and magnate, had disappeared from all the high and mighty places in which his word was law; leaving his business, public and private, for the next three months in the hands of his attorney, Mr. James Waring.

It had been little more than three weeks since the January snow had white-capped the saintly mountains for another year; yet already, on the sunny slopes of San Pedro, old Winter's brief reign was broken; and, though he held the heights with wavering grasp, down in the valley of the mission there was a whisper of Spring.

Old Padre Francisco sat at his door, warming his chilled blood in the noonday sunshine. His hands were clasped on the knotted stick needed now to support his feeble steps. In a little while he would get up and take his slow walk through the crumbling arches of the mission, saying his Office. But just now his head was bent on his breast, his eyes closed. The good old priest was lost in half waking dreams. He had said Mass this morning. It was not always that he could say the morning Mass now. Often he was not able to leave his bed until old Felipe had brought him a hot cup of coffee or choco-

late. But to-day was the feast of St. Francis de Sales, the wise, gentle patron saint on whom he had tried to model his own life. So the lights had burned on the old altar, and there had been Mass, which had left him worn and trembling, but very happy; for it was on the feast of the gentle St. Francis that he had said his first Mass more than fifty years ago. In his thoughts he was back in that far-off past, when the cracked voice of old Felipe aroused him.

"Some one is asking to see you," Felipe was saying. "What he wants I do not know; for he is an American heretic it is plain, and you have nothing to give but blessing and prayer."

"Blessing and prayer," repeated the old Padre.

He opened his half-closed eyes, and their dreamy gaze fell upon the visitor Felipe had so reluctantly announced,— a gaunt, grizzled old man, in the coarse garb of a miner or mountaineer, with a blue cotton handkerchief knotted about his neck in place of a collar, a beard of a week's growth disfiguring his face, a rude knapsack swung upon the stick on his shoulder. It would have taken keener eyes than the old Padre's to pierce the disguise of Mr. Stephen Carruther, who had left his elegant tailor raiment and spotless linen at an out-of-the-way station three days ago, and was out again, in his old age, on a "survey," not of rocks and mountains this time, but of other heights and depths that, with all his power and money, he had never yet reached.

"My name is Carr — Stephen Carr," began the visitor, who had deemed it

* SYNOPSIS.—Donald Carruther, twelve years old, called "White Eagle" by the Indians, is the orphan son of Donald J. Carruther, and the beautiful Indian wife whom the wealthy young New Yorker had met in the Far West and married against his father's will. He had died two years before the story opens, disowned and disinherited by his family, and leaving his boy to the rude care of Big Seth, who lives on the ridge of San Pedro mountain. Don takes little Winona, the granddaughter of his old

Indian nurse, to a *fiesta* at the mission in the valley. They are caught in a short mountain storm; and, Winona having hurt her foot, the children are obliged to find shelter under the rocks, where Don saves himself and his little companion from the big panther that is roaming the mountain, by making a fire and throwing a burning brand at the beast.

Big Seth, Don's guardian, sees an advertisement for the "heir, or heirs of the late Donald Carruther"; but, in his indignation at the

wise to drop the best part of his name with his leather suit-case some eight hundred miles back. "You are the pastor—the priest, I believe they call it here?"

"I am Padre Francisco," was the gentle answer. "I have had the Mission of San Pedro for more than thirty years."

"You ought to be pretty well posted, then," remarked the stranger.

"Posted?" said the old Padre—"posted? I do not understand. But be seated, my friend. You are no longer young, and seem to have walked far."

"A matter of ten miles, 'I think,'" said the speaker, sinking down on the bench beside the door. "They told me it was only five miles, but I suppose I lost the way."

"Perhaps," said the Padre. "It would not be strange. There are only the sheep tracks to our valley now. The people come to San Pedro no more."

"It does look rather dead, I must say." The Padre's visitor cast a glance at the crumbling arches and columns. "But I suppose your church is out of date most everywhere now."

"Out of date?" repeated the old Padre, in a puzzled tone, — "out of date? Again it is American speech that I do not understand. Out of date? What is that?"

And there was such simplicity and frankness in the old Padre's tone that his visitor answered him unhesitatingly:

"I mean old, withered, worn-out. Like all other old things, your Church is dying, if not already dead."

"The Church dying! — dead!" The old priest, the old apostle, the old preacher was roused into sudden comprehension.

"money-grubbers" who disowned the boy's father, he refuses to notice it. Lone Jack, however, who is one of Seth's friends, realizes that it may be of great advantage for Don to leave the rude surroundings in which he is growing up; and he secretly answers the advertisement of the lawyer, Mr. James Waring, who takes the letter to his client, the boy's grandfather, Stephen Carruther.

The old millionaire, who has grown hard and suspicious in his grief and loneliness, is at

"Is it of the Church—not this crumbling ruin, but of the great, living Church of Christ — Holy, Catholic, Apostolic—that you speak, my friend? That dead, dying? Oh, never, in all the glorious years of her history has she been more alive; never in all the days of her unquestioned power has the strong current of her life flowed in such deep, widening channels! Here perhaps" (the trembling hand pointed to the ruined walls), "in many places, there may for a time fall dryness, dearth, what you call desolation; but elsewhere the living tide rises the higher over the rocks, the sands, the deserts, making them rich with bloom, with fruit. Is it not, to-day, sweeping in all its fulness over your own great country? One hundred years ago it was but a poor mission, fed by the trickling streams from other lands. Now, sitting here in the shadow of death, my friend, I seem to hear the waters of Life, of Truth, thundering in triumph from shore to shore. But—"

Padre Francisco paused, as he saw no response in his visitor's grim face. Presently he resumed:

"It was not to rouse this sleepy old preacher that you came, I am sure. What can I do for you, my friend?"

"I am out here prospecting," the visitor answered. "I heard of one or two old claims abandoned for want of funds. I thought I would like to take a look at them."

Padre Francisco shook his old head, with a sad smile.

"Ah, my friend, you have come a wrong road, I fear, — a very wrong road! So many have come with the same hope,

first indignant at the rude, simple tone of Lone Jack's letter, and decides that he will have nothing to do with his grandson, against whom he has formed a bitter prejudice on account of his Indian blood. But, on returning to his home after seeing Mr. Waring, he overhears a conversation between the nephew and niece to whom he has given everything; and is so roused by their selfishness and ingratitude that he resolves to go out, in the disguise of a poor old man, to San Pedro, and see his grandson.

only to fail. Now they come no more."

"But I heard something of a camp about here,—a lot of old miners and Indians that were still at work. Big—Big Sandy or Sam? I am not sure of the name."

"Big Seth perhaps," answered the priest, smiling, — "good Big Seth, who lives across the mountain-top? Ah, yes, yes, you will do well, my friend, to talk to him. He is honest and what you Americans call straight, square. There is no man will tell you the truth more plain and clear than this Big Seth, who is so rough, yet so kind to the old, the young, the weak,—to all who need the help of his strong hand."

"I'll go talk to him, then," said the visitor, rising. "I rather think he is the man I want to know. Which way do I go?"

"Felipe will show you the trail," replied the Padre. "But it is very long, very far. Will you not rest a while longer and take a glass of wine?"

"No, nothing," was the rather harsh answer. "I must get on. I must see this man, this place of which you tell me. If your old servant here will put me on the road, I will pay him—"

"Ah, no, no!" said the Padre, shaking his head. "No pay, my friend. It is our work here to guide, to help; so, if there is need, come back,—come back and you will find welcome again."

Padre Francisco then turned to the servant and said:

"Felipe, my friend, put this good man on the old trail across the mountain."

Again addressing the stranger, he added, with a smile:

"Keep to the trail, — keep to it as we keep to the path to heaven, and you will reach the camp you seek."

"Thanks!" was the brief answer; and, with old Felipe leading, Stephen Carr took up his knapsack and turned away.

"There!" said Felipe, pointing to the path that climbed the mountain-side. "It goes straight. You can not get lost in the light of day, for you will see the black depths of La Corta plain."

"And what is La Corta?" asked the other.

"The break, the cut, the devil's gate," answered Felipe, briefly. "Keep clear of it and you will be safe. That is all."

"Thanks!" was the answer again.

Involuntarily Stephen Carr felt in his pocket; then, remembering the old Padre's words, he withdrew his hand. He was in another world, where they did not want his money, — in a world where he was a poor old man, carrying on his back a knapsack holding all his worldly goods. So, with only a word and a nod to Felipe, he kept on his way up the steep path that had been pointed out to him,—the path leading to the camp of which he had heard, and whence, he shrewdly suspected, had come the letter that had brought him on this quest. He would see for himself what that letter meant. With the feverish eagerness that had come upon him during the last few days he kept on the rough, steep trail; not realizing how he was taxing his powers, unused for years. Not since the summer of that first survey had he ventured on such a climb.

The air, however, was so pure and clear, the sky so bright, there was such a strange sense of freedom from all bonds in this new life of Steve Carr—more than all else, such a strong, living interest was leading him on,—that he forgot his three-score years, and felt almost young again, as he took his way up the Monje Trail.

There was a gleam of the olden twinkle in Mr. Stephen Carruther's eyes as he kept bravely up the ragged mountain-side, and thought of the stolen march he was making against all the falsehood and trickery that his wealth had reared around him.

Higher and steeper grew the climb. Rocks, gullies, jutting branches broke and barred the way. There was no need to keep the Monje Trail clear now. Mr. Stephen Carruther, used to the cushioned ease of modern travel in his own landaus, victorias, automobiles, began to feel unpleasantly short of breath. He slipped

his knapsack on his arm, that he might have the help of his stick; he had not counted on such a climb as this. He was just a trifle dizzy, or perhaps it was the snow-capped peak shining above him that dazzled his eyes. He had a vague remembrance of the old man in the valley telling him something of a break or cut that he must avoid. He must be cautious, he thought, steadying his steps with his cane; for he seemed to have grown strangely weak.

His doctor had warned him six months ago that he was not altogether in good shape: that he should rest, relax, avoid strain. What — what if something should happen to him here in these wild heights, alone, unknown? Again he called his strong will to his aid, and struggled on the path, which, turning the shoulder of San Pedro, grew steeper, rougher every moment, until, stepping aside to avoid a prickly pine bough that thrust itself in his way, the old traveller caught at the swaying branches with a cry of horror.

For the solid earth he was treading seemed to have suddenly given way at his failing feet; he was staggering, reeling, fainting, on the very brink of a black, jagged chasm. Another step, a stumble, and he would totter over into the hideous depths below. All the weight of his sixty-three years fell upon Stephen Carruther; a deadly weakness came over him; he felt he dared not move or stir. It was an old, old, feeble man that stood there clinging to the frail pine bough with icy, trembling hand, and facing Death,—an old, old, feeble man, in whose dull, failing ear there fell a boyish shout that made his chill heart suddenly leap into life.

"Stop there! Stop, I say!" And the clear young voice made the echoes ring. "You'll tumble into La Corta if you don't look out! Stop, I say! I'm coming—coming!"

It was the last word that fell upon the old man's ear as he reeled backward—and knew nothing more.

(To be continued.)

The Gopher.

It is doubtful whether the majority of the young people who are most familiar with the little animal called gopher—the boys and girls, for instance, of Minnesota, "the Gopher State"—are aware of the circumstances under which the animal in question got its name. The word "gopher" is just an English spelling of the French *gaufre*,—a phonetic spelling, or one that suggests the pronunciation. In case any young reader is not sure how to pronounce even the anglicized word, it may interest him to know that when a boy throws a stick into the water and sends his dog for it, calling out, "Go fer it, Tige!" his first two words give the correct way to say "gopher"; though of course "fer" isn't the right way to pronounce "for."

Seeing that the French word *gaufre* means "honeycomb," it may not appear quite clear why it was applied to the animal at all. The early French settlers in this country, however, gave that name to various animals that burrow in the ground and thus honeycomb the soil. The English-speaking settlers kept the same name; and whenever they had occasion to write it, they simply spelled it according to its sound. And so it happens that our little American rodent, the pouched gopher or pocket gopher, whose scientific name is *Geomys bursarius*, has been known for several hundred years by a badly-spelled French word.

Banyan Days.

There was formerly one day in the week in which the British navy was not allowed any meat; and, though the custom has fallen into disuse, the title still remains as any poor fare is called by the Jackies "banyan." The term originally came from the East Indian "banian," as a symbol of vegetarian fare, though some attribute it to the Banians, who used no meat at all, being strictly vegetarian.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—It is announced from Rome that the new Antiphonale, so long awaited, has now been issued. The authorized publishers of the edition are Messrs. J. Fischer & Brother.

—Among the most interesting sales at the dispersion of the Borden Library last week in New York was that of a copy of the first edition of Thomas à Kempis, which fetched \$1525.

—"The Practical Server's Guide," compiled by the Rev. Bernard F. Paget, S. J., is an admirable manual for the instruction and use of altar boys. An excellent feature of it is the setting of the server's responses in large black type. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—The John Murphy Co. have just published "a handy pocket edition" of the Psalter, translated, with notes, by the learned Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore. The print is large and clear, but the binding might have been more flexible, and the inner margin less close. A narrower page, too, would have rendered the book more handy.

—The growing interest of Catholics in their own literature is very gratifying. An excellent list of books by Catholic authors, most of which publications may be had in the public library of the city in which the compiler lives, has just been received from Atlanta, Georgia. Mrs. Clare Moran Rapier has done her work well in preparing this useful catalogue.

—A recent issue of the Canterbury Classics, published by Rand McNally & Co., under the general supervision of Katherine Lee Bates, is Kingsley's "The Water-Babies." Sarah Willard Hiestand, who has done the editing, furnishes a biographical sketch of the author, a pronouncing vocabulary, thirty pages of notes, and some good suggestions for teachers.

—Once in a while—very often a rather long while—the reviewer of books for young folks finds on his table a volume that stands the crucial test of thoroughly satisfying both young folks and grown-ups. And one such volume is "The Black Brotherhood," by the Rev. R. P. Garrold, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) It is a story of home and school, of the boyish mischief and adventures and fun and fears and sulks and repentance and trials—yes, and genuine heroism—of three Catholic youngsters who constitute the "brotherhood" of the title, with incidental side-lights on their parents, sisters, uncles, and aunts. Father Garrold knows boys—English boys—thoroughly, and in this present book

turns his knowledge to better and more artistic account than in any of his previous stories. Let it be added that, without being goody-goody, the story teaches salutary lessons for both children and their elders.

—From the London Catholic Truth Society we have received, in penny pamphlet form: Cardinal Newman's luminous sermon, "Perseverance in Grace," from "Discourses to Mixed Congregations"; "For the Faith," by Felicia Curtis, an excellent story of the time of England's martyrs; and "Minnie Murphy's Mendacities," an *exposé* of an "ex-nun" and of the bigotry of a section of the non-Catholic press of England.

—An innumerable body of musicians have tried their skill in reproducing by means of notes the fulness of meaning contained in the beautiful prayer, *Ave Maria*. Each one seems to find a new phase to develop in this perennial source of inspiration. Mr. Hugh J. Donnelly, the latest to add a contribution to the repertory, has given us a song for soprano or tenor solo, which breathes piety in well-balanced and harmonious cadences, in accordance with the hallowed text. Published by the composer, 1250 39th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

—The recent passage of the Irish Home Rule Bill by an unexpectedly large majority gives timeliness to the second edition of R. Barry O'Brien's "A Hundred Years of Irish History." (P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) The value of the work is notably increased by the portion thereof contributed by Mr. J. E. Redmond, whose preface to this second edition and Introduction, constitute more than a quarter of the book's contents. Mr. O'Brien's story of Ireland in the nineteenth century is lucid and graphic; and Mr. Redmond's stature as a statesman of exceptional ability has of late grown to such a degree that his words will be considered far weightier now than a decade ago.

—Pastors and pastors' assistants, teaching Brothers and Sisters, male and female lay teachers of the Catechism in either Sunday or parochial school,—all should welcome the appearance of "The Catechist's Manual," prepared by the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and published by Mr. John J. McVey. The work is the well-considered outcome of the practical experience of hundreds of specialists in catechetical work in many lands, and may be relied on to give salutary counsels on every aspect of the important subject involved. The book

is well printed and of convenient size, and should be as familiar to the teacher as the Catechism is to the learner. It has the approbation of the Archbishop of Philadelphia.

—It is gratifying to note an increasing demand for the Roman Missal in English. No prayer-book, of course, is to be compared with it. In answer to numerous inquiries, we have to state that by far the best edition is the one published by the Benzigers. That of Burns & Oates (now for sale in this country by Mr. B. Herder) has excellent features and is low-priced; but the paper is so thin that the print shows through it, thus rendering the book difficult to read. Benzigers' edition, to which is added a collection of usual public prayers, is a perfect book in every respect; and, all things considered, a cheap one. Though containing 1800 pages, it is by no means a clumsy volume. It is printed from clear, legible type, on India paper, slightly tinted, and is flexibly, though durably, bound and supplied with markers. This Missal may be had in various styles of binding, at prices ranging from \$1.85 upward.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Our Lady in the Church, and Other Essays." M. Nesbitt. \$1.60.

"Come Rack! Come Rope!" Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.46.

"Translation of the 'Summa Theologica' of St. Thomas Aquinas." Part I. Second and Third Numbers. \$2 each, net.

"In St. Dominic's Country." C. M. Antony. \$1.60.

"Homiletic and Catechetical Studies." Canon A. Meyenberg. Translated by the Very Rev. F. Brossart, V. G. \$3.50, net.

"The Catechist's Manual." Brothers of the Christian Schools. 85 cts.

"A Hundred Years of Irish History." R. Barry O'Brien. 60 cts., net.

"The Black Brotherhood." Rev. R. P. Garrold, S. J. \$1.35, net.

"The Practical Server's Guide." Rev. B. F. Paget, S. J. 35 cts., net.

"The Psalter." Translated by Archbishop Kenrick. 75 cts.

"Officium Hebdomadæ Majoris." \$1.50.

"Poor, Dear Margaret Kirby." Kathleen Norris. \$1.30, net.

"The Church and Christian Marriage." Rev. Daniel Coghlan, D. D. 15 cts.

"The New Psalter and Its Use." Burton-Myers. \$1.20, net.

"The King's Table." Fr. Walter Dwight, S. J. 56 cts.

"God or Chaos." Rev. Robert Kane, S. J. \$1.25.

"Up in Ardmuirland." Rev. Michael Barrett, O. S. B. \$1.25, net.

"Saints and Places." John Ayscough. \$1.50, net.

"John Hungerford Pollen, 1820-1902." Anne Pollen. \$4.25, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. James Reade, of the diocese of Concordia; Rev. Thomas McLoughlin, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Edward Flynn, O. S. A.; and Rev. Matthew McDonald, S. J.

Brothers Alfred and Boniface, C. S. C.

Sister M. Polycarp, of the Sisters of the Heart of Mary; Mother M. Eulalia, Sisters of the Holy Child; also Sisters M. Columbkille and Philomena, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Joseph Birchler, Mrs. Anne McKenna, Mr. Frank Buergler, Mrs. Margaret Diggs, Mr. Stephen McCormick, Baroness Elizabeth von Hügel, Mr. Peter Delaney, Mr. John Sweeney, Mr. Daniel Woodlock, Mrs. Agnes O'Malley, Mr. F. A. Zurfluh, Mrs. Mary Gallagher, Miss Anna Newport, Master Frederic Hersherberger, Mr. Patrick Walsh, Mr. Thomas Walsh, Mr. Henry Kruse, Mrs. Anna Kennedy, Mr. Francis Guibor, Mrs. Ellen Hannigan, Mr. George Heidenrich, Mr. Hugh A. Spillane, Miss Louise Johnson; Miss M. Katharine Donnelly, and Mr. William Walker.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the famine and cyclone sufferers in China:

Friend, \$10; Friend, \$25; in honor of St. Anne, \$1; B. H., \$2; Friend, \$3; D. C. M., \$2; Madge Hogan, \$2; Rev. J. D., \$25.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48. -

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God with Us.

BY S. M. B.

THE world were bleak, and keen life's smart,
Without Thy Eucharist-Presence, Lord!

But there Thou keepest watch and ward
And waitest for the sad of heart.

In hours of gloom, in hours of dole,
When Thy sweet Presence I have sought,
Surcease of sorrow Thou hast brought,
And mystic healing for the soul.

When 'neath the chancel's ruby flame
I lay my burden at Thy feet,
Then peace benign and comfort sweet
Within my heart a lodging claim.

Then every cloud that o'er me lowers,
Doth lightly vanish into air;
The daily fret, the carking care,—
Somehow, they seem to break in flowers.

Santa Maria Sopra Minerva.

BY JOSEPH MAY.

TO say that Minerva was to the pagan world what Mary is to the Christian would be as untrue as if one were to maintain that a candle is to the earth what the sun is by day or the moon by night. Still, since, unlike most heathen divinities, Minerva was honored as a virgin, and recognized as the patron of virtuous women, and donor to the human race of the olive branch of peace, it is, perhaps, not an altogether unworthy

coincidence that where her long-vanished temple once reared its imposing walls the Virgin-Mother of our Redeemer is now revered as the highest type of womanly virtue, and as the donor, under God, of that peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

From the ruins of the fallen temple rises the stately Christian church; and high above the name of the dethroned goddess sounds that of her whose glory shines as never woman's shone before, even as its beams will flash through ages yet unborn, pure and unspotted still when the very memory of Minerva shall have passed away, as has, long since, her worship. The name of the pagan goddess is associated with that of the Blessed Virgin now, it is true; but only to remind us that the idolatrous worship of the one has been supplanted by the Christian veneration of the other. It, therefore, in no way shocks Catholic sentiment to hear the church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva—Holy Mary above Minerva—sometimes simply called the Minerva.

The Temple of Minerva was erected about sixty years before Christ, by Pompey when he returned to Rome after his victories in the East; and an idea of its magnificence, as well as of its size and strength, may be inferred from the fact that a considerable portion of the ruins were standing nearly fourteen hundred years later. The statue of Minerva, now in the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican, was found amongst these ruins, or at least on the spot where they stood.

Between 1280 and 1290, two enter-

prising Dominicans, Fra Sisto and Fra Ristoro, who were the architects of Santa Maria Novella at Florence, erected a church to the honor of the Blessed Virgin on the ruins of the Temple of Minerva. But during the prolonged absence of the Sovereign Pontiffs at Avignon, when commerce languished and grass grew in the streets of Rome, this sacred edifice shared the fate of only too many others and fell into decay; so that within less than a century after its foundation it had to be almost entirely rebuilt. The Dominicans were placed in charge of the new church, and it has remained in their hands ever since, being to that Order what the venerable Ara Coeli is to the Franciscans.

There is nothing in the exterior of the Minerva, the only Gothic church in Rome, to prepare one for the grandeur and beauty of the interior, the sublime effect of which is, however, probably all the more striking from the sudden contrast; for it comes as a surprise. This most lovely of Mary's many beautiful shrines has but little in common with the average Roman churches. They are all sunshine: it is all sunset. The Italians say that there is so much gilding and fresco painting in their sacred edifices that the addition of stained glass would detract from, rather than enhance, the general effect, which would then be too rich. Indeed, one enthusiast, jealous for the artistic renown of her race, assured me, in apparent good faith, that stained-glass windows had "a depressing effect"; and that, religion being in itself a solemn thing, the free admission of sunshine into churches prevented the solemn from degenerating into melancholy, and tended to lift the soul from things of earth and draw it heavenward, where there is light eternal.

But, to me, the glare and glitter of the Italian churches, where stained glass is seldom seen, has never appealed. The absence of that everlasting twilight which I always associate, for instance, with that fairest of French churches, Notre Dame,

left a void even in my first visit to St. Peter's, for which not all the wealth of color and store of Art's most valued treasures could altogether compensate, nor half pretend to fill. When, therefore, one afternoon in Holy Week, I passed from the shadeless street into the Minerva, where violet-veiled ornaments and images were vaguely outlined in "the dim religious light," and where the shadows from the painted windows jewelled the marble floor as the scattered fragments of a broken rainbow might have done, I felt as if "a vanished hand" had touched me, or as I might have felt if I had come suddenly upon some "old familiar face" among a crowd of strange and unsympathetic ones. The mournful music of the psalms floated at that moment through pillared nave and arching aisles; for it was Good Friday, and the office of Tenebræ had just begun. And there was something so soothing and so restful in the solemn strains as they mingled with the grateful gloom that I scarcely regretted that the shrine of St. Catherine of Siena, which I had travelled far to see, was veiled from view.

This wonderful woman, who was as renowned for intelligence and learning as she was for sanctity, died in Rome in 1380, at the early age of thirty-three, in the Dominican convent of the present Via Santa Chiara. By order of St. Antoninus of Florence, who was for some time prior of the monastery of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, the remains were placed in the church of that name, and lay for years in the side chapel of the Rosary. In 1855 the body was juridically examined by the Congregation of Rites, and found to be incorrupt. It was then placed in its present shrine—the marble sarcophagus beneath the high altar.

The room in which St. Catherine of Siena breathed her last is now an oratory; but the ceiling and floor alone date from her time, the walls having been removed to the Minerva in 1637. It is for this reason that the chapel near the sacristy,

with its fine paintings by Perugino, is also called the room of St. Catherine; for its walls are the very walls that once formed her cell in the convent where she died. What a privilege I felt it to kneel within those consecrated walls on that Good Friday evening! They had witnessed the last moments of the gentle saint and heroic soul, to whose words of wisdom the Head of Christendom lent an attentive ear, and at whose prayers he returned to the City of the Seven Hills, too long abandoned by its sovereign; and to the people, too long orphaned of their Father. Well indeed did this "greatest of the Church's daughters," as Pope Pius II. called her, earn the title of patroness of the city she had saved, conferred on her by Pius IX.

But although the room and shrine of St. Catherine of Siena are certainly among the chief attractions that the Minerva has for pilgrims, it is a question if, for the ordinary visitor, the modest tomb in the bay to the left of the sanctuary has not a wider and a deeper interest. The relics of the saint probably appeal to Catholics alone, whereas the grave of Giovanni de Fiesole, better known as Fra Angelico, must have an absorbing interest for all who care for art. There are various works of his in the Minervà, each one born of an act of prayer; for he never painted a Crucifixion without tears, and never began any picture without first asking the blessing of Heaven on his work. It has been said that only a poet can understand a poet; and, perhaps, only a saint can paint a saint. At all events, there is an unearthliness about the pictures by Fra Angelico that one seeks in vain in works of a similar nature painted by other and, from point of view of draughtsmanship, far greater artists; for the drawing is often crude in even the most finished designs of the angelic painter. He died in the monastery of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, shortly before Pope Nicholas V., who lived just long enough to write the epitaph of "the Venerable Painter, Friar

John of Florence, the Flower City of Tuscany," of whom he had been the firm friend and princely patron.

Till 1870 the Minerva was the centre of attraction to the faithful on every feast of the Annunciation. Thither on that day, the Sovereign Pontiff came in state, attended by the whole Papal court, and was greeted all along the route by the acclamations of the crowds who lined the way, or gathered at the balconies and windows, from which they threw flowers as the procession passed. On these occasions the Holy Father rode a snow-white mule (or at least did so up to the reign of Pius VII.), carrying the Blessed Sacrament in his hands. But Pope Pius, being too infirm to mount the mule, drove instead in a glass coach, whilst his grand almoner rode the mule and carried the Sacred Host,—an example followed by succeeding Popes.

It was in Santa Maria Sopra Minerva that Molinos abjured the condemned propositions found in his works, and that the arch-impostor, Cagliostro, did public penance for his deceptions. Giordano Bruno, who was expelled by the Protestants of Switzerland, Bohemia, and England, because of the inexpressible uncleanness of his life and writings, was imprisoned in the adjoining monastery. Here also Galileo, who made his recantation in the Minerva in 1633, passed a week of his imprisonment. The monastery was then the residence of the principal officers of the Inquisition; and the rooms occupied by Galileo, far from being the dismal dungeon pictured by imaginative Protestant writers, were those placed at his disposal by one of his personal friends, and in which he was waited on by his own servant. Indeed, he had the free range of the whole house and gardens during his "imprisonment," and received as many visitors as he liked. At the expiration of a week he was sent to the palace of Guicciardini, the Tuscan Ambassador at Rome, who was his friend and protector. Writing of his residence here the "per-

secuted" Galileo said: "I have for prison the delightful Palace of Trinità di Monte." After four or five months of this specimen of Catholic cruelty he was declared free to return to his own home in Florence. But, as the plague was raging there, he preferred to remain in the hands of his "tyrants"; and, therefore, again to use his own words, he was sent to "his best friend, the Archbishop of Siena."

Non-Catholics who work themselves into a white heat of indignation over what they call Galileo's persecution by the Church of Rome, ignore some important facts. They forget, for instance, that the first to preach the Copernican theory in modern times was one Nicholas of Cusa, a Cardinal of that same Church of Rome; they also forget that Copernicus himself held a professor's chair in Rome, with the approbation and encouragement of the Sovereign Pontiff. Indeed, he was actually summoned to the Lateran Council by Leo X., who ordered him to study the motion of the planets, with reference to the correction of the calendar,—a work that was then occupying the attention of the Council.

Lastly, but by no means least in importance, non-Catholics forget, or ignore, how Kepler, the German astronomer, who preceded Galileo, was treated by the Protestants when, in 1596, he wrote his book in defence of the Copernican theory. Before this work could be published it was necessary that it should be submitted to the Academical Senate of Tübingen, which was largely composed of Protestant divines; and the unanimous decision of these latter was that Kepler's book, holding as it did that the earth moved round the sun, contained a damnable heresy that contradicted the teaching of the Bible! Kepler offered an interpretation of the Scripture text quoted against him, which, he said, would reconcile his teaching with that of Holy Writ. But, notwithstanding that Protestants pride themselves upon their right of private judgment in interpreting the Bible, they

refused Kepler the right to use his private judgment in the matter, or to teach the Copernican system even as a theory. Finally, and in spite of the efforts of the Duke of Würtemberg to protect him from the persecution to which he was subjected by his clerical opponents, Kepler had to seek refuge in a Catholic country.

How seldom we hear of Kepler's treatment by the Protestants, however; whereas there is scarcely a schoolboy who has not heard something of the various non-Catholic versions of how Galileo suffered at the hands of the ignorant and benighted "Romanists"! And yet how wide is the difference between the treatment Kepler received from Protestants and that which, some years later, it was Galileo's lot to experience in Rome! The Pope himself declared the Copernican system to be "not heretical, but only rash." And Cardinal Bellarmine, so often quoted as a violent opponent of Galileo, used to say that "when a demonstration should be found to establish the truth of the earth's motion, *then* it would be proper to interpret the Holy Scriptures otherwise than they had hitherto been interpreted in those passages where mention is made of the stability of the earth and movement of the heavens." It was for similar reasons that the works of Copernicus were not absolutely condemned at Rome—as Protestant's had condemned the hapless Kepler's book,—but only suspended *till they were corrected*.

It was not for favoring the Copernican system, then, that Galileo got into trouble with the Church; for, as I have said, a Cardinal was famous for his defence of it; but, then, the Cardinal taught it as a hypothesis. Galileo, on the contrary, insisted upon having his theory approved as true before he had demonstrated it to be so; and, in the same headstrong way, he wanted to have the old theory, "which was closely bound up in men's minds with the truth of Scripture, denounced as false before he could *prove* that it *was* false."

Galileo brought his punishment upon himself by his pride and obstinacy. Not that the sentence pronounced upon him by the Inquisition was of a very terrible nature. It ran as follows: "We condemn you to the formal prison of the Holy Office for a period determinable at our pleasure; and, by way of salutary penance, we order you, during the next three years, to recite once a week the seven Penitential Psalms."

The result of this terrific sentence seems to have been that, after Galileo made his recantation in the church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, he passed a quiet and happy week in the adjoining monastery, and then moved to the "delightful palace" of his own Ambassador, where he evidently enjoyed himself immensely; and, indeed, refused to return to his home when he was free to do so, but, at his own request, was sent to his "best friend," the Archbishop of Siena.

Five Popes are buried in Santa Maria Sopra Minerva—namely: Leo X., Clement VII., Paul IV., Urban VII., and Benedict XIII. Here also both Eugenius IV. and Nicholas V. were elected; and frescoes representing the two Conclaves are over the sacristy entrance.

The celebrated convert archdeacon, Robert Wilberforce, who died at Albano in 1857, is also buried here; as is Cardinal Philip Howard, grandson of Thomas Howard, first Duke of Norfolk, who was beheaded for his sympathy with Mary Queen of Scots. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to add that Santa Maria Sopra Minerva is the titular church of Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of New York.

WHEN the ruined walls of Pompeii were excavated, some rude caricatures of a crucified one were found scribbled on the walls, near the guardhouse, with the words scrawled below, "Alexander worships"; thus showing the rough scorn with which some heathen soldier had treated the faith of one of his Christian comrades.

A Far-Away Princess.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

X.

IT was later on the same day of their departure from Liverpool that Paul Lyndon found himself again in the neighborhood of the beautiful girl who had been introduced to him as Miss Fortescue. For some time after luncheon he had sat on deck, talking to Mrs. Granger; but when she, declaring that sea-air always made her sleepy, finally retired to her cabin for a siesta, he began to pace the long sweep of the deck, with a sense of enjoyment in the ideal conditions of weather above and sea below.

And so it was that he presently came upon Miss Fortescue and Leila, established in a secluded nook, and caught some sounds which told him that the former was reading aloud in the most musical voice, the most exquisite French he had ever heard. Sinking silently into a vacant chair near by, he listened to the flow of melodious words as one listens to perfect music, enthralled by a charm which blended, and was in his memory destined forever to blend, with the salt tang of the air which came in such crystal purity and freshness over wide leagues of wind-swept ocean, with the tender blue of the overarching sky, the white flash of gulls' wings in the sunshine, and the glittering liquid plain stretching afar to the remote line where sea and sky melted together. It was a picture which was to remain associated always with the beautiful lines which fell in such lovely cadence from the lips repeating them,—lines which, he soon perceived, brought before the "inner eye" another picture of the sea.

Presently, when at the end of an act—for he also perceived that he was listening to drama as well as poetry,—the reader's voice paused, Leila, whose gaze, filled with the light of dreams, had been fastened

on the distant horizon, glanced around and saw him.

"O Mr. Paul," she exclaimed, "I'm so glad you are here! Have you been listening long? It's the *loveliest* story that Miss Fortescue is reading! Do you know it?"

"I'm sorry to say that I don't," Paul Lyndon replied, conscious that Miss Fortescue's eyes had turned on him, with the same startled look which he had seen in them before; "but I've been enjoying the reading immensely, and hope I'll be pardoned for playing the part of an uninvited auditor. May I ask the name of the poem?" he added, addressing Moira directly.

He was struck by her hesitation in answering — she was, in fact, wondering whether the name would rouse any suspicion in his mind,—but after an instant she replied:

"It is a drama rather than a poem, and it is called 'La Princesse Lointaine.'"

"The Princess Far-Away," Leila obligingly translated. "It's exactly like a fairy-tale. There's a prince, who is a poet as well as a prince; and he has heard of the beautiful princess far away, from the pilgrims who have returned to France from the Holy Land. So he sets out to seek her, in his ship, where all the sailors are in love with the idea of the beautiful princess, too; and they've been sailing and sailing and sailing over the sea, until they are worn out and nearly starving, when at last they come to Tripoli, where the princess lives. But the prince is desperately ill and almost dying; so he sends his friend, Bertrand, ashore, to let her know that he has arrived—for the pilgrims have told the princess about *him*, too,—and to beg her to come to him before he dies. Then Bertrand puts on the prince's armor and goes ashore, and fights his way to the princess, and kills the Green Knight who is guarding her for the emperor, who wants to marry her. And when the princess sees him she thinks *he* is the prince; and when he tells her that he isn't, and begs her to go to Joffroy,

who is dying, she says: 'No.' And then—O Miss Fortescue, please go on, and let us hear what happens then!"

But Miss Fortescue, with an air of decision, closed the book from which she had been reading.

"I think you have heard enough for the present," she said. "To sustain interest, the story will be 'continued in our next.'"

"But I don't need to have my interest sustained," Leila pleaded. "I'm just as much interested now as I possibly can be, so why won't you go on? Are you tired of reading aloud?"

"I never tire of reading aloud," Moira answered. "I love the melody of words so much that I often read aloud to myself for the pleasure of the sound."

"Then *why* won't you go on now? I'm sure Mr. Paul would like to hear the rest of the story,—wouldn't you, Mr. Paul?"

"Very much indeed," replied Lyndon. "But since it is possible that Miss Fortescue objects to an uninvited auditor, I will reluctantly resume my interrupted promenade."

He rose as he spoke—more reluctantly than his half-laughing words would have indicated,—and was about to move away, when Miss Fortescue lifted her hand with a quick, detaining gesture. At the same moment he again met her eyes, and there was nothing now either startled or shy in their almost imperious brilliance.

"Don't go, Mr. Lyndon,—that is, if you would really care to remain," she said. "Since Leila is so insistent, I will continue the reading."

"And you are sure that I shall not disturb you by remaining?" Lyndon asked.

She smiled; and if he could have read the subtle meaning of that smile, he would have seen the vision which rose before her of the great audiences she had faced and charmed in the Athens of the modern world.

"You will not disturb me in the least," she told him quietly; and then, as he resumed his seat, she opened the

volume in her hand and again began to read.

Or was it not, rather, to recite the lines which were so ineffaceably retained by memory? She kept her eyes upon the printed page before her; but, for the rest, her present surroundings vanished, and she was once more "La Princesse Lointaine" in her distant castle, with its windows looking down upon the harbor, where lay the ship which had brought her lover across the sea to seek the fair ideal of his dreams. Again she awaited the coming of Bertrand in the beautiful palace hall, half romance, half Oriental; its marble floor strewn no longer with lilies, but with the red roses symbolic of passion; herself a dream of loveliness in her picturesque archaic garments; and again there entered to her the faithful friend who bore the prince's message and his prayer for her presence.

It was in the scene which followed that Moira had won her highest triumph with that critical world of Paris, which, however it may be led away to worship false gods of novelty and excess, never fails to recognize the true note of genius and fine art when this is presented to it. So it was no wonder that, as she read the beautiful lines, her voice—that golden voice, which had been likened to the matchless tones of the greatest living French actress—should have thrilled her listeners as they had never been thrilled before. For it was not only the natural beauty of the organ, nor her trained and perfect enunciation of the limpid French, but the spell lay deeper, in that power of expression which can come only through the mind and soul, and which is the incommunicable heritage of the true artist.

Lyndon, recognizing this power, was more keenly conscious of its effect because he knew himself to be not easily moved through the emotions. Many things, at many times, which thrilled other people had left him unmoved; but now he felt the inmost founts of emotion stirred by

this wonderful voice, which interpreted the rise and struggle of love in the two hearts, and seemed to sound the gamut of feeling from rapture to despair. Then, like the call of a trumpet to battle, came the higher note, the demand of honor and duty against the claims of love; and here the struggle grew so intense, the violin tones were so charged with depth of meaning, that Lyndon almost held his breath as he listened. Never, he felt, could he forget the passionate accents with which Melissinde begs Bertrand to turn away from thought of the ship, where lay his dying friend, and be happy,—the pleading urgency with which she cries:*

This palace be our home, we'll leave it ne'er!
Now see the warmth of roses on the floor
Where lilies spread their coldness in the morn!—
The window's closed, I say; abolish fear!—
Pale flowers born of dream are now forsworn;
Love giveth richer blossoms. Smile thou here!
We shall ignore the world. How should we know?

We'll question nobody. E'er at my feet
Thy life. And naught shall be but our embrace.
Why should we feel remorse or even fear?
Who ever spoke of galleys, of Rudel?
No living soul! Naught's true but our love.
Beyond this window here, the golden beach
Extends toward the blue; no galley's there.
Some day, far off, when we shall open it,
The window'll show but light, and nothing more.
And then we'll laugh. What childish story's this

About the hoisting of a sail that's black?
An idle tale, Bertrand!—The window's closed!—
Oh, think of naught, beloved,—naught!
Why should we see, call up most awful things
Beyond this window? See how calm it looks!
It smiles in its enamel and its gold. . . .

BERTRAND.

You speak forever of that window there!

And when the sea wind blows the window open, how she bids him avoid looking out, lest he might see the black sail hoisted, which was the signal agreed upon to tell of the prince's death, and reminds him that—

. . . every happiness,
Behind it, has an open window so,
Through which there comes a breath that chills
the soul.

* For the benefit of readers who are more familiar with English than French, M. Rostand's beautiful lines are given in translation here.

The window's ever there to claim its own.
Men turn and crouch. They will not go to
look,

For they would see stern duty's galley there
To call them from the bliss that holds them
fast.

Or else, if Fate had spoke, they'd see reproach
In waving folds of black aloft, Remorse!
So nestle they in cushions, motionless;
They cling to happiness and to the dream
That one look through the window would destroy
They would not learn if they are murderers.
Let's do the same . . . in coward cushions' ease!

BERTRAND.

Yes, let us stay! Alas, poor woman, though,
How can we stay? Have I, hast thou a soul
Debased enough to leave us happy thus?
We're surely not as others are!

MELISSINDE.

We are!

I love thee!

Low and sweet as music's self, the last
words were breathed; and fancy pictured
Bertrand kneeling at her feet, forgetful
of his friend, until voices below the window
speak of a black sail upon a galley; and
how terrible then was the cry of remorse
which burst from the man's tortured soul!

My God! Now all is done!

He's dead! dead! dead! My brother and my
friend!

All's over! Gone . . . without the bliss supreme
He sought! . . . And I . . . and you, . . . what have
We done?

MELISSINDE.

It's awful! . . . But at least I have you now!

BERTRAND.

You have a traitor! Oh, the worthy mate!

Through the intense emotion of the
scene in which despair came to both the
noble souls, betrayed by passion to a
dastard deed, the marvellously modulated
tones read on; and then, like sunlight
breaking through dark clouds, came the
princess' exclamation of joy when, going
to the window, she cries out:

Bertrand, the sail is white!

Against an azure sky!

As white as hope of pardon! Gracious God,
Prolong, I pray, the whiteness of the sail
In which I see, at last, my star supreme!
O duty, voice that we subdue in vain,
I come! I come to thee, Joffroy Rudel!
I come! And thou art dearer to me now
By all the ill I nearly did to thee!

With a note of passionate exaltation
the last words were uttered; and in the
pause which followed, the listeners were
silent, held by the tension of emotion
roused, until, as if to anticipate and pre-
vent comment, the magical voice again
took up the tale, carrying them to the
deck of the galley, where lay the dying
prince. It was impossible for anything
to have been more exquisitely rendered
than the scene where the princess comes
to him,—for in truth, to herself, Moira
was acting rather than reading. Again
she trod the deck, and knelt beside the
dying lover who had followed his dream
of her from afar; again she heard, and
made her listeners hear, his pathetic,
broken utterances, ending at last in the
cry of grateful rapture:

Now I can die . . . my cup of bliss is full!
Be thanked, O Lord! Be thanked, O Melissinde!
How many sink, exhausted by the road,
And never see their Princess Far-Away!

And at the final end, when the princess'
last words had been on the same high
note of exaltation:

Farewell! No tears! I go to holy peace.
I've learnt at last what bliss essential is.

There was again a pause of silence, more
significant than speech, before even Leila's
voice was heard.

"Oh," she breathed then, with a deep
sigh, "I'm sorry it has ended! I never
thought I could have enjoyed anything
in French so much, or understood it so
well. But I'm awfully sorry that the
princess didn't marry Bertrand and live
happily ever after. Aren't *you* sorry,
Miss Fortescue?"

Miss Fortescue looked out over the
sea with her dark-lashed eyes; and it
was as if she were gazing beyond the
horizon at the magical Land of Imagina-
tion, where the Princess Far-Away had
made her choice, as she said softly:

"No, I am not sorry. The end is much
more beautiful as it is than if the princess
were to live happily ever after with Ber-
trand. That end would have left one
with a sense of disappointment; but this

end lifts the spirit, as a noble choice always does."

She spoke so evidently from the depths of her heart that Lyndon bent a quick, searching look on her, as Leila cried protestingly:

"But the princess *loved* Bertrand, and shouldn't one marry the man one loves?"

Miss Fortescue, turning her gaze from the distant sea line, smiled at the eager questioner; and something in the smile struck Lyndon as the most exquisite thing he had ever seen.

"Yes," she replied, "one should marry the man one loves—unless honor and duty stand in the path. But if they do, then there is something higher and more imperative than happiness to be sought. You'll understand this better when you are older," she added.

Leila looked doubtful.

"I don't know," she said. "Do people always understand it when they are older?"

Involuntarily Miss Fortescue's glance met Lyndon's with a gleam of amusement.

"Not always," she answered. "There are, unfortunately many people who never understand it. Human nature is very much inclined to be selfish, you know; and nowadays selfishness is often preached as a duty—the right of the individual to happiness, it is called,—and, of course, that is a very agreeable doctrine."

"But you don't believe in it?" Leila queried.

"No, I don't believe in it," the soft voice told her; "for it would kill everything fine and heroic in the world, since sacrifice is the root of heroism."

Leila made an expressive grimace.

"I don't like sacrifice," she declared.

"We none of us like it," Moira said gently; "but it is the law of the higher life, and the capability of making it is the test of character."

While Leila appeared to be turning this over in her mind, Lyndon's deeper tones broke into the conversation:

"Will you let me say how thoroughly I

agree with you, Miss Fortescue? In my opinion, the doctrine of the right of the individual to seek happiness at any cost to others is the most demoralizing influence in the world to-day. And, considering how this doctrine pervades modern literature, it is refreshing to find a writer—and a French writer, at that—who has the courage to present the higher ideal of the necessity to sacrifice happiness when duty stands in the way."

A slightly whimsical smile curved Miss Fortescue's charming lips for a moment.

"It is possible that you are not very familiar with French writers, Mr. Lyndon," she suggested then. "Or perhaps, like a great many other people, you judge our literature by its decadents, not knowing how far the pendulum has swung back toward the old ideals with many of our finest writers."

Lyndon looked surprised.

"You talk as if you were a Frenchwoman," he said. "And yet your name—"

"I am half French in blood," she interrupted hastily, "and I have lived almost all my life in France. For that reason I spoke of '*our* literature,' which is so often misjudged by foreigners, because some of its most famous writers, unhappily, do least credit to it."

"I might have guessed that you were partly French, if only from the way you speak the language," Lyndon said. "But to return to our subject. Your '*La Princesse Lointaine*' strikes me as a singularly inspiring, as well as an intensely poetical drama, because it so clearly symbolizes the undaunted pursuit of the ideal. In that pursuit there is no point where the spirit can rest satisfied, and therefore we leave Melissinde and Bertrand seeking an ever higher ideal than they have already attained by their heroic choice of duty over love. And you are right about that choice: in order to obtain the heroic note—the note which has power to thrill and exalt the soul—one *must* have sacrifice. To appreciate this we have only to imagine how different the effect would be

if the lovers had persisted in seizing happiness as their right, in disregard of honor, faith, and duty."

As he spoke, he did not understand why Moira gazed at him so curiously. In fact, she was thinking, "And this is the man who has crossed the sea to urge his cousin to break the most sacred tie that can be formed, and to set at naught all honor and faith! How is it possible to reconcile his acts and his words?" And she was the more puzzled to reconcile these inconsistencies because the face at which she gazed, with an intentness of which she was hardly aware, seemed formed by nature to express the sentiments he had just uttered. Its clear-cut lines, the firmness of the mouth, and the keenness of the gray eyes,—all spoke of austere standards and ideals,—of one who would not hesitate to choose the higher and the harder path were such choosing required of him, and who might have been conceived to be the last person possible to counsel another to take the lower path of self-indulgence and broken faith.

Thinking of these things, she was silent so long that Leila found her chance to rush into the speech for which she was always ready.

"Would you have felt that way—I mean about the princess and sacrifice—if you had been Bertrand, Mr. Paul?" she inquired.

"I hope so, Leilita," he answered, with a smile. "But man is weak, and so one can never tell with certainty how one might feel and act under temptation."

Again he did not understand the flash which came into the beautiful eyes still regarding him,—a flash it almost seemed of scorn.

"Mr. Lyndon is wise not to speak too confidently on that point," Miss Fortescue observed in a detached tone, as she rose from her chair. "I think," she added, addressing Leila—to whom the other remark had also apparently been addressed,—“that we had now better go and find your mother."

"You'll find her, I have reason to believe, in the land of dreams," Lyndon said, as he also rose and walked with them down the deck. "At least she left me some time ago, saying that she was going to her cabin for a siesta."

"Mummy always sleeps a lot when she's at sea," Leila remarked. "She says it keeps her from being seasick. I'm never seasick; are you, Miss Fortescue?"

"I have been at sea too little to be able to tell," Miss Fortescue replied. "But no one could be seasick to-day,—the ocean is so calm, this ship so steady. Ah, it is all delicious!" she cried, with a note of sudden rapture in her voice, as she paused for a moment by the rail, and turned her face to meet the sea-breeze, while her eyes sought the mystical, remote distance, where sky and water met and blended.

Leila's gaze followed hers, and fastened on a distant sail.

"That makes one think of the galley of the prince," she said; "sailing and sailing and sailing, in search of the Princess Far-Away."

"It does," Lyndon agreed. "I fancy it will be some time before we can see a sail without thinking of that galley." Then he glanced at the small volume in Miss Fortescue's hand. "Since I was so unfortunate as not to hear the first part of the drama," he said, "may I beg to be allowed to read it?"

He was once more oddly struck by her hesitation in answering, and could not resist the impression that she was unwilling to give the book to him. Moira herself hardly knew the cause of this unwillingness; for the copy of the play was a new one, purchased in London for Leila's benefit, and therefore contained no mark or name to betray her own identity. But what she felt was an altogether instinctive and unreasoning disinclination to let this man come any closer to the fair ideal which she had embodied until it had become a part of herself. All dramatic artists are strongly

possessed by this feeling,—that a character over which they have brooded, and into which they have poured their own personality, in presenting it, has become a part of themselves in a manner and to a degree which makes it hard to see an alien touch upon it. And here was not only an alien but an unfriendly touch; for, although Lyndon had expressed admiration for “*La Princesse Lointaine*,” and sympathy with the high ideal which the drama presented, Moira knew, or believed that she knew, what his true standards of conduct were, and how he had desired to act toward herself—the Far-Away Princess of Royall’s love.

So it was only after a moment’s struggle—of which Lyndon was as distinctly conscious as herself—that she extended the book to him.

“Of course,” she said, with an attempt to speak lightly, “you must wish to read the first part of a story of which you have heard the end. It’s only a pity that the proper course has been reversed, and so interest will be lost for you.”

“Not at all,” he answered, as he took the volume from her hand. “Interest for me lies less in the story than in the presentation and development of character. *That* is what makes a novel or a play worth while, and that is what I shall enjoy here—together with the poetic fancy and the exquisite French.”

“You will find both those things well worth study,” she told him, with gentle but unmistakable reserve of tone.

(To be continued.)

St. Joseph.

BY E. MERRYWEATHER.

GREATEST of saints, we kneel to thee,
 Thine aid beseeching
 In life and death; lest, haply, we
 Should fail of reaching—
 Our pilgrimage from Egypt past—
 The home of Nazareth at last!

The Lights of Home.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

THE age is full of unrest; and Catholic women may well be grateful to a Church which safeguards and upholds the sanctity of marriage, whilst their non-Catholic sisters have to see the fences which surround the home broken down one by one, until at last the household gods are threatened, and the children are in danger of being turned adrift.

The Rev. Lord William Cecil, son of the late Marquis of Salisbury, has said that what the committee for reforming the marriage laws—a committee in England whose report has caused such a furore of discussion—have in mind is neither more nor less than civil marriage, and that there will be nothing to prevent a man from having a succession of *pro tem* wives. The design is to bring the sword of separation into the houses of the poor; and this, to my thinking, is an iniquity, because, generally speaking, the English workingman and his wife have set an example of love and forbearance to the other classes. The home-loving masses have leavened the bulk of English humanity with respect for the nuptial tie.

The Catholic Church sets her face sternly and steadfastly against pagan wedlock. She insists upon her daughters being their husbands’ Christian life partners, not odalisques to be cast aside like shoes. When God became man, He ennobled woman by the act; set her beside her husband; did not leave her at his feet, where—God pity her!—the sects would place her under the pretence of enfranchisement. Let me tell you of a mother in Israel,—of a woman of the Second Spring.

At the time of the Oxford Revival, in a certain old English city, a man and a maid were “keeping company,” as it is termed; the man was a Protestant, the maid a Catholic, and she had told him

frankly that she could wed only one of her own faith. "Come to our church," she said; "see how you like the services. If you are drawn to it, I'll marry you; but if you are not, it will be better for you to go your way, and for me to go mine." The young men acquiesced: he went to Mass and Benediction, in due time entered the Fold, wedded the girl he loved, and when the nestlings came they found a happy and a peaceful home.

As time went on, the father's trade—he was an engineer—became dull, and he accepted employment in Birmingham, where Doctor Ullathorne was then first bishop. He had been the mother's spiritual director when he was in charge of the mission he himself had founded in the old city she had left, and she naturally turned to him for guidance in her new home. Every Sunday and holyday, in rain or sunshine, she took her little flock a five miles' walk to the cathedral; but when a temporary iron church was erected nearer, the family worshipped there.

Now I must tell you about this same church. The priest in charge was Father (now Canon) R., a veritable good Samaritan to the afflicted of all creeds. When there was an epidemic, this soldier of the Church was always at his post. One met him in courts and dim, narrow streets, making haste to the mourner and the sick. In the great, grim prison—immortalized by Charles Reade in "Never too Late to Mend"—he was the chaplain; and he it was who solemnized the prison wedding, so much talked of at the time. He arranged the details of the wedding, bought the gown and ring, then married the couple in the prison chapel, and befriended them when they went into the outer world.

This was the pastor of the mission; and after a lapse of years, when the congregation had largely increased, a church of brick or stone was urgently needed, and the woman of the Second Spring was one of the most zealous canvassers. She knew by heart the Catechism, the *Confiteor*, the Peniten-

tial Psalms, the litanies, etc.; but was not what she termed a scholar,—had no book-learning. This being so, she was at a loss as to how to keep a list of subscribers, but her husband suggested a remedy. He drew a cross on cardboard, and told her to pick a hole for every coin. Then her work began. So zealous a canvasser was she that she solicited aid from non-Catholics as well as the faithful. "I know you are not a Catholic," she would say, "but give me a penny for my church. It is God's temple."

Up and down the long, grey streets, in the vicinity of the frowning prison towers, went this feminine evangelist, in her little fawn shawl and Old-World black bonnet. For her "God was in His heaven," and He was the unseen partner in her work. Did she succeed, you ask? Well, gauge her success by results. Card after card was filled, until the mission church was raised; and the priest himself said: "Mrs. —, you have done well and nobly for us." She was not very strong (I once caught a fleeting glimpse of her—only a frail, small old lady); but her spirit was grand and beautiful. She could have said with a great and good non-Catholic reformer, "I am immortal till my work is done."

When the collecting cards of the woman who was "no scholar" had gone in, when the Sanctus bell rang in the new church, she took to her bed and passed away. From the lips of her own daughter I have heard the story of that passing. All at once she roused from a deep slumber and began the Litany of Our Blessed Lady, and when she came to *Regina Angelorum* she fell asleep. Peace and repose and refreshment be with you, O mother in Israel, O woman of the Second Spring! Your children arise and call you blessed. The man whom you led into the Fold went before you to the Vale of Rest. You were a Christian Philemon and Baucis. What higher praise can be given?

Pass we over the waters to what Bishop Cowgill, of Leeds, calls the greenest land,—the land of Patrick and of Bridget,

hallowed from vale to mountain by the blood of martyrs. I am going to tell you of a pair of married sweethearts who lived in Roscommon. They were cottage farmers (the homestead was miles away from a posting town), and were as happy as the day is long. They knelt on the sack hearth-rug on the earthen floor and said the Rosary together,—the Rosary for the living and for the holy dead. They wished the neighbors good luck in the cheery country way: "God bless the mornin', Patsy!" "God bless the work, Michael!" The dumb creatures all knew and loved them. Whenever they had to go a few miles from home, whether by land or sea, they took with them the prayers the soggarth had written for those who travel, and felt safe. One boy went here, one there, but all were secure under Mary's mantle, and the old home in the old country was a lodestar.

The bell in the ivied church tower called them to church; and they "keened" in the churchyard after Mass, and their prayers and their keening went up to God. They worked hard, but their slumber was very sweet; and so were the porridge and the slice of homemade bread, for love sweetened both. Then the long summer days were never too long; for, as a Jesuit priest who has passed away has told us, love shortens time.

As years went on, Patsy grew feebler, but he would not own up to it. No, no! He struggled along, and looked after the dumb creatures that loved him; and Cathey did the cooking and buying, and looked after him. Ah, that looking after the pilgrim who has come to the last stage of his pilgrimage,—some of us know what it means!

One day in the gloaming, Patsy came home and sat down by the sweet peat fire. Then he said, "Hail Mary!" and, "My Jesus, mercy!" and then later on, "I think I'll go to bed." Cathey knew what that going meant, and sent for the priest and the doctor, And shortly afterward Patsy was—

Past the coming and the going,
Past the ebbing and the flowing,
Past the reaping and the sowing.

And a white-faced woman hung his old coat up behind the door, and keened in the lone churchyard. The married sweethearts were parted for a time, but Cathey was not entirely desolate. One of the boys came back, and farmed the bit of land, and every now and again a little boy who was of kin to her came and livened her up. This same gossoon's brother used to take himself to the little farm, and wanted to live in Erin altogether.

Their mother paid a visit to Roscommon last Bank Holiday, and she told us that the widow put her arms about her and whispered: "It's himself that I want. I miss his good-morning. I'd like to see him sittin' by the hearth, and hear his voice in the Rosary. How happy I shall be when I look on his face once more!"

These two women—the woman of the Second Spring and the old Irish mother—were lights of home; candles set on a hill, for the guidance of their household; lights to lead their children into the gates of the City Eternal in the heavens, whose builder and maker is God. They had crosses to bear, they had contradictions; but they bore them for God's sake, for love's sake. They would have shrank in horror at the thought of a court of law parting them. Marriage was a sacrament; the sacramental grace was with them, and in that grace they went to Him who bade "them love one another."

THE rose, so long considered the floral emblem of England, was not known in that country until the early part of the fifteenth century. Rose trees were then brought from Italy and planted in the royal gardens. They were sent as presents from the Holy Father, and highly esteemed by royalty. It became the custom to carve them over the doors of the confessional as holy flowers; hence the term *sub rosa* (under the rose) used to mean "with secrecy."

The Yellow Camlet Bed.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

THE night was closing in over that brick house in Wolfert's Valley,* which had been of late erected by the most worshipful Mynheer Rutger. He had furnished the interior of his dwelling with many rich and costly articles, brought from over the seas by some of those vessels of which he was part owner. Of these, none had occasioned greater talk in the quiet town than that yellow camlet bed, silk-lined and laced, upon which now lay the mistress of the household, Heer Rutger's wife. She had reached her threescore years, but was comely and well-preserved until the hand of disease had set its fatal mark upon her; and it was easy to see from certain unmistakable signs that the hour of her death was fast approaching. The room wherein she lay was a fine one, which, by daylight or when the moon was full, enjoyed a fine prospect over the East River. But now the windows were closed, and the air of the room was further clogged by the burning of pastilles. A short, squat woman, clad in a gown of linsey, with a white muslin kerchief and a dainty cap, kept watch over the sick woman, moving uneasily about the room, and murmuring to herself that it was a thousand pities Mynheer Rutger was upon the seas, and could not learn until it was too late of his wife's serious condition.

"Ach, the poor lady!" she said. "And Mynheer will be broken-hearted!"

For it was well known to the household that the stern and silent man had concentrated his whole affection, especially since the quarrel with his only son, upon that figure in the gorgeous bed, which was slowly passing from life to death.

All at once the silence of the room was broken by a low but imperious voice:

* A locality in early Dutch New York, bordering on the lower part of the East River.

"Sara Pietersen!"

"My lady!" cried the Dutchwoman, hastening toward the bed in wonder and perturbation; for her mistress, who was suffering from a fever, having been unconscious, had spoken no word for several days, save delirious mutterings.

"I shall never see my husband or my son,—my son!" she said, in a voice curiously distinct and full of anguish.

When she spoke again it was with the amazing command—

"Go at once, Sara Pietersen, and find a Catholic priest!"

"A priest!" the woman stammered, bending closer to look at the flushed face of her mistress, whom she believed to be still delirious. But the eyes, clear and sane, confronted her with full recognition.

"Gracious lady," she said, "there has been no Popish priest upon the Island since good King William began to reign."

"There may be one. Go at once and see. I can not die like this."

As Sara still demurred, the woman raised herself by an effort, while her voice rose to a shriek.

"Go,—go!" she cried. "I can not die like this. My God, my God, will no one have pity?"

Sara hurried downstairs, wondering, as she went, why any one should wish to see one of those men. Only lately she had heard her mistress scorning and traducing them. And where to look for one she could not guess. In the kitchen dark shadows lingered amongst the oaken beams, and made a picture of the cook as she stood in the glow of the fire dealing out the savory contents of a stew-pan to the Irish serving-man, Shan O'Neil. This man, clad in a striped waistcoat and blue trousers, with stockings of yarn, busied with his supper, listened stolidly at first to the tale which the Dutchwoman was excitedly telling. But when she reached her climax, describing how the lady above in her yellow camlet bed was crying out for a priest, the man, wiping his mouth, sprang suddenly to his feet.

"If there be a priest on the Island of Manhattan," he cried, "I'll bring him here, if I were to hang for it! And so you may tell the lady."

Hastily snatching a brown livery coat, faced with blue, which was hanging behind the door, he went out into the night.

II.

Down on the shore of the Bay the waves were tumbling over one another, and a freshening breeze blew upward from the sea. The oyster boats had been long since called in from the fishing, and there was scarce a sail in sight save the tall ships, or brigantines, that rocked gently at anchor. Some lights gleamed out from the Fort, shining upon the breastwork and the polished metal of the guns upon the bastions; while behind it the old Dutch town lay solemn and silent, as though its inhabitants were sleeping a Rip Van Winkle sleep. Its darkness was relieved only by the lanterns slung out from poles by householders, one in eight; and the stillness was broken by the heavy tread and the hoarse voices of the watch crying out the time of night.

A tall man was standing, concealed as much as possible from the view of chance comers by the hull of a boat that had long lain imbedded in the sand. He drew in deep breaths of salt air, gazing out over the face of the waters lit by the pale ray of a crescent moon; or he let his eyes wander inland, where the same faint, silvery gleam and the light of the stars might alone enable him to discern objects. He glanced likewise from time to time at a cabin which stood near, from which came no sound of life, and which he therefore concluded to be uninhabited. His attitude, expectant, was one of calm patience; but, since his anticipations were directed toward the water and not toward the land, it was with a start and a quick movement at better concealment that he became conscious of hurrying footsteps, which stopped before the door of the cabin. He heard the sound of

cautious and repeated knocking, and next the murmur of two voices that came to him distinctly through the silence.

"Michael Walsh! Michael Walsh! Are you there?" cried the man without; while from within came the answer, which gave the impression that the occupant of the cabin was none too well pleased at being disturbed. "I'm coming," he said.

"For the love of God, open quick!"

The door being opened, the messenger continued:

"Do you know if there is a priest on the Island of Manhattan?"

"Whist, whist!" said the voice from within the cabin. "It's only a fool that mentions the word these days. Do you want to put my neck into a halter?"

"No, but you may put mine into one, if only you'll tell what I want to know."

"How should I know?" growled the other.

"Because you're ever and always about the wharves, unloading the vessels that come from foreign parts; and I've heard tell more than once that you helped—"

"For God's sake, hold your tongue!" cried the alarmed Michael.

"Sorra a one there is to hear," replied Shan.

At the same instant Michael laid a heavy hand upon his companion's shoulder; while the listener behind the boat likewise heard that which he had been straining his ears to hear—the sound of a boat being rowed with muffled oars, not far distant from the shore.

"That's a boat comin' to land, and God knows who's in it!" said Michael.

"But, Michael," Shan went on, speaking now in an almost inarticulate whisper, so that the listener behind the boat could scarcely catch the words, "the lady up yonder is dyin' and callin' for a priest; and if she dies in her sins the guilt will be on you to all eternity."

"My soul to glory!" said the other, "But there's not the sign of a priest this month past on the Island."

"Then God have mercy on her soul—"

and it's mercy she'll need!" replied Shan, with a groan.

Meantime the boat was brought to land; and a young man, springing ashore, gave a low and cautious whistle. This was instantly answered; and, to the amazement and terror of the two, a tall figure, clad in black, arose from behind the hull, and, with a single explanatory word to the boatman—"I can not go with you now,"—turned in the direction of the gaping Irishmen.

"You were asking for a priest?"

"Holy Moses!" exclaimed the man called Michael. "My neck's as good as in the halter now. Bad manners to you, Shan, for a chattering magpie!"

And, without further ado, he ran away at full speed into the darkness.

But Shan stood his ground, with what faint ray of hope he knew not.

"I was asking for a priest," he said; "and I gave my word to find one, if I had to hang for it."

But the boatman was plucking at the tall man's sleeve.

"Do not delay an instant," he said; "the tide is favorable now. And as for the rest, who knows but this may be a trap, and will cost you your life?"

But the tall man, paying no attention, eagerly inquired of Shan:

"There is a soul, you say, in need of the ministrations of a priest?"

"Oh, then, God be praised, Father,—if it's a priest that's in it!" exclaimed Shan.

The boatman at this juncture turned sharply upon the Irishman.

"Whence do you come?" he asked.

"From a big brick house above there in Wolfert's Valley."

The young man visibly started.

"Are you in service there?"

"I have been, your honor, for the past two months."

"Who sent you hither?"

"No one,—I came of my own accord."

"But how did you know that a priest would be on the shore in the darkness?"

"I *didn't* know more than the child

unborn. His Reverence here can tell you that I came to ask a man, who might chance to know, if there was a priest in the colony."

"God guiding you!" murmured the priest.

"And that same man is the biggest poltroon that ever disgraced the County Tipperary!"

Shan shook his fist in the direction where his late companion had disappeared into the darkness.

"Who is it that wants the priest?" demanded the young man, in the same sharp tone.

"'Tis the lady herself, who, as they tell me, lies in the yellow camlet bed, silk-lined and laced, that all the town was talking of."

"God of heaven," cried the young man, "it's my mother!"

"And," added Shan, "she's lying sick to death with a fever."

"Let us not lose a moment," the priest said. "Thank God that I was here!"

"Yes, thank God and His Blessed Mother!" echoed the young man.

And just as the gun sounded from the Fort for nine of the clock, the three passed within the gates, that were presently shut for the night, and sped toward Rutger's dwelling in Wolfert's Valley.

III.

While the clergyman and his companion mounted the stairs, Shan waited below, congratulating himself upon the wonderful chance by which he had found a priest, and reflecting upon the mystery piled upon mystery of that night's happenings. For the man in the boat had spoken of the lady as his mother; and he, the son of this bigoted household, had come with a boat to fetch away a priest, who was now, in turn, called to minister to the mistress of the house, who had been foremost amongst the bigots.

It was deemed advisable that the priest alone should enter the sick-room, where the lights, burning low, disclosed that central figure upon the gorgeous bed, who

now waited the dread summons. The Dutchwoman, Sara, came forward out of the shadow, to be dismissed by a peremptory sign from her mistress; and the tall man made the Sign of the Cross over the patient.

"Are you a priest, sir?" the woman asked, fixing unnaturally bright eyes upon him.

He bowed his head.

"And you are risking your life for a miserable sinner who, a fortnight before this sickness came upon her, would have been active in delivering you to justice?"

"Let us forget all that now," said the priest; "for time is short and eternity is long. Are you a Catholic?"

"I was until my marriage. Poor and friendless, tempted by a brilliant alliance, I gave up my Faith. Priests there were none, and—"

"God will have mercy," he assured her; "but make haste for your confession."

The lights flickered low; the odor of the pastilles was almost overpowering; while the priest bent his ear to the story of a life about to close. When the confession was finished, the woman said:

"My son—my dearly loved son,—by what strange chance I know not, became a Catholic. He married a Catholic girl, and was driven from the city and the colony by his father. To my eternal misery, I aided and abetted those cruel measures."

The priest, as he listened, knew how sore had been the straits to which that young couple and their infant child had been reduced; but he waited to hear more.

"Father," cried the wretched woman, "oh, that I could look once more upon the face of my son,—my son, my son!"

Her voice died in a moan of anguish; and the priest, rising, by a sign summoned the waiting son. Leaving the two together, he withdrew into the embrasure of the window; and, looking out to where the crescent moon, just setting, faintly illumined the broad sweep of the East River, gave thanks to the Lord for His mercy

to an erring soul. But he did not linger long; for he knew that the sands of his penitent's life were ebbing fast, and the last absolution was to be given. He could do no more.

"Oh," cried the woman, in a voice that had grown perceptibly weaker, "that I could repair the cruelty and injustice which, out of hatred to religion, I aided your father to commit against you, my son! But when I am gone, by the aid of Sara and the faithful Irishman who risked his life to bring the priest, you will take apart the camlet bed. Whatsoever you may find in it is yours entirely, save for an offering for Masses for my soul and a gift to Shan—" She paused; then, raising up her faltering voice by a last effort, added: "See that it be done before your father comes. Farewell! *O Jesu, Maria!*"

IV.

When Heer Rutger sailed back again to Manhattan, the first news to greet him was the death of his wife. He shut himself into the best bedroom of his handsome house, and, throwing wide the windows, dispelled the lingering traces of the pastilles. He stood and gazed, with a sorrow that broke forth into sobs, upon the yellow camlet bed, which, with its rich accoutrements, he had brought from over the seas for the wife so passionately beloved. But calmly it occupied its place, catching the sunlight from the window, and giving no hint of that strange scene when, by the help of Shan and Sara, it gave up the fruits of a repentant mother's savings, to repair the wrong and injustice toward the banished son.

But as the years went on, and Heer Rutger, more stern and silent than ever, grew to a solitary old age, a legend somehow floated out into Wolfert's Valley and the colony at large that the yellow camlet bed possessed magical, treasure-producing qualities; and that there had assisted at the deathbed of the haughty Madam Rutger a tall man in black, endowed by the popular myth with mysterious powers.

The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

March 9, Passion Sunday.

TO-DAY we enter upon the solemn season known as Passiontide. As its name implies, it is a period specially dedicated in the sacred liturgy to the contemplation of the Passion of Jesus Christ. An ever-increasing tone of mournfulness characterizes the services of the Church during this season. The crucifix on the altar, the images of Our Lady and of the saints are shrouded in purple veils: the *Gloria Patri* is suppressed in the Mass. Even the preparatory psalm, usually recited by the priest at the foot of the altar, is omitted. The jubilant words: "I will go unto the altar of God: to God who giveth joy to my youth. . . . I will praise Thee upon the harp, O God, my God! Why art thou sad, O my soul?" are not in keeping with this season of unmitigated grief, when the Church would have us mourn for the humiliations heaped upon our Redeemer in His Passion. The opening words only of the psalm are made use of as an Introit: "Judge me, O God, and distinguish my cause from the nation that is not holy. Deliver me from the unjust and deceitful man; for Thou art my God and my strength." It is the appeal of the Just One to the tribunal of His Father from the unjust judgments of men.

All the formulas breathe a similar spirit of earnest supplication and entire trust. Thus the Gradual and Tract take up the strain: "Deliver me, O Lord, from mine enemies. . . . Thou wilt rescue me from the unjust man." "They have attacked me from my youth. . . . The wicked have wrought upon my back." The word translated "wrought upon" has the signification in the Hebrew of the repeated strokes dealt by a smith upon the anvil; hence we may read here a description of the scourging.

The Epistle tells of our High Priest,

who in His Passion fulfils all the ancient types, becoming Saving Victim, as well as Priest, and by His supreme Sacrifice procuring the world's redemption.

The Gospel is that sad and shameful story of the maddened enemies of Jesus hurling at Him one insult after another; shouting, "Thou art a Samaritan!" "Thou hast a devil!" and finally attempting to stone Him as a blasphemer. "But Jesus hid Himself." Therefore, say commentators on the ceremonies of the Church, His figure on the crucifix is hidden by a veil; some see, in the suppression of the *Gloria Patri* a similar retribution to the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, whose honor was then so deeply outraged.

The Collect prays thus: "Mercifully look down on Thy people, O Almighty God, that, by Thy bounty and protection, they may be governed and guarded both in body and soul." The end of the Lenten season of penance is the bringing about of an entire reformation in the souls of Christians. The discipline of fasting and abstinence is intended to subdue the carnal man and bring the body under subjection to the soul. As the Lenten preface says: "By bodily fasting [Thou] dost repress vice, elevate the mind, bestow virtue and rewards." But the spirit is to benefit likewise. The mind is to be "elevated" above earthly things and freed from all enslaving delusions and passions. Thus both soul and body are to be "governed and guarded" by means of discipline. This, however, can not take place without the help of God; the Collect, therefore, breathes an entire dependence upon His mercy and bounty. "Look down upon Thy people," it cries,—"mercifully look down!" It is as though His glance were averted for the moment. The expression is frequently met with in the Psalms. It refers to a manifestation of His interest in His people, and His love for them, which really never fail, though they may not be always evident.

The same foes who instigated the blasphemous conduct of the Jews toward Our

Lord seek our destruction too. Only that divine power which rendered Our Lord invisible, and confounded those who sought His life, will avail us in our combat. For that protecting power the Collect of to-day teaches us to pray. A loving confidence in God's gracious help—a confidence expressed so frequently in the liturgy of this Sunday—must needs win a bountiful response.

The Monastery of Pastrana.

HIGH upon a mountain peak, above which towered still higher mountains, almost touching the clouds, stood the monastery of Pastrana, one of the most celebrated of Spain's mountain monasteries. The cells of the monks were narrow as their graves; and the austerities there practised were unusual even in the days of severe conventual rule.

Many of the most noted monks of the Discalced Carmelite Order were trained at this simple mountain monastery, the first prior of which was Baltazar de Jesus; and later that wonderful Juan de la Cruz, who startled the world by the novel project of the college to train Discalced Carmelites at the University of Alcala.

When St. Teresa of Jesus had, with great labor, founded her convent of Discalced Carmelites at Toledo, there came to her a messenger from no less a person than Doña Ana, Princess of Eboli, demanding that the nun hasten to Pastrana and found there a new convent, to be under the patronage of the Princess, heiress of the great Mendoza family.

St. Teresa never did anything without prayer to the Blessed Sacrament; and she knelt before the sanctuary, praying for light. Then the Voice of God seemed to whisper to her: "Depart thither, and with thee take the Rule of the Order." She did not hesitate; but, to be quite sure, she consulted her confessor; and when he advised her accepting the patronage of the Princess, she decided to start at once.

On the way to Pastrana St. Teresa stopped over night at Madrid, and there met a hermit, Ambrosio Mariano, upon whose life she was to have a great effect. Ambrosio Mariano de San Benito was a Neapolitan, a learned man, whose career had been romantic in the extreme. A favorite of the Queen of Poland, he had been distinguished by her with a position in her household; but, his adventuresome spirit wearying of this, he went to be a soldier. Very religious, he became a Knight of Malta; but, unjustly accused of a crime, was cast into prison, to be finally released and proved innocent. As tutor to the Prince of Sulmona, Mariano went to Spain, where he fell under the notice of King Philip II., who found his engineering skill useful, and gave him the difficult task of making navigable the Guadalquivir from Seville to Cordova.

The world, meantime, palled upon the man who was ever a true religious at heart, and he already planned to leave it. He had met and liked Fray Mateo, the hermit of El Tardon; and upon visiting him had accidentally snapped into pieces the sword which had been his constant companion for years. This he took as a sign from above that he "should leave the earthly for the heavenly militia," and he determined to join the brotherhood.

These solitaries had no regular affiliation, and the Holy Father had issued his decree that they must become a part of some religious Order, to accord with the decision of the Council of Trent. The Prince of Eboli had urged Mariano, whom he greatly admired, to carry out the wishes of the Pope, promising him and his brethren a convent at Pastrana as soon as they were recognized at Rome. When, therefore, the monk met St. Teresa and read her Rule and Constitution, with its triple beauty of penitence, poverty, and prayer, it came to him that this was what he had long wished as his rule of life. "This is the Order I must join!" he exclaimed to his friend and brother, Juan de la Misericordia.

Thereafter the work went on with swiftness toward the completion of a convent and monastery, both at Pastrana. Brother solitaries came from El Tardon to dwell under the Carmelite Rule at the new monastery, where all was peace and beauty, even though the headstrong nature of the zealous founder made St. Teresa say that he was "of a truth man, not angel."

And as the monastery stood peaceful and holy upon the hills of Spain, St. Teresa was wont to say: "How wonderful are the ways of God! How easily He bends the slightest events to work out His plans! How beautifully does He make the least of us to serve Him! Had I not obeyed the Voice and the advice of my confessor, and gone to the Princess of Eboli, there would then perhaps have been no fair monastery of Pastrana."

Anent the Next War.

THERE is international war in the Balkans, and civil war in Mexico; Canada's Parliament is debating the giving of three dreadnoughts to the British Navy, and Congress has just decided to add two battleships to our own fleet; and the newly-elected President of France says in his first message to the Chamber of Deputies, "Let us, therefore, turn our thoughts toward our army and navy, which are our most useful aids to diplomacy, and hesitate at no sacrifice that may be necessary to strengthen these forces." Evidently, then, notwithstanding the Hague Tribunal and the academic efforts of the devotees of universal peace, attention is still being paid to the oldtime counsel, "In time of peace prepare for war"; and the epoch foretold by the poet of Locksley Hall, when "the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled," is not likely to arrive in this first quarter of the present century, whatever be the prospect of its later years.

From the consideration of war in the abstract one's attention is drawn to a concrete conflict of tremendous propor-

tions which a good many people regard as inevitable some time, which others consider probable within a decade, and which not a few look upon as imminent even now,—a giant struggle between England and Germany. General von Bernhardt, a German of note and the acknowledged first living authority in Germany upon some matters of military science, has recently published a book, "Germany and the Next War"; and to a late *Fortnightly Review*, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle contributes a criticism thereof under the alternate or reciprocal title, "Great Britain and the Next War." A few quotations from book and critique may interest those of our readers who do not habitually keep abreast of the times in world politics. Without sacrificing space to even a summary of the German general's argument, we give a few of the conclusions to which the argument drives him:

What we now wish to attain must be fought for and won against a superior force of hostile interests and Powers.

Since the struggle is necessary and inevitable, we must fight it out, cost what it may.

A pacific agreement with England is a will-o'-the-wisp, which no serious German statesman would trouble to follow. We must always keep the possibility of war with England before our eyes, and arrange our political and military plans accordingly. We need not concern ourselves with any pacific protestations of English politicians, publicists, and Utopians, which can not alter the real basis of affairs.

The situation in the world generally shows there can be only a short respite before we once more face the question whether we will draw the sword for our position in the world, or renounce such position once for all. We must not in any case wait until our opponents have completed their arming and decide that the hour of attack has come.

Even English attempts at a *rapprochement* must not blind us to the real situation. We may at most use them to delay the necessary and inevitable war until we may fairly imagine we have some prospect of success.

The writer in the *Fortnightly* discusses at considerable length the premises from which the foregoing conclusions have been drawn, and endeavors to show that they are in the main erroneous. Personally, he

had long believed that there was no danger whatever of Germany's attacking the powerful British Empire. "If she made war, and lost it, her commerce would be set back and her rising colonial empire destroyed. If she won it, it was difficult to see where she could hope for the spoils. We could not give her greater facilities for trade than she has already. We could not give her habitable white colonies, for she would find it impossible to take possession of them in the face of the opposition of the inhabitants. An indemnity she could never force from us."

Sir Arthur still thinks that it would be an insane action for Germany deliberately to plan an attack upon Great Britain. Yet his perusal of Von Bernhardt's volume leads him to write:

But am I such an optimist as to say that there is no danger in a German war? On the contrary, I consider that there is a vast danger,—that it is one which we ignore, and against which we could at a small cost effect a complete insurance. Let me try to define both the danger and the remedy. In order to do this we must consider the two different forms which such a war might take. It might be a single duel, or it might be with France as our ally. If Germany attacked Great Britain alone, it may safely be prophesied that the war would be long, tedious, and possibly inconclusive; but our rôle would be a comparatively passive one. If she attacked France, however, that rôle would be much more active, since we could not let France go down; and to give her effective help we must land an expeditionary force upon the Continent. This force has to be supplied with munitions of war and kept up to strength, and so the whole problem becomes a more complex one.

The reference to France is abundantly justified by this paragraph from the German book:

In one way or another, *we must square our account with France* if we wish to secure a free hand in our international policy. This is the first and foremost condition of a sound German policy; and, since the hostility of France once for all can not be removed by peaceful overtures, the matter must be settled by arms. France must be so completely crushed that she can never again come across our path.

In so far as Great Britain's military and naval resources are concerned, Sir Arthur

believes them adequate, *if* a tunnel be built under the Straits of Dover. "The Channel Tunnel," he asserts, "is essential to Great Britain's safety." Such a tunnel should be constructed by the nation, or nations, for their common national advantage. It is too vital a thing for any private company to control.

But consider its bearing upon a German war. All the dangers which I have depicted are eliminated. We tap (*viâ* Marseilles and the tunnel) the whole food supply of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. Our expeditionary force makes its transit, and has its supplies independent of weather or naval chances. Should anything so unlikely as a raid occur, and the forces in the country seem unable to cope with it, a Franco-British reinforcement can be rushed through from the Continent.

As summarizing this whole paper, the concluding paragraph is of interest:

Let me say in conclusion, most emphatically, that I do not myself accept any of those axioms of General von Bernhardt which are the foundation stones of his argument. I do not think that war is in itself a good thing, though a dishonorable peace may be a worse one. I do not believe that an Anglo-German war is necessary. I am convinced that we should never, of our own accord, attack Germany, nor would we assist France if she made an unprovoked attack upon that Power. I do not think that, as the result of such a war, Germany could in any way extend her flag so as to cover a larger white population. Every one of his propositions I dispute. But that is all beside the question. We have not to do with his argument, but with its results. Those results are that he, a man whose opinion is of weight and a member of the ruling class in Germany, tells us frankly that Germany will attack us the moment she sees a favorable opportunity. I repeat that we should be mad if we did not take very serious notice of the warning.

Whether England will follow the advice of an author who is famous for novel, rather than naval, writing remains to be seen; but if the construction of the Channel Tunnel should have the effect (as it not improbably would) of checking the bellicose tendencies of General von Bernhardt and those Germans who agree with him, we should say that the sooner the construction is begun, the better for the peace of Europe.

Notes and Remarks.

The warmest friends of the Woman's Suffrage cause must regret the criminal excesses of the militant suffragettes in England. Unless human nature in that country is abnormally constituted, these unladylike ladies are injuring instead of advancing their interests. We like the admirably sane way in which the matter is treated in Cardinal Bourne's Lenten Pastoral. He writes:

The public life of England has for a considerable time been agitated by the discussion of the expediency of allowing to women the right of voting at Parliamentary elections. On the question in itself there is no call for us to speak. Catholics are free to take either view, to admit or to deny this expediency. Powerful arguments may be adduced, great and honored names can be invoked, on either side. Nevertheless, it is one of the duties belonging to our pastoral office to warn our flock against excesses, and possible moral faults, which may easily be committed in the pursuit of an object in itself legitimate. And it is more necessary to do so when the leaders in that pursuit do not all accept the authority of the Church, or even the principles of Christianity. On this account we most earnestly beg the faithful committed to our care, who have convinced themselves of the equity and expediency of the object which they are seeking, to be ever on their guard against any participation, direct or indirect, in any methods which are contrary to the law of God. We refer especially to those acts of violence to persons or property which have disgraced this movement, and which are manifestly contrary to justice and charity.

It is just as well to emphasize the Cardinal's statement that Catholics are free to admit or to deny the expediency of votes for women, that one is not necessarily a Modernist if he favors their obtaining the franchise.

In the *Fortnightly Review* for February our new President has an article, "Freemen Need No Guardians," which is much more likely to appeal to the average man in the street than to the "captain of industry," the professional statesman, or the politician inclined to take himself too seriously. It is a thoroughly readable

article, quite free from any suspicion of pedantry such as might not unreasonably be apprehended from a scholar in politics; and accordingly inspires the hope that our presidential messages for the next few years will lack the ponderosity that has sometimes made such documents a weariness to the spirit. To quote one typical paragraph:

I have listened to some very honest and eloquent orators whose sentiments were noteworthy for this—that, when they spoke of the people, they were not thinking of themselves: they were thinking of somebody whom they were commissioned to take care of. They were always planning to do things for the American people, and I have seen them visibly shiver when it was suggested that they arrange to have something done by the people for themselves. They said, "What do they know about it?" I always feel like replying, "What do you know about it? You know your own interests, but who has told you our interests, and what do you know about them?" For the business of every leader of government is to hear what the nation is saying and to know what the nation is enduring. It is not his business to judge *for* the nation, but to judge *through* the nation as its spokesman and voice.

Issue may perhaps be taken as to the justice of the principle enunciated in that concluding sentence; but if ours be a government "of, for, and by, the people," the principle seems to be sound enough for all practical purposes.

A renegade priest, telling, in a pamphlet published by the Rationalist Press Association, why he left the Church, among other accusations against Catholic polemics, charges them with being "repeatedly guilty of misrepresentation." He complains that his friends of former days have abandoned him 'as though he were stricken with leprosy.' In the next chapter of his autobiography this unfortunate man will probably have a similar complaint to make of his rationalist associates, more than one of whom, we notice, has already questioned both the soundness of his scholarship and his fairness in dealing with opponents. Accusations of dishonesty, inaccuracy, and irresponsibility come with

exceedingly bad grace from one who, referring to 1863, and Darwin's theory of the "Origin of Species," writes:

In France, the great Cuvier was crushing the young theory with the weight of his authority. From the pulpit of Notre Dame, the brilliant Lacordaire was assuring men that its father was pride, its mother lust, and its offspring revolutions.

As the late Father Gerard took pains to point out, Cuvier had at the time been dead more than thirty years; and Lacordaire, who died in 1861, never stood in the pulpit of Notre Dame after the *coup d'état* of 1857.

Of all the so-called scientists of our time, Haeckel is now the most discredited. And to think that it was this impostor—he has been proved such—whom the unfortunate friar abandoned the Church to follow! His former friends have not abandoned him,—they continue to pray that before it is too late he may have the grace to see, as Ernest Hello says, that "Jesus Christ remains what He always has been—the Corner Stone of this world, of all worlds"; that "God is *that which is*; and that outside of God is nothing but darkness, disorder, negation, and utter boredom."

That vexed question, the teaching of sex knowledge, is the subject of a particularly sane editorial in the *Month*. We quote it in full:

The perennial problem before the educator is how and when to communicate the facts of physiology to the young so as to avoid suggesting evil to minds not mature enough to resist it. Not to give such instruction is to expose the ignorant to evils, of which the White Slave Traffic is one of the external symptoms; to give it prematurely may be to allow passion the start of reason and grace. Thus action is imperative, yet action may be disastrous. We have recently reviewed several books by Catholic authors wherein the task has been essayed; it forms, besides, the subject of many volumes by non-Catholics, some of which are really appeals to prurience disguised as science, and most of which ignore the principles of moral pathology. We find in Catholic authors a general agreement that such instruction should

be gradual and individual,—a method which is surely the dictate of common-sense, since children vary so widely in precocity. But many non-Catholic authors, who have little conception of the virtue of purity, throw all reticence to the winds, and do not scruple to advocate public teaching of such matters to little children. In a State which still calls itself Christian, but which has assuredly lost much of the spirit of Christianity, we have no security that this abomination will not some day be proposed and enacted as law, or, more probably, insinuated into educational practice by "administrative" orders.

America is at present the happy hunting-ground of many experimentalists of this sort, who, under plea of "Eugenics" or some such high-sounding theory, aim at urging the State to still further encroachments upon parental duties and rights. There seems no limit to the wild prescriptions advocated, yet the position is intelligible. A breach has been effected with Christian tradition. The Church, by her direct teaching and by her insisting on parental responsibility in this matter, aims at securing that children should be warned discreetly and individually and in good time about the physiological facts that concern them. Take away the Church's teaching, destroy the sense of responsibility in parents, and, as in every other case of neglected duty, you give a pretext to the interference of the State.

Certainly, it seems to us, the Catholic should stand in principle for no instruction but that given by parents. It is said that parents, particularly Irish parents, are reluctant to impart such information. Who shall blame them? It is part of an instinct; and the Irish people, withal, are reputed the purest race in the world.

Unless the absolutely unforeseen occurs, Home Rule will be an accomplished fact in 1914. The Bill, rejected by the House of Lords, will be sent back to them in May. "If it is again rejected," says the *London Catholic Times*, "it will be returned in February next year; and by the 9th of May, 1914, it will become law. The Lords, seeing that they can not prevent the measure from finding a place in the statute-book, may hope that they will succeed in damaging it by the offer of a compromise. They may propose to pass

the Bill on condition that a part of Ulster be eliminated from it." Such a proposal however, will assuredly be futile. Mr. Redmond has publicly stated it would not be entertained for a moment. In a recent speech he declared that Ulster must remain an integral portion of the country; and, in view of the fact that the majority of Ulster's representatives in Parliament are Nationalists, it would be passing strange were that province allowed to secede. "Ireland," says her victorious leader, "has been one land all through the ages—through her suffering and her bitterness and her torture,—and one land she shall remain in the coming years of her happiness and glory."

The only tribute that we have seen in any English paper, secular or religious, to the memory of the late Père Vanden Gheyn, S. J., the eminent Belgian *savant*, has been contributed to the London *Tablet* by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Casartelli. "It would be a pity," he writes, "if the death of so distinguished a Catholic scholar and writer as Father Joseph Vanden Gheyn should be allowed to pass by unnoticed by the press." He was a prolific and valued contributor to philosophical reviews, and was regarded in scientific circles as an authority on various Oriental subjects. 'In at least one of his papers he made a real contribution to the grammar of the Sanskrit verbs; in others he discussed for a wider public such topics as the origin (Asiatic or European?) of the Aryan race and the ethnology of the Balkan peoples. After a few years of not very congenial work at a Jesuit boys' school, he was for a time professor of Sanskrit at the Catholic University of Paris. Then he was called to the high distinction of forming one of the select company of the Bollandists. He attained distinction in the new field of labor; but shortly afterward a yet further and wider change was made in his career: he was appointed, by the Belgian Government, Keeper of MSS. in

the Royal Library at Brussels. His *opus magnum* was the new and complete catalogue (in several volumes) of the MSS. of that famous library. Eventually he succeeded to the much-envied position of chief librarian. Failing health forced him to resign this office but a few months ago. His great abilities and his varied services in the cause of learning did not go unrecognized. The Belgian Government made him an Officer of the Order of Leopold; the French Government gave him the Cross of the Légion d'Honneur; and the University of Louvain created him an honorary Doctor of Philosophy.'

"It would leave an entirely wrong impression of a singularly attractive personality," concludes Bishop Casartelli, "if I did not add that, all through his busy literary and scientific career, Père Vanden Gheyn was first and foremost a model priest and religious. Even in the busiest epochs of his life, he was frequently engaged in giving retreats, hearing confessions, preaching, and other spiritual work such as falls to the share of the ordinary religious. His spiritual children will mourn his loss no less than his scientific colleagues. *R. I. P.*"

Speaking recently on the subject of "Isolation and Federation," at the annual meeting of the Catholic Federation of Leeds, England, Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew, better known to our readers as John Ayscough, explained how Catholics may lose the faith by being, in the necessity of the case, separated from their own kind. He made as well the further point that such calamity may befall those Catholics who voluntarily surround themselves with non-Catholic influences. As the Monsignor puts it:

You find that, whereas there are some Catholics who constantly live in Catholic surroundings, there are some who make their surroundings non-Catholic. They choose non-Catholic acquaintances. I am not for a moment advocating that Catholics should be so stupid,

so bigoted, or so narrow as to admit to their friendship none who do not share their faith: I speak of those who choose deliberately to shut themselves off from Catholic intercourse. Their going to church is almost the only Catholic thing they do. All the rest of the time they are perpetually living in an atmosphere which is non-Catholic. These people are weakening the fabric of religion in themselves. If they constantly meet and interchange Catholic thought and discuss the things which are of interest to Catholics, they warm themselves, as it were, in their faith. Each strengthens the other. . . .

Catholics should not insist too much on little differences,—for instance, social differences. It does not matter much that one is rich and the other poor. The common meeting-ground which will be their union in heaven is that they are all Catholics. It seems to me that we look too much to details and don't look after the great things. I think that the intercourse of Catholics with non-Catholics is one of the very best ways in which a knowledge of Catholicity can be spread. One really good Catholic does more, I honestly believe, to convert his non-Catholic neighbors than a whole course of sermons. A group of non-practising Catholics will do more to keep non-Catholics out of the Church than all the nonsense which has been taught during the past three hundred years. . . . I am quite sure that many of those who have been brought into the Church have not been brought really because they appreciated little matters of theology, but because they appreciated the fact that the Catholic religion made those Catholics they knew better Christians and neighbors than any other religion they knew of.

Everything, be it remembered, is on the side of Catholic solidarity. There is conversion to do within the Church as well as without; and federation, union of forces, is calculated to sustain the weaker brethren.

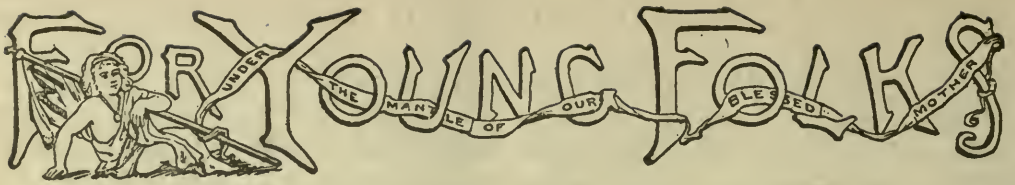
That it is practically possible for the laity to participate in the Liturgy is shown by the following extract from a communication to the *Church Times* (Anglican) by a correspondent travelling in France, who was present at Mass, offered in a church in the workmen's quarter of an old French town:

Squalor and evil smells formed the environment of the old church, and stucco and stripped statuary of a very inferior modelling were the most noticeable things in its outward aspect. It had stood for a century or two in the work-

men's quarter, where everything was poverty-stricken and wretched, and at the hour of Mass it was filled entirely with an audience of workmen. . . . The interior was commonplace, and, like any number of churches in France, there was no choir, and the organ would scarcely have passed muster in a village church at home. But when the service began, the absence of outward aids to worship ceased to attract notice; for the worshippers took up their share in their service with a masculine vigor that compelled attention, and by and by carried you along with them. It was their service, and the priest half seemed as if he were assisting rather than conducting. "*In Nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti.—Amen. Introibo ad altare Dei,*" chanted the priest, in clear but hardly powerful tones. "*Ad Deum qui latificat juventutem meam,*" came the response in a rolling body of sound that somehow seemed to carry the faith of worshipping centuries in its volume. All the responses were taken up without book or any aid but that of memory; the service was a spontaneous and real act of worship which could have come only from those who believed.

"Worship and faith and the moving of the soul to God were in that humble crowd," declares the writer, who aptly concludes: "Robert Browning, standing in St. Peter's at Rome, at the elevation of the Host, said, 'It is too good not to be true.' And at the words, '*Hoc est enim corpus meum,*' the feeling that stirred him to utter these words came uppermost in the heart."

A gratifying, because a significant, tendency observable in France is the presence, in theological seminaries, of an increasing number of full-grown and mature men as contradistinguished from the normal seminarian still in his teens or in his early twenties. From a French exchange we learn that in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, the student roll in 1911-12 embraced officers (of army and navy), ex-doctors, ex-lawyers, ex-bankers, ex-professors, ex-journalists, ex-artists, ex-engineers, and so on through a whole series of professional and industrial workers who gave up their worldly careers in order to serve the Church and their country by becoming priests.



White Eagle.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN, AUTHOR OF
"BILLY-BOY," ETC.

X.—"PAPPY."

THROUGH the black void of unconsciousness from which he was struggling back to life, Stephen Carruther caught the sound of voices.

"Give him some more, Batty,—give him some more!" came a clear, young tone that seemed to belong to a dim, far-away past.

"'Tain't no sort of use pouring good liquor down a dead man's throat," was the answer. "This here old chap's gone."

"O Batty, no, he isn't! Nona went off just like this in the snow that day, and came back all right. I'll lift his head while you give him a few drops more. There—he is swallowing it,—he is swallowing it, Batty!"

"Durned if he ain't! And dead men can't swallow, sure! There, Pappy! Try another swig!—Why, he's coming to!"

For the last "swig"—molten fire it seemed to Mr. Stephen Carruther's delicately trained palate—had done its work. He choked, gasped, and opened his eyes. A strong, firm arm was supporting his head; a blinking, weather-beaten little man was holding a leathern flask to his lips. The sick man shut those lips in their old tight lines against the fiery draught.

"You won't, eh, Pappy,—you won't? Wall, now, I wouldn't a tuk you for a White Ribboner. You ain't the first that a drop of good whiskey hez kept on this side of the Great Divide. One more pull! You're right blue about the gills yet."

"No!" came the faint but firm answer. "No—no—more! I'm better now."

"I told you so, Batty!" came the young

voice again. "But, golly, he had a close shave! Toppling over on the very edge of La Corta like this! If he hadn't caught tight to that pine branch, he would have gone over sure. I got up to him just as it was slipping from his hold."

Stephen Carruther listened like one in a dream. He was not quite himself yet, but that clear, young voice was making music in his dulled ears; his head was pillowed on the speaker's arm,—the boy who had reached him just in time to save him.

"What set an old maverick like this to cavorting on the edge of La Corta I can't see," growled Batty. "That bird I left cooking up thar on the rocks will get burned to a crisp."

"Go see about it, then," was the boy's answer. "I'll stay here with him."

"No," said Batty,—“no, I ain't going to leave you kid. Thar's no telling what sort of an old cuss this is, or what he might do to you. Like ez not he's been shooting or horse-stealing, and the sheriff is hot on his track. Got a sort of despret look about him."

"Oh, I don't think so, Batty! I don't think he looks desperate at all. He has a real nice, kind face. There—he is coming to fine!"

The boyish voice was very soft; the boyish hand was threading the damp, grizzled hair with almost a woman's touch. "You're getting all right now; ain't you, Pappy?"

It was the friendly name given to old strangers on these rough slopes, where real names did not count; but as it fell on the old man's ear he sat up, wild-eyed, breathless.

"My God!" he gasped, staring at the speaker. "Who—what are you, boy?"

"Thar, thar!" said Batty. "Easy now, Pappy! (I told you he was dangerous,

kid!) Easy now! No cavorting! We ain't meddling with you. You tumbled over in some sort of a fit, Pappy; and this here kid saw you, and came jumping just in time to keep you from rolling over in that thar cut, where you'd never been seen or heard of agin."

"Your name, boy?" asked the old man, while his trembling hand clutched Don's arm. "Your—your name?"

"Let go!" said Batty, sternly; while Don recoiled from the shaking grasp. "Let go, I say, you old dunderhead!—He is either drunk or dippy yet, as you can see, kid; and we've got to get him off this ledge, or he will take a tumble into La Corta yet.—Here, Pappy, drop them 'high strikes,' and see if you can get up on your pins. Steady now! That's right!—I've got him, Don. You pick up that thar knapsack and come along. Keerful, Pappy,—keerful! No monkey shines, or I let go!—Ketch hold of his other arm, Don, and watch him sharp."

Don! Don! Don! Reeling, staggering, dazed, and half blind as he was, still Stephen Carruther was waking, thrilling to the truth. Don! Don! It was his son's son on whose strong young arm he was leaning,—his own Don's boy,—the child of his blood and name. There was no need of proof. In face and figure, eyes and hair, it was the very Don of long ago,—his son's son, the living image of his lost boy.

Yes, but — but the son of his mother as well, — of the despised Indian girl. This was not Don Carruther's child only, but the strange, wild shoot of an alien race. He, Stephen Carruther, must remember that, — he must master all this new weakness and remember that. But the face, the voice of the boy were stirring the very depths of the old father's heart. The cry of Nature was sounding through its dead silence. His blood was leaping with new life through his chilled veins. He sank down upon the rock to which Batty and Don had led him, and buried his face in his hands to think—to think.

This fair-faced boy looking on him so pitifully, so anxiously, was of his own blood, his own name. This was his grandson,—Don's boy!

"Thar now!" said Batty. "You're on safe ground, Pappy, — don't skeer! See if you can't get that old headpiece of yours to working. Which way were you steering when you toppled down?"

"Don't ask him things yet, Batty," interposed Don, who had learned sympathy for the waifs and strays that found their way over San Pedro. "Maybe he doesn't want to tell."

"That's so!" said Batty. "Mum's the word, if you say it, Pappy. But you've got to lay low somewhar till you get over this spell."

"Go get your dinner, Batty," said Don. "It's a pity to have it spoiled. I'll stay here till the old man feels better, and then help him a little on his way."

"No, sir," answered Batty, resolutely, — "no, sirree, I ain't taking no chances with an old galoot like this! No telling what sort of a new fit he might take."

"Pooh!" said Don, in a low voice. "What kind of a girl-baby do you take me for, Batty, to be afraid of a poor old man? Why, he couldn't hurt a sick kitten."

The words, low spoken, fell with a strange thud on the listener's ear. Mr. Stephen Carruther, millionaire and magnate, at whose grim nod "stocks" tumbled and "markets" shook; who, by the pressure of a button, was able to control mines and mills and factories,—Mr. Stephen Carruther, from his new-found grandson's outlook, couldn't "hurt a sick kitten"! There was something so novel and interesting in this viewpoint that Mr. Carruther lifted his bowed head, to meet the eyes so like his dead boy's fixed upon him pitifully.

"You're feeling better now; ain't you, Pappy?"

"Yes," was the slow answer, "much better. I think I can go on now to the camp. The old preacher down in the

valley told me I would find it if I kept to the trail."

"The preacher? The *priest* you mean,—Padre Francisco. He sent you up here to find a camp?—Why, Batty, he must have been coming to us,—to Big Seth's."

"That was the name," replied the old man, his gaze lingering on the young face. "You—you live there, too?"

"Yes, sir," said Don. "I am Seth's boy,—that is, not really his own boy, but he is looking out for me until I can look out for myself, and that won't be long," added the speaker, with a laugh,— "will it, Batty?"

"No," answered Batty. "You are shooting up quick, for sure. Seth was bragging about it the other night.—So you was bound for the camp, Pappy? Wall, you ain't more than a mile from it now, and the wust of the climb is over. Mebbe if you take it slow and easy you can manage it."

"Can you?" asked Don, eagerly. "You can lean on your stick and hold on to my arm. And when you get there you can lie down and rest until you get well and strong again. And we've got milk there and wine, and Nokola makes herb tea that cures everything. Try if you can walk."

Don held out his strong, young hand to help the old man to his feet.

"There! That's fine! Here's your stick. Now lean on me. You're getting on all right. We're off to the camp. You can go get your dinner, Batty. Pity to lose that nice fat bird you left up there in your chimney."

"It surely is," said Batty. "And, now that old Pappy seems to have steddied down a bit or shown his hand, I reckon I kin go. I'll come along here to-night and see how he is getting on, and I'll have suthing to show you, kid." (Batty nodded mysteriously.) "I ain't saying nothing to nobody, but I think I've struck it to-day,—struck it rich at last,—struck it *sure!*"

"Poor Batty!" said Don, as, with another meaning nod; the lean, wizened

little man turned away. "He always thinks he is striking it rich, but it's only a dream,—a pipe dream. Everybody except Batty knows that there is nothing in San Pedro to strike."

"What keeps them in such an infernal place, then?" asked Don's companion, as they slowly made their way along the Monje Trail.

"What keeps them?" echoed the boy, in a puzzled tone. "Why—why, we live here, you know. It's a fine place to live,—high up in the air, in the sunshine. Seth says he can't draw a free breath when he gets into a town."

"Seth who—what's his other name?" asked the old man.

"I—I don't know," replied Don. "Oh, yes, I do! I saw it on a bill for sheep the other day. It's Seth Brown. You see, people don't have other names much up here,—real names I mean. They are just Big Seth and Lone Jack and Batty Bob. My father was different: he had a real name—getting tired?" asked Don, as he felt the old hand pressing heavier on his arm. "Maybe we had better rest a little. It's half a mile to the camp yet."

"No, no!" was the almost harsh answer. "I can keep on. Your father—you say your father—" the speaker's voice broke.

"He had a real name," continued Don, "and he gave it to me—Donald Jameson Carruther—got another turn, Pappy? You'd better sit down on this rock a minute."

"No, no!" Again the old voice sounded sharp and strange; for Mr. Stephen Carruther was wrestling with feelings to which he would not—dared not yield. If he should rest, with this boyish voice in his ear, this frank, boyish gaze on his face, he would give way, he knew. And he was not ready to give way yet. He must see,—he must know more.

"Donald Jameson Carruther,—that's rather a good-sounding name," he said dryly. "You'd better hold on to it."

"I mean to," answered Don. "Nobody will ever get my name away from me."

My father said it was all he had to leave me, and I must keep it. He told me that the Carruthers had always been fair and square men; that they never did anything to make them afraid or ashamed. He said that, even if they failed to be kind or good, they were always honest and true. So it's a good name to have, and I'm going to hold on to it, as you say. I won't stand for any monkeying with it. I am Donald Jameson Carruther as long as I live. But—but" (the young voice took a softer tone) "I've got another name that I can't hold so long. It's slipping away from me even now, though I like it. I—I love it. I'd like to keep it if I could."

"You've got another name?" The old man stopped short and turned fierce, questioning eyes on his companion. "Another name, boy? What?"

"White Eagle," replied Don, with a proud lift of his young head that did not belong to the Don of old. "It is the name my mother's people give me; for I am the last—the last child of the Eagle chiefs that once held all these mountains and valleys for their own. They were so proud and strong and brave that they died fighting for their hunting grounds—their homes. My mother would have died, too, but that she was a girl. And only I am left to bear the Eagle name. White Eagle they call me in the tents and tepees where my mother's people linger. But they are going fast,—leaving, dying, passing away. Soon, very soon, I shall not hear the name. I shall be White Eagle no longer—hold on, Pappy!" Don's voice changed quickly, for the old man had dropped his arm and staggered from him. "Don't—don't go toppling over again! Here we are at the camp now. Hold on a minute more. Here, Seth! Seth!"

And, all unconscious of the fierce, sudden antipathy that he had awakened by his Eagle claim and name, Don caught his old guest firmly in his supporting grasp and shouted for help.

(To be continued.)

A Truant of the Seventeenth Century.

Among other dispositions which some schoolboys of every century have had in common is the occasional desire (all too often indulged) to "play hooky," or become a truant. Of course a boy who once in a long while yields to the temptation to go fishing or nutting or skating or baseballing instead of going to school, is not a really bad boy; but he is certainly a delinquent who merits the judicious application of the strap or the rod. As the motive of an act, however, counts for much in determining its goodness or its wickedness, even "playing hooky" may become excusable if the truant's reasons are in themselves rather praiseworthy.

When, for instance, more than three hundred years ago, fifteen-year-old Carlo Christofori, a native of Aviano, near Venice, ran away from the Jesuit college at Govitzia, it would have been hardly fair to call him a really bad boy. The fact is, it was just because he was the reverse of bad that he ran away. Carlo wanted to die for the Faith,—wanted to make sure of going straight to heaven without any preliminary suffering in purgatory; so he concluded that the best thing he could do would be to make his way to Turkey and become a martyr. The Turks would very likely have accommodated him, if he had managed to reach their country; but he didn't succeed in doing so. Like a good many other truants, before and since his time, Carlo found that enterprises which look simple enough beforehand sometimes turn out rather difficult of accomplishment.

Before he got very far on his road to Turkey, the provisions he carried with him (half of them, by the way, he had given to a hungry man whom he met) gave out, and he had to apply to a Capuchin monastery at Justinopolis for food and shelter. The friars treated him very kindly, especially when he frankly told

them all about his desire to be a martyr, his running away from college, and his prospective journey; but they advised him to think better of the matter and go home to talk the matter over with his parents.

Carlo followed their advice, and the talking the matter over resulted in his becoming, two years later, a Capuchin novice. On taking that step he gave up his old name for the new one, Mark. When he became a regular Capuchin friar and was ordained, he was known as Father Mark of Aviano. In the course of time he was entrusted with some of the highest positions in his Order, and became famous as a preacher all over Europe. Whether or not he went to purgatory when he died we can't say; but that he is in heaven now is pretty sure, because only a few weeks ago Pius X. signed a paper which begins the task of beatifying and canonizing the seventeenth-century truant. Even now his correct title is "*Venerable* Mark of Aviano."

Mail Carriers in Alaska.

You write a letter, affix a stamp, and drop it into a mail box, very sure that in some way it will be carried to its destination safely and speedily; but few think of the dangers and hardships often attending its transit. There are, for instance, the postal routes of Alaska. Far away in that frozen land, prospectors and miners are living, and must be looked after by our good Uncle Sam; so across the barren and desolate country he maintains a postal service of dog teams.

From six to eight dogs compose a team, and haul loads, varying from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds, over the snow and ice, with the thermometer sometimes registering sixty or more degrees below zero. At one depot there is a "stable" where there are accommodations for three hundred dogs; and it is interesting to see them as they stop for a rest, their harnesses hanging upon the

walls, and their sledges being inspected and washed. These dogs travel from thirty to forty miles a day.

It is only the strongest, steadiest, and most experienced men that are accepted as drivers of these dogs; and even they have terrible experiences, often losing limbs that have been frost-bitten. In winter the snow is so incessant that the trail is covered in a few minutes, and the driver has to guide the dogs according to certain landmarks. Recently a great many cabins have been built along the principal routes, where dogs and men can find shelter for the night after the prescribed distance has been accomplished. But there are many districts where there are no such refuges, and the drivers must do the best they can, making the dogs as comfortable as possible, and crawling into their own sleeping bags.

It is wonderful to relate that the mails carried in this curious way are nearly always on time, — owing, not only to the fidelity of the dogs and their drivers, but to the watchfulness of the postal authorities. And think what the arrival of news from home must mean to the miners in that far country, hemmed in by ice and snow!

When I was Small.

BY G. E. HEATH.

I'VE not forgot when I was small
 How big the mountains seemed:
 The poplar tree beside the wall
 Was higher than I dreamed.
 The brooks were singing far away;
 The little clouds were white;
 I loved to watch them all the day,
 But more, I think, at night.
 The baby clouds went sailing far;
 The sky was darkly blue;
 I saw a little new-born star
 Come sliding into view.
 The wind came laughing through the night,
 The green old earth turned gray:
 And then I shut my eyelids tight,
 And—sudden—it was day.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The American edition of "The Four Men," the latest offering of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's fertile genius, is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

—Two weeks exhausted the first edition of Kathleen Norris' "Poor, Dear Margaret Kirby." For a book of short stories, this is a somewhat remarkable record.

—"Notes on the New Rubrics," by the Rev. Arthur J. Hetherington (Burns & Oates), is a slender 24mo of fifty-six pages. It will be found useful by such clerics as have not made any particular study of the recent reform in the Breviary, or are in doubt as to many points in the use of the new Psalter.

—A copy of the Bible in German, printed by Koburger, at Nuremberg, in 1483, the year of Luther's birth, was sold last month by Messrs. Sotheby in London. And yet the fiction still prevails among Protestants everywhere that Luther was the first to translate the Bible into the vernacular, and that until his advent it was a sealed book.

—The death of M. Thureau-Dangin, the distinguished historian and French Academician, deprives the Catholics of France of an able advocate, and a *littérateur* whose prestige commanded attention for any cause in which he was interested. The best known of his books are "History of the July Monarchy," "Paris during the French Revolution," "Royalists and Republicans," and "The Church and State under the July Monarchy."

—A considerable demand for Sir Bertram Windle's recent work, as a result of frequent references to it in these pages, is a gratifying circumstance. "Facts and Theories" deserves to be widely circulated. The author ranks among the most eminent scientists of our day, and writes as one having authority, not like the "camp-followers." A glance at the index of this book is enough to give an idea of its interest and usefulness. The American edition is published by Mr. B. Herder.

—The aim of a new book by the Rt. Rev. Edmund M. Dunne, Bishop of Peoria, entitled "Polemic Chat" (B. Herder), is the refutation of some popular fallacies regarding religious truth. There are thirty-one "chapters," averaging about five pages each. A great deal of solid information is afforded by "Fr. Michaels," who expresses himself breezily and dogmatically, not disdaining colloquiality in order to heighten the effect of his declarations. We have

admired his ability to cite chapter and verse when quoting Scripture; also the amiability of his auditors, not only in allowing him to do most of the talking, but generally to have the last word.

—From the Sentinel Press comes a new edition of the "Month of St. Joseph," compiled from the writings of the Ven. Fr. Eymard. It is prefaced by a pastoral letter of the Bishop of Tarbes on the Blessed Sacrament and St. Joseph. At the end of the series of readings and reflections for the thirty-one days of the month follow certain prayers to St. Joseph, among them the new approved litany.

—In the Lent of 1889 the Rev. Heinrich Hansjakob preached a series of six sermons in St. Martin's Church, Freiburg; and the Rev. Joseph McSorley, C. S. P., has thought them worthy of adaptation into English. They are accordingly published by B. Herder in a 16mo of a hundred pages, with the title "Grace." We applaud the adapter's good sense in doing the excellent discourses into equally excellent English, but we deplore his unaccountable failure to furnish the book with either table of contents or index.

—The Lætare Medal, which the University of Notre Dame is accustomed to award annually on Lætare Sunday to some especially deserving member of the American laity, is conferred this year upon Dr. Charles George Herbermann, of New York, editor-in-chief of the Catholic Encyclopedia. His great abilities and varied services in the cause of learning have already been fittingly recognized, but the recent completion of his *opus magnum*, upon which he has been engaged uninterruptedly for several years past, renders his selection for the honor of the Lætare Medal particularly appropriate.

—By all odds the happiest selection yet made for the Angelus Series (R. & T. Washbourne) is that of its most recent issue, "Life, Science, and Art: Being Leaves from Ernest Hello," translated from the French by E. M. Walker. The editor will be remembered as the author of a particularly arresting paper on M. Hello published last year in THE AVE MARIA. He was a French journalist whose strenuous life ran from 1828 to 1885. He was, says his editor, "a man of genius inspired by high ideals." Beset with physical ills, he bravely took up his work, and by sheer will power would seem to have kept Death itself at bay. He was an original and fearless thinker, who

wrote with a marked distinction of style. Above all, he was a Catholic, who, while yet a member of the Church Militant, seemed to have entered into the Life Triumphant. Striking, stimulating, thought-provoking, he resembles in certain ways a great intuitive English Catholic, Coventry Patmore; though Patmore was pre-eminently a poet, Hello a critic. Hello was, however, a French critic; and with the French criticism is "the tenth Muse." This little book of excerpts reveals a great soul, whom Catholics ought gratefully to welcome to their friendship.

—Perhaps the most important of recent publications by the English Catholic Truth Society is its reprint of the collection of Letters and Addresses on Social Questions issued from time to time by Leo XIII., and which first appeared in English dress under the title "The Pope and the People." The collection is well known, and has already attained a wide circulation. In the present edition the essays stand in the sequence of their delivery, ranging in date from 1878 to 1901, and are adequately indexed. Mgr. Parkinson contributes an Introduction, in which he remarks: "These Letters are a sacred treasury of our Catholic principles. They have stirred the Catholic world to activity, and they have been reinforced by the authority of Pius X. They form an indispensable manual, which the Catholic student will read and to which he will frequently refer."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Facts and Theories." Sir Bertram Windle. 45 cts.

"Notes on the New Rubrics." Rev. Arthur Hetherington. 60 cts.

"Grace." Rev. Heinrich Hansjakob. 50 cts.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. John Hogan, Bishop of Kansas City; Rev. Stephen J. Clarke, of the archdiocese of Baltimore; Rev. John Harrington, archdiocese of Boston; Rev. Leonard Federici, diocese of Newark; Rev. Benedict Masselis, S. J.; Rev. Thomas O'Rourke, O. P.; and Rev. William Mahoney, C. M.

Brother Xystus, C. S. C.

Sister M. Emerita, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; Sisters M. Compassion (Gleeson) and M. Primitiva, Sisters of the Holy Cross; also Mother M. Camilla, Sisters of the I. H. M.

Mr. William Reed, Mr. Henry Shuk, Mr. George Beutrow, Mr. Matthew Dineen, Mrs. Daniel A. Nolan, Mrs. Elizabeth Homer, Miss Mary Hallahan, Mr. Herman Brachman, Mrs. John Gallagher, Mr. Frederick Roettgef, Mrs. C. B. Mahoney, Mrs. S. Hamilton, Mr. William Radford, Mrs. Johanna Hannon, Sara Fortier, Mr. John Hilger, Mr. H. D. Westerheide, Josephine Ponti, Mr. Charles Van Louven, and Mr. Frank Casper.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Second Station.

BY CHARLES H. MISNER.

OH, Judah's deathless King! is this the throne
Thy people give to Thee—this cross of shame?
The heavens are Thy glory-seat; a flame
Of seraphs crowns Thee; earth, a bubble blown
From out Thy hand, and hung, a sardius stone,
In space, Thy footstool is. Thou called'st by
name

This people—seed of Abraham. They came.
They feared. On Moses' face Thy glory shone.
But now their hearts are bold; for thou art
come

In lowliness, and meek; and as a lamb
Before the shearers, Thou, O God, art dumb!
Oh, look on me! Behold the thing I am!
My heart is ashes and my hands are numb—
A Caiaphas, a *faithless* Abraham!

The Blessed Virgin and the Passion of Christ.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

THE sword of grief which the
holy old man Simeon had pre-
dicted to Mary had not ceased
to rend her motherly heart
ever since the Presentation of the Divine
Child in the Temple; but the time was
now drawing near when the prophecy
was to be fully accomplished. It was no
longer in a distant future that Mary
tremblingly contemplated her Jesus deliv-
ered up to brutal executioners and
shedding His blood to the very last drop.

She knew that the day of sacrifice was
at hand, and that the Lamb of God who
takes away the sins of the world was to
be immolated on the altar He had chosen,—
on the wood of the Cross, the ignominious
instrument of death reserved for slaves.
What the disciples failed to understand
when Jesus announced to them His
humiliations and His death, Mary under-
stood only too well, and her loving heart
was a prey to the most cruel anguish.

Is there any need to recall the wounds
previously suffered by that most loving
of maternal hearts? At Bethlehem, she
had seen herself obliged to seek refuge
in a miserable stable-cave, there to give
birth to the Creator of the world. The
flight into Egypt, with its privations and
fatigue and humiliation and fears; the
three days' loss of the Boy Jesus in Jeru-
salem, with its accumulating anxiety and
grief and terror; the public life of the
Man-God, with the rebuffs, the calumnies,
the threats of death received by Him
from those upon whom He was lavishing
favors and love,—with what keen distress
did not all this afflict Our Lady! Time,
which ordinarily softens every woe, only
intensified the agony of Mary. The wound
in her loving heart grew in proportion
to the nearness of the day that was to
lend its light to the saddest spectacle
of which earth had ever been the theatre.

She had seen, or had heard of, her
Son's triumphal entry into Jerusalem on
Palm Sunday,—the highway strewn with
flowers and foliage, the thronging crowds,
and the joyous acclamations: "Hosanna
to the Son of David! Blessed is He that

cometh in the name of the Lord!" Yet, back of the joy in this glory of her Beloved lay the incessant sorrow born of the conviction of His rapidly approaching death. Scarcely three days after the Palm Sunday welcoming, the chief priests and the elders of the people took counsel in the house of Caiphas about delivering Jesus to death. And Mary, says St. Bonaventure, knew this.

As for the Passion itself, a large number of theologians, says the Abbé Jamar, teach with good reason that the Blessed Virgin assisted, either as an eyewitness or by means of revelation, at all its various incidents. It was certainly congruous that Mary, in her character of co-operator in the work of our rehabilitation, should be associated with each of the sufferings of the Divine Redeemer. It was equally congruous that she should learn by herself, without any intermediary, the different circumstances of her Son's death, so as to be able later on to give a faithful account thereof to sacred historians. Moreover, when we recall that St. Elizabeth at the time of the Visitation received the gift of prophecy, can we deny the same privilege to Our Lady? Surely not. And if we reflect on the eminent dignity of the Mother of Jesus, of that august Virgin dowered above all creatures with the favors of the Most High, we shall be inclined to admit that she always had the prophetic spirit, and that, Queen of the angels, she was in no respect inferior to those sublime beings who were, nevertheless, spectators of our Saviour's Passion.

"The heart of Mary," says St. Laurence Justinian, "through its compassion for her Divine Son, became a mirror of His sorrows,—a mirror on which were thrown all the sufferings and all the outrages endured by Jesus." In this sense Mary was present at the Last Supper, at the Agony in the Garden of Olives, at the cruel scenes enacted in the dwellings of Annas and Caiphas. It was thus also that Mary followed her Divine Son from the house of Caiphas to the pretorium,

from the pretorium to Herod's palace; and thence to the judgment-seat, where the cowardly Pilate, even while proclaiming the Victim's innocence, pronounced upon Him the sentence of condemnation.

It is credible that the Apostles, after their shameful flight from the Garden of Olives, went to tell the Blessed Virgin of the serious events that had taken place. John, especially, could hardly have failed to do so; and the Gospel seems to indicate that it was he who conducted Mary and the holy women to Calvary, since he alone of all the Apostles is mentioned as being with them at the foot of the Cross. Even if he did accomplish this duty, however, it does not follow that Mary had need of his ministry, or that of the angels, to know all that concerned Jesus.

The Gospel is silent, as are the traditions of the ancient Fathers, about the afflicted Mother's specific acts during the initial steps of the Passion. St. John, the disciple who was dear to the Heart of Jesus, tells us that she stood at the foot of the Cross on which her Son underwent the agonies of crucifixion. Pious traditions accepted by the Church, which has approved and enriched with many indulgences the devotion of the Way of the Cross, also show us Mary meeting Jesus on the road to Golgotha, as He staggered painfully on, exhausted by His loss of blood and His suffering, and weighed down by the burden of the ignominious wood on which He was to die. This is all we know with certainty as to Mary's presence near her Divine Son on Good Friday,—two truths, one stated in the Gospel, and hence a matter of faith, the other, authorized by the Church without being absolutely imposed on our belief. Such authorization, or such tacit invitation to believe as is evidenced in the approval of the Stations, is more than sufficient, however, to banish from any truly Catholic heart the slightest doubt or hesitation.

St. Bonaventure, St. Anselm, and a number of other ascetic authors are of

the opinion that Mary was among the crowd of holy women who followed the Man-God along the route to Calvary, who piteously wept over His cruel sufferings, and to whom He took occasion even in the midst of those sufferings to address words of consolation. Trombelli, and after him the Abbé Jourdain, maintain on the contrary that the Blessed Virgin was not one of those women to whom Jesus said: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not over Me, but weep for yourselves and for your children. For behold the days shall come, wherein they will say: Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that have not borne, and the paps, that have not given suck." (St. Luke, xxiii, 28, 29.) While one may readily admit that such words could not be addressed to Mary, and that consequently it is probable that she was not among the women to whom they were spoken, such admission in no way entails the belief that she did not meet Jesus at the Fourth Station. She was very likely accompanied by St. John, Magdalen, and one or two others, and might readily have withdrawn with them from the general crowd by the time Jesus reached the Eighth Station whereat the words quoted above were spoken.

Be this as it may, one thing is certain: she knew all of her Son's excruciating torments throughout that terrible journey to Golgotha, and felt them reproduced with fullest intensity in her own soul. She was afflicted all the more because, better than any other witness of the lamentable scene, she understood the merit and holiness of Jesus and the motive of His suffering; for, as St. Augustine teaches, wherever there is the greatest intelligence, there also is the greatest love. "Thus," comments an old writer, "as Mary is the first among the predestined, so is she the first one who, accepting the invitation of Christ, takes up her cross and follows Him to Calvary, there to be interiorly crucified with Him. If, on the one hand, Jesus shows us that we can

reach heaven only by the road of suffering, on the other Mary teaches us that we go to Jesus only along the path traced by the footsteps of His Mother, and that the way trodden by her is that on which we are assured of finding our Saviour."

And now, the tragedy hastens to its end. Jesus has been stripped of His garments and nailed to the Cross, and that shameful instrument of the vilest criminals' death has been raised upright. At last the full force of Simeon's prophecy was felt by the saddest of all earth's martyred mothers. "And thy own soul a sword shall pierce," he had said; and now, as she stood by the cross of Jesus, that sword of acutest agony was thrust in to the hilt, and its blade turned to widen the awful wound. Well might she grieve with Jeremias: "My sorrow is above sorrow, my heart mourneth within me. . . . O all ye that pass by the way, attend, and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow." Well might she lament in the words which the Royal Prophet places in the mouth of her crucified Son Himself: "Save me O God: for the waters are come in even unto my soul. I stick fast in the mire of the deep: and there is no sure standing. I am come into the depth of the sea: and a tempest hath overwhelmed me." (Ps. lxviii, 2-4.) Her sorrow was itself a sea in its immensity and its depth, as Jeremias had named it centuries before: "To what shall I compare thee? or to what shall I liken thee, O daughter of Jerusalem! To what shall I equal thee, that I may comfort thee, O Virgin daughter of Sion? for great as the sea is thy destruction; who shall heal thee?" (Lam., ii, 13.)

In view of St. Bernardine's assertion: "The sorrow of Mary was so great that, if it were divided among all mortals, it would immediately cause their death," it may be asked, how, then, was it possible for Mary to survive the Passion of her Son? St. Anselm answers that she would surely have died, if the Holy Ghost had

not fortified her. Tauler affirms the same thing: "Without doubt the heart of Mary would have broken with sorrow if Divine Goodness had not preserved and fortified that tender Mother."

Of the elements contributing to the immensity of Our Lady's woe, mention need be made of only a few. One of the causes most apt to excite compassion for the victim of mob outrage is the dignity of the sufferer contrasted with the unworthiness of those who inflict the suffering. Can there possibly be conceived as existing on earth or in heaven a personage whose dignity is comparable to that of the Son of God? "The liberty of captives," says St. Bernardine, "is chained, the glory of the angels is outraged, the God of all things is scourged, the whiteness of eternal light and the mirror without spot is soiled with spittle. Mary bewailed the insults and injuries of which her Son, so great, so holy, and so innocent, was the object; but she bewailed no less the awful offence to God." This innocence of the Divine Victim undoubtedly increased Our Lady's compassion, and hence aggravated her sorrow. The base calumnies of the Jews against Him who was both her beloved Son and her omnipotent, all-perfect God rent her tender heart as so many cruel swords.

The black ingratitude of the Jews was another contributory source of her sorrows. She well knew what kindness and generosity Jesus had shown that people; yet they had dared to give their Benefactor up to Pilate and to demand His death, saying, "If this man were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered Him up to thee." And yet, says St. Laurence Justinian, she nourished in her breast no resentment against these hardened criminals. She saw in spirit the evils that were to befall them in punishment for their crime, wept over the ruin of this people that was her own people, and said with her all-clement Son: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

The culminating circumstance to intensify the sorrows of Our Lady at the foot of the Cross was her intimate comprehension of all the gravity of sin. According to the common teaching of the Fathers, no created being, not even the Cherubim and Seraphim, ever understood so well as Mary the intense malice of wilful transgression against God's law. None ever knew as she did the infinite grandeur of the offended Deity; nor, in consequence, the greatness of the reparation exacted by God from His Son who had come upon earth to expiate all our iniquities. Mary saw her Son bowed beneath the loathsome burden of all the sins of the whole world. Is it any wonder that she thrilled with the very intensity of supremest agony as she heard the Man-God's touching cry: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken Me?"

The more we study the relations between Mary and Jesus, and the deeper our contemplation of her love, her knowledge, and her capacity for suffering, the greater will become our sympathy for her during the dolorous hours of the Passion. And yet, mingled with our grief, there must ever be one element of purest joy. We can never forget that the dearest privilege of our exile here below was conferred upon us during those self-same hours; that we then received a title which warrants our confidence in the well-being of our mortal life and our hope of ultimate salvation,—*"children of Mary."* Our Lady at the foot of the Cross merits and receives our profoundest compassion; but, above the din and tumult of sobs and groans and furious cries, there sounds forever the last will and testament of Jesus Christ, all-merciful, all-good: "Son, behold thy Mother; Woman, behold thy son."

"WHEN we pray 'Hallowed be Thy name,'" says St. Cyril of Jerusalem, "we know that God's name is holy, whether we say so or not; but we desire that all men may regard it as such."

A Far-Away Princess.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XI.

IT was the reserve of Moira's tone that was most in Lyndon's mind when, after parting with her, he presently sat down alone to read Rostand's poetical drama; for if she had calculated in the most subtle manner how to arrest his attention, she could not have contrived to do so better than by her involuntary hesitations and coldness, and by the flash of scorn he had seen in her eyes. The last especially excited his wonder. What had he said to rouse scorn in Miss Fortescue's mind? He had agreed with her view of "*La Princesse Lointaine*," and had done so with a sincerity which it did not occur to him to think could be doubted. As he looked out over the sea, considering this, and finding no answer to the puzzling question, his thoughts wandered to the eyes themselves, which he was quite sure were the most remarkable, as well as the most beautiful, he had ever seen.

And it may be said here that such reflections as these were very unusual with Paul Lyndon; for it was one of the traits of his character which rendered him unsympathetic to the majority of people that he had always been singularly indifferent to women; that he rarely evinced liking for their society, and had never showed any sign of particular attraction toward even the fairest and most attractive of the sex. This being the case, it was as much a surprise to himself as it would have been to any of those who knew him best that he had been so immediately and deeply struck by the beautiful face, with the startled eyes, which had turned toward him when Leila introduced him to Miss Fortescue. And it was not only, or even chiefly, because of its beauty that this face had so strongly impressed him, but was rather

because in the moment of vivid emotion (though why vivid he did not know) which gave such strange lustre to the eyes, he had caught sight of a soul, and the revelation was one not to be forgotten. Why the soul—for by that term alone he was able to express the impression he had received—should have sprung to its windows and looked at him in such fashion, again he did not know. But he knew that there had awakened in him at the instant a desire to know more about this woman, who was the first of her sex to rouse even curiosity in his breast. And he also knew that the curiosity had been greatly increased by her reading of "*La Princesse Lointaine*." The exquisite music of her tones haunted his ear, and in her interpretation of the drama he had again the distinct impression of a soul revealed, of a character which, in some mysterious manner, appealed irresistibly to his own.

Catching himself up at this point, as if conscious in what (to him) strange direction his thoughts were drifting, he transferred his gaze from the distant sea-line—that line where visions seem ever beckoning—to the volume in his hand. But instead of reading the first act as he had intended, he turned over the pages until he found the place where Moira had been reading when he approached, and lingered upon the lines he had already heard, in order to recall the melody of her voice in repeating them.

Meanwhile Moira herself had found Mrs. Granger in the land of reality rather than of dreams; for she was wide awake, although lying in her berth, reading a novel, which she promptly laid aside as the girl entered her cabin.

"What a lovely color the sea-air has given you!" she cried admiringly. "You look as if you had been enjoying it intensely."

"So I have been," Moira answered, sinking down on the sofa opposite the berth. "But I don't think it is the sea-air which has given me a color," she

added, pressing the palms of her hands to her cheeks, where a vivid rose-tint burned. "My face is flushed because I am excited, and I am excited because I have been reading—to myself acting again—my beloved '*Princesse Lointaine*.'"

"Why didn't you let me know? I should have been so glad to hear you. Of course it was to Leila that you were reading."

"Yes, to Leila and—to Mr. Lyndon."

"Is it possible!" Mrs. Granger sat up in the berth with an expression of liveliest interest. "How did that come about?"

"Oh, quite naturally! He was walking on deck, and saw and joined us,—at least when I looked around he was sitting near, listening to my reading."

"I hope he was interested."

Moira smiled. "There did not seem to be much doubt of that," she said.

"I suppose not," Mrs. Granger agreed. "He's not an impressionable person, but I'm sure that your reading was likely to impress even him. And it's odd—it's really *very* odd—that it should have been '*La Princesse Lointaine*' you were reading. For Royall told me that it was in that play he saw you first and lost his heart to you. And if now his cousin should lose his—"

Moira started.

"My dear Mrs. Granger!" she ejaculated.

"I mean, only in the sense of being charmed, and recognizing what you really are," Mrs. Granger explained. "There's no danger of anything else with *him*: he is well known to be proof against the tender passion in any form. If it were otherwise, if he were like ordinary men in that respect, I'd tell him who you are at once. It would be the only safe thing to do. But as it is, there's no necessity for any warning of the kind; and the more completely he is charmed, the more rightly he will be served for the shameful things he has meditated against you."

"It seems rather strange that he should have meditated those things," Moira said slowly. "He does not strike one as

a man who would counsel dishonorable conduct."

"You couldn't easily find a man with a higher standard of honor than Paul Lyndon has," Mrs. Granger told her. "I know you find it hard to reconcile this with his conduct about Royall's marriage. But you don't understand—it has been hard even for *me* to understand—how his mind is obsessed with a preconceived idea of you, and how strongly his feeling is enlisted for his uncle."

"I think I do understand; but, nevertheless—"

"Oh, yes, I agree that nevertheless there are no excuses to be made for him, and that he deserves to be punished! Well, punish him by charming him, so that when he learns who you are he will appreciate the full enormity of his conduct."

Moira was silent for a moment, and then she asked:

"You have still no doubt that it is best to go on as we have begun?"

"Not the least doubt," Mrs. Granger replied quickly. "How could I have, when everything seems to promise so well? Have you ever heard of anything more extraordinary than the way matters have happened, and are continuing to happen,—my meeting Royall, and getting to know you in Paris, our plan for you to accompany me to America? Paul Lyndon's coming over just when he did, our meeting him in London, and his catching this ship to return by,—it's as if it had been all arranged by *Destiny* to accomplish our purpose."

"It would certainly be a pity if things were so beautifully arranged to no purpose," Moira said, smiling.

"It's impossible,—quite impossible!" the other returned. "I'm confident it will all end like a romance, and we shall be able to laugh at Royall, who laughed at us for our romantic hopes."

"But romances end unhappily sometimes," Moira suggested.

"Not romances like this," her friend

replied stoutly. "Not when everything occurs so wonderfully to forecast a happy ending. Even Leila has played her little part; for you wouldn't have been reading '*La Princesse Lointaine*' but for her,—and, by the by, where is she?"

"I left her in the lounge with Mr. Granger. And I was glad she preferred to stay with him, because I wanted to say a few words to you alone. I can't help feeling as if this man should be told who I am."

"Then you would spoil everything!" Mrs. Granger declared emphatically. "He would give you such a wide berth that you would have no further opportunity to let him learn anything about you, and you would never be able to approach Governor Harcourt. For Heaven's sake, don't throw away a chance that seems almost miraculously given to you!"

Her tone was so tragically earnest that Moira laughed a little as she rose.

"Very well," she said; "I will not throw away the chance, and I promise you that this is my last qualm of doubt. Hereafter I shall play my part as if I were again '*La Princesse Lointaine*.'"

And it was indeed as "*La Princesse Lointaine*"—in other words, as the embodiment of an ideal and a dream—that she seemed to Lyndon during the days which followed. In her poetic beauty and grace, in the hint of remoteness that lay about her, in the wistfulness that filled her eyes when she gazed at the distant horizon, as if watching for a longed-for sail to appear there, and in the spell of a personality full of strange and unconsciously alluring fascination, she kept the French poet's Lady of Dreams ever in his mind.

And the spell thus exercised was the greater because after a little while Moira forgot that she was playing a part, and also forgot (unless specially reminded of the fact) that the man who walked the deck with her, or sat beside her during long hours looking out over the tranquil

ocean, and talking of many things, was the cousin who had resolved to separate Royall and herself. From the first she had recognized something likable in him; and as time went on, as they were thrown constantly together in the intimacy of shipboard life, she found herself liking him more and more. The stern strata in his character did not repel her; for there was an underlying strength in her own to which it appealed, and there were many points on which they developed strong sympathies of taste and opinion. It was not long before she said to herself, with a sense of surprise, that she had never seen any one of whom she could more readily make a friend than of this formidable cousin of Royall's, if once assured that his prejudice against herself had been dissipated.

And so it was that she set herself afresh to dissipate that prejudice by the simple expedient of revealing herself to him, remembering that he was to be punished by being charmed, and having little idea how far the charm had already wrought. For it was characteristic of the man that no one—and Moira least of all—suspected how deeply he was attracted. In fact, he hardly suspected it himself; for having always bestowed much more attention on the intellectual than on the emotional side of his nature, he knew as little of the potentialities of feeling as many another man knows of the complex spirit within him. He only knew that day by day it was becoming more difficult for him to remember what existence had been like before this exquisite presence entered it: before he heard the lovely music of her voice, and felt the compelling charm that emanated from her in every word, glance, and gesture.

And meanwhile the halcyon bird of classic tradition was surely brooding over the waters during these idyllic days of summer sailing; for the Atlantic, which rarely fails to give its voyagers at least one rough tossing, remained throughout this voyage as calm as an inland lake.

Hence it was one of those record trips which the captains of transatlantic liners love to make; and the day came too soon for all but the most impatient when the passengers knew that a few hours more would bring the ship within sight of Sandy Hook.

Their last evening at sea was made memorable by one of the most beautiful sunsets of the voyage. As the great ball of flaming light dropped into the ocean, there followed a resplendency of glory which filled the whole western sky, and seemed to open the gates of some enchanted world of unimaginable beauty, where clouds like shreds of angels' plumage were floating on depths of dazzling gold and red that burned like the heart of a sacrificial fire. Flung far and wide over sea and sky, the wonderful illumination mounted to the zenith, and was reflected in softened but exquisite tints of color in the eastern heaven, where the full moon was rising in majesty over the waters.

It was toward this part of the wide scene that Moira had turned her face when Lyndon came to her side, as she stood leaning against the rail, gazing, with the wistfulness he had often before seen in her eyes, toward the distant East.

"You always look backward rather than forward," he said abruptly. "Even this magical sunset can not draw your eyes from the East."

The eyes of which he spoke turned on him, as she said:

"I look toward the East because my heart is there. Beyond that horizon lies everything for which I care in the world."

He was tempted to ask what that "everything" included; but she had in all their intercourse been so reticent about herself, her past life and circumstances, that he did not venture to put the direct question. Instead he asked:

"Will you not for once look toward the West, and try to fancy that you may

find something there for which you may also learn to care?"

But she shook her head, as her gaze went back to the eastern horizon.

"The West holds nothing for me," she answered. "All that I love is yonder, beneath the verge from which the moon is rising."

He leaned beside her silently for a moment, gazing also at the beautiful golden shield in the tinted sky, and wondering where and with whom her thoughts were. Presently he said:

"But since you have left behind all of which you speak, doesn't it strike you that there may be wisdom in looking forward instead of backward? Doesn't the adventure of the unknown appeal to you?"

She shook her head.

"No," she replied, "the adventure of the unknown has ceased to allure me; though I am sure that there is wisdom in looking forward instead of backward. For as farthest West becomes East again, so I may find the past in the future. That sounds rather mystical perhaps, but you know that if we kept on sailing around the world, we should reach at last, not America, but—"

"Tripoli?"

He did not understand why she gave him such a startled glance,—a glance as startled as that she had given him on the day of their first meeting.

"What do you know of—Tripoli?" she asked quickly.

"Only that it was the home of the Princess Far-Away," he answered, smiling. "And it seemed natural that you should be thinking of her place of dreams."

"Oh, the Princess Far-Away!" (he saw that she was oddly relieved.) "No, I was not thinking of her, and I had forgotten for the moment that Tripoli was her home." Then, as her eyes sought again the eastern verge, beyond which lay the golden sands and waving palms of the world's last stronghold of mystery

and romance, she asked: "Have you ever been in Northern Africa?"

"Never," he answered; "although I was almost tempted to go there a few days ago in search of a man who has gone to Morocco."

"To Morocco!" she repeated the words as if liking to linger on their syllables. "That is a country where I should like to go."

"From all accounts it is not a very desirable place to sojourn just now," he said with some surprise. "Everyone to whom I spoke in Paris dissuaded me strongly from going there."

"If you had done so," she said, "you would certainly have had a new and interesting experience, whether or not you found the man of whom you were in search."

"But why should you wish to be there?" he asked. "Do you know the country?"

"Not Morocco," she answered; "but when I was a child we once spent a winter in Algiers on account of my father's health; and I recall the time as a long dream of romance, in which I lived, moved and breathed in the atmosphere of the 'Arabian Nights.' I was always an imaginative child, and those Oriental scenes and people made an ineffaceable impression upon me. Oh, I wish" (she caught her breath),—"I wish I were there now, watching the moon rise over the desert, instead of over this wide waste of waters that lies between me and—Africa!"

"Don't wish that!" he said earnestly. "Of course there will be nothing to excite your imagination in the same way in America. It will seem very crude and realistic as compared to the Orient, for there's not the faintest glamour about anything there; but you may find some things and people to like,—at least I hope so."

"I have already found some American people to like," she said, with her thoughts again travelling farther away than he could guess.

"The outward aspects of American life will probably repel you at first," he went on. "It's plain that you are keenly alive to everything poetic and artistic, and I've observed that people of that kind don't usually like America."

"No, they don't like it," she agreed. "I have known American artists and writers who live in Paris because they find there an atmosphere which they say they can not find at home."

Paul Lyndon frowned.

"And for the sake of that atmosphere—to gratify their æsthetic sensibilities and tastes—many of those people turn their backs on their duties at home, and forget everything but their own selfish inclinations," he said. "I am often tempted to think that what is called the artistic temperament is a curse to its possessor," he added bitterly.

But he was not prepared for the flash of fire in Moira's glance as she turned it on him again.

"Does it never occur to you that such judgments are very narrow-minded?" she asked, indignantly. "It is an intolerant spirit, rather than the artistic temperament, which is a curse to its possessor, in my opinion."

He stared at her for an instant, flushed and silent. Then he said, with a humility of tone which contrasted strangely with his dominant personality:

"Perhaps you are right. I have sometimes told myself the same thing; for I know that I have a spirit which is very intolerant of self-indulgence and neglect of duty."

"How can you venture to decide what constitutes self-indulgence and neglect of duty in others?" she demanded, unappeased by the humility of his acknowledgment.

"It's generally easy enough to tell," he answered. "It is part of the solidarity of human life that no man lives or acts for himself alone; and when one sees the suffering caused by those who have followed the impulses of their artistic temperaments to the forgetfulness of their

duties—well, then it is difficult *not* to be intolerant."

Something in his tone—a note of strong though repressed feeling—held her silent; and after a moment's pause he went on:

"I feel more keenly on this subject because there has lately been brought home to me an example of the selfishness on one side and suffering on the other, of which I have spoken. You may not think me so narrow-minded in judging the artistic temperament, if I tell you a story of family trouble,—the story which was the cause of my going abroad, and which nearly carried me to Morocco—"

But Moira lifted her hand with a quick, deterring gesture.

"Please don't!" she said hurriedly. "I can not bear to hear stories of trouble; and—and perhaps I should apologize for calling you narrow-minded and intolerant. No doubt you have had reason to distrust the artistic temperament; but you know—do you not?—our French saying, '*Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*'? Surely we should try to understand as much as possible, in order to be able to pardon!"

Notwithstanding the pleading sweetness of her voice, again Lyndon frowned a little.

"Comprehension does not seem to me necessarily to entail pardon," he said. "It is quite possible to comprehend things which one has no inclination to pardon. This story of which I've spoken now, — I should like to tell it to you, in order that you may understand my attitude."

"I think that I understand your attitude perfectly," she answered. "But I am wondering whether you may not some day find that it is not only the artistic temperament which needs comprehension and pardon."

Then, without giving him time for reply, she moved away to join Mrs. Granger, who was advancing toward them.

(To be continued.)

The Song without a Country.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

IT'S myself that has no country either here or
o'er the foam,

But there's hunger, hunger on me for the meat
an' drink of home.

I'm longin' for the gray fog an' the smell of
smoulderin' peat,

An' the four great winds of Erin with their lips
of laughter sweet.

All the old men in the graveyard with their
phantom voices call:

"Come ye back to County Mayo, come ye back
to Donegal!"

An' the shadowy kind mothers in the doorways
beckon me:

"Come ye back to Tipperary, come ye back
across the sea!"

But the great wide West has gripped me with
its deserts and its snows:

"I have need of bone and sinew; make me
blossom as the rose.

I have need of fire and valor; let my rocks be
all unsealed,

Let the bloodshed of your spirit nurture moun-
tain-peak an' field."

To my memory comes the prairie with its silver-
sanded rills,

An' the glorious stir of cattle on a hundred
thousand hills.

An' I hear the river's murmur an' the whisper
of the pines—

'Tis the open calls an' calls me where the golden
sunset shines.

It's myself that has no country; for upon this
friendly strand,

Though I find a roof an' shelter, it is not my
native land.

An' the Kaffir an' the Pathan, not a one but has
his sod,

But the Irish have no country save the Mother-
land of God.

PHILOSOPHY can frame admirable stand-
ards, but it takes love and faith to live
up to them.—*Mrs. Hugh Fraser.*

A Bit o'-Green.

BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

IT was Ireland's Day in the broad streets of New York, and the parade was moving along in all its glory of green and gold. The breezes seemed to whisper messages from the Irish hills, and the heart of Ireland seemed to throb in the stirring music of the bands; and many an exile there thought for the moment that he was back again amid the old scenes and the old friends, with all the years of separation blotted out, and only the peace and quiet and friendliness of the old home in Ireland about him.

It was a day of pride and joy and pleasure, but there was many a wet eye in that gay and mighty throng, and many a sad heart, and many a mind filled with memories of a home left behind for the lure of a fortune that the years, with all their toil and tears, had not brought. There were bunches of shamrock and little green favors and emblems in evidence on all sides. Some of them had arrived from Ireland that very morning, and some had been treasured through the changes of a score of years. And the dark heads of youth and the grey heads of old age were held high; for this was Ireland's Day in the broad streets of New York, and natives of every land on earth were watching the parade of the children of the Gael. With all its haunting memories of home, it was still a day to be proud of and grateful for—the feast-day of St. Patrick, the beloved Apostle of Ireland.

Brian Kavanagh had waited long at the corner of the street for the procession to come. He had watched it from the moment the first rank hove in sight, and he was watching it still with the same light in his eyes, and the same dreamy, far-away look on his handsome face; and as row after row passed along, and tune

after tune was played, his thoughts went back by degrees to a glen in far-off Ireland, and to the day when he had left it behind at the call of the world to seek for fame and fortune in the great American land. He remembered his visit to a certain quiet old farmhouse, and the tearful entreaties of Maurice McCaffrey and his kind wife, Mary, to search for hot-headed Jim, their youngest born and the love of their hearts, and to bring him home to them some day or other, rich or poor.

Jim was a year gone then, and no "tale or tidings" had ever come from him. He had been a bit wild, had got in with those who played upon his warm, generous nature, and one evening he had come home from a neighboring town with the sign of drink on him. And old Maurice, from whom he had inherited his impetuous spirit—old Maurice, whose proudest boast was that the pledge he had taken from Father Mathew as a boy had never been broken,—how could he bear to see a son of his come into his house under the influence of drink? There were hot words between father and son, and the end of it was that Jim walked out of the house vowing never to return, and they learned a few days later that he had taken passage for America.

Poor Mary mourned his loss, and Maurice grieved sorely for the boy who had been his pride; and Nora—comely, sweet-faced Nora—wept many a bitter tear for the young brother that had been her favorite among all the boys and girls that had grown up under that roof and had gone out from it to make homes of their own. She wept and mourned for him in the silent watches of the night, and prayed that God might direct his steps; and there was a world of entreaty in the brown eyes she raised to Brian Kavanagh's face that day, seven years ago, when old Maurice and Mary begged of him to seek for Jim in the land to which he was about to turn his steps.

It was that look and those eyes Brian Kavanagh was mostly thinking of now

as the parade, in all its glow and color, passed along, and a shade of sorrow came across his face as he thought of how fruitless his quest for Jim had been, and wondered if it would ever come to pass that he should see the light of gratitude and love leap into Nora McCaffrey's brown eyes when he came back to the glen some day with the promise fulfilled that he had made to them long years ago.

He had been successful, had toiled hard, early and late, and had won from the western world a sufficient share of its much-coveted gold to make him independent for the remainder of his days; but he had seen and met so many failures among the men and women of his race in those big cities of the New World, that he was tired of it all, and wanted to go back to his childhood's home in a green glen in far-away Ireland. But how could he go? How could he look into Nora McCaffrey's brown eyes and tell her that his quest had been a failure: that the brother she loved was still a wanderer on the rough ways of the world, too proud to come back to the rest and quiet of the home and the hearts that wanted him?

Brian was suddenly startled out of his dreaming by the rush of feet and by exclamations of pity all about him. He looked quickly around and saw a little group help out of the throng a young man who had evidently fainted or grown weak.

"Poor chap!" he said, and was about to turn away—for his thoughts were not of that crowded place,—when the sound of a voice close by made him pause, and caused his heart to throb with sudden excitement.

"I'm all right now. God bless you all for your kindness! 'Twas just the heat of the crowd that did it."

It was the young man who had grown weak speaking words of thanks to those who had assisted him; and now he was turning away, walking unsteadily, his face

deathly pale, and shoulders stooped. Brian Kavanagh was by his side in a moment, his hand had caught the young man's arm in an iron grip.

"Jim! Jim McCaffrey! It's you, as sure as I'm a living man! I'm so glad I found you. And to think of it being Patrick's Day! O God be thanked!"

The parade had passed, and was lost in the distance, and the broad, bright street was almost deserted by the time Brian had poured all his welcomes and explanations and prayers of thanksgiving and exclamations of delight into Jim's willing ear, and it was fully twenty minutes after they had met before Jim was asked a question.

"But where have you been, Jim, for the past seven years that I could never lay eyes on you at all? I made inquiries about you everywhere I went. And what have you been doing to yourself, man! Why, you are white and worn. And you look twenty years older than you did the day you left the glen!"

"I'm thankful to God, Brian, that it isn't in a foreign grave I'm lying, with no one to say a prayer for me, like many a fellow. I went from bad to worse after landing here, and let the drink get the devil's grip on me, until I was good for nothing. I tramped and travelled here, there, and everywhere through the States, and I was at the end of my tether, and desperate enough to do anything, when I met here in New York, two years ago, a young Capuchin Father going out West. I met him by chance, and before I knew it he had my whole story, and I was kneeling at his feet, repeating the words of the pledge, and asking God to give me the grace to keep it. I was a new man from that day out. I've never touched a drop of drink since; and, please God, I never will, as long as I live. I got a position shortly after that, and I'm working in it since and making good money; but I don't think I'll ever get good health or have a contented mind here, and I've been too much ashamed of myself to think

of going home. Thank God I met you to-day, Brian! What you have told me makes things different,—seem different, somehow, and who knows—”

He paused to suppress a sob that had risen in his throat, and Brian waited, wisely saying nothing.

“I always missed the parade before, however it was,” said Jim, after a few moments’ silence. “And it was the sight of the bit o’ green everywhere, and the sound of the music, and the thoughts of home, and father and mother and Nora, that brought the weakness on me more than anything else.”

The tears were streaming down the poor fellow’s cheeks even as he spoke, and Brian’s voice was husky as he grasped his friend’s hand and said:

“We’re going home, Jim—that’s all about it—as soon as ever there’s a steamer sailing. I’m tired of this country, great as it is; I’ve been here seven long years. And you are tired of it, too, I know. And there are hearts in Ireland waiting for us to go back,—waiting with love and a thousand welcomes. We’ll go home, Jim, in the name of God!”

And so it was settled there and then. And when less than a month later two weary wanderers stepped across the threshold of a quiet farmhouse in a green glen in Erin, the prayers of an old man and woman, and the light of love in a girl’s brown eyes, caused them both to bless in their hearts the “bit o’ green” that had brought them together in the crowded streets of the great Western metropolis.

Christ’s Bitter Pain.

BY S. M. R.

HOW bitter, Lord, the pain that Thou didst know,
As on that way of sorrow Thou didst go,—
The pain that boundless love its anguish lends,
When Thou wert thus forsaken by Thy friends!

The Sunday’s Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

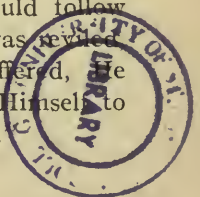
March 16, Palm Sunday.

HOLY WEEK from the earliest ages has been characterized by more frequent prayer, more severe fasting, and longer vigils, especially as regards its closing days. Rest from servile work was of obligation for the whole of this and the following week, in the early centuries; all law courts were likewise closed. For in the Ages of Faith the service of God came before everything else.

The blessing and procession of palms, which has given the title to this Sunday, is joyful in character. In it the Church celebrates the brief triumph accorded to Our Lord. But in the Mass the note of joy is hushed. The whole liturgy is occupied with the coming sufferings and humiliations of the Passion. Nevertheless, there are accents of consolation mingling with the tones of sadness; for after suffering will come victory for the Redeemer, and with it innumerable blessings to mankind.

The Collect expresses this very beautifully: “O Almighty and eternal God, who wouldst have our Saviour become man, and suffer on a cross, to give mankind an example of humility; mercifully grant that we may improve by the example of His patience, and partake of His resurrection.”

The patience of Jesus under unspeakable torments, and His boundless humility throughout His bitter Passion, are here held up for our imitation; for, as the Church reminds us, He suffered not only to redeem us but to teach us by example how to endure afflictions. “Christ also suffered for us,” says St. Peter, “leaving you an example that you should follow His steps. . . . Who, when He was reviled, did not revile; when He suffered, He threatened not; but delivered Himself to him that judged Him unjustly.”



This, then, is the great lesson taught us to-day: Our Lord bore torments for us, and humbled Himself to the very depths; it is for us to work out our salvation by following His example. Though sinless, He took our sins upon Him. We sinners ought humbly to bear whatever the justice of God may impose in punishment for our manifold transgressions.

A particularly striking feature of the liturgy of this day is the frequent use made of the twenty-first Psalm, which is so clear a prophecy of the Passion. The sorrowful lament of the Introit is from this source: "O Lord, remove not Thy help far from me. . . . O God, my God, look upon me! Why hast Thou forsaken Me?" The preparatory Psalm at the foot of the altar is again omitted on this Sunday. Not only is it too joyful in character, but its omission brings the liturgy into more exact conformity with primitive use, — a feature noticeable throughout Passiontide. For this Psalm was formerly recited at the option of the celebrant, and was not adopted as a recognized part of the Mass until the Council of Trent. In Masses for the dead it is always omitted.

But not only should we sorrow for Our Lord's sufferings, and show our sorrow by readiness to suffer in union with Him: we have to make what reparation, we can. Therefore the Church, after telling us in the Epistle of His humility, His obedience, His renunciation of glory, proceeds to declare His exaltation: "In the Name of Jesus every knee shall bow." At those words we are called upon to join with the angels who adored Him in His Passion, and to bend the knee in lowly reverence, striving by our homage to make some atonement for the indignities heaped upon Him by our proud sinfulness.

The Tract which follows takes up the lamentation of the Introit: "I am a worm, and no man; the reproach of men and the outcast of the people. . . . All they that saw Me have laughed Me to scorn. . . . They divided My garments among them, and cast lots for My vesture." Yet even

amid such infinite sufferings there shines a gleam of hope: "Ye that fear the Lord, praise Him. . . . The heavens shall publish His justice."

The solemn chanting of the Passion, as recounted by St. Matthew, is a special feature of the liturgy. It is sung by three deacons to a time-honored melody: one singer narrates events; another, the words spoken by Our Lord; and the third, those uttered by men. Thus does the Church instruct her children in the profound mysteries of the Passion of Christ, and dispose them to partake in the graces they offer to mankind.

Evolution *vs.* Scientific Facts.

IN his recent contribution to the very extensive literature on evolution,* Father Karl Frank endeavors to draw the line between facts and theory. He is a close follower of Wasmann, and, like him, is a moderate or limited evolutionist. His position he defends astutely by a mass of scientific facts based evidently upon a very close study of biology. Evolution, as understood by both of those *savants*, is an established doctrine in biology at present, and no serious student of nature nowadays can deny their position or refute their arguments, which are founded not upon speculative or metaphysical reasonings, but upon observed scientific facts.

According to both Wasmann and Frank, evolution means simply that species of animals and plants are not permanently fixed creations, but are perfectible, and accordingly mutable. Evolution, therefore, in this sense is not synonymous with Monism, or the evolution of the whole universe from the monos (Haeckelism), nor with Darwinism, or the origin of species by natural selection, nor with the

* "The Theory of Evolution in the Light of Facts." By Karl Frank, S. J. Translated from the German by Charles T. Druery. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; B. Herder.

theory of the descent of man from the animal (Vogtism). From palæontological facts the author draws the conclusion, that there is no such thing as a phylogenetic relationship between the higher and lower forms of life; and when the extreme evolutionist points to the fact that the lower forms appear first and the higher after, and that there is thus shown an ascending evolution, the author meets him with this common-sense statement: "If we concede that, on the whole, the higher forms chronologically follow the lower, do they originate therefrom?"

In short, palæontological facts show us simply that a fish has not changed into a reptile nor a reptile into a bird. No matter how much they may vary, they always remain within the limits of their type. There are no scientific facts to warrant the conclusion that the inorganic world has made progress into the organic, or that the plant has changed into the animal, or that the animal has evolved into man.

When evolutionists go beyond this, they enter the field of speculation and postulates, and their conclusions become simply scientific dogmatism not based on facts. To contradict just such scientific dogmatism, Frank has gathered a number of facts, which he exposes in this work as proof of his position. The book is not written for the average reader, but rather for the professional scientist. Few could follow him intelligently without being well versed in modern biology. But any one capable of judging in this matter must see that Frank has placed before his speculative and dogmatic opponents some irrefutable arguments.

Science has most rigorously demonstrated the utter impossibility of spontaneous generation, and proclaims from the housetop of biology that *omne vivum e vivo* is an absolute law; and yet evolutionists have made this a postulate of their theory, so as to enable them to explain the origin of life on the earth without the intervention of a Creator.

The limitations which the author places upon the evolutionary hypothesis, he summarizes in the following conclusions: (1.) We are not justified in regarding the origin of organisms upon our earth as the result of an evolutionary process. (2.) We are not justified in bringing animals and plants into genetic connection. (3.) We are not justified, in the present state of our knowledge, in bringing the families and classes of the animal and plant world into genetic connection.

To show that he is not the only scientist who holds the views he expresses, Frank quotes numerous contemporaries; among them, Professor Steinmann in whom bitterness is evident. He says: "When a scientific branch of such predominant importance as the theory of descent gets off the proper track, it naturally influences detrimentally all the branches of knowledge with which it is organically associated. So it is also with palæontology, which, instead of having an independent basis, has become a vassal of the Darwinistic-Haeckelistic theory of evolution.

"With the low position in which palæontology still remained in the year 1860 and thereabouts, it became at first entirely taken in tow by them; the significance of the formation of species and subjection to the struggle for existence of the phylogenetic meaning of the systematic categories of the unity of origin of the smaller and larger animal and plant divisions were brought, without proof, into the area of fossil material. No wonder, then, that palæontology could not follow these academical prescriptions, and, when it tried to do so, made a fiasco."

Depéret is also quoted as stating that: "The embryological methods of Haeckel have led the whole of palæontological research in a wrong direction"; and that "the 'naive' pedigrees constructed according to them have crumbled just as speedily as they have arisen; they cover, as with rotten wood, the ground of the forest, and only render more difficult the progress of the future."

To show that the religious bias is still dominating evolutionists, Frank declares that "the tone of their writings is not always a high-class one," and that "investigators who believe in God are contumeliously pitied." In proof of which he quotes A. Wagner as saying of Wigand that his "in many respects excellent adverse critique of Darwinism, he has spoilt, particularly through the marked theistic coloring of his philosophy."

The reader will pardon us for quoting finally the concluding paragraphs of the author on "Evolution in the Light of Facts": "Theories of evolution will remain, since everything points to the fact that there was and is an evolution of the organic world. This evolution, however, does not express, itself in quite impossible spontaneous 'leaps' from the inorganic to the organic, or from plants to animals; and also not in plan and objectless hither-and-thither variation, but in a constant maintenance of the harmony between construction and function and the external conditions of life, and in the constant developments of the bases; since 'bases'—and these, too, for one definite end—must exist, as the result is always in one definite direction; viz., the purposeful, the vitally capable.

"Neither was life acquired by the organisms themselves, nor were the evolutionary tendencies: both were received from another source—from the Creator."

A. M. K.

FOR the sheer purpose of Redemption, the death of the God-Man needed not the lowly preface of human birth. The First Adam had no childhood, but stood up near the tree of ruin a complete man; the Second Adam came step by step to His tree of reconciliation by all the slow humility of dumb babyhood, childhood, boyhood, and youth. Even Redemption was not enough: God and man must be identified: so that man could never say, "God was never this. *This* cross I bear alone."—*John Ayscough.*

The Reed of Christ's Passion.

And plating a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head, and a reed in His right hand; and, bowing the knee before Him, they mocked Him, saying: "Hail, King of the Jews!" And spitting upon Him they took the reed and struck His head. (St. Matt., xxvii, 29, 30.) And they struck His head with a reed. (St. Mark, xv, 19.)

IT is scarcely to be expected that the same species of plants should thrive in such widely different climatic conditions as exist in Northern Europe and America, and the almost subtropical ones of Palestine. We can readily understand, then, why many names of Scripture plants should have been misapplied to the common ones that flourish in our more northern lands. This confusion often gives rise to misunderstanding of certain passages of the Sacred Text, because we naturally interpret them according to our own idea of objects.

The reed mentioned in the narrative of the Passion of Christ as an instrument of His torture was not the frail rush-like or sedge-like plant which people in the northern countries not uncommonly call by that name. What we understand by reed—the small slender sedge of our northern swamps—has no value or meaning as applied to the Sacred Text. Moreover, the representations of modern and even of older works of art, showing the Saviour crowned with thorns and holding a stalk of a cat-tail to represent the reed, is scarcely less warranted by fact. The common plant called cat-tail (*Typha latifolia*) is not and was not found in Palestine; and, as an instrument for punishment or torture, would have no significance whatever.

The reed of the Sacred Text, as also that of the ancients—the *donax* of the Greeks and the *arundo* of the Latins—is a large grass-like plant, with long, wide, ribbon-like leaves, and hard, hollow stems. Oftentimes it grows, in warmer and milder climates, to a thickness of two inches or more, and to a height of over twenty feet,

rather profusely branched and bushy from the base. The culm, or stem, is somewhat flexible and harder than ordinary wood; it is also tough and fibrous, and is used for canes and staves. The plant grows so large that the stems, long, slender, and straight, like ordinary bamboo (*Bambusa arundinacea*) of Eastern Asia, are often used for fishing poles. This "reed" (*Arundo Donax*) is cultivated throughout the world; but in northern countries, such as Northern United States, it usually dies down to the roots in winter, and sends up new shoots in spring. Farther south, the plant maintains itself well, and reaches the proportions of those grown in its native habitat; namely, Southern Europe and the Orient. There it grows wild along brooks, and near ponds and springs.

It is not unlikely that the mob, headed by Judas, that sought Jesus on the Mount of Olives, broke off branches of this plant on their way across the brook Cedron, where the plant grows abundantly even to this day. Hence in St. Matt. (xxvii, 55) we find the connection of the reference to the implements used by the mob in the arrest of Christ, in these words: "And Jesus answering said to them: You are come out as against a robber with swords and clubs!" St. Mark (xiv, 48) also refers to these staves or "clubs." They were most probably gathered on the way across the lowland to the Garden of Olives on the hill east of Jerusalem, and carried back to be used in the scene of torture at the high-priest's house; and later, in the continuation of tortures in the courtyard of Pilate; one of the staves, or clubs, having been used as a mock-sceptre.

Christ's references elsewhere, asking whether St. John the Baptist was to be compared to "a reed shaken by the wind," does not in any way derogate from the interpretation of the plant as above made; for though the stems of *Arundo Donax* are hard and straight, yet they are long and flexible; so much so, that when

topped by the large, brush-like flower and fruit clusters which grow upon them, they are seen to bend and sway even in a very light breeze.

There is no doubt whatever that the word reed, or *arundo*, was used by all the ancient peoples to designate the plant referred to. It would therefore be foolish to apply the term otherwise, because people of to-day commonly use the name for another plant (*Juncus acutus*, or *Juncus effusus*),—which, by the way, was equally well known to the Orientals, the Greeks and the Romans, and is referred to in their literature several centuries before our Saviour. This plant is more properly called a rush, and, as its name (from *jungo*) implies, is so soft and flexible as to be susceptible for use in binding fagots into bundles.

The Meaning and Ethics of Syndicalism.

WORKINGMEN'S organizations known as Labor Unions in this country, and as Trade Unions in England, are styled in France. *Syndicats Ouvriers*,—"Labor Syndicates." The rapid growth of these French societies and the effective unity which they have realized among themselves in one vast general labor confederation, the Confédération Général du Travail, has led to the adoption of the word "Syndicalism" to denote their principles, methods, and activities. As used in France, the word may denote either labor unionism pure and simple (*syndicalisme réformiste*), or labor unionism plus the revolutionary spirit (*syndicalisme révolutionnaire*). In English-speaking lands, however, Syndicalism has come to indicate the ideas and policies of the revolutionary unionists alone.

This new sociological system differs, then, from ordinary labor unionism in that it is not content with mere reform. To Syndicalists, says J. Ramsay MacDonald, modern society is wrong fundamentally. "It is built up," they say, "so

that great masses must be poor. Possession is so arranged that it must exploit. Classes are allowed to control the means of production and distribution in such a way that they live on tolls which their economic power enables them to impose upon the working and producing classes. The difference between the modern wage-earner and the slave of old-time is nominal and superficial; the likeness is essential. Both are absolutely under the thumb of employers, the workman being just as unable as the slave to think for himself or arrange his life for himself. Until the producers control the means of production, they can not be free; until economic power is democratized as political power has been, men must live under an economic tyranny."

All this sounds very much like Socialism, but it would be a mistake to identify Socialism and Syndicalism. The former demands that economic power be put in the hands of the community, the latter that each industrial group of workers control the instruments of production which it uses—the railwaymen, the railways; the miners, the mines, etc. The Socialist, too, believes in combined political and labor action, appeals to public opinion generally, and would effect his changes by legislative action; the Syndicalist believes in labor action alone, makes his appeal to the working classes only, and relies on force, passive or active, to bring about his changes with the suddenness of a revolution. The ultimate effective agency for the accomplishment of the Syndicalist's designs is the general strike, the "direct action" by which the whole social scheme as at present organized is to be paralyzed.

Discussing Syndicalism recently at a public meeting in London, Cardinal Bourne pointed out that the new system was one of extraordinary complexity, and more complicated than any form of government the world had yet seen. When we examined them more closely we found they were based upon a glaring fallacy which underlies all attempts at social reform that

ignore the teaching of Christianity. This fallacy he summarized: "Men, taken individually, are ignorant of, or careless about, or hostile to, the rights of their fellowmen. But when they are brought together in elective corporations, these radical defects of their individual nature will disappear." The whole history of corporate organizations, whether of capitalists or non-capitalists, shows the futility of any such hope. The absorption of the individual employer into the limited company had intensified rather than diminished the indifference regarding the condition of the employed, so that the formation of trade unions became a necessary consequence to protect the interests of the workers. On the other hand, the development of trade unionism had proved the corporate force to be not free from defects inherent to human nature, enabling a few leaders or a narrow majority to perpetrate acts which no moral principles could justify. But Syndicalism, to be effective, must embrace every form of public service, even to the police, the army, and the navy. Such proposals, in his opinion, struck at the root of those conceptions of public order and of national safety and patriotism which are deep down in the hearts of the vast majority of mankind, and are nowhere more revered than in England. For this reason alone, apart from those which had been stated and others which might be alleged, the Cardinal declared that he regarded Syndicalism as a Utopia in no way consonant with common-sense or the teachings of economic history.

The conditions which explain and justify in England the public discussion of this new Utopia by a Prince of the Church are not wanting in our own country. Indeed, if we accept the testimony of a recent writer on the subject, the Syndicalist has received more encouragement in America than in Germany, Italy, Holland, Belgium, or Sweden. He tells us that "the corrupt state of American politics, the power of the machine, the

electoral difficulties presented by a mixed population speaking in many tongues and brought up under very diverse civil conditions, have hampered the growth of a political Labor and Socialist movement, and have encouraged the activities of the Syndicalist Industrial Workers of the World. Moreover, the brutal force which money can exert in America in the workshop, the corrupt force it can exert on the bench and in the capital of every State, make it the most natural thing imaginable for Labor to contemplate a resort to such force as it can command—dynamite, *sabotage*, bad work, the revolutionary strike.”*

However distasteful we may find such criticism of some of our institutions by this English author, it must be admitted that, even if exaggerated, it is not altogether groundless; and that his diagnosis of the Syndicalist character of the Industrial Workers is correct, is clear from this extract from a manifesto issued by that organization during the Lawrence textile workers' strike a year ago: “Every member of the organization is pledged to a revolutionary policy that admits of no compromise and knows nothing of contracts with employers, of arbitration, or of peace.”

As for the ethics of this new system, we can not do better than quote on that point, from the speech of Cardinal Bourne, already mentioned. The English prelate stated that he had no wish to give an authoritative decision on points many of which are still obscure, and on which neither the Church herself nor her accredited theologians had pronounced a definite opinion. Syndicalism seemed to ignore the rights of private ownership, which the Church had ever defended as being entirely in harmony with the law of God. It was true she had encouraged and blessed those who, for God's sake, had embraced evangelical poverty and shared their worldly goods with their brethren. But she had never made this

extraordinary way^x of life a matter of obligation. There was nothing contrary to the moral law in possessing private property, but the possessor must ever bear in mind that property, like all other of God's gifts, carries with it duties to Him and to our neighbor. Next, Syndicalism seemed to deny the right of the individual to dispose of the labor of his hands—which is, after all, a form of property—in the way that he preferred. If he is to work at all, he is to be allowed to do so only in the way and according to the rules established by the Syndical unions. It was not easy to see how a continual coercion of this kind could be justified on moral grounds. Syndicalism had not hesitated to avail itself of such methods as *sabotage*, ranging from the neglect of work or the production of inferior work to the wilful destruction of the implements of industry, even to the extent of imperilling human life in order to enforce its demands. Such methods were clearly as much opposed to divine as to civil law. Syndicalism did not shrink from calling to its aid such weapons as the Sympathetic Strike; or from suggesting that it should, if need arise, be carried to its full logical development—the general or universal strike of all workers simultaneously.

The following verbatim extract from the Cardinal's discourse may be accepted as the common teaching of the best Catholic theologians as to the morality of strikes, direct or sympathetic, local or universal:

I have on many occasions, while admitting in extreme cases the necessity and lawfulness of lock-outs and strikes, pointed out that, owing to the misery which they inflict on numberless persons in no way responsible for the matter in dispute, and the injury they do to the society of men as a whole, some tremendously powerful justifying cause is required before they can be regarded as legitimate. For the same reason I am inclined to think that the sympathetic lock-out or strike of those who are in no way personally responsible or interested in the question which has occasioned the dislocation of some other industry, can hardly ever be justified;

* “Syndicalism,” by J. Ramsay McDonald, p. 35.

while the idea of a universal strike appears to me contrary to every principle of justice or charity. I know well that these extreme methods, in this and other political controversies, are being justified on the ground that there is now a real war being waged between Capital and Labor, and that in war all means, however terrible, may be lawfully employed. This argument, in my judgment, is absolutely fallacious. It is not strictly correct to define the industrial conflict as a state of war. At most, the term may be used analogously, and analogies are to be employed warily and with circumspection. And no such lame and halting analogy can justify, in God's sight, the criminal acts which *sabotage* and the universal strike must involve. Lastly, the Syndicalist campaign is promoted, inspired, and directed almost exclusively by those who neither accept nor practise the teachings of Christianity, while many of them do not recognize in any way God or His law. On this ground alone it behoves Catholics to be continually on their guard against their teachings, lest, led by blind guides, they enter on a path that will be the destruction of their eternal as well as their temporal hopes.

Present-day economic conditions and tendencies assuredly warrant such warning as is here given, and, as has been said, the warning is as pertinent and timely in the United States as in Great Britain. A thoughtful writer in the *Catholic Times*, indeed, sees a rift in the dark cloud of industrial unrest that is overhanging England. "It must be apparent," he says, "that only Anarchy can result from the present social system now fermenting with Socialistic, Syndicalistic philosophies. Yet the brightest ray is that the most intellectual of the Socialists are steadily drifting in the direction of what they call Guild Socialism, which is practically a return to Mediæval England and its industrial guilds, — purely Catholic institutions in spirit and in deed. And if our educated men and women can in a small way help to guide the surging stream of industrial unrest and anarchy into the broad and safe channel of Christian ideals, possibly we may regain for this country its lost title, 'Merrie England.'"

Whether this "consummation devoutly to be wished" can be achieved or not, there is no question that educated Cath-

olics in England, and in America as well, owe it to their country not less than to their Church to do their utmost in nullifying the false philosophy and economic crudities which, if unchecked, will certainly issue in social chaos. It is gratifying in this connection to note that some of our American Catholic societies, the Knights of Columbus among others, are having regular courses of lectures delivered by competent specialists on the various sociological problems of the day.

Fish as Food.

THOSE persons who reconcile themselves to the Lenten diet of fish by the consideration that such a diet is excellent brain-food are putting faith in a notion as fallacious as it is widespread. The notion is accounted for by the prevalent opinion that fish contains large proportions of phosphorus, and that phosphorus is especially beneficial to the brain. Neither assertion is warranted by any experimental evidence thus far in the possession of scientists. In the first place, the percentages of phosphorus in specimens of fish that have been analyzed are not larger than are found in the flesh of many animals used for food; and, in the second place, eminent physiologists declare that phosphorus is no more essential to the brain than nitrogen, potassium, or any other element that occurs in its tissues. The contrary impression is due to a popular misconception of statements made by an early writer on such topics.

Most physiologists, however, assert that fish is a particularly desirable food for persons of sedentary habits, since it is easily digested and not too hearty. Their assertion, though not perhaps founded on regular experimental evidence, seems to embody the result of experience. To mention only one kind of fish, the most important of the shellfish and perhaps the most popular of the whole piscine family, the oyster is one of the most

easily digested of foods. As for its food value, it has been estimated that, speaking roughly, a quart of oysters contains on an average about the same quantity of actual nutritive substances as a quart of milk, or three-fourths of a pound of beef, or two pounds of fresh codfish, or a pound of bread. Even though fish, then, be of no particular benefit to the brain, it is a species of food that may well alternate more frequently than it does with the various kinds of meat, of which sedentary people, as a rule, eat more than is good for them.

A Client of St. Nikola.

ON the eve of the feast of St. Nikola the Servian troops stationed at Alessio heard that the Turkish garrison of Scutari, notwithstanding the armistice, had made a sally and was forcing its way out. Major Pastrovitch, with a detachment of Servians, went to the aid of the Montenegrins, and the Turks were repelled; but at a heavy price of life. The Major, shot in the shoulder at the beginning of the engagement, refused to go to the rear to have his wound dressed. Later in the day he took the place of an infantry captain, slain in the act of leading a forward movement; and at the very moment that the Turks sounded the retreat he was struck by a shell. He sank senseless on the ground, and was borne by his soldiers to an ambulance, where, as soon as he revived, he asked for news of the battle. On learning that it was over and the enemy routed, he exclaimed: "St. Nikola was with us!" He then relapsed into unconsciousness and soon expired.

Major Pastrovitch was buried by his weeping soldiers in the Catholic churchyard of Alessio, where Christians of both denominations—one can not say "both creeds," the creed being virtually the same—lie together, oblivious of dogmatic or hierarchical disputes, after having given their lives to defeat the common enemy of Christendom.

Notes and Remarks.

One of the most precious possessions of the British Museum is the manuscript known as Queen Mary's Psalter, the work of an unknown English artist of the early fourteenth century, when the art of the illuminator reached its highest point. It is a volume of some 319 leaves, with illuminations or tinted drawings on almost every page. The Psalter itself is illuminated in the characteristic style of the day, with a lavish richness of brilliant color and gold, which alone would make it one of the most notable works of art of its century. Prefixed to the Psalter is a series of some two hundred drawings illustrating Bible history from the Creation to the death of Solomon. Almost nothing is known of the history of this manuscript before 1553, in which year it reached Queen Mary's hands. There is evidence, however, that it was decorated for some one who cherished a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The illustrations of this precious manuscript have just been reproduced by the Oxford University Press for the trustees of the British Museum, who are being congratulated by students and lovers of art on the success of the work.

It will doubtless be a subject of some wonder to future generations of readers how the contemporaries of Cardinal Manning could have differed so widely in their estimates of him. To some he was a winning personality: gracious, kindly, humble in all save bearing; to others, the "proud priest"—ambitious, unsympathetic, and untrustworthy. The best explanation of this divergence is probably the one offered by the great English Cardinal's latest panegyrist, Mr. J. E. C. Bodley. In reference to the everlasting Newman-Manning controversy, he declares that sympathy with one or the other goes by temperament. Some words about the former of these celebrities that he

has permitted himself to pen will be proof positive to many readers of his new volume of essays that Mr. Bodley is temperamentally unqualified to appreciate the illustrious Oratorian, to whom, in one reference at least, he is less than just. One can not help questioning Mr. Bodley's qualifications for impartial judgment after reading it, though we believe he is right when he marks as Cardinal Manning's most shining quality his sense of the reality of the other world:

Manning... was free from all pious affectation. Yet in close contact with him one felt that he was always living in the presence of an unseen Power, not as its pompous agent, but as its simple and humble messenger. It has been my lot to witness some of the most imposing religious ceremonies of modern Christendom, but nothing so impressive, so faith-inspiring, has ever met my eyes as the sight of this noble old Englishman in his threadbare cassock kneeling alone before the altar of his bare chapel.

Under the caption "A Noticeable Book," Mr. W. S. Lilly discusses, in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Dr. Chatterton-Hill's latest work, "The Sociological Value of Christianity." Dr. Chatterton-Hill is a professor of sociology at the University of Geneva, and it is simply and solely as a sociologist that he writes. As for theology, we are told that he puts it aside altogether. "He regards it as concerned with 'matters which lie outside the sphere of human knowledge,' with 'sterile controversies,' with 'unverifiable hypotheses.'" Accordingly as a judge of the values, to society, of Christianity's various forms his views should be of interest. And here is his judgment:

The great problem confronting Western society to-day is not that of how to best safeguard and develop liberty, but the problem of how to best safeguard the great principle of authority,—of how to safeguard that discipline without which social integration is an impossibility. And the only social organization in our midst in which authority and discipline are adequately safeguarded is the organization of the Catholic Church. . . . As long as Western society is to survive, it must continue to be

based on those fundamental principles of government which Christianity, and particularly Catholic Christianity, enunciated,—on those fundamental traditions of social policy which we owe to the genius of the Catholic Church. Of the social teaching of Jesus, and of the great principles of social organization and government derived from that teaching, the words of the Master are true: *Cælum et terra transibunt, verba autem mea non transibunt.*

Yes: heaven and earth shall pass away, but the Master's words will not pass, nor will they ever be falsified. Among His words, be it remembered, is His promise that the gates of hell shall not prevail against His Church: "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

Catholics who revere the memory of Lincoln are often heard to express regret that, along with meeting death at the hands of an assassin, his end should have come in a theatre, on Good Friday night. But it ought to be borne in mind that the anniversary of our Saviour's death was less generally observed sixty years ago than now. Furthermore, we have the assurance of Major J. B. Merwin, of Middlefield, Conn., an intimate friend of Lincoln, that he was very reluctant to attend a theatre on Good Friday, saying to Mrs. Lincoln, when she came to announce the appointment she had made for him (Major Merwin was present): "I don't think we ought to go to the theatre to-night. You know it is a day sacred to many of our best people." It was for peace sake—"to avoid having a scene"—that Lincoln consented to keep the engagement. Major Merwin makes these statements in a letter of recent date, which lies before us.

Those of our readers who are sufficiently interested in British politics to keep abreast of the Home Rule developments may remember that, about a month ago, at Nottingham, Mr. Balfour, in the course of a speech defending the Unionist position, appealed to "our brethren of the

English-speaking races over-seas" for a sympathetic consideration of the Unionist argument. The quoted phrase includes, of course, the inhabitants of this country,—the "American cousins," as well as the British subjects—of the over-seas races. A glance at the pages of a recent issue of the Dublin *Freeman* makes it clear that Mr. Balfour's appeal evoked no such response as he desired. The fact is that the English-speaking races in the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand,—everywhere, had considered the Unionist argument thoroughly, without its affecting their convictions; and they reserved their sympathy for the Irish Parliamentary Party. Accordingly, when the Home Rule Bill passed the Commons, that Party and more particularly its efficient leader, were deluged with congratulations from all quarters of the English-speaking world. The *Freeman* fills columns with copies of letters and telegrams from Legislatures in the United States; from Governors, Senators, and even an ex-President, Col. Roosevelt. The free peoples over-seas from England rejoice that a large blot on the escutcheon of governmental England is at long last to be removed.

By a recent decision of the Ambassadors' Council in London, Sveta Gora (Holy Mountain), more generally known as Mount Athos, will henceforth be an independent ecclesiastical republic, the smallest in the world, and the only one without a woman in its enclosure. It is an agglomeration of monasteries of our separated brethren of the Eastern Churches. There are twenty communities, Servian, Bulgarian, Greek, Rumanian and, more numerous, Russian, containing as many as 8000 monks, of whom nearly 5000 are Russian. Since Salonica fell under Turkish rule five centuries ago, the monks of Sveta Gora have paid tribute to the Sultan, who, in return, has respected their historic rights. But this dependence is now to cease. The œcumenical patriarch of Greece will henceforth

appoint a representant to preside over the administration of the little State formed of delegates,—one from each monastery. There will be a miniature army to maintain order; and the Republic will be under the protection of all "Orthodox" States, particularly of Russia.

Two vigorous papers in the March *Ecclesiastical Review* call attention to the problem of the Italian child. The first, by the Rev. W. H. Agnew, S. J., is entitled "Pastoral Care of Italian Children in America. Some Plain Facts about the Condition of our Italian Children"; while the second, by the Rev. Joseph McSorley, C. S. P., treats more particularly of the problem in the city of New York. The title of his article is "The Church and the Italian Child: The Situation in New York." Something of the general character of the problem under discussion must be familiar to all; enough, at least, will be known to make us consider seriously the solution offered by these special students of the situation. The heart of the difficulty is to make our already vast and steadily growing Italian population truly Catholic and to keep them so. To this end, as the problem is in the nature of things a city problem, the Sunday School Association, founded by the Rt. Rev. E. M. Dunne, D. D., Bishop of Peoria, has been organized and has successfully operated for a period of over fifteen years. But in cities like New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, where the Italian problem has assumed gigantic proportions, the helpers in the good work are all too few, and means are usually very strait.

Furthermore, there is a lack of native vocations among the Italians. It is to be feared that behind this, and at least partly responsible for it, there is a certain niggardliness of Italian parents to support their sons through a possible seminary career for the priesthood. A system of scholarships is the only apparent solution here; and if it comes, it must be by the

generosity and zeal of our people as a whole. The blame for this condition is not put upon us, but we shall look in vain to any other quarter for the remedy. And the opportunity is so momentous for good as to become almost an imperative duty.

In the foreword to "A Camera Crusade through the Holy Land" (a collection of photographs taken on a tour through Palestine), just published by Mr. John Murray, the author, Mr. Dwight L. Elmen-dorf, thus describes his state of mind before beginning his "crusade":

My faith was wavering, I was in doubt, yet one verse in Matthew compelled me to go: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." I went, I asked, I knocked. I doubt no longer. Now I know. The journey on horse-back through the Holy Land was a revelation to me. May my description of it be a help to many!

"This testimony is of interest," remarks the *Athenæum*, "because some English travellers in Palestine depose to having had their faith disturbed by the experience. They lacked the pilgrim spirit, it may be conjectured; though a materialist might opine that they neglected horse-back exercise. However that may be, Mr. Elmen-dorf's narrative has an atmosphere of pure devotion, both unusual and attractive in these days of bland professionalism."

Writing to the *Good Work*, a missionary among the Indians tells of the admirable spirit of penance that animates even the newly converted of his flock. That these uncultured Red Men have thoroughly grasped the meaning of Lent is clear from the following extract:

Before service my little room was crowded with Indians, and I noticed they were anxious to talk. The first man began: "Father, I must tell thee something." And counting on his fingers he would say: "First, I shall not use sugar during those forty holy days. Second, I will not eat meat. Third, I will not dance. Fourth, I will not play hand ball. Fifth, I

will not smoke, though I like smoking very much." And so that I should understand him well, he repeated it again. Praising him for his fervor, I said that he should not deprive himself of smoking, this being too great a penance for an Indian, and might make him sick. Another Indian named Has-the-Pipe, however, insisted upon abstaining from all smoking and sugar during the forty days. Good Indian women voluntarily took penances upon themselves, humbly asking me to approve of them.

Such acts of voluntary and supererogatory penance are perhaps not so common nowadays as they used to be in our grand-fathers' times; and a good many whites might do worse than take a leaf from the book of our red brethren.

One of the results of the new awakening in China is the agitation going on in that country with regard to the written language. Advocates of national development are insisting on the substitution, in the schools, of the spoken for the written language. The *Mingliepao*, a popular journal, says: "If the written language continues to be taught in the schools, there can be no doubt that public instruction in this country will never develop. To understand written Chinese passably well, a student must apply himself to it for ten years, and so assiduously that he has no time to study the arts and sciences. . . . If the pupils were taught the spoken language, they would merely be learning the language they habitually use, and thus spoken Chinese might be reduced to unity." The general desire to develop educational methods, and so increase the facility of China's relations with other powers, will probably result in effecting the proposed reform.

A British "excise official" has been making a close study of the comparative consumption of intoxicating liquors in England, Ireland, and Scotland; and he reaches this conclusion: "For every 62 gallons of alcohol in the shape of beer, spirits, and wine, consumed in England,

68 gallons are consumed in Scotland, and 63 in Ireland. The Englishman consumes in addition large quantities of privately-made beer, cider, and sherry, and home-made wines. The consumption of these articles in Ireland is practically *nil*. There is also a large consumption in England of British wines, while in Ireland the consumption of these highly alcoholic beverages is reduced to a minimum. Altogether the Irishman is, I consider, the lowest on the list so far as the average consumption of alcoholic beverages is concerned, while the Scotsman holds the premier position."

It is a centuried fallacy that the Irishman drinks more than his English or Scotch neighbor; but it is probably true that when he *does* drink, more people know about it than is the case with the toper of any other nationality.

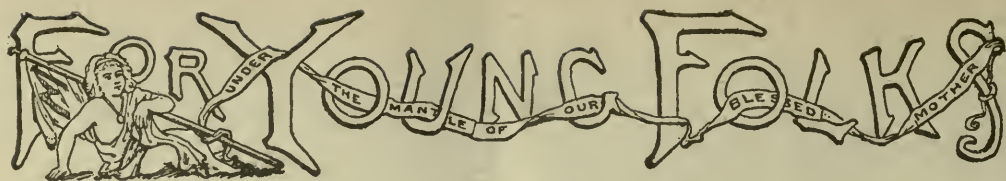
Writing of the Dominican Lenten preacher at Notre Dame, the Paris correspondent of the London *Catholic Times* observes:

There is no doubt that Father Janvier's teaching responds to a distinct movement in the intellectual world, where religious questions have now assumed a place of importance. This is a new feature in the contemporary history of France, and one that is full of promise, for the "Intellectuals," as they are called, if once they come over to the truth, may exercise a powerful influence for good on their surroundings. . . . The steady movement that is drawing many distinguished scholars toward the Church has already brought into her fold men like Brunetière, Bourget, and others. It is at work even among the professors and scholars of the University, and against this powerful tide the efforts of the Government to dechristianize the country must, in the long run, prove inefficient. As the revolt against the Church began with the upper classes and descended to the people, so those who are now watching events *from within*, are convinced that, at the present moment, it is the "Intellectuals" who are coming back to the Church, and the lower classes who are, alas! drifting away from her fold. But all lasting evolutions, it is well known, originate with those who have light and culture and impart their views to the less favored; so we may hope that the movement will in time

influence the lower classes and arrest the evil wrought by official tyranny and the godless schools among the poor and the ignorant.

By a happy coincidence, in the same issue of the *Times* "Papyrus" enforces the same truth as to the influence of men of thought on future action. "Life is not long enough," he writes, "for any man to be his own teacher in all things. Therefore it is that among men who disbelieve and reject the authority of the Church, another authority takes its place,—the authority of learning, intellect, admitted and recognized competence to judge in this subject or that. Here, now, there follows a fact of the most momentous importance. Not only are these learned men accepted as authorities, say in religion, but their verdict and opinion passes down from one class to another in the social ordering. At first the intellectual are touched, then the moderately educated, then at last the general body of citizens. Opinions descend like the streams from a mountain side. Grant them time enough, and they will reach the plain."

By the death of the venerable Bishop Hogan, of the diocese of Kansas City, the list of living American prelates who were present at the Vatican Council is reduced to one only. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons (then Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina, and one of the youngest bishops in the world) has outlived all the members of the hierarchy who went from the United States to attend that œcumenical synod. One other person only, now living, who was officially connected with the Council from America is the Rev. Theodore A. Metcalf. He is the oldest alumnus of the American College in Rome from the Archdiocese of Boston, having entered as a student there in 1863. In due course he became its third vice-rector. Father Metcalf was one of the secretaries of the Vatican Council. Forty-three years have wrought wondrous changes, and few are now living to link the present with the stirring days of 1870.



The Light of Calvary.

BY HENRY L. WELD.

UPON a cross of shame they nailed
The Man of Galilee;
The cloud-lids closed upon the sun,
And wildly wailed the sea.
But through that night, one saw His light,—
The light of charity.

It was a robber, crucified
Beside the Holy One,
Who looked with pleading eyes upon
Sweet Mary's dying Son.
"Dear Lord," said he, "remember me
When all is past and done!"

It was a simple prayer he made,
But precious fruit it bore;
For Jesus turned and spoke to him
Who did His aid implore.
"This day with Me thy soul shall be
To live for evermore."

White Eagle.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN, AUTHOR OF
"BILLY-BOY," ETC.

XI.—DON'S GUEST.

BIG SETH, who had been smoking on his front step, hurried forward; the whole camp roused at Don's call, and Mr. Stephen Carruther found himself the centre of a motley group that only increased his disapproval of his grandson, White Eagle. For Nokola, Bonita, even Nona, unmistakably belonged to the tents and tepees of "my mother's people," words that rankled deep in the old man's proud heart. Old Grizzle, peering through his matted locks, seemed scarcely human; Big Seth, fierce and gaunt in his loose home

togs, was not an inviting host; the camp, with its tumble-down shacks, scattered over the rough mountain side, was neither picturesque nor practical.

Mr. Carruther felt that it was as he expected: the boy had grown up in semi-savage conditions, and proud—actually proud—of his semi-savage lineage. White Eagle indeed! A fine name for his grandson to claim, to boast of! White Eagle! And now—now he could see that there was a look in the boy's eyes that was not altogether Don's, a spark of other fire, and a deeper hue on the young face that showed the blood of another race. Bah! he had been a fool—a drivelling old fool—to come to this infernal place! He would go back at once,—take the first train he could get to his home, his own life again, and forget this weakness, this folly.

So fiercely were Mr. Stephen Carruther's passions stirred, that, still leaning, feeble, and somewhat tremulous, on his cane, he scarcely heard or heeded the speakers around him. Don had explained to his listeners how he and Batty, busy cooking a pair of wild pigeons under the rocks, had seen Pappy tottering to a fall on the very verge of La Corta, and hurried to his rescue; and the first clamor of curiosity had subsided before Big Seth's blunt questioning roused his reluctant and disgusted guest.

"Feeling pretty bad yet, ain't you? You look it. An old codger shaky as you ought never to have tried such a climb. But now that you've got here we'll set you up all right, Pappy; you ain't dead by a long shot yet,—not dead by a long shot," repeated Big Seth, cheerily.

"I—I—" began Mr. Carruther. "I've made a mistake. I"—he paused to master his shaken voice.

"Thar, thar! don't waste your breath talking," interrupted Seth. "You ain't

got none to spare jest now, Pappy. Land! the idea of a wheezing old chap like you taking the Monje Trail! No wonder you're so blue about the gills. You ought not to be up on your legs another minute. Take him in, Don, and let him lie down somewhere; and, Nokola, stir up a cup of that yarb tea of yours, quick now! Hev it hot and strong ez you can make it. We want to set Pappy's heart beating right again, and that Injun tea of yours will do it if anything can."

"No, no!" said the guest, recoiling from "Injun tea." "I—I want nothing except to go back. I have made a mistake. I must go back—back to—"

"But you can't." It was the boyish voice of long ago that was in the old man's ear; it was the gentle touch of long ago that was on his arm. "You can't go back yet, Pappy. You must lie down, like Seth says, and rest,—just rest a little while till your heart gets right, Pappy. Come! I'll take you into my room. I've got a real nice bed, where you can rest just for a little while,—just till your heart gets right again, Pappy."

It was Don's voice pleading; it was Don's face looking into his own.

"No, no!" And again Stephen Carruther strove to steel his heart. This was White Eagle, son of the savage chiefs, among his mother's people. White Eagle! White Eagle! But he was weak and shaken with the morning stress and strain, with the fierce conflict of emotions. The boy was right: he must rest a while before he went back,—turned from these rough heights and what they held forever.

"I must rest a while, as you say," he said slowly. "I—I will lie down until I feel stronger."

"That's right!" said Big Seth, cheerily. "No use in kicking against things when we're your age, Pappy. We've got to give in or go under sure. Put him in that bunk of yours, Don, and shut out the dogs so he can sleep."

Bunk! Dogs! Mr. Stephen Carruther thought longingly of the drawing-room

car which had brought him on the best part of his westward way, and felt his soul and body recoil. But he dared not venture back over those wild, rough roads yet. He must rest one or two hours at least. And so he let Don lead him through the log-walled cabin, that, with its earthen floor, its big stone chimney, its disorder of cards and mugs and pipes, its heavy odor of liquor and tobacco smoke, stirred him into fiercer revolt and disgust. Faugh! What a place! What a foul, repulsive place! The boy who called this den "home" must be coarsened hopelessly; must be a boor,—a dull, brutish boor to the very core.

"Come right in here!" said Don, hospitably opening a rudely-hung pine door. "I put up that door myself. The dogs would come in after me at night, and they are not very clean to have around your bed; and Seth gave me this little room all for my own. Sit down now, Pappy, and I'll pull off your shoes so you can lie down and take a nice quiet rest."

Pappy dropped into the one chair; a big broad one twisted of pine boughs by a skilful hand. It was one of the relics of the little cabin in La Verde; and while Don gently removed the coarse shoes that were a part of Steve Carr's western outfit his guest looked around him.

The little slant-roofed room was not more than eight feet square, but it was spotlessly clean. The coarse linen of the narrow cot was snowy white; one gay Navajo blanket was folded neatly upon the bed, another covered the earthen floor; the tin ewer and basin shone as bright as sand could make them. No youngster trained in Uncle Sam's strictest school could have had things more "ship shape."

"There!" said Don, as he finished with his guest's rough shoes and shook up the pillow of the bed. "Now tumble right in there, Pappy, and rest,—rest as long as you please. Rest till your heart gets all right again."

And, weak, worn, exhausted as he was, Mr. Stephen Carruther was glad to accept

the boyish offer,—glad to sink down wearily, heavily, on the spotless little bed; glad to drain unquestioningly the blue bowl of steaming “yarb” tea that Don brought him a few moments later; and, after the strain and stress and fierce conflicting emotions of the day, to close his tired eyes and drift off from all his perplexities into a restful, dreamless sleep.

He slept long; and when he woke it was with a sense of rest and refreshment such as he had not known for years. Perhaps it was old Nokola's tea, perhaps the mountain breezes that, laden with spicy odor of pines and cedars, swept through the open window; for Don's little cabin had only a rude wooden shutter for times of rain and storm. For some cause Mr. Stephen Carruther roused from his three hours' nap no longer a feeble, shaken old man, but in full control of all his powers again; strong, wide-awake, alert as when he stood on his man-made cliffs in the far-off Empire city and ruled the busy world around him with a word and a touch. He had been dull, dazed, bewildered by conflicting emotions when he sank down on the little cot into his heavy, dreamless sleep; now, as he roused into clear consciousness, his keen eyes took in every detail of his surroundings—the book shelf, the Madonna, the baptismal and Confirmation certificate: “Donald Jameson Carruther, son of Donald J. Carruther and Maria Estella Carruther, was baptized in the mission church of San Pedro on the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption, August 15th, 18—” So Mr. Carruther managed to translate the quaintly lettered Spanish document. Also Donald J. Carruther had made his First Communion and been confirmed on another feast-day some year and a half ago, as Padre Francisco Mendez witnessed with tremulous signature. The boy was a “Romanist” too! This Carruther was a strange shoot indeed from the old family stock.

And while the keen old eyes roved in

grim disapproval over the gay prints of saint and Madonna that further decorated this boyish sanctum, a ray from the westering sun shot through the open window and fell upon a picture that had been in shadow on the opposite wall. From a frame of pine cones and acorn cups fashioned with simple forest skill a face looked down upon Stephen Carruther with a smile that even in these latter years could stir the depths of this old heart—his wife, the love of his youth, the joy of his manhood; the one sweet, tender, unchanging memory of his lonely old age. His wife, Don's mother, the—the grandmother of Don's boy!

The thought burst upon him like a revelation, as he stared almost fiercely at the picture smiling down upon him from its rustic frame as if claiming sweet kinship and hold and mother's right to her Don's boy; the grandson who had shrined her sweet image, in his own simple fashion, in this mountain home, with all that he had been taught to hold most sacred on earth. Her grandson! It was his wife's, his Ellen's, grandson that he was casting from him unclaimed and denied; her grandson to whom he was refusing all rights,—the grandson that she would have taken so tenderly to her heart and home in her dead boy's place. Her grandson, his Ellen's grandson!

And while the old man, with his eyes fixed upon the picture, was pondering this new view of the situation, the voice of his host came in no very complimentary terms through the open window.

“Isn't that old codger awake yet! It's about time to roust him out!”

“O Seth, no!” It was Don's answering voice. “He is sleeping so nice and quiet: I peeped at him twice. Poor old Pappy, he was so used up! Let him have a good rest.”

“I hadn't orter let you put him in your bed,” grumbled Seth again. “We don't know what he is or whar he comes from. It don't do to be too sappy-headed with these here old tramps. Like as not

he was two-thirds drunk and is sleeping it off."

"Oh, no, he wasn't! He wouldn't take Batty's whiskey," said Don, eagerly. "He shut his mouth tight against it; and he has a nice old face, I think, Seth."

"I didn't see anything nice about it; looked mighty grouchy and grim to me," was the answer. "But it's getting late, and I don't suppose we can turn the old rooster out to-night."

"Oh, no, we can't, Seth,—we can't! He might tumble into La Corta if he tried to go back. We'll have to keep him all night."

"It looks that way!" growled Seth. "Though I must say I ain't running this here shack for every old dunderhead that comes along. Whar are you goin' to turn in when he's got your bunk, kid?"

"Oh, anywhere!" answered Don, with a laugh. "You needn't bother about me. As long as I picked up Pappy I'd like to take care of him until he's all right again. I've killed one of my chickens, and Bonita is making broth for him now. I'll take care of him—if you'll let me, Seth,—and he shan't trouble you a bit."

"Land! but you're a saphead of a kid," said Seth, gruffly,—“a soft, green saphead; but that's no use in making you tough and hard before your time. So hev it your own way, lad, since you're so sot on it. Keep the old maverick ez long ez you please."

And the "old maverick," listening grimly beneath the smiling picture, resolved that he would be kept at Big Seth's as Don asked,—that "Pappy would stay."

(To be continued.)

WHEN Our Lord passed along the woodland vales of Galilee, so says an old-time legend, all the trees bowed their leaves in reverence. Only the aspen refused to bend its head, and it was blighted thereafter, so that to this day its leaves tremble and quiver with shame whenever any one gazes upon it. Even when there is not a breath of wind, the aspen leaves tremble.

The Burro.

In the southwest portion of the United States, where there are millions of acres of arid and desert lands, the little animal known as the burro is indispensable. No wagon could be safely drawn over the dangerous trails, no horses could withstand the hardships of that waterless region; and, as for the automobile, if ordered there, it would save time by going at once to the scrap heap. Some one has said that Nature made the arid region out of nothing, and filled up the gaps with sand and rocks. But the burro seems satisfied, and carries his big loads patiently with a look of perfect peace upon his sleepy face. I believe he would even tow a broken-down automobile home if asked to do so.

He is a very obliging little donkey, costing little to keep, always in good order, and never tired. From morning till night he goes swiftly over the awful rugged mountains, then sleeps anywhere in the open, and is cheerfully ready for another day's journey. And he does other things. He tills the soil, carries produce to town, and brings back what is needed; he takes the family to church on Sundays or wherever they wish to go; never objecting about the size of his load or asking for a holiday, or even wanting a rest until his master is tired.

Sometimes tourists are so pleased with these sturdy, obliging creatures that they bring or send them east to their children. They will live almost anywhere, not seeming to mind changes of climate. Here is an amusing story, which is said to be true.

A gentleman shipped a burro to his little son in Massachusetts. In the bill of lading it was described as "One bureau." The agent at the other end was puzzled, and promptly telegraphed back to Arizona: "Short one bureau and long one donkey." He thought it the smallest donkey he had ever seen. We hope that

the burro reached his new master before he had time to get homesick, and was treated kindly.

One has to see and travel over the roads that are cut upon the sides of the Western mountains before one can understand how sure-footed and cautious an animal must be that traverses them. One misstep, and over Master Burro would go to the valley hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of feet below. All honor to this humble animal, who teaches us patience and fidelity!

Little Things with Great Results.

It is curious to note that many things which have turned out most useful discoveries, having great influence on the lives and destinies of mankind, owe their beginning to some slight accident. It is said that the art of printing took its origin from some rude impressions made for the amusement of children from letters carved on the bark of a tree. The stupendous results of the steam engine may all be traced to the boy who sat watching the steam which came from the nose of the teakettle. Pendulum clocks were invented after Galileo had stood watching the lamp in a church swinging to and fro. The telescope we owe to some children of a spectacle-maker placing two or more pairs of spectacles before each other, and looking through them at distant objects.

Sir Isaac Newton was sitting in his garden one day when he saw an apple fall from a tree. This common occurrence set him to thinking why things should fall down and not up, and this train of thought led him to the discovery of the law of gravitation.

No matter how unimportant a circumstance appears, it is quite possible that great results may come from it. In an old building, which was once Peter the Great's workshop in Holland, may be seen the inscription: "Nothing is too small for the attention of a great man."

Presidential Etiquette.

The latest of our Presidents is spared one trouble which caused our first President considerable worry and vexation. In the beginning of his first term, Washington was somewhat at a loss in settling points of ceremony and etiquette. Among other questions were these: What title should he bear? And how should he be introduced? It would not do to act like a king, and surround himself with peers and courtiers; nor, on the other hand, was it advisable to adopt a free-and-easy "shirt-sleevisism" that would serve only to make himself and his office ridiculous. Like a prudent man, he consulted others on the subject, asking the advice of Adams, Jefferson, and Hamilton. In reply, Adams advocated a good deal of ceremony; whereas Jefferson frowned on the idea of having any ceremony at all. In the latter's letter (in Ridpath's history) is this passage: "I hope that the terms Excellency, Honor, Worship, Esquire, and even Mr., shall shortly and forever disappear from among us." Hamilton favored the golden mean between elaborate forms and the utter absence of etiquette,—a moderate and simple formality; and his view Washington adopted. In the course of time a tradition has been established at the White House, and Mr. Wilson has only to follow the excellent example of his most recent predecessors.

A Custom of Olden Times.

The origin of the phrase "he can't hold a candle" to another, doubtless comes from the fact that it was the custom, in olden times, before the small light-stand had been devised, to have a servant hold a light by his master's bed in order that he might "read himself to sleep." One can hardly understand in these days of electric light how the employer could gain much pleasure in this manner but there is everything in habit.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The recent decoration of Miss Emily Hickey with the medal *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice* was a fit recognition of high merit and noble service to the cause of religion. For many years she has been a valued contributor to THE AVE MARIA, and our readers, we have no doubt, will join with us in congratulating her upon her newest distinction.

—The oldest dated image print that has ever been found, according to a writer in the *Inland Printer*, is the print of St. Christopher, discovered in Suabia, Germany. It was pasted inside the cover of an old manuscript volume preserved in the library of the Carthusians at Buxheim. It is $8\frac{1}{2}$ by $11\frac{1}{4}$ inches in size, and is dated 1423. Another very old image print is a representation of the Annunciation.

—The ineffectiveness of initials to show the sex of an author is again exemplified in a notice given, in a well-informed British contemporary, to a book recently reviewed in our columns,—“In St. Dominic’s Country,” by C. M. Antony. Our British friend speaks of the author as one of the sterner sex, whereas “C. M. Antony” is the pen-name of Catherine Mary Woodcock, a convert (in 1904) of Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson’s, and a T. O. S. D., a Tertiary of the Order of St. Dominic.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Murrin has compiled, and the John Murphy Co. have published, a book of “Quotations in Poetry and Prose, Culled from the Speeches and Writings of Irish and Irish-American Authors.” From the point of view of serviceableness the work has been well done; the quotations are well grouped, and there is a good index of subjects and another of authors. The selections themselves, however, are sometimes inconsequential, and the text is disfigured by numerous mistakes which alert proof-reading would have removed.

—Whether or not “The Stock Exchange from Within,” by William C. Van Antwerp (Doubleday, Page & Co.), be the first work of its kind to appear in this country, as its publishers claim, there can be no question about its being an unusual book, and a distinctly interesting one as well. It is avowedly an appeal for fair play from the American public in judging the methods and morals of the men on ‘Change; and, moreover, a spirited defence of the great American “institution,” speculation. The author believes that the average man in the street condemns the Stock Exchange with as little knowledge, or rather

with as crass ignorance, of what it really is and does as, say, is possessed by the average non-Catholic who condemns the Jesuits. Whether “short selling” is immoral, whether speculation should be restrained by law, whether an unholy alliance exists between the Exchange and the Banks,—these points may still remain unsettled in the mind of the impartial reader of this apologetic financial essay; but the said reader, is safe to learn a good deal more about the whole subject than one reader in a hundred knows at present.

—In the death, on the 17th ult., of Joaquin Miller a picturesque figure passed out of the world of American literature. In a sense, he had gone out before, inasmuch as his contribution to letters was made and closed full two decades before. He had become already, so to speak, historic; indeed, almost mythical. No man was less of this generation. A friend of Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, and all that brilliant, unconventional Western school, Miller’s fame, which included the highest European recognition, came in the early Seventies, was recorded, and forgotten. Not so great a poet as he was then acclaimed, he nevertheless wrote some true poetry which the contemporary reader will fall upon with delighted surprise.

—“Kreuz und Queer Durch Deutsche Lande” is the title of a new German reader for second-year classes, published by the American Book Co. It tells the story of two Americans making a trip through Germany. The account of country and people and institutions is interspersed with numerous anecdotes and songs, which should form attractive reading for the young student. Questions on the text, careful notes, and a good vocabulary make up a pedagogically perfect text-book. From the same firm we have Professor Nutting’s First Latin Reader, a book intended for reading or translating Latin at sight. The text is properly graded, and an earnest teacher will find the book a good instrument with which to obtain results.

—With accustomed seasonableness, Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. have issued “Good Friday to Easter,” a book of sermons by the Rev. Robert Kane, S. J., author of the celebrated “Sermon of the Sea.” The discourses in “Good Friday to Easter,” though published only now, when the author, as he tells us in his preface, feels that he has reached his crossing of the bar, are really first fruits of his sacred ministry, having been written and preached

twenty-five years ago. In some respects, they represent, we think, his happiest inspiration. The matter is richer, and the style has not reached that declension of prose rhythm into prose metre at which we balk in his maturer work. When Dryden speaks of "that *other* harmony of prose" he means a harmony that is other than that of verse-movement. Richness—not the later prodigality—of thought and aspiration and unction is here for the soul's feeding, as witness the conclusion of the sermon on the Five Wounds:

Our Saviour still wears the stigmata of His Five Wounds. They are the seals upon His sacred flesh of our salvation. He can not change in love. He holds these pledges of His troth to us. Our soul is saved; our soul is His, unless we rob Him of the fruit of His Five precious Wounds.

Lastly, and this is the first truth and final fact of all our Saviour's Passion: these Wounds are lessons of His love. His love is not in empty words, but in His work; and so His love is written on His hands and feet with iron nails, and with a spear of steel His love is written on His Heart. It is a lesson of what love really means; a lesson of what our love should be; a lesson of true hands that strongly work for Him; a lesson of true feet that faithfully follow Him; a lesson of true heart that, in unselfishness and sacrifice, deeply and tenderly loves Him. Learn from His Wounds the lesson of His love. When you have learned something of it, you will find that you are beginning to realize that God is love, and that all true Christian life consists, indeed, in being pure, and also in being kind.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Theory of Evolution in the Light of Facts." Karl Frank, S. J. \$1.50.

"Good Friday to Easter." Rev. Robert Kane, S. J. 90 cts., net.

"The Stock Exchange from Within." William C. Van Antwerp. \$1.50.

"Quotations from Irish and Irish-American Authors." Elizabeth Murrin. \$1.

"Facts and Theories." Sir Bertram Windle. 45 cts.

"Notes on the New Rubrics." Rev. Arthur Hetherington. 60 cts.

"Grace." Rev. Heinrich Hansjakob. 50 cts.

"Life, Science and Art." Ernest Hello. 50 cts., net.

"Polenic Chat." Rt. Rev. Edmund M. Dunne." Cloth, 50 cts.; paper, 25 cts.

"Our Lady in the Church, and Other Essays." M. Nesbitt. \$1.60.

"Come Rack! Come Rope!" Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.46.

"The Catechist's Manual." Brothers of the Christian Schools. 85 cts.

"Translation of the 'Summa Theologica' of St. Thomas Aquinas." Part I. Second and Third Numbers. \$2, each, net.

"In St. Dominic's Country." C. M. Antony. \$1.60.

"Homiletic and Catechetical Studies." Canon A. Meyenberg. Translated by the Very Rev. F. Brossart, V. G. \$3.50, net.

"A Hundred Years of Irish History." R. Barry O'Brien. 60 cts., net.

"The Black Brotherhood." Rev. R. P. Garrold, S. J. \$1.35, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Holthaus, of the archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. John Morris, archdiocese of New York; Rev. J. D. Zwickert, diocese of Altoona; Rev. William Mulheron, diocese of Rochester; Rev. John Sullivan, C. S. B.; and Rev. Michael Tiernan, S. J.

Sisters M. Albana, M. Blandina (Murphy), and M. Denise (Tormey), of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. James Fullerton, Mrs. Blanche Ewing, Mr. John Garry, Mr. Louis Roffo, Mr. John Walsh, Mrs. C. Albright, Mr. Thomas Griffin, Mrs. R. S. Leacock, Mrs. Annie Murphy, Miss Lena Winston, Mr. Joseph Laveny, Miss Helen Kelly, Mrs. Ellen Gysens, Mr. J. M. Caveny, Mr. John Doran, Mr. Otto Bachmann, Mrs. Mary McKiernan, Mr. Henry Berger, Miss M. E. Hallahan, Mr. James Miner, Miss Delia McNulty, Mr. Bernard Hempen, Mrs. Hannah Sullivan, Mr. Robert Knox, Mr. James Finnerty, Mr. Edward Lane, Mr. John Mariano, Mrs. M. Murphy, Mrs. Bridget Murphy, Mr. Richard Maxwell, Mr. Francis Flood, and Miss S. H. Hazard.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the famine and cyclone sufferers in China:

T. M., \$5; Canton, \$25; in honor of St. Joseph, \$2; Mrs. Walters, \$5; X. Y., \$2; T. F. H., \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Easter Hope.

BY MARION MUIR.

THE world-old question of the leaf and tree
Pulsing with fragrant life, possesseth me.
The dear, dead wraiths of earlier renown
Pass through the forest, yet all dusk and brown.

O Sweet! the dust hath held thee many days;
But where thou wert, thy son's aspiring gaze
Searches the heavens and the hills beneath,
And will not be content with sorrow's wreath.

The resurrection of the world for me
Works a new miracle each dawn we see;
Sunshine and shadow, that elusive pair
Broaden our paths with glory everywhere.

To him that hath is given light and peace,
The sense of joy, the fulness of increase;
The incandescent gold that shall avail
To clothe in royalty the waiting dale.

He is Risen.

HE is risen, as He said." Such was the glad announcement of the angel who was the first to make known to the few faithful friends of Jesus the great fact of His Resurrection. Angels had announced His entrance into the world; they hovered around His crib, and sang their songs of praise in the ruined stable at Bethlehem; they came and ministered to Him in the desert, and comforted Him during His agony in the Garden of Gethsemane. Angels guarded His tomb; and when the Redeemer of the world triumphed over

death, and by His own power issued from the prison in which His sacred body had been confined, one of these heavenly messengers rolled away the 'very great stone' from the door of the sepulchre; that when the holy women and the Apostles came to visit the sacred remains, the proof might be given them that He had truly risen.

The guards who had been placed over the sepulchre were struck with fear at the apparition of the angel, whose "countenance was as lightning and his raiment as snow." Not so with the holy women who came "very early" that Easter morn to fulfil their mission of love, and anoint with sweet spices the cruelly mangled body which they expected to find in the tomb. To them the angel said: "Fear not you; for I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here; for He is risen, as He said. Come and see the place where the Lord was laid."* O glad and joyful tidings! It was indeed fitting that they should be first proclaimed by an angel of the Most High.

And who can describe the feelings that filled the hearts of these holy women when they heard this blessed announcement? What a happiness for those who were privileged first to look upon their Lord and Saviour risen glorious and triumphant! What a day of joy was it to the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God, to whom, according to a venerable tradition in the Church, He appeared first of all in His glorified body, His sacred wounds, now become the trophies of His victory! What joy was it not for the repentant

* St. Matt., xxviii, 5, 6.

Magdalene, so loving and devoted, when she again beheld Him to whom, since that happy moment when she first threw herself at His feet, she had been so faithful and whom her soul followed even into the tomb! He appears in a particular manner to her to whom much had been forgiven "because she hath loved much," and bids her go and announce the glorious mystery to the Apostles.

And the Apostles, after they have received the happy tidings, and have themselves been privileged to see their Lord and Master, can no longer contain themselves with the joy that fills their hearts. "The Lord has risen; we have seen the Lord; we have heard from His lips the blessing of peace; we have seen with our eyes and felt with our hands the wounds in His hands and feet and sacred side; we have conversed with Him, and sat at table with Him." Such are the words that pass from lip to lip among the weak but loving followers of the Lord. Weak they had been when they had not as yet received the vivifying Spirit, but, with all their timidity, they had never ceased to love their Master, and it was therefore with joy inexpressible that they repeated to one another the consoling words, "He is risen." In the fulness of their souls they broke forth into acts of praise and thanksgiving to the ever-blessed Trinity and the Saviour of mankind, who had been so ignominiously put to death, and whom now they beheld so gloriously risen again.

And that torrent of holy joy with which heaven and earth were filled upon that happy Easter Day, has it been exhausted in the Church? Is there to-day a Christian heart anywhere that will not respond with joyful enthusiasm to the triumphal chorus sent up by earth to heaven—"Christ is risen"? For our sake He was condemned to the ignominious death of the Cross, and now He appears glorious and triumphant over death. "For us men and for our salvation," He humbled Himself to the lowest degree, "becoming

obedient even unto death"; and now He is seen clothed with the splendor due to the King of the Universe, and exalted above the Cherubim and Seraphim and the whole host of heaven. He was the Lamb of God slain for the sins of the world, and now He has become the Lion of Juda; He has conquered hell and all the powers of darkness, and "is worthy to receive benediction and honor and glory and power for ever and ever."* All true Christians, all generous and loving hearts, must indeed rejoice over this victory and triumph, this ineffable glory and admirable exaltation.

Therefore it is that to the devoted members of the Church upon earth the grand fact of the Resurrection presents itself as the signal victory of their faith, which bears the divine stamp of truth impressed upon it by this glorious mystery. Testimonies, arguments and proofs without number may be brought forward to defend and maintain the truth of our holy religion; but the miracle of the Resurrection of the Founder of Christianity is the proof which surpasses all others. It was to this that Christ Himself referred His enemies, the Pharisees and Sadducees, when they asked of Him a sign. "But He answering, said to them: An evil and adulterous generation seeketh for a sign; and a sign shall not be given it, but the sign of Jonas the prophet. For as Jonas was in the whale's belly three days and three nights, so shall the Son of Man be in the heart of the earth three days and three nights."† And on another occasion He said to them: "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up."‡ Armed with this triumphant proof, the Apostles went forth on the mission assigned them, and, cross in hand, conquered the world.

"Wherefore art thou come?" was asked of St. Peter when he appeared before the people in the very capital of paganism. "I am come," he answered, "to convert

* Apoc., v, 13.

† St. Matt., xii, 39, 40.

‡ St. John, ii, 19.

the city of Rome to the faith of Jesus Christ."—"But what power or eloquence or knowledge hast thou to accomplish such a work? And what honors or dignities or riches canst thou promise to believers in the Name of Jesus?"—"I have naught," was the reply, "save the Cross. I preach Jesus Christ crucified and risen from the dead." And so, too, was it with the other Apostles after they had dispersed to the principal parts of the world, and entered upon the great work with which they had been entrusted, of making known to mankind the blessed truths which had been revealed to them. In Jerusalem all, as we are told in the Acts, "with great power did give testimony of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ our Lord."* And this was the fundamental proof upon which their preaching everywhere rested. Throughout the world they went, and proclaimed as the basis of all their teachings: 'We preach Jesus crucified and risen again. We ourselves are witnesses of this great fact, and in testimony thereof we are prepared to shed the last drop of our blood. If Jesus crucified hath not risen again, the faith which we preach, and for which we daily and hourly expose ourselves to the greatest dangers, is vain, and we are the most foolish and wretched of men. But if Christ be risen, then do all that lies in your power against the faith we preach: it will destroy all the barriers that incredulity may oppose, and will advance triumphantly throughout the world.'

Again, the Resurrection of our Divine Lord is the assurance and guarantee of the indefectibility of the Church which He founded upon earth, and commissioned to continue the grand work He had come down from heaven to inaugurate and establish. By this transcendent miracle the Founder of the Catholic Church has given the greatest proof of His divinity, and the most convincing argument to the world that He is able to fulfil the promises He has made, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against His Church, and that

He will abide with her until the end of time. Let the powers of the world and darkness strike and persecute her; let them, as the momentary glare of a passing triumph dazzles them, proclaim that her days are numbered: the Church is never so strong as when she appears weakest before the world; never is she so fruitful as when the blood of her children is made to flow. Her very wounds and defeats are, in reality, but so many victories. The glorious Resurrection of her Divine Founder, who remains ever with her, is the security and pledge of her own continuous triumph.

Another thought which the commemoration of this great mystery can not fail to bring home to the Christian is the assurance which it gives of his own triumph over death and the tomb. As the Apostle says: "For if the dead rise not again, neither is Christ risen again. And if Christ be not risen again, your faith is vain; for you are yet in your sins. . . . But now Christ is risen from the dead, the first-fruits of them that sleep. . . . And we shall all indeed rise again."* What an encouragement to every Christian as he passes through the trials of life! What a consolation to him when his last hour has come, and his soul is preparing to appear before its Maker! Who does not fear death? How terrible is the thought of the separation between the body and the soul which must one day take place! But when we think of our Redeemer risen from the tomb, triumphant over death, we can exclaim: "O Death! where is thy sting?"† At that last hour, when we feel life fast passing away—when our soul is trembling as the moment draws nearer and nearer when it must go forth from this world,—we may find support and encouragement in the hope of the Resurrection. We may exclaim with Job in the midst of his sufferings: "I know that my Redeemer liveth; and in the last day I shall rise out of the earth, . . . and I shall see my God."‡

* Acts, iv, 33.

* I. Cor., xv, 16, et seq. † Ib., 55. ‡ Job, xix, 25.

Thus, then, by the thought of the Resurrection the virtues of faith and hope are encouraged and strengthened in the soul. Does this grand mystery do naught for charity, the greatest of all? Yes: love alone can form the fitting crown of all the mysteries of religion. Love was present at the crib in Bethlehem and joined in the songs of the angels. Love was with Jesus in His hidden life at Nazareth; it accompanied Him in His missions through Galilee and Judea; it followed Him to Thabor, and into the Garden of Gethsemane. Love was at the foot of the Cross on Calvary's height; it hovered over the tomb, and it had its part in the glorious Resurrection. Faith, Hope, and Charity are the Angels of the Tomb which shall be glorious for evermore.

The White Easter at Topeka.

BY MAXIME DU CAMP.*

I.

THE winter had been an unusually severe one even in Poland. The old peasants declared that the like of it was never seen before. It was the eve of Easter, but the rivers were still bound in icy fetters, and snowflakes were flying instead of song birds.

"Hark!" said Father Tanski, the patriarch of the village, who was sitting at the fireside, surrounded by children and grandchildren. "The Evil One is abroad in the storm to-night. Hear his voice! He can not say Alleluia. Make the Sign of the Holy Cross, and let us go to our beds. See, the fire burns low."

The demon voice shrieked for a time, but as the night advanced only low-moaning could be heard, — the final sigh of the prisoned souls soon to be delivered.

When the last light had been extinguished, the last prayer said, and every inhabitant of Topeka was in slumberland, the bells in the steeple of St. Valentine's

began to converse, as they sometimes do when all human sounds are hushed. Two of the younger ones were vexed, and spoke angrily:

"Is it not time we were asleep? It is nearly morning, and twice have we been shaken, twice have we been forced to cry out through the darkness, just as though it were day, and we were singing the call for early Mass. That wind shook the foundations of the steeple, and of course we at the top had to be roused by it. Are we to be tormented again, I wonder?"

To this the oldest bell in the steeple replied, in a voice which, though cracked, had lost none of its solemnity:

"Hush, hush, little ones! Are you not ashamed to speak so foolishly? When you were blessed, did you not take an oath, did you not swear to fulfil your duty? Do you not know that in a little while it will be Easter, and that you will then herald the resurrection of Him whose birth you have already celebrated?"

"But it is 'so cold!" whimpered a young bell.

"And do you not think that He was cold, when He came into the world naked and weak? Did He not suffer in the Garden of Olives? Was He not naked on His cross? Instead of grumbling and complaining, let your voices be sweet and tender, in memory of His Passion. Mine shall be loud for joy in honor of His Resurrection. Hold yourselves in readiness. Time flies. The motto is round my neck."

There was silence for some time, and then the old bell spoke again:

"I can see them lighting the tapers; the banner is unfurled; the beadle is bustling about. He has a bad cold, the poor man; how he sneezes! The priest has put on his embroidered alb. I hear the approaching sound of wooden shoes — the peasants are coming to Mass. The clock is about to strike the hour — now — Alleluia! Alleluia! Ring out, ye bells! Let no man say that he has not been summoned to first Mass on Easter Sunday."

* Adapted for THE AVE MARIA, by X. Y. Z.

Women wrapped in long mantles of brown wool, and men in heavy cloaks, slowly made their way into the church. They knelt and with bent brows piously murmured the responses as the priest proceeded with the Sacrifice. Behind one of the pillars, near the door of the church, knelt a child. His feet were bare: he had slipped off his wooden shoes, on account of the noise they made. His cap lay on the floor before him, and with clasped hands he prayed: "For the soul of my father, who is dead, for the life of my mother, and for me, — for your little Peter, who loves you, O my God, I implore you!" And he knelt all through Mass, lost in the fervor of his devotion, and rose only when he heard the words: "*Ite, Missa est! Alleluia! Alleluia!*"

The people crowded together under the exterior porch. Every man pulled up the collar of his cloak, and the women drew their mantles closely around them. Brrr! how cold it was! A little boy called out to Peter:

"Are you coming with us?"

"No," said he. "I must go back to my mother." And he started off on a run. He could hear the village people singing the favorite carol of olden Poland as they walked home in the cold air:

The bells are ringing,
The children are singing.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

II.

Little Peter's mother did not sleep for a moment while he was absent at Mass. She was thinking, and her thoughts wrung tears from her eyes. She was recalling the happy days when her husband was living, and life seemed so full of hope. She lay still, so as not to excite her cough; her head thrown back on the bolster, the tears trickling down her bony cheeks, her hand pressed to her hot chest.

Hedwige's husband had been the pride of his village, a great worker and an upright man. At the call of the conscription, he went to the wagon train; for he was a good driver, kind to his horses,—

a man who made his own bed only after having prepared their litter. He spoke with pleasure of the time when he had been "in the army of the war"; and would say laughingly: "I carted heaps of glory in the Crimea and in Italy." His return to the village was a source of rejoicing. He had known Hedwige as a child; he now found her a woman and married her. They were poor,—Hedwige's *trousseau* consisting of a lace cap, which she bought in order to make a good appearance at the church ceremony. They owned the cottage—a poor little cottage; but they were happy in it, because they worked hard and loved each other. The village people said:

"Hedwige is no simpleton. She knew what she was about when she married Peter Kolinski. The sun does not find him abed. He is strong, saving too, and no drunkard."

Yes: he was a good workman — spry, punctual; a man of much action and few words. He had resumed his old trade, and drove his teams through the mountains for a man who was quarrying granite. He drove four stout-haunched, wide-chested horses; and excelled in manœuvring the screw-jack, in balancing the heaviest blocks, and driving down the steep declivities that opened into the plain. When he came home after his day's work, he found the soup and a jug of cider on the table, and Hedwige waiting for him. Everything smiled upon them in the poor little home, where there was soon a willow cradle.

But happiness is short-lived. There is an Arab proverb that says: "As soon as a man paints his house in pink, Fate hastens to daub it black." For eleven years Peter and Hedwige lived happily together, and laid their plans with no fear of the future; then misfortune came and made its abode with them. One raw, foggy winter's day Peter went out to the mountain. He loaded his wagon; and, after having left the dangerous passes of the road behind, he sat on the shaft

for a rest, and leaned against a great block of granite. He was tired; and, lulled by the swaying of the vehicle and the monotonous jingle of the bells, he involuntarily closed his eyes. After a little the left wheel went over a great limb that lay across the road. The shock was violent. Peter was pitched from his seat; and before he could move, the heavy wheels rolled slowly over him and crushed in his chest. The horses went their way, unconscious of the fact that their driver, their oldest friend, lay dead behind them. They reached the quarrier's, and stopped at the door.

"Where is Kolinski?"

Inquiries were made at once. Men were sent to the cottage. Hedwige grew anxious. As the light failed, they took torches and went up the mountain, shouting, "Halloo there, Peter!" But no voice answered. At last they came upon the poor man, lying in the middle of the road on his back, with outstretched arms. The wheels had cut through the cloak, and the edge of the rent was crushed into his chest, and dark with blood.

All the villagers followed the corpse to the church and the cemetery, and held out their hands to Hedwige, who stood white and immobile, like a statue of wax, muttering mechanically under her breath, "O God, have pity, have pity!" Little Peter was then in his sixth year. He could not appreciate the greatness of his mother's sorrow, and cried only because she did.

Then misfortune had followed misfortune — poverty, illness, misery. And so on this white Easter morning Hedwige lay stifling her sobs as she recalled the past.

III.

Little Peter reached the thatched cottage at the far end of the hamlet, nestling in a rocky hollow at the foot of the hill. He opened the door carefully, and tiptoed into a room in which there was no fire, cold as it was.

"Is that you, little one?"

"Yes, mother. Do you feel better?" asked the boy.

"Yes, but I am very cold. Make a little fire."

Peter searched every corner of the hut, looked in the old cupboard, went through the cellar which had formerly contained their supplies, and said:

"There is no wood left, and there are no roots either."

"Never mind, then. It is not so very cold, after all."

Peter picked up a stone, hammered at the nail that secured the strap of his wooden shoe, slipped his foot into it, pulled his cap down over his ears, and said, resolutely:

"I am going out to the mountain to get some dead-wood."

"Why, you forget that to-day is Easter, my child."

"I know, but Father Czyzewski will forgive me."

"No, no: you must not go. It has been prohibited."

"I will see that the Cossack does not catch me. Please let me go. I will be back soon."

"Well, go then, child."

Peter put his pruning-knife into his pocket, threw a rope over his shoulder, and opened the door. A gust of wind, thick with snow, dashed him back and whirled through the room.

"What a storm!"

"Holy angels!" cried Hedwige. "It is the white deluge! Listen, little one: you are not warm enough. Open the old chest where your father's things are, and get his cloak—the cloak he had on when they brought him home. Wrap it around you, and see that you do not take cold. One sick person in the house is enough."

Peter took the cloak, upon which a twig of blessed box had been laid. It was one of those great black and white cloaks, of thick wool and goat-hair, with a small velvet collar and brass clasps. There was a gaping black rent in it, and here and there an ugly dark spot. It was very

long for Peter, so Hedwige pinned the edges up under the collar. When he was half-way out of the door, she called to him:

"Peter, dear one, if you pass the Crucifix, do not forget to say a fervent prayer."

IV.

Peter set out at a brisk pace. There was not a human being to be seen anywhere. The fields were gloomy and desolate. The snow seemed to shoot along horizontally, so violently was it lashed by the north wind. Peter stopped every now and again to knock off the snow, which gathered and hardened on the soles of his wooden shoes. He was not cold, but he found the cloak very heavy. Measuring his steps to the time, he began to sing, in a low tone,

The bells are ringing;

and walked along with a great effort, leaning forward. He sunk into hollows where the snow was deep. He knew that he was not far from the Russian Copse, so he took courage. There was surely no lack of dead-wood at the Czar's Copse.

Over the shivering heather and the crouching brier lay the fallen branches in their furrows. Peter fell to work—and how he toiled! He had taken off his cloak, that his movements might be freer. His legs sunk deep in the snow; his hands and his arms were drenched and chilled, while his face was hot and wet with perspiration. He would stop every minute or two to look at his pile of wood, and think of the bright flame it would make in the hut. When he had all he could carry, he tied it in a fagot, threw his cloak over his shoulders, and started along the shortest cut to the village. His legs trembled; now and then he was compelled to stop and lean against a tree.

V.

Soon Peter came to a cross-road. In the days long since past it had been called Trivium, because of the three roads that met there. On that spot had formerly

stood an altar to Mercury, the protector of roads, the god of travellers, and the patron of thieves. Christianity had torn down the pagan altar, and replaced it by a crucifix of granite. With His hands nailed to the cross, His brow encircled with thorns, the Christ hangs, as though He were calling the whole world to take refuge in His outstretched arms. He seems enormous. In the folds of the cloth which girds His loins wrens have built nests, that have never been disturbed. His face is turned toward the east; and His hollow, suffering gaze is fixed upon the sky, as though He were looking for the first rays of the sun that would dance for very joy over the glorious Resurrection.

Little Peter did not forget his mother's instruction. He laid down his fagot, took off his cap, and, on his knees, began a prayer; and as he prayed, he looked up at the Christ, lashed by the storm. Its parted lips and upturned eyes gave it an expression of infinite pain. Two little icicles, like congealed tears, hung on its eyelids; and the emaciated body stretched itself upon the cross as if in a last spasm of agony. Peter began to suffer with the suffering embodied there, and he was moved to console the One whom he had come to invoke.

When his devotions were finished, he took up his fagot and started on his way; but before he had left the cross-road behind him, he turned and looked back. The Christ's eyes seemed to follow him. The face was less sombre; the features seemed to have relaxed into an expression of infinite gentleness. A gust of wind shook the snow that had accumulated on the outstretched arms. One might have believed that the statue had shivered. Peter stopped. "Oh, my poor God," said he, "how cold Thou art!" And he went back and stood before the crucifix; then, with a sudden impulse, he took off his cloak. He climbed upon the pedestal, putting his foot upon the projection of the loin-cloth, and reaching about the shoulders, he threw the cloak around the

figure of the Lamb of God. When he had reached the ground again, "Now, at least, you will not be so cold," said he; and the two little icicles that had hung on the eyelids of the divine image melted and ran slowly down the granite cheeks, like tears of gratitude.

Little Peter knelt again to pray for his father and mother. The cruel north wind blew through his cotton blouse. How cold he felt! How tired he was! He sat down to rest, only for a minute, thought he,—just a minute more, and he would be up again and on his way to his mother. How drowsy he felt! He lay down and leaned his head against the fagot. "I must not go to sleep," he said. "Oh, no! I will not go to sleep." And as he said this, his eyelids drooped, and his cold and weary little body suddenly yielded to unconsciousness.

VI.

When Peter awoke he was greatly surprised. The snow, the forest, the mountain itself, the gray sky, the freezing wind,—all had disappeared. He looked for his fagot, but could find it nowhere. He had never seen, or even heard of, this new country; and he was unable to define its substance, to circumscribe its immensity, or appreciate its splendors. The air was balmy, saturated with exquisite perfumes; and it breathed soft harmonies, that made his heart quiver with delight.

He rose. The ground beneath his feet was elastic, and seemed to rise to meet his step, so that walking became restful. A luminous halo hovered about him; instead of the old torn cloak, he wore a mantle strewn with stars; and it was seamless, like the one for which lots were cast on the heights of Calvary. His hands—his poor little hands, tumefied with chilblains, and chapped and creviced by the wind and cold—were now white and soft, like the tips of a swan's wings. He was amazed, but no feeling of fear agitated him; he remained calm, and felt strangely confident. A great burden seemed to have been lifted from his

shoulders and from his heart; he was as light as the air, and aglow with beatitude.

"Where am I?" he asked; and a voice, more harmonious than the whispering of the breeze, answered:

"In thy Father's house, which is the home of the just."

Then through the veil of azure and light a great granite crucifix arose before him. It was the Crucifix of Topeka. His father's cloak, with the rent across it, floated from the shoulders of the Christ. The coarse wool had grown as diaphanous as a cloud, and through it the light radiated as from a sun. The thorns on His brow glittered like carbuncles, and a superhuman beauty lighted His countenance. From fields of space, which the sight could now explore, came aerial chants. Peter fell upon his knees and prostrated himself.

"Rise, little one!" continued the voice. "You were moved to pity by the sufferings of your God; you stripped yourself of your cloak to shield Him from the cold, and this is why He has given you this mantle in exchange for yours; for all the virtues the highest and rarest is charity, which surpasses all wisdom and all knowledge."

Little Peter took a few steps toward the dazzling vision, and held out his arms in supplication.

"What do you want?" said the Christ.

The child replied: "I want my mother."

"The angel who rolled away the stone from My tomb this day will bring her to you."

There was a rustle of wings, and a smile shone on the face of the granite Christ.

Peter was praying, but his prayer was unlike any that he had ever said before. It was a chant of ecstasy, which rose to his lips in words so beautiful that he experienced a sense of ineffable happiness in listening to himself. Far away, on the brink of the horizon, pure and clear as crystal, he saw Hedwige borne toward him on billows of white. She was no

longer pale, worn and sad. She was radiant, and glowed with that internal light which is the beauty of the soul, and is alone imperishable. The angels laid her at the foot of the crucifix, and she prostrated herself and adored. When she raised her head there were two souls beside her, and their essences blended in one kiss, in one burst of gratitude.

VII.

High in the steeple the bells are conversing again. It is the night of Easter, and stillness reigns over Topeka. The two younger bells are sullen.

"The people in this village are mad. Why can they never be quiet? Were not yesterday's duties sufficiently tiresome,—early Mass, High Mass, Vespers and Benediction; then the Angelus, to say nothing of supplementary chimes? There was no end to it. And now to-morrow we must begin all over again. Why will they never leave us in peace on our frames? Our clappers are weary, and our sides are bruised with the repeated strokes. Think of so much fuss as there will be for a little boy and a poor widow!"

The old bell, full of wisdom and experience, reproved them, saying:

"Be still, and do not shame me with your ignorance! You have no conception of the dignity of your functions. You have been blessed—you are church-bells. To men you say, 'Keep vigil over your immortal souls'; and to God, 'O Father, have pity on human weakness!' Instead of being proud of your exalted mission, and meditating upon what you see, you chatter like hand-bells, and reason like sleigh-bells. Your bright color and your clear tones need not make you vain; for age will tarnish you and the fatigues of your duty will crack your voices. When years have passed—when you shall have proclaimed church festivals, weddings, births, christenings, and funerals; after having raised the alarm for conflagrations, and rung the tocsin at the invasion of the enemy,—you will no longer complain of

your fate: you will begin to comprehend the things of this world, and divine the secrets of the other; you will come to understand how tears on earth can become smiles in heaven. So ring gently. Let your voices sound like the cooing of doves. Toll for the dead, but give consolation to the living."

When the inhabitants discovered the cloak around the crucifix, and understood that little Peter, in the compassion of a great love, had placed it there, Father Czyzewski said to them—there were tears in his eyes and his voice was husky: "A torn cloak in this world may be a mantle of eternal blessedness in the world that is to come.

My Song of To-Day.*

BY ROTHAY REYNOLDS.

MY life's an instant, just a passing hour;
My life's a moment, fleeting as I pray.
To love Thee, my God, I have now the power
Just for to-day!

I love Thee, Jesus; my soul longs for Thee;
My burden this one day on Thee I lay.
Reign in my heart and give a smile to me
Just for to-day!

What matter, Lord, if dark the future be?
For morrow's blessings I've no wish to pray:
Keep my heart spotless, overshadow me,
Just for to-day.

Fearing to-morrow I may fail to stand,
I feel within my heart sadness, dismay;
Testing and suffering, Lord, I Thee demand
Just for to-day.

I am to see Thee soon where troubles cease;
Pilot Divine, from whom I can not stray,
Over the rough waves guide my bark in peace
Just for to-day.

Shelter me, Saviour, in Thy holy Face;
I hear there no more this world's noisy fray.

* From the French of Sœur Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus
"The Little Flower."

Give me Thy love, maintain me in Thy grace,
Just for to-day.

Close to Thy Heart, forgetting wave and foam,
I fear no more the foe my soul will slay.
Ah, grant me, Jesus, in Thy Heart a home
Just for to-day!

Celestial Bread, O sacramental sign,
O mystery for which Thy love did pay,
Dwell in my heart, Jesus, Victim Divine,
Just for to-day!

Unite me to Thee, sacred, living Vine,
And my frail branch shall Thee with grapes
repay,
And I shall give Thee fruit that is but Thine,
Lord, from to-day.

Souls are the grapes of that fruit of desire;
I've but this day to bear it as I pray.
Oh, give me, Jesus, an apostle's fire
Just for to-day!

O spotless Virgin! Star of Ocean, hail!
Illumed by Jesus, light of souls that stray!
O Mother, let me hide beneath thy veil
Just for to-day!

O Guardian Angel, spread thy wing o'er me;
Light my path, sweet friend, with thy glowing
ray;
Direct my steps, aid me, I call to thee,
Just for to-day!

I wish to see my Jesus face to face,
Yet here below I'm close to Him alway;
He only hides His visage for a space,
Just for to-day.

I soon shall fly away to sing His praise.
Day without sunset, dawn on me for aye!
Then shall I sing, to music angels raise,
Th' Eternal Day.

A Far-Away Princess.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XII.

AND so Paul has got back!" Governor Harcourt said, as he folded the telegram which Lyndon had sent to his mother on landing in New York, and returned it to its envelope. "He has made a quick trip."

"Yes: I don't think he can have been more than a week on the other side," Mrs. Lyndon agreed. "I wonder he didn't stay longer. It hardly seems worth while to have crossed the ocean to have come back again so immediately."

"Paul is not one to waste time," his uncle observed. "He went over on business, you know."

"I know; but that needn't have prevented his staying long enough to have done something else."

"What else?"

"Well" (Mrs. Lyndon took her courage in her hands), "I thought he would have seen Royall."

"I haven't a doubt but that he has seen Royall," her brother answered. "He didn't tell me that he had any such intention, but I know him so well that I was as sure of his motive for going abroad as if he *had* told me. The business of the Barclay estate was a good excuse, but he really went over to see Royall. I was quite certain of that."

"And yet you said nothing!"

"Why should I have said anything? There are times when words are unnecessary."

Mrs. Lyndon sighed. She knew well that there were many such times with her brother and her son, and the knowledge was one of the trials of her life. Herself expansive by nature, she could never cease to feel injured and irritated by the habitual reticence of the two men with whom she was most closely associated. It was exasperating now to be

BEFORE our Saviour suffered for our sins, He did converse with sinners; but now that He is risen from the grave, He hath not taken any sinner with Him from the dead. How, then, can living sinners hope to keep Him company? And how without Him can we hope to live?

—"The Christian Sodality" (1652).

told that her son had gone abroad on an errand in which she would have been so deeply interested, without uttering one word of his intention to her; and that her brother had divined this intention, and had also maintained silence. But long experience had taught her that remonstrance was useless, so after a moment she remarked a little sarcastically:

"I only hope that Paul won't, think words are unnecessary when he comes to-morrow. For if he has seen Royall, I shall be desperately anxious to hear what he has learned about his marriage."

Governor Harcourt's face hardened.

"I am quite sure that you will hear nothing that can be of satisfaction to you," he said. "And, for myself, I should prefer to hear nothing at all."

"But you won't refuse to listen to what he has to tell!" she urged eagerly.

"No, I shall not refuse to listen; but I anticipate nothing good in his report, and I advise you not to anticipate anything either."

"But at least one will be glad to know something with certainty!" she cried. "Oh, I hope you are not mistaken about his having seen Royall! It would be an awful disappointment to learn now that he hadn't done so."

Her brother regarded her with a glance of mingled pity and impatience.

"I am sorry that I told you anything about it," he said. "It is always a mistake to tell things. But at least you haven't long to wait for Paul's arrival, since he says that he will be here to-morrow."

With this he walked out of the room, to avoid further discussion of the subject; and Mrs. Lyndon was left to meditate on the general unsatisfactoriness of human relations, as well as on the extreme doubtfulness of hearing anything that she desired to hear from her son on the morrow.

Nevertheless, it was with intense pleasure that she greeted the young man who sprang out of the car, that had been sent to the station to meet him, when it drew

up before the portico where Governor Harcourt and herself were waiting the next day.

"My dear boy," she exclaimed, as he embraced her, "how glad I am to see you! And how dreadfully sunburned you are! But of course that's natural, since you are just off the sea. Did you have a pleasant voyage?"

"One of the pleasantest I have ever known," Lyndon answered, as he turned to shake hands with his uncle. "I hope you are well, sir," he said, painfully struck by the change that, even since he saw it last, had been wrought by mental suffering in the face before him.

"Oh, well enough!" Governor Harcourt answered a little impatiently. "Never mind about me. You are looking much better for the trip,—though you didn't make a long stay on the other side."

"I found that there was no need of staying," Lyndon replied. Then, reading the anxiety so plainly written in the two pairs of eyes that gazed at him, "Let us go in," he added, "and I'll tell you both all that there is to tell about what I did over there."

A few minutes later, when they sat down together in his mother's pleasant sitting-room, Lyndon said:

"Of course you know that I went abroad for the purpose of seeing Royall."

"I guessed as much," his uncle, at whom he looked, answered. "I couldn't imagine what end you expected to accomplish by going, but I was willing to trust you."

"It is not worth while to tell you all that I hoped to accomplish," Lyndon went on; "for I have to report failure to accomplish anything—"

"I expected that," said Governor Harcourt; but he paled perceptibly, nevertheless.

"Because," Lyndon ended, "I was unable to see either Roy or the woman he married."

A flush of anger mounted to his uncle's face.

"I can not imagine why you should have wanted to see *her*!" he said sharply.

"O Gilbert!" Mrs. Lyndon remonstrated. "Since Royall has married her, we must surely wish to know what she is like."

"It is a subject on which I have not the faintest curiosity," her brother told her. "Paul ought to be aware of that."

"I am aware of it," Lyndon replied; "and it was not at all to gratify any one's curiosity that I wanted to see her, but for an entirely different reason. What I had in mind," he said, looking from one face to the other of those before him, "was to find if there was any possibility of arranging for a separation between Royall and this woman."

"Paul!" his mother exclaimed.

But Lyndon put out his hand and touched hers, that was near him on the arm of her chair.

"Be quiet, mother," he said gently, "until I have finished. You see, sir" (he spoke to his uncle), "I was thinking of the way matters were arranged when young Escott made a fool of himself by marrying a chorus-girl over in New York. If you remember, his father brought pressure, chiefly financial, to bear on him, — sent him off to sea in a yacht, so that he couldn't be reached, paid a large sum of money to the girl in question, and there was no contest to the divorce that was presently granted."

Governor Harcourt nodded.

"I remember all about the case," he said. "I've thought of it several times. But, you see, that Escott boy was much younger than Royall, and his father was able to control matters as I am not able."

"You are more able than you think, perhaps," Lyndon said. "Money always means power, and you would be willing to spend money to accomplish such a separation, would you not?"

"I would be willing to spend the half of my fortune," the older man answered passionately.

"I was sure of it. Well, what I wanted to do, then, was to see this woman, and to find out if she were open to such an offer as was made to the New York chorus-girl. If she is the adventuress we have assumed her to be, she would be open to it, when she learned that there was no hope of your ever recognizing such a marriage."

"Paul," his mother cried again, "I—I'm ashamed of you!"

"You needn't be, mother, when what I am trying to do is to bring Royall back to you, to the home where he belongs, and to the duties that await him," Lyndon said simply. "He *must* be brought back—I saw that when I was here the last time,—and the only way to bring him back is to eliminate the woman who would be utterly out of place here—"

"Who shall never, God helping me, set her foot here!" his uncle interrupted sternly. "If she can not be eliminated, Paul, this house shall be yours. I have settled that."

"It was because I knew such an arrangement was in your mind that I have been so anxious to bring Roy back," Lyndon said. "He is the last Harcourt, and no one else can take his place. I hardly hoped to influence him immediately," he went on; "but I thought I could learn what the chances were for the future, what his attitude was, and what the character of the woman may be."

Governor Harcourt leaned forward with an expression of painful interest.

"Well," he said, "and what did you learn?"

The young man flung out his hands with a despairing gesture.

"I learned nothing," he answered,— "absolutely nothing; for I was not able to see either of them."

"Why not?"

"Because Roy had gone to Morocco, as an illustrating artist to some French press expedition; and the woman had vanished from Paris, leaving no trace behind."

His uncle sank back in his chair, and stared at him silently for a moment.

"Why, this looks as if there had been some difficulty between them already!" he commented.

Lyndon shook his head.

"I'm afraid not," he said with perfect simplicity. "I have had a little light on the situation from an unexpected source. In London I met Mrs. Granger (Emily Covington, you know), and she told me that she had seen Royall a few days earlier in Paris—I missed him very narrowly, you perceive,—and had heard from him the whole story of his marriage, and why he was going to Morocco. The reason could be summed up in three words—want of money."

"Ah!" It was a gasp from Mrs. Lyndon. "I knew he must need money!" she said reproachfully to her brother.

"I was quite sure of it," he returned grimly. "Go on, Paul! What else did Emily Granger tell you?"

"She told me," Paul said, a little grimly himself, "that she had seen Mrs. Royall Harcourt, and succumbed to her fascinations."

"What!" his mother said eagerly. "Do you mean that Emily Granger found her fascinating?"

"Nothing less, it appeared, from the manner in which she spoke of her."

"Gilbert, do you hear that?"

"I hear it perfectly, Margaret. Emily was always a very foolish girl, and I don't regard her opinion as of any importance. Go on, Paul."

"There's little else to tell," Lyndon went on. "I hurried over to Paris, but Royall had gone to Morocco, and his wife had disappeared so completely that I was unable to obtain any clue to her whereabouts."

"What was the meaning of that? Why should she have disappeared?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"That's the mystery," he said. "Mrs. Granger was very angry when I suggested that the right kind of people don't dis-

appear mysteriously and leave no address behind; but it's true, nevertheless."

"Of course it's true. Only an adventuress would do such a thing."

"You might give her the benefit of a doubt," Mrs. Lyndon faintly suggested, "since you don't know anything about her motives."

"That is true," her son acknowledged. "We don't know anything about them, but disappearance has always a very suspicious look. Well, I'm sorry to say that's all I have to tell. I couldn't follow Royall to Morocco—I hadn't the time, even if I could have penetrated where he has gone,—so there was nothing to do but to come home, having failed in everything I desired to accomplish."

He spoke dispiritedly; but Governor Harcourt* leaned forward again, with a gleaming moisture in his eyes.

"You haven't failed in one thing," he said, "and that is in proving, if proof were needed, what a true friend and fine fellow you are. There are not many men who would have gone on such an errand—to make an effort to bring back one whose continued absence would be a distinct advantage to yourself."

Lyndon flushed.

"You couldn't think that I would ever regard Roy's absence in that light," he said.

"I have never thought so," his uncle answered, "and I am more than ever convinced now that you wouldn't regard it in that light. I don't consider that you have failed in your efforts as completely as you think, either," he added. "You have given me hope of what may be after a while accomplished—I mean the ending of this marriage,—and I haven't had *that* before. I think there must have been some strong reason, besides need of money, that induced Royall to leave the woman to whom he had not been married a month and go so far away as Morocco; and when his strange absence is coupled with her strange disappearance, I can't but hope that he has discovered something

which will make him willing to listen to a suggestion of divorce."

"Gilbert, I am really astonished at you!" his sister said. "You have always declared that you did not believe in divorce."

"And I don't believe in it now," Governor Harcourt told her defiantly, "except in a case of this kind."

The sunshine of late afternoon was lying long and golden over the beautiful, well-kept grounds that surrounded the fine old house of Colonial brick which had sheltered the Harcourts for close upon two hundred years, when Paul Lyndon found his mother established in her favorite post-siesta place—a broad, pillared veranda on the side of the house shaded from the sun, and overlooking the garden, with its wealth of flowers and tall hedges of box.

He could not but think, as he approached, what a charming picture she made—an ideal *châtelaine* for the stately place—as she sat in her soft gray gown, with a trifle of a lace cap on her still abundant hair, crocheting with delicate ivory hands, while her eyes turned constantly toward the spot where she expected him to appear. When he did appear, she smiled a greeting:

"I began to think your uncle was going to monopolize you altogether," she said. "I couldn't complain; for he has been so depressed, and your coming has been such a pleasure to him. But I have felt that I'd like to see a little of you myself."

"And I have been wanting very much to have a chance to talk to you," Lyndon said, as he sat down on one of the large wicker chairs that furnished the pleasant spot. "But it has been rather hard to get away from Uncle Gilbert; and he is so low in spirits that it seemed a charity to do anything one could to divert him."

"You are the only person who has power to do anything," his mother told

him. "Nobody else can divert his mind for a moment. He seems to be brooding over Royall's conduct, and getting more angry with him all the time. O Paul, I *did* hope you would bring some good news when you came!"

"I wish I could have done so, *madre*," Paul answered, sighing a little; "though I can't really see what good news you expected me to bring."

"I hardly know myself," she said; "but this state of affairs is dreadful. It's exactly as if Royall were dead, and I—I feel sometimes as if I couldn't bear it, as if I must set out and find him myself."

"It was because I could see that you felt that way that I went to find him," Lyndon replied. "I did my best and I failed, and there's nothing more to be done at present, as Uncle Gilbert and I have been agreeing; so would you mind not talking about it any more just now? I should like a little rest from the subject, and I have something concerning myself that I want to tell you."

"Concerning yourself!" Mrs. Lyndon echoed, with a start. It was so unlike Paul to wish to talk of himself that she had an immediate foreboding of fresh trouble. "What is it?" she asked apprehensively. "What have you been doing?"

"Not robbing a bank," he answered, with a laugh, "nor yet marrying an actress. But I have fallen in love."

"Paul! *You!*"

"My dear mother, is there any reason why I should be exempt from the common fate of man?"

"No reason at all," his mother agreed, "except that you have always been so different in that respect from most young men. I never heard of your being in love before."

"I never have been," he said briefly.

"And that it should come now—when we've just had such a dreadful shock about Royall, who always was falling in love—makes it seem more—er—aston-

ishing," she went on. "But of course I'm glad, if you have fallen in love with the right woman. That's the important thing—that she shall be the right woman. You couldn't do such a thing as Royall has done, I'm sure."

"You may be quite sure of it," he told her with decision. "Set your mind at rest on that point."

"My dear boy, it doesn't need to be set at rest. I have such confidence in your judgment that I'm certain you have chosen wisely—some one whom we can approve and love. Who is she? Do I know her?"

Through the deep tan that the sea had put upon his face, it was to be seen that Lyndon flushed slightly.

"No," he replied, "you don't know her. You have never seen her, though I hope that you will see her soon."

"But you haven't told me who she is. What is her name?"

"Her name," he said, "will mean nothing to you. She is a Miss Fortescue, and you have never even heard of her before. I met her with Mrs. Granger. We have just crossed the ocean together—"

"Oh, if she is a friend of Emily Granger's—"

"She is," he said hastily, "her companion and secretary, though I think also her friend. In fact, I am sure of this; for Mrs. Granger speaks of her most enthusiastically." He paused a moment, and then said in the deepest tone of his deep, grave voice: "If you really have confidence in my judgment, mother, you will believe that she is an altogether exquisite person as well as extraordinarily beautiful."

"Oh, beautiful!" Mrs. Lyndon's tone had a bitter note. "That is all a man thinks of when he is in love. But there are so many other things to be thought of. There's family. Do you know anything about her people?"

"Nothing at all," he confessed. "But to see her is to be assured that her people are all that they should be. No such

flower blooms from any but a fine stock."

"Paul, you amaze me! I couldn't have imagined you talking or thinking in this way. It—it really sounds as if you had lost your senses. To fall in love—you!—with an utter stranger, a girl of whom you know nothing, except that she is in an inferior social position, and whose antecedents and relatives may be anything that is dreadful! I don't see how you can reconcile it with any of your past ideas or standards."

"I haven't tried to reconcile it," the young man said quietly. "I haven't thought of my past ideas and standards at all; but I recognize that I was a good deal of a presumptuous fool in judging matters of which I knew nothing."

"I always wished you would fall in love," his mother went on. "I believed it would do you good. But of course I always thought of some nice girl whom we would know and like."

"I know the kind of girl you mean," he said, smiling at her. "I know dozens of that girl, and I like her very much, but I couldn't fall in love with her in a century of association. I have made several new discoveries about myself lately, and the most important is that, astonishing as it seems, I have a great capacity for idealism. And so I have fallen in love, not with a nice girl, but with a Princess Far-Away."

"With a *what*? Paul, I believe that you have absolutely lost your senses!"

"Not altogether," he told her; "though perhaps it sounds like it. Have you ever heard of 'La Princesse Lointaine,' a poetical drama by Rostand, the man who wrote 'Chanticleer,' you know?"

"The curious play all about chickens? No, I never heard of anything else he has written; and I don't see what a Far-Away Princess has to do with this girl you've fallen in love with."

"You'll understand perhaps when you see her. And this brings me to the point I had chiefly in view in speaking to you. I want you to see her. I want you and

my uncle to know her, so that there will be no danger of giving you any such shock as Royall has given if—if she consents to marry me."

"Have you asked her to do so?"

"Certainly not. There has not even been any approach to anything of the kind between us. There's a singular atmosphere of remoteness about her which makes one feel that it would be presumptuous to approach her too closely or too soon." He looked out over the flower-set, sunlit garden, as if amidst its tall lilies he saw the slender form of the Princess Far-Away. "She is not the kind of woman who falls like ripe fruit at a touch of a man's hand," he said. "She must be wooed before she is won—if indeed she is to be won at all. Of that I know absolutely nothing. I know only that she is the one woman in the world for me, and that I would rather spend my life in wooing her vainly than in winning any other."

"Paul!" his mother gasped again.

And then she sat, silently staring at him. For truly this was a revelation; as wonderful as it was unexpected. She could hardly realize that it was indeed Paul, her grave, self-contained son, of whom she had often said sighingly that he had no "sentiment," and who had at last fallen in love in such overwhelming fashion with a woman who was as strange to her, and to all that had heretofore made his life, as the fanciful Princess Far-Away of whom he spoke.

Presently he withdrew his eyes from their distant gaze over the garden, and, meeting her bewildered look, smiled again.

"*Madrecita*," he said, "I am really not insane, though I am hardly surprised that you are inclined to think so. When you see Miss Fortescue you will understand better—"

"But when and how am I to see Miss Fortescue?" Mrs. Lyndon interrupted.

"I am coming to that," he answered. "Mrs. Granger tells me that she is tired

of gaiety and dissipation, and feels that she would like to be quiet for a time. So, instead of going to any fashionable resort for the rest of the summer, she is coming to her place near here to spend a month or two, and Miss Fortescue will be with her."

"Very well," his mother said, with an air of resignation. "In that case of course I shall see her, and for your sake I will try to like her."

"No trying will be necessary," he somewhat rashly assured her.

(To be continued.)

Easter in the Tyrol.

BY ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

IN the severe climate of the mountains, the coming of spring is looked forward to with greater eagerness than in more favored sections; and the fact that Easter comes at a time when Winter is reluctantly loosing his hold, gives that festival a meaning to the mountaineer such as it can scarcely have to the dweller in the sheltered valley below. The awakening of the earth is thought of as a symbol of Christ's release from the short imprisonment of the tomb, and the religious fact is all the more impressive where its physical counterpart is carried through so vigorously and vividly. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, is Easter celebrated with such fervid enthusiasm as in the Austrian Alps.

On Easter Day, the Tyrolese mountaineer maintains, the sun may be clearly seen, "if it is observed carefully," to make three leaps for joy. On that day the holy water is filled with miraculous virtue, and no harm can come to home or field. The days have been lengthening at a rapidly increasing rate. By Christmas they begin to grow longer "by a gnat's yawn" each day; after New Year's, the increase becomes the distance a cock can step; by Epiphany it has grown to an

ox's step; by Candlemas, to a stag's leap. On St. Sebastian's Day (January 20) the trees begin to grow and the birds to sing. On St. Agnes' Day (January 21) the birds begin mating. On St. Vincent's Day the ground first breaks open so that a bird can drink from the crevices. At the same time the clouds first "move"; and if the sun shines on this day, the grape crop is sure to be a good one. On St. Blasius' Day the earth breaks free from the grip of Winter. The Purification is the day when the cold surrenders and retreats into the mountain. St. Peter's Day brings the finches back. St. Matthew's Day breaks the ice. On St. Kungunde's Day the earth "grows warm underneath." St. Gabriel's Day (March 18) drives the spinning-women out of the house; the earth breaks to pieces, and drives the frost out in streams; and it is a religious duty to begin gardening. By Palm Sunday everything must be in ship-shape order for Easter Week.

The necessary equipment for Palm Sunday is the "palm,"—a pole of hazel-wood, painted in colors, wound with ribbons, and covered with willow catkins, juniper, holly, box, mistletoe, rue, marjoram, wormwood; hung with cakes, apples, amulets, and the "zwift,"—a bent and elaborately ornamented willow switch, tipped with a plume of gilt, tinsel, and ribbon. But the great marvel is the community palm (the work of the young men), whose stem is sometimes made of three slender fir-tree trunks, bound one above another, so that it may stand as high as the gable of the church. The community palm is not the easiest thing in the world to carry, and the young athletes who undertake the task tug and perspire vigorously. A burden of this shape is easily overturned; but the youth who is responsible for such a disaster brings shame and disgrace on the community, and is branded with the opprobrious name of the "Palm Donkey."

On Palm Sunday the palms are all carried to the church to be blessed, and

he who owns a consecrated palm is safe through the Easter season at least. On Spy Wednesday—which the Germans and Austrians call "Crooked Wednesday," the anniversary of Judas' betrayal of his Master,—everyone is careful not to come near a vine; for it was with a grapevine that Judas hanged himself, and the plant is accursed on that day. On Maundy Thursday every family holds prayers in the gardens and fields, to implore God's blessing on their fruits and crops. All eggs laid on this day have a particular excellence. On Good Friday everybody washes in the brook, because Christ was taken across a brook when He was dragged out of the Garden of Gethsemane. The church services on Good Friday are attended in black, and a very realistic repetition of the Crucifixion is enacted before the altar. Each member of the congregation kisses the five wounds on the crucifix. If a few grains of wheat are dropped over it, then collected and mixed with the grain for the spring planting, the harvest will certainly be blessed. The afternoon of Friday is devoted to almsgiving, and on that day beggars are never molested by the police.

On Saturday, everyone dons his bright clothing again; and in the cemetery the priest forms a heap of old grave crosses and burns them. He blesses the fire, and his parishioners are all eager to secure the coals. For all fires have been extinguished; and these sacred embers, if they are used to relight them, will bring the divine blessing on the home. If pieces of the charred wood are planted at the corners of a field, they will protect the crops against insects and hail.

Saturday evening, the bells ring for the first time in three days. They have gone to Rome to be blessed, and have returned just in time to announce the Lord's approaching resurrection. On Easter morning the housewives go to church with baskets of ham, beef, eggs, and bread, so that the priest may consecrate the food with which the new season is opened.

The children visit their godmothers, carrying with them eggs, rabbits, and chickens, made of sweet cake-dough; and are regaled with a special Easter dish—the “neuschmalz,” a compound of milk, meal and butter, spread with honey.

The Easter eggs are boiled and colored red on Maundy Thursday. Mottoes, flowers, and Easter lambs are worked out on the surface with acid; and the eggs serve somewhat, as do our Western valentines, to convey a sentiment, loving or otherwise, generally to a member of the opposite sex. These messages are so similar to ours of February 14 that it would scarcely be interesting to quote more than one or two of them. They range from such metrical advances as:

O dearest one, let me stand guard
That evil may not harm you!
My face is plain, my bread is hard,
But don't let that alarm you;

Or:

My love it is as pure and true
As this round egg I send to you.

to less pleasant sentiments, such as:

I'm so in love I'm almost dead,—
But not with you, you empty head!

EVEN those who in our time have looked most closely, though with hostility, into the character of Jesus Christ, declaring themselves His avowed enemies, have often been forced to make very significant confessions. Listen to that of M. Renan: “Rest now in Thy glory, Thou noble pioneer. Thy work is accomplished. . . . A thousand times more living, a thousand times more loved since Thy death than during the days of Thy earthly life, Thou shalt so become the cornerstone of the human edifice that to take away Thy name from this world would be to shake it to its very foundations. Between Thee and God there is no longer any distinction. Thou hast completely overcome death. Take possession of Thy kingdom. Ages of adorers will follow Thee thither by the royal road which Thou hast traced.”

The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

March 23, Easter Sunday.

“THIS is for us the festival of festivals,” cries St. Gregory Nazianzen in one of his Easter sermons, “excelling all others as the sun outshines the stars!” He is but echoing the jubilant acclaim of Holy Church—“This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us be glad and rejoice therein,”—continually resounding in the Offices of this joyful festivity.

The solemn commemoration of Our Lord's Resurrection is naturally regarded as the chief of the Church's festivals. Its liturgy, as might be expected, is one glad outpouring of thankful praise. On the eve of Septuagesima, the Alleluia was twice repeated after the *Benedicamus Domino* of Vespers; it was a solemn farewell to the canticle of joy, which would no longer resound during the season of penance. On Holy Saturday, that canticle was as solemnly restored by the threefold Alleluia pronounced by the celebrant after the Epistle of the Mass. Henceforth, especially during the forty days of Easter, it will be heard again and again; indeed, there is scarcely a formula of the Office of Paschaltide with which it does not mingle its strains.

It is impossible to lose sight of the earnestness with which the Church in this day's liturgy seeks to impress upon her children the personal share which each one is bound to feel in the abundant joy of the feast. This may be detected in the wording of the Collect: “O God, who on this day didst open to us the gate of eternal life through Thine only-begotten Son, by His victory over death; make favorable by Thy assistance our prayers, which Thou hast prompted by Thy inspiration.” The heart of every Christian should rejoice, in the first place, for Our Lord's triumph. He “hath borne our

griefs and carried our sorrows," as the prophet foretold; all His bitter sufferings from Bethlehem to Calvary were owing to our transgressions. If we have truly mourned with Him, and tried to atone for our share in His Passion, during the sorrowful days that have just passed, our hearts shall be the more attuned to joy, now that He is acclaimed as Victor over death and hell.

But we are bidden—each and all—to rejoice on our own behalf, too. By His victory, Our Lord has enabled us to conquer our enemy, and to reign in triumph together with Him. He has opened the gate which leads to eternal blessedness, and it depends upon ourselves whether or not we "lay hold of eternal life,"—it depends upon us, that is to say, whether or not we make use of the grace which our Redeemer has won for us; for without it we should be powerless to save our souls. Therefore, we beg our Father in heaven to help our weakness,—to assist us in the petitions which He has put into our minds to offer.

It is to impress us with our personal share in this festival that the liturgy brings before us so vividly the events of Easter Day. The Church would have us live over again in union with the first Christians—the Apostles and their companions—those hours of momentous import for them and for ourselves.

We see this more particularly in the narrative of the Evangelist St. Mark, chosen for the Gospel. He describes for us so clearly and vividly the approach of the holy women to the tomb of their Lord, the open sepulchre, the angel and his message, that we seem to see and hear everything for ourselves. But there are other portions of the liturgy in which this characteristic is no less present, though at first less easily discerned. The Introit is an act of thanksgiving on the part of Our Lord to His Eternal Father: "I arose, and am still with Thee. Thou hast laid Thy hand upon me: Thy knowl-

edge is become wonderful, Alleluia! Lord, Thou hast proved me and known me: Thou hast known my sitting down and my rising up." These words, adapted from Psalm cxxxviii, are put into the mouth of the Risen Jesus; primarily they are addressed to God the Father: "I arose, and am still with Thee." The divine union was never broken between Father and Son. Yet, in a sense, the words are spoken to us; it is as though Our Lord said: "I died, and you seemed to lose Me; but I arose, and am with you still."

But it is especially in the Sequence (the hymn which follows the Alleluia verse before the Gospel) that the happenings of Easter Day are brought before us in quite dramatic form. Originally, this Sequence was made use of as part of a kind of interlude during the Office of Matins. It was sung in alternate solo and chorus, as the words might require. The choir began: "Let Christians offer praises to the Paschal Victim. The Lamb has redeemed the sheep: Christ the Innocent has reconciled sinners to His Father. . . . The leader of life, who was dead, reigns alive." Then a cleric would sing alone: "Tell us, O Mary, what didst thou see on the way?" Another would reply: "I saw the sepulchre of the living Christ. . . . the angel witnesses, the burial clothing. . . . Christ, my hope, is risen." Then the chorus would cry in exultation: "We know that Christ has truly risen from the dead. O Conqueror and King, have mercy upon us!"

Joy and hope should be the dominating qualities of our observance of Easter. Through the Resurrection of Our Lord we are enabled to look forward to our own Easter Day, at the general Resurrection. On that day we may confidently hope to receive the full recompense for all that we may have had to endure in this life for the sake of Christ and His Holy Church; fidelity to Him will be rewarded by the welcome to eternal joys of Him who has won them for us by His conflict and victory.

The Legend of Syndonia.

A BEAUTIFUL legend concerning the winding sheet in which Joseph of Arimathea wrapped the body of our Saviour is told in a rare Black Letter version of the Gospel of Nicodemus by Wynkyn de Worde, bearing the date 1511, and preserved in the British Museum. This precious volume is entitled: "How Centurio tolde Pylate of the wonders that was at Crystes passion, and the same Pylate tolde the Jewes thereof, and of the precyous cloth that our Lord was buried in." The following is a transcript of the quaint and unique story. We modernize the spelling of some words familiar only to readers of old English, explain other words that have become obsolete, add paragraphs, and punctuate throughout.

* * *

And Centurio tolde to Pylate all that was befall. And when Pylate herde this he was wondrous heavy and sory, and so for sorynesse and heavines he neither ate nor dranke that day. Then called Pylate the Jewes, and thus he sayd to them: "Meryayle [Marvel] ye not of the tokens that be befallen at the passion of Jhesu, and that the sonne lost his lyght and also the daye?" And the Jewes sayd to Pylate: "Syr, it was the clypse of the sonne, as we have understanden of wyse men afore us." Then sayd Pylate: "How may it be that the vayle of the temple is smytyn asondre and many graves undone, and dead men ryse up from deth to lyfe? Hath the clypse of the sonne done all this? All these tokens men tell me are befallen in the cyte of Jherusalem; and if ye byleve not me, aske Centurio, and they that were with hym whiche kepte Jhesu."

Then were these men brought forth afore the Jewes, those that bare wytnesse, and thus they sayd: "For sothe we saye that in the dying of Jhesu the erth groned and shoke, as watter dooth when it is

moved; and we sawe that many bodyes arose fro deth to lyfe, and by these tokens we byleve that this Jhesus is Godde's Sone." When the apostles and holy women that had folowed our Lorde Jhesu fro Galylea sawe what was befallen and what men had done to Hym, they drewe them [withdrew] by themselfe. Then Joseph of Barmathy kept hym [remained] for to bye a precyous cloth for to wynd our Lorde Jhesu in when he might get graunte of Pylate for to have the body. And on this wyse came Joseph by this precyous cloth, as ye shall here.

There was a knyght of Capharnane whose name was Levi. This knyght wedded a yonge lady, and in course of tyme they had togyder a doughter, whome they called Syndonia, and her they put to lernynge, and so by processe of tyme she wered [became] a curyous werker, as of clothes of golde and clothes of sylke, and of all other women's werkes. And so at the last, when God wolde [willed], this Levi dyed; and then his wyfe, because of the grete love wherewith she loved hym, she fell in a grete malady as in a colde palsey, so far forth that she myght neyther stire [stir] hande nor fote; and so for this sekene she fell in a grete poverté, so far forth that she had nothing to lyve by but by the werke of her doughter's handes.

And so upon the same daye that our Lorde Jhesu was dead this lady sayd to her doughter: "Syndonia, thou knowest well that our grete sabbot daye is nere; then must we ete our paske lambe, and on this daye is the grete market at Barmathye. Therefore, good doughter, goo and aray thee, and take some of thy werke that thou hast wrought, and bye us there suche thynges as are nedefull to thee and me at this holy tyme." Her doughter Syndonia answered to her moder and sayd: "Moder, your wyll shall be done. And, moder, I wish you to understande that I have wrought the curyousest cloth ever was made; for it fell soo graciously to werke that it is more curyous

then I have skylle of making." And then the lady sayd to her doughter: "Lette me se that cloth." And Syndonia shewed this cloth to her moder. And when this lady sawe this cloth she sayd thus: "Blessyd be that Lorde that hath made thee to werke suche a cloth! And, doughter, upon my blessyn ye sell it to noo man, but if he tell thee what he shall doo withall."

And then this maid Syndonia washshed and bawmed [anointed] her, and arayed her to the market; and in the market stode Joseph of Barmathye with mocke [much] people spekyng of our Lorde's deth; and by aventure [chance] this maid Syndonia came before hym. And Joseph of Barmathye espied the cloth that hanged on her arme, and asked her if she wolde sell that cloth. And she answered and said: "Ye [Yea], syr." And then Joseph asked her the pryce, and she said: "Thirty besauntes [bezants]." And anone Joseph payed to her thirty besauntes. And Syndonia fell downe to his fete prayenge hym that he wolde tell her what he sholde do withall. And then he answered her and sayd: "Doughter, this daye is dead an holy Prophete that men called Jhesus of Nazareth; and that holy Prophete I purpose for to burye and wynde in this cloth. Doughter, now have I tolde thee what I wyll do withall, and therefore tell me who made this clothe that I have bought of thee." And this maid sayd that herselfe made it. And Joseph asked her what was her name, and she sayd: "Syndonia." Then sayd Joseph: "Now after you I shall name this cloth, for this cloth shal be named Syndonia."

And then this maid wente home to her moder and tolde her how she had spedde [fared], and her moder asked her what shold be done with the cloth. And Syndonia tolde her that the holy Prophete that was that tyme dead shold be buried therein. "And who shall bury Hym therein?" sayd this lady. And Syndonia sayd that Joseph of Barmathye sholde burye Hym therein. And when

this lady herde this she sayd thus: "Wolde my Lorde God and that Prophete that I had given that cloth to His buryenge." And anone with that worde she was more holer [in better health] than ever she was afore. And anone the lady and her doughter fell doune to the grounde upon theyr knees thankyng our Lorde God of this gloryous myracle. And so afterwarde our Lorde gave theym suche grace that the moder was wedded to a worthy duke, and her doughter was Empresse of Rome. And so they lyved ever after in our Lorde's service.

And Joseph of Barmathye, who had bought this precyous cloth, was lorde and constable over all Pylate's men; he was a full good man, and a ryghtfull; he was not assented to the accusacyons and wordes of the Jewes; he abode [waited for] the kyngdome of God, and so he came to Pylate and asked hym the body of Jhesu. And Pylate granted hym it. Then this Joseph and Nychodemus toke downe the body of Jhesu off the Crosse, and Hym he wounde in this Syndonia that he had bought, and he buried Hym in his monument, whereas never man was buried in; and so the Jewes wolde have slayne Joseph and the twelve men that had spoken for our Lorde Jhesu afore Pylate. And also they wolde have slayne Nychodemus, and also those that our Lorde had made whole of many grete infyrmytees; and also they had discovered afore Pylate all his good werkes that he had done in every place.

BUT there is a piety barely skin-deep, exotic and heat-forced, not much inured to sharp breeze or nipping frost; not of the outdoor, workaday sort; not over-masculine, nor vigorous, nor meant for rough usage. And it likes prettiness better than beauty, sentiment more than sense, rhetoric rather than resolve; and the Psalms are not much loved by it. They hardly lend themselves to it—though they lend themselves to all that is real, virile, and genuine.—*John Ayscough.*

Eastertide.

THE primary meaning of the word "tide," the modern spelling of the old English "tid," or "tyd," is time, hour, season, opportunity. At present the word retains this sense only when used as part of a compound word. Eastertide, therefore, means Easter time; and that time is comparatively short or fairly long, according as either of two prevalent customs is adopted. Eastertide may designate merely the week of which Easter Sunday is the first day, or it may mean the whole period of fifty days intervening between Easter and Pentecost.

It is interesting, in this connection, to read in Robert Nares' "Glossary; or, A Collection of Words, Phrases, etc.": "'Tide' was scrupulously used by the Puritans in composition, instead of the Popish [sic] word 'mass,' of which they had a nervous abhorrence. Thus, for Christmas, Hallowmas, Lammas, they said Christ-tide, Hallow-tide, Lamb-tide. Luckily, Whitsuntide was rightly named to their hands." An uncompromising descendant of the Puritans, Sir Thomas Massy-Massy once endeavored in the British House of Commons to have the word Christmas changed by act of Parliament to the Puritan form above-mentioned, Christ-tide. His motion was lost in a roar of laughter, however, when O'Connell gravely suggested that the honorable member should begin by modifying his own name on the same principle, and be henceforth called, not Sir Thomas Massy-Massy, but Sir Thotide Tidy-Tidy.

Sir Thomas' proposal shows the lengths to which bigotry used to go in olden times. But the world really does move and in the right direction. If, in hatred of the Catholic Faith, any one were now to advocate the change of a word in common use just because "mass" was a part of it, he would be regarded as a madman.

Notes and Remarks.

The passage by the Legislature of Arkansas of a bill authorizing the inspection by State officials of all private institutions of a religious character is plainly a concession to bigotry, an open attack on religious liberty. The bill was evidently aimed at Catholic institutions, the author and supporters of it doubtless believing that all such establishments clamor for investigation. The spirit of the Know-Nothings, who originated the "smelling committees" of sixty years ago, is thus revived in a State which we had thought to be progressive. We are gratified to notice, however, that the infamous action of its legislators is opposed as vigorously as could be desired by Catholic citizens; and doubtless they will have the support of a large majority of the non-Catholic patrons of schools, hospitals, and other institutions under Catholic auspices. The disgraceful bill is the subject of a ringing article in the *Southern Guardian*, the official organ of the diocese of Little Rock, the writer of which says in part:

We fear no investigation, but we hate to see our *rights* trampled upon. If a private citizen would resent the sending of a sheriff into his home, would it follow that "there was something being kept under cover and that he did not want the cover pulled off"? You understand the feeling of a private family under the circumstances. But convents and monasteries are on a par with private families before the State. They are religious families of a private character.... If we are opposed to such meddling, it is because we desire to uphold the Constitution and to maintain our religious liberty. To bow cowardly under an infringement of one's rights is not worthy of a free American citizen.

There does not seem to be much doubt lingering in the minds of thinking men and women as to the deficiency of our public schools in the matter of religious instruction. Say what you will, the child is not trained morally. The insufficiency of the

religious training imparted by the Sunday-school is again pointed out in a recent issue of the Baptist *Standard*, which says: "The Sunday-school meets once a week,—fifty-two hours in a year. About thirty minutes of the hour is devoted to actual training,—twenty-six hours a year. How much could be accomplished in the public schools with so little time? Then, there is often the absolutely inefficient teacher. So frequently there is the utterly inadequate equipment with which even the best teacher would almost fail. So often the attendance is so irregular that little benefit is derived. So often the methods are so utterly at fault that little good is received by the pupil, unless it be the satisfaction that he has attended Sunday-school. Most of us know these things by both observation and experience."

• If it is true, as this writer asserts in conclusion, that "it is the early training that makes Catholics," he ought to remember that, while not neglecting "Sunday-school" instruction, Catholics receive their training through a hundred channels of education necessarily closed to those not of the Faith.

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The bare statement that the suicides in Germany during 1909 numbered 14,225 will impress the general reader more or less forcibly according as he is more or less conversant with German census lists, and with the self-murder statistics of other nations. The reader who is most ignorant of these matters, however, can not but be painfully impressed when the statement takes the graphic form that Germany loses every year, through self-murder, about the same number of persons as the Empire lost during the war with France. It is, of course, no surprise to learn, from Dr. Hans Rost's work, "Suicide in the German Cities," that suicides are far less numerous in the Catholic than in the Protestant cities and districts. The non-Catholic sociologist Hilty, following many another student of actual conditions in lands where

the Faith is virile, gives one reason for this difference: "Owing to their strong belief in the moral government of the world, Catholics are much more joyful and contented than Protestants." The rationalism and infidelity, logical outcome of the Reformation, that have been ravaging Germany for years past, constitute an adequate explanation of this deplorable increase in self-murder, and more than justify the recent appeal of the German Emperor for a robust faith in God among his people.

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The only reason why Government did not suffer dry-rot in the Middle Ages under the aristocratic system which then prevailed was that most of the men who were efficient instruments of government were drawn from the Church—from that great religious body which was then the only Church; that body which is now distinguished from other religious bodies as the Roman Catholic Church. The Roman Catholic Church was then, as it is now, a great democracy. There was no peasant so humble that he might not become a priest, and no priest so obscure that he might not become a Pope of Christendom; and every Chancellery in Europe, every Court in Europe, was ruled by these learned, trained, and accomplished men—the priesthood, and that great and dominant Church.

Quoting this passage from President Woodrow Wilson's latest book, "The New Freedom," published on the eve of his inauguration, the *London Tablet* remarks: "Perhaps in some future era the failure of the so-called democracies of to-day and of to-morrow to achieve the true happiness of peoples may, with an equal candor, be attributed to the absence of that very spirit of Christianity which informed, or did its best to inform, the body politic of older days. Now, as then and ever, it is not the letter of the constitution that counts—it is the spirit informing and transfiguring the letter."

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In the current issue of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* there appears a rather unusual paper contributed by one who, we fear, is a somewhat unusual lay Catholic. The paper, "A Layman's

Breviary: A Suggestion," discusses the feasibility of placing the new Breviary, in some form or measure, within the grasp of the ordinary devout Catholic layfolk; and furthermore replies to the obvious objection of ordinary laymen—lack of time to say the Divine Office, or any considerable part of it. As to this latter point, the writer says:

I would ask the layman who says, quite honestly, that he could not possibly find time for the recitation of the Breviary Offices, to reflect (merely as an example of what can be done) on the following time-schedule of a fairly busy man who, by no merit of his own, but simply and solely out of the abundance of God's undeserved mercy, has been permitted to say the Divine Office for the last twelve years:

Sleep, 7 to 8 hours (10.30 p. m. to 6.30 a. m.); meals (say), 2 hours; business or office, 6 hours; recitation of Breviary, 1 hour, divided as follows: Matins and Lauds, 35 minutes (or 40); lesser Hours (about), 4 minutes each (25 to 30 in all); total, 17 hours, leaving for domestic duties, travel to office, amusement, etc., 7 hours. Is the time difficulty so very great?

Not great at all, we reply, for the methodical man who systematizes his daily round of duties; undoubtedly great, on the other hand, for the man who lacks system and method, who is busily idle, who wastes an aggregate of hours by killing instead of utilizing occasional intervals of five and ten minutes' duration. Every man finds time for the things he really believes to be worth while; it would be well for many a layman if he classed prayer among them.

In his interesting communication, headed "News and Views," to the *Chicago Israelite*, Mr. Tobias Schanfarber has this to say regarding the present Jewish attitude toward prayer:

It is sometimes asserted that we Jews have unlearned the art of praying. One thing is certain: prayer has not the inspiration for us that it had for our fathers. They were lifted up on the wings of devotion when coming together in common communion, and their hearts were attuned to the higher and better things of life as they directed their thoughts to God, the Maker of heaven and earth. They raised no objection to stereotyped prayers, as is the case

with our people to-day. They did not remain away from the prayer service, and enter the house of God only when the prayers had been prayed. They were present at the beginning of the service, and cared as much, if not more, for the service of prayer than they did for the sermon. In fact, the sermon is only a little more than a hundred years old among the Jews, while prayer existed from the time that the Jew began to be. To-day a large number of the few worshippers who still attend the service often wait until the time for the sermon to begin before they think of entering the temple. They care nothing for the prayers. They are interested only in the sermon. It is to be regretted that prayer has so little appeal to the Jew to-day.

Mr. Schanfarber writes wisely. Prayer is at the centre of religion. But we much fear that efforts directly to revive the spirit of prayer may prove unavailing. First faith must be revived,—the heart must be reached. The same is true of congregational singing. A baton will not start it: there must be a singing tumult in the soul.

In its obituary notice of the late Earl Nelson, great-great-nephew of England's famous Admiral, the *London Telegraph* quotes a memorandum relating to him which the late head of the family found in his mother's handwriting, and which has not been used by any of the Admiral's biographers. It tells of the aid rendered by Nelson to the Cardinal of York, the last of the Stuart princes, whose example almost made the Admiral a convert to the Catholic Faith:

The *Agamemnon* (1774) was cruising near the coast, under the orders of Captain Nelson, and he learned the deplorable situation of the Cardinal. Forgetting all those antipathies called up by the name of Stuart, and the Cardinal being an heir-presumptive to the British Crown, Nelson determined to assist the last of the Stuarts. He went on shore himself, and invited him on board his ship, and found the illustrious unfortunate in rags. The Cardinal hesitated not to throw himself on his generosity. He was accommodated with a part of the Captain's cabin, and proper apparel suitable to his dignity was furnished him. He remained on board seven weeks, during which period the ship was three times engaged in action. The Cardinal walked the deck with Captain Nelson, quite

undismayed amidst a scene of carnage to which he had been a perfect stranger. As soon as convenient, Captain Nelson landed him on the Austrian territories, forcing upon him £100 to defray his expenses to Vienna. The old man shed tears when he left his benefactor, and was regretted by all on board, to whom he was endeared by his mild and unassuming manners. Nelson frequently spoke of him with admiration, and said: "That man's example would almost make me a convert to the Catholic Faith."

We learn from the London *Tablet* that the late venerable Earl — he died in his ninetieth year — was a devoted member of the High Church party in the Establishment, and a hopper all his life for the Reunion of Christendom at home and abroad. Lord Merton, who succeeds to the Earldom, without waiting for "corporate reunion" became a Catholic on his own account many years ago, as his mother, the late Countess Nelson, had done before him. His heir-presumptive, also a Catholic, is the Hon. Edward Agar Horatio Nelson.

In the current issue of the *Ecclesiastical Review*, Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew makes a rational plea for the Catholic who writes novels as distinguished from the Catholic novelist. By "non-committal" Catholic writers he means those writers who, "being Catholics, have for their theme subjects in which, they would frankly say, the question of religion does not accrue." The difficulty is that for some of their coreligionists these writers are not avowedly and out-and-out Catholic. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew says:

Catholics recognize that those are serving the Church who write only fiction when the works produced by them are, in fact, works of Catholic apologetic: novels with a purpose,—the obvious purpose being the presentment of the Catholic Church and faith in colors such as must recommend both to the non-Catholic reader. But in this particular matter I venture to think that Catholics are sometimes more eager than discreet. For I can not help thinking that they are occasionally disposed to force the hand of such writers; and, when they succeed, their success may have deprived the writers in question of a great part of their usefulness. If a Catholic writer of romance or fiction writes only

for a Catholic public, there can not be too much Catholicity in his novels. But if those novels are to reach the public outside, there can easily be too much; for they may be so vehemently Catholic that the non-Catholic reader is frightened away altogether. He says to himself: "The Catholic drum is being beaten too loud and insistently by this novelist. I have had enough of him and shall read him no more." That is hardly a point gained. A great number of ears are lost that might have been gently educated; and an attention that might have been attracted to the Church, her beauty and her truth, can no more be engaged by the writer in question. Henceforth he may delight a Catholic audience, and win its hearty applause; but what he might have done, in drawing toward the Faith them who are without it, he has forfeited the chance of doing. Yet it has not been his fault, but is the unfortunate result of his having had his hand forced.

This lesson has come home to us from a communication with a Catholic novelist of note, who in a given work dared to write as a "non-committal" Catholic, and has been severely criticised for doing so. John Ayscough puts the case in a nutshell when he says: "The point I would desire to accentuate is a very simple one, and perhaps may appear to be over-obvious; but it is not commonly admitted as such. And in two words it is this: that service may be done to the good cause in many degrees of varying importance, but that even the least important is worth while and should not be decried."

The word "Alleluja," so often repeated in the liturgy of Paschaltide, beginning at the conclusion of the Epistle on Holy Saturday, is composed of two Hebrew words — *Allelu*, meaning praise ye, lift up your voice gladly; and *Jah*, which is one of the names of God. In reference to this word, St. Augustine wrote: *Ergo, fratres, non tantum ad sonum attendite cum laudatis Dominum: toti laudate, cantet vox, cantet vita, cantet facta.* — "Therefore, brethren, do not attend so much to the sound when ye praise the Lord: let your entire selves praise: let your voice sing, let your life sing, let your deeds sing."



On Easter Morn.

BY ERNEST VINCENT GREEN.

MARK! I hear the Easter bells
In the distance ringing!

Far across the snow-capped hills

Swift the sun is swinging,—
Christ is risen from the dead,
Clothed in glory, as He said.

Mary met Him at the tomb,
And her heart was burning;
John and Peter heard His voice
When their souls were yearning
For the Master's fond caress,
That would cheer their loneliness.

Christ is risen from the dead,
Death has lost its power.
So shall we arise again
Like the fallen flower;
And our hearts, made pure as snow,
In the fields of God shall grow.

In the King's Place.

AN EASTER LEGEND.

KINGS' jesters have now gone out of fashion, but were once as common as kings themselves. The fashion reached its height in Europe during the Middle Ages. The professional fool at that period, we are told, was often, not always, a misshapen dwarf; the costume he wore was peculiar to himself—many-colored and trimmed with tiny bells. He carried a mock sceptre and wore a pointed cap on his closely-shaven head.

Of all the pretty legendary tales of past times in which the court fool plays a part there is none more worthy of remembrance than that of King Robert of Sicily, who had for brothers an emperor and a pope.

King Robert and his retinue were at Vespers one Sunday, and the priests were reciting the *Magnificat*. These words caught his ear: "*Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles.*"

"What verse are they reciting?" asked the King of a clerk near by.

The clerk told him, interpreting the verse: "They say, sire, that God hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble."

"I should like to see any one try to take my throne from me," thought the King proudly.

The dinner at the palace had been unusually heavy, the church was warm, and King Robert fell asleep. When he woke his retinue had left him, and all was darkness, save for the sanctuary lamp and the little lights which twinkled here and there before a shrine. He tried the door and found it locked. Then he kicked and pounded upon it, and shouted with all his might. Finally the sexton, thinking that thieves had come to carry off the treasures of the sacristy, came to the door outside and called:

"Who is there?"

"It is I—King Robert. Open at once!" was the surly answer.

Then the sexton carefully turned the great key, and a man rushed past him in the darkness. He was empty-handed and looked like a wild man.

"That fellow is the worse for liquor," quoth the sacristan; and, fastening the door again, he, being tired and sleepy, hurried home and went to bed.

When King Robert entered his palace he was pale with anger. He rushed on, past the frightened sentinels, into the throne-room, where, to his amazement, another and more beautiful King Robert sat. He himself was clothed in rags, and his noble mien was changed completely.

"Who art thou?" asked the angel—for it was an angel.

"I am King Robert, audacious impostor!" cried the King. "And I command you to leave my throne at once."

At this the angel did but smile.

"Nay, you are only the King's jester," he said; he then summoned the attendants and ordered them to clothe the intruder in suitable garb, and to give him an ape for a companion. It was useless for the King to protest: no one would listen to him or believe him. They only laughed at him.

Three years went by, and under the angel's wise reign the island prospered as never before. Once in a while, when alone, he would order the jester brought before him, and would ask: "Who are you?"—"I am the King!" Robert would haughtily reply.

Finally there came messengers from the Pope to his brother, asking him to spend Holy Week in Rome. The angel and his train set out in great state. Poor King Robert was in the cavalcade, riding a piebald steed, his ape behind him.

When they arrived in Rome, and the King saw his brothers, the Pope and the emperor, he rushed forward to greet them, but they thought him a madman, and turned away. The presence of the angel filled the city with such glory that all were impressed with it without knowing why; and even the poor jester felt his proud heart softened.

Easter Sunday being over, and the travellers having returned to Sicily, the angel called the King once more into his presence. The Vesper bells were ringing, and their sound was like voices from heaven.

"Who art thou?" softly asked the angel.

"You know better than I," replied the King. "I am a poor sinner, and I ask that I may do some great penance for my pride, and have my sins washed away."

Then the angel smiled, and at that moment through the window came the sound of monks' voices chanting, "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble."

The angel spoke, and his voice sounded like the sweetest of the bells. "I am an angel," he said, "sent from heaven to teach you the lesson of the words the monks are singing; and you—you are the King!"

King Robert looked up. No one was with him, and he was dressed in his kingly robes once more. In humility and gratitude he fell upon his knees, and thus his courtiers found him.

White Eagle.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN, AUTHOR OF
"BILLY-BOY," ETC.

XII.—ON THE MOUNTAIN.

"You need not get up unless you want to," said Don to Pappy next morning. "I'll bring you some breakfast. You better rest until you feel real strong and well again, and your heart gets all right. It's a bad thing, they say, to have your heart wrong, specially when you're old."

"It is," was the answer, as Pappy surveyed the friendly young speaker through his half-closed lids. "But I'm better this morning. I'm getting all right again."

"I'm glad," said Don, simply. "You *did* look bad yesterday sure! If I hadn't caught you when you fell, you'd been gone for certain."

"Yes, you saved my life." The old man lay with his hands clasped over his head. "How much do you think that life is worth?"

"Oh, I don't know!" said Don, in a puzzled tone.

"Nor I," replied Pappy, grimly. "But I'm up here to find out."

"There's nothing up here to find," said Don.

"I'm not so sure of that," answered the old man, looking up at him steadily.

"There *isn't*," persisted Don, shaking his head. "No one has found any gold for years and years in San Pedro. You'll just waste your time looking for it, Pappy."

Seth will tell you that. Going to get up, are you? Well, all right, if you feel well enough. It's a fine day, and I'll put a chair for you out in the sun."

In a little while, with Don's friendly assistance, Pappy was seated out in the sun, talking to Big Seth and Old Grizzle, while he sipped the good cup of coffee that Don brought him, and nibbled lightly at the "John" cake that Bonita had baked for breakfast.

Pappy had been thinking half the night of what business could keep him at Big Seth's. Since gold-seeking on San Pedro was only for fools like poor Batty Bob, he must look for something else. And he had remembered that some of the hundreds of thousands that poured into the bank account of Carruther & Carruther came from rocks,—just such rocks as were piled in rugged heights above him now. So while he was eating his breakfast in altogether "too picky and choosy a way" for a tramp, as his observers remarked, he broached the subject to Big Seth. He had come here to prospect among the rocks, to find a certain kind that was worth something. He had a little money, he explained, and would pay whatever board Seth asked, if he could stay at the camp for a couple of weeks while he looked about him on the heights and ridges for "phosphate rock."

"Never heard of any sech thing up here; did you, Grizzle?" inquired Seth.

"Never," answered Old Grizzle, blinking reflectively. "Still it might be hid around somewhar, and 'twouldn't do no hurt to look."

"I don't s'pose it would," said Seth. "But purspecting jest for plain rock seems a drefful waste of time and money, Pappy."

"That's my lookout" (Pappy's lips set themselves for a minute in the old tight line). "Besides, I've heard this air of yours is good for the health, and I'm not very well. So how much will you ask for putting me up where I am now while I stay?"

"I don't keep no tavern," answered Seth, gruffly. "You're welcome to what grub we've got without pay. But you're in the kid's bunk. He's been raised sort of genteel and partikler, and you can't stay and put him out."

"Oh, yes he can!" said Don, who had been listening with interest; "Nokola has fixed me up a bed in her cabin, and you can have my room as long as you want it."

"All right!" said Pappy. "I'll pay you for it."

"No, don't!" broke in Seth, roughly. "The kid ain't no money-grubber. I ain't raising him that way. You don't want no pay; do you, Don?"

"No-o!" answered Don. "Pay!—just for sleeping in my room! I never heard of such a thing. But Pappy had better not go prospecting round here by himself; had he, Seth? There are too many holes and pockets in San Pedro where he could slip in. When you start prospecting, Pappy, you had better take me."

"All right!" said Pappy, again fixing his keen old eyes on the young speaker. "And if we find anything we'll go halves on it. There's no money-grubbing about that: it will be fair-and-square business to go halves on what we find. It's a fine morning, and I feel like stretching my legs after my long rest. Suppose we start now?"

"I'm ready!" said Don, cheerily. "Take hold of my arm, Pappy. You're not quite as chipper as you think yet. Just hold on to me, and you'll be all right."

"Dippy!" said Big Seth, as the pair disappeared around the corner of the shack, "Pappy—or Steve Carr, as he calls himself—is about ez dippy ez you can find 'em. Purspecting for rock! But he seems to be a harmless sort of an old cuss. He might ez well hang round for a while, and get this bee out of his bonnet, and mebbe a little more red blood in his old veins; for he does look sick and ashy, sure."

So the matter was settled by the short,

simple methods of San Pedro; and Pappy Carr became another "hanger on" at Big Seth's camp, sleeping in Don's room, which the boy had cheerfully vacated for his old protégé, and guided by Don on his prospecting tours over the ridges and rocks.

They took it slowly at first, resting here and there on stumps and boulders; stopping to talk with Batty Bob, who was picking at a new lead in a washout; pausing at last to drink at the mountain spring that was one of the wonders of San Pedro.

"It never goes dry," explained Don to his companion, as they sat on the moss-grown rocks that the trickling water kept forever green. "Seth says because it's fed from the melting snows on the top of the mountain, but old Nokola tells a different story."

"Who is Nokola?" asked Pappy, as he emptied the gourd which Don had filled for him with a refreshing, ice-cold draught.

"Nokola was my old nurse," answered Don. "She took care of me from the time I was born; and, though I am able to take care of myself now, she came to live at the camp so she could be with me still. To her I am White Eagle, the chief of her tribe, whom she must serve until she dies. And, though I have tried and Padre Francisco has tried to teach her the truth, she still thinks and believes in the old Indian way.

"Well, Nokola says that long, long ago before the white man crossed the mountains, when the Indians still had for their own the valleys and the ridges, and the hunting grounds even to the great sea, there came a summertime when the water failed them; when the skies gave no rain or dew; when the sun burned like fire, withering the grass and the corn and all things that grow,—and I reckon that much is true," parenthesized Don; "for it's mighty dry sometimes in the valley yet. But they didn't seem to know anything about watering or ditching then; so when the grass and corn withered, the cattle starved, and a sickness came

that the medicine men could not cure.

"All down the mountain-side and in the valley the people were burning with fever, dying with thirst, and there was no water within reach. And Sun Eagle—that was the chief of all the tribes from the mountains to the sea—lay sick with the rest. He had found a wife down in the country of the Aztecs, with white skin and yellow hair; and they had a boy that from his pale face they called White Eagle, as my mother's people now call me. And the Aztec mother, who was wiser than the other women, called her boy and gave him a stick she had brought from her own land.

"'It will point to water, however deep it may be hidden,' she said. 'Take it, my son, and go out on the rocks and the ridges, and bring back water, that your father may not die. Your eye is bright, your heart is bold, my White Eagle; so do not come back until you find the water that will give your father life.'

"And the boy—he was not more than twelve summers old, Nokola says,—took the stick from his mother's hand, holding it so that it could turn or bend at will, and went off in his search. High up over the rocks where the sun blazed down fiercely in the hot summer day, through the gulches where the parched thornbushes tore his hands and feet, by the dry bed of the mountain stream where the wild things were lying dead with thirst, White Eagle went at his mother's word; but the rod lay still in his hand, giving no sign.

"Not till the sunset burned in the western sky, and he thought of lying down a while to rest, did it begin to tremble and twist and point higher up the ridge. Then with new strength he climbed on, while his rod shook as if it would jump from his hold, and then pointed straight to a break in the rocks, where a great black snake, big as a pine sapling that has grown three winters, was choking with its coils the trickle of a mountain spring. And, though he had only the rod in his hand, White Eagle struck at

the snake and fought with it until he had killed it and flung it far from the spring. And the waters, Nokola says, leaped out of the rocks with a roar like thunder, and rushed down the dry bed of the old streams into the valley; and all those who were sick and dying drank and got well and strong. But they found White Eagle lying dead from the snake's poisoned fangs at the mouth of the spring. And because he had died for his people, Nokola says, the Great Spirit put healing in these waters; and through winter's cold and summer's heat they never fail. That is Nokola's story," concluded Don, in another tone; for he had unconsciously adopted the sonorous speech of his "mother's people" in his narrative. "And my father said that, like all Indian stories, there was some truth in it; for the water is good for sick people still. It has something in it that makes them well. So while you're up here, Pappy, you better drink all you can from the White Eagle Spring."

"I will," answered Pappy, who was beginning to have new ideas about White Eagle. "Fill the gourd again for me, sonny. I think there is something in it that will make me—well."

"Done your purspecting, eh?" asked Seth, when the two had drifted back to the camp about noontime, and Pappy had gone into Don's little room to rest after his tramp. "Well, what sort of a fool time did you hev with that old loony?"

"Pappy?" said Don. "Pappy isn't a bit loony, Seth. He has real good sense. And — and — I couldn't have ever seen him," he went on, thoughtfully, "for he says he never struck these mountains before; but he looks like somebody—somebody I used to know."

"You're sot on the old man, sure!" laughed Seth. "But that's allus the way when we save anything. It gets a grip on you, you don't know why. Land! I've picked up a puny weakling of a calf that hed broke its leg on the rocks, and worked over it like it was wuth a whole

drove! So take keer of Pappy, kid. Purspect around with him ez much ez you please. He'll want some one to keep him out of the slids and holes, for sure. Ez for his sense—land sakes!" (Big Seth chuckled to himself) "you may see it, kid; I can't."

(To be continued.)

How Easter is Celebrated in Russia.

In Russia, Church and State unite in celebrating the festival of Easter. It is the day of greatest national rejoicing. As Holy Week draws to a close, the whole country is in a state of preparation and expectancy. Everyone, young and old, in doors and out of doors, is busy. The shops are glittering with eggs made of gold, silver, china, wood, etc., ornamented or colored in a hundred ways; but all bearing in Slavonic characters the inscription, "Christ is Risen!" Real eggs, boiled hard and stained with cochineal, are sold at stalls in all the large streets.

In presenting Easter eggs of any kind the universal greeting is "Christ is risen!" and the joyful answer, "He is risen indeed!" Everyone is happy.

The great feast is always announced, just after midnight, by the firing of guns; and as soon as they have ceased, the bells begin to ring. In the churches the announcement of Easter is made from the altar, after which tapers are lighted and distributed to all present. A procession sometimes follows. The tapers signify Christ, the Light of the world.

The Resurrection Flower.

The Resurrection Flower is so called because of its singular power of retaining its vitality for a very long time, if it is plucked before it is quite dead. This plant is also known as "Mary's Flower" and the "Rose of Jericho," which is one of the Blessed Virgin's titles. The Resurrection Flower is a favorite one in the Holy Land.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The index volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia, soon to appear, will supply a guide to subjects not treated under special headings.

—Messrs. Longmans & Co. announce a second impression of "The Friendship of Christ," by Monsignor Benson. It is gratifying to know of the success of this excellent addition to our devotional literature.

—Cardinal Bourne's address on Syndicalism, to which we referred at length in a recent article, is now obtainable in pamphlet form from Messrs. Burns & Oates. It is a timely and eminently useful publication.

—In our notice of the late M. Thureau-Dangin, of the French Academy, we should have mentioned his "Histoire de la Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre au XIXe Siècle," of which an English translation is announced. It deals, of course, with Newman and the Oxford Movement. The distinguished historian refers to Monsignor Benson's "Confessions of a Convert," to which his attention was directed while those admirable pages of autobiography were appearing in THE AVE MARIA.

—The centenary edition of "The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman (Inventor of Phonography)," by Alfred Baker, F. J. I. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons), is a second edition, with a few additions and corrections, of a book first published in 1908, and favorably noticed in these columns at the time. While the work will naturally be of most interest to those who cherish a fondness for phonography and spelling reform, it is not without its attraction for the general reader. The present edition is a handsome octavo of 400 pages, copiously illustrated.

—"In God's Nursery," by C. C. Martindale, S. J. (Longmans, Green & Co.), is a work not easy to classify. True, the author speaks, in his dedication, of "these stories"; but if the eight separate compositions that form the volume's contents are to be called "short stories" at all, one must add the qualifying phrase, "with a difference." Even the two or three that approach nearest to the conventional short story, issue in an indefiniteness, not to say a nebulosity, fatal to the symmetry of an artistic narrative. Not that we have found the book uninteresting. It will appeal to the scholarly devotee of Greek and Roman mythology, theology, and archæology, rather than to the ordinary lover of fiction. Father Martindale is a specialist in the history of religions; and these "stories" appear to be a by-product

of his delving into the beliefs of the past and the monuments that attest them. The fact that they appeared originally in the *Month* is, of course, a guarantee that they are worth while to the scholar, even though they be "caviare to the general."

—The Oxford University Press will soon issue a new edition of Cardinal Newman's "Apologia," prefaced by Newman's and Kingsley's pamphlets, showing the differences between the first and second versions of that famous masterpiece. Dr. Wilfrid Ward will contribute an Introduction.

—Two volumes of souvenirs have come to us from the publishing house of Pierre Téqui, Paris,—"*Souvenirs de La Combe*," by Netty du Boys; and "*Mizraïm: Souvenirs d'Égypte*," by Godefroid Kurth. The first volume is practically a new and most interesting Life of Monseigneur Dupanloup, who was a frequent visitor to La Combe, the residence of the Du Boys family, and the spiritual father of Made-moiselle Netty. "Mizraïm" is the record of a scholarly and Catholic traveller through "the land where the pyramids be."

—From H. L. Kilner & Co. comes a tale of the sixth century, by Walter Leahy, entitled "*Columbanus the Celt*." Interest in the life of this great man is enhanced by the style in which its chief events are set forth. We are touched by his youthful struggles, his flight from home, his banishment from his loved Luxeuil, and the pathos of his death. Such narratives lift the mind and soul of the reader to a higher plane, at the same time affording the best entertainment. We hope this book may have the large sale which it so well deserves.

—Father Michael Earls, S. J. has issued his poems in a tastefully-bound little volume, which he entitles "*The Road Beyond the Town*." (Benziger Brothers.) There are not wanting in Father Earls' work signs of immaturity; for example, the use of facile rhyme words like "lea"; and there are some verses which are the result of a nimble hand working with the poetic stock-in-trade of images and phraseology. But the important thing to note is that our author presents in this book some distinctive, fresh and purely poetic lyrics. Among these are a delightful sequence, "In the Abbey of the Woods," "A Christmas-Eve Vigil," "The Bonnie Prince o' Spring," "By Brooks in Ballydee," and "On a Fly-Leaf of Father Tabb's 'Lyrics.'"

Some of these poems appeared in THE AVE MARIA. We quote the last-mentioned piece:

No booming cataracts of song
Entrancing thrilled thy little lyre,
Nor Alpine heights where visions throng,
Full of a poet's wild desire;
But common things across the mead
Gave minstrel wisdom to the heart;
Now fronded fern and elfin seed
Wear well the halo of thine art:
As if dead leaves on beechen trees,
So pitiful 'neath wintry skies
Should feel this wind an Easter breeze
And rise a June of butterflies.

—The American Book Co. have sent us a number of interesting new books for the young, intended for supplementary reading in schools. They are on a variety of subjects. All are well-written, interesting, and useful in the grades for which they are designed. We may mention "Antoine of Oregon," by James Otis, a story of the people who forced their way westward and "wrote their names in blood" across the country; "The Swallow Book," translated from the Italian and consisting of legends, myths, fables, folk-songs, proverbs, and superstitions of many lands about the swallow; and "Fifty Famous People," by James Baldwin, containing interesting stories of Franklin, Lincoln, Edward Everett, Longfellow, John Marshall, and others. These stories will help teachers "to point a moral."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"In God's Nursery." C. C. Martindale, S. J. \$1.25.

"Columbanus the Celt." Walter Leahy. \$1.50.

"The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman." Alfred Baker, F. J. I. \$1.

"The Road Beyond the Town." Michael Earls, S. J. \$1.25.

"The Theory of Evolution in the Light of Facts." Karl Frank, S. J. \$1.50.

"Good Friday to Easter." Rev. Robert Kane, S. J. 90 cts., net.

"The Stock Exchange from Within." William C. Van Antwerp. \$1.50.

"Quotations from Irish and Irish-American Authors." Elizabeth Murrin. \$1.

"Facts and Theories." Sir Bertram Windle. 45 cts.

"Notes on the New Rubrics." Rev. Arthur Hetherington. 60 cts.

"Grace." Rev. Heinrich Hansjakob. 50 cts.

"Life, Science and Art." Ernest Hello. 50 cts., net.

"Polemic Chat." Rt. Rev. Edmund M. Dunne. Cloth, 50 cts.; paper, 25 cts.

"Our Lady in the Church, and Other Essays." M. Nesbitt. \$1.60.

"Come Rack! Come Rope!" Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.46.

"The Catechist's Manual." Brothers of the Christian Schools. 85 cts.

"Translation of the 'Summa Theologica' of St. Thomas Aquinas." Part I. Second and Third Numbers. \$2, each, net.

"In St. Dominic's Country." C. M. Antony. \$1.60.

"A Hundred Years of Irish History." R. Barry O'Brien. 60 cts., net.

"Officium Hebdomadæ Majoris." \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Anthony Strauss, of the diocese of Detroit; Rev. John McNally, archdiocese of San Francisco; and Rev. Leonard Schwalb, C. SS. R.

Sister M. Louis, of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament; and Sister M. Dominica, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

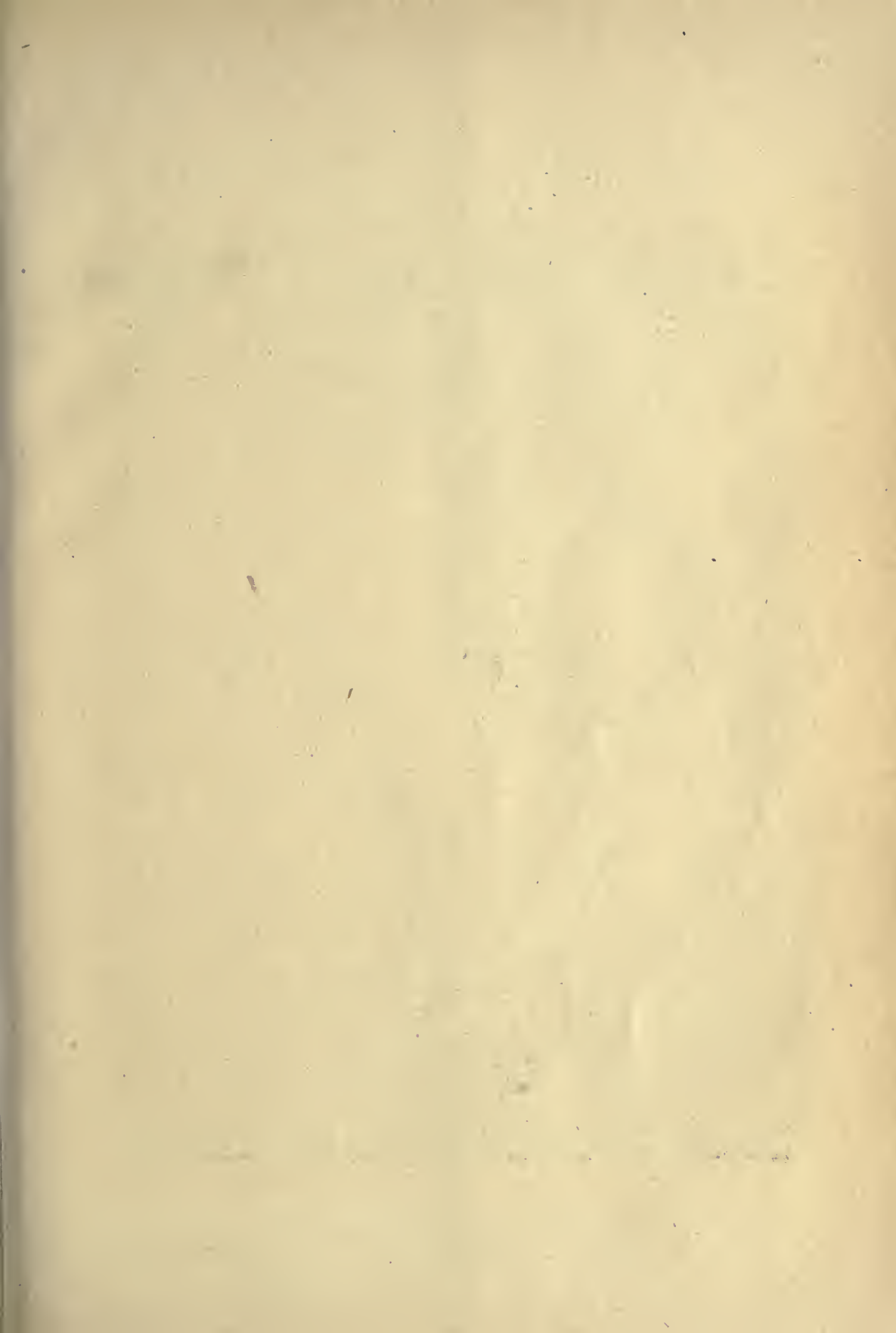
Mr. James Bricklin, Mr. George Willie, Mr. Thomas Cunningham, Miss Lucille Brown, Mrs. Anna McNulty, Mr. James Fullerton, Miss Catherine Woodlock, Mrs. Margaret O'Brien, Mr. Ambrose Bonneau, Mr. August Richter, Mr. Richard Cushing, Mr. Nicholas Schneider, Roseena Agold, Mr. George Bletzacker, Mrs. Mary Rie, Mr. John Drew, Mary A. Quinn, Mr. Paul Rabaut, Mrs. Catherine Teasdale, Mr. R. J. Unsworth, Mrs. Catherine Glocker, Margaret Barada, Mr. Joseph Andrews, Mr. Edward Young, Miss Mary T. Madigan, and Louise L. Rehm.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the famine and cyclone sufferers in China: T. M. J., \$2; Mrs. M. J. McC., \$1; Mrs. M. E. H., \$5.





MAGDALEN AT THE FEET OF JESUS.
(Lorenzo di Credi.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 13

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The Gleaning.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

SO many things there are to bear,
So many ways-to go,
So swiftly where a blossom grew
Falls soft the shrouding snow,
I wonder not men question life,
And ask what means it all—
The tears, the dreams, the silence long
Where dusks eternal fall.
One gathers blossoms by the way,
The others smile at him;
But they with him sink down to rest
When evening ways grow dim.
This much we glean from all the years—
No more we learn thereof,—
The happiest of hearts are those
Who walk in faith and love!

Scenes of the Glorious Mysteries of the Rosary.

BY ALICE DEASE.

THE huge basilica of the Holy Sepulchre is so crowded round by other buildings that, on approaching, one sees nothing but the façade with its two stone bays,—only one of which is now open, its arches and decorations standing just as they stood when it was first raised up by the Crusaders as an honor and a defence for the holy shrines for which they had fought. The pillars of the great doorway are worn and stained from constant kissing

by the Russian pilgrims. Inside the portals, everything is shrouded in gloom. Lamps twinkle overhead, and by degrees kneeling forms become visible,—Russians again, who are praying at the slab venerated as that on which the dead body of Our Lord was anointed by Nicodemus.

To the right, there is a confused mixture of lights and steps, of a stone railing and above more lights. This is Calvary. To the left, beyond the darkness, the light of day comes faintly between huge pillars; and, emerging into the round open space, one finds oneself under the dome of the basilica. In the centre stands the sepulchre of Our Lord, from which He rose to heaven. At that time the tomb lay in the new rock of the garden of Joseph of Arimathea; but now everything has been cut away from round it, leaving only the part of the rock on which the body of Jesus was laid. It stands there, a mass of stone, with the flooring of the basilica brought all round it. But the pilgrim can not see it thus; for the front and top are covered with white marble and the rest is hidden by the walls of the tiny-oratory that enshrines it.

Small as is this little oblong building—it measures twenty-four feet by fifteen, and is not more than fifteen feet high,—it is divided into two parts. The outer chamber holds a section of the stone which the angel rolled away from the door of the sepulchre on Easter morning; and the inner chamber, where the slab itself is venerated, measures only seven feet by nine. The shrine, as it now stands, was built by the Greeks about a hundred years

ago, but the altar of the slab belongs in part to the Armenians, and in part to us. Three pictures hang over it. Those belonging to the Easterns are ugly and their decorations are tawdry.

One can only kneel for a moment and recite a prayer, lay one's lips in reverent greeting on the white marble guarding stone, and pass out again into the rotunda of the basilica and pause there watching with gladness the never-ending stream of pilgrims, each one waiting patiently, quietly to lay his message of thanks and honor within the sepulchre whence the Resurrection took place.

Nearing the summit of the Mount of Olives, the pilgrim comes upon a group of Arab houses that have sprung up round the place whence Our Lord ascended into heaven. It belongs now to the Mohammedans, but all are allowed to enter the enclosure and visit the little building first erected by the Crusaders, and afterward altered to suit the taste of the followers of Mahomet, who now worship there. It stands nearly in the centre of the court, which is paved with large flags, between which grass and wild flowers grow rankly. All the stones of pavement, walls, and chapel are of a whitish yellow color, and the sunshine is dazzling upon them.

The chapel itself is octagonal in shape and measures little more than twenty feet across. A double pillar of stone, with two small marble columns, stands at each angle of the inner walls, and overhead the Mohammedans have raised a cupola, with windows piercing the drum on which it rests. Originally it was roofless, open to the sky; a mere ornamental monument erected round the stone on which Our Lord stood, the last place on earth where His sacred feet were laid. It lies now—about three feet long and something less in width—framed in white marble, rough itself and uneven, worn away by time and by the lips of unnumbered pilgrims, yet the trace of one footmark—the left—can still be discerned. The place is bare, and, in spite of the authorized Mussulman

guardian, Arab children swarm into the court, and press around the pilgrim as he tries to perform his devotions.

It is not at ordinary times a shrine of deep devotion: it is seemingly unchristian when visited thus; but on the feast of the Ascension and on its vigil the Franciscans go there—to the holy mountain—to say the Vespers and the Matins of the Divine Office. Then permission is given for two temporary altars to be erected inside the chapel, and from midnight until noon the Holy Sacrifice is offered unceasingly, glorifying God where He Himself rose up to glory.

Close to the city walls, on the side that stretches out toward Bethlehem, there is a group of white buildings—rooms and houses massed upon one another, with a low dome, whitewashed like its surroundings, that marks the site of a mosque. To the Mohammedans it is the tomb of David, a most sacred place. To Christians, it is a thousand times more sacred. It is the place of the institution of the Blessed Eucharist: it contains the upper chamber where the Last Supper was prepared for Our Lord, and where, after His Ascension, His disciples gathered together for the coming of the Holy Ghost; and, as the first meeting place of Christians, it is in reality the chief mother of all churches. The streets and passages leading to it are so narrow, so twisted, that the pilgrim could scarcely find his way without a guide.

This part of Jerusalem is densely populated: it is the Armenian quarter. But the building itself belongs to the Turks. The ground rises under two long archways, at the end of which there is a small doorway raised by a flight of four steps to the level of the inner court, on to which it opens. At the threshold, the pilgrim is joined by the porter bearing the keys, and by two Turkish soldiers. This little bodyguard leads the way along the left side of the enclosure to the foot of a short stairway, built up against the outer wall of the Mosque. This is as near as Christians

are allowed to go, to the hall of the Washing of the Feet; for in this lower chamber of the building a sarcophagus has been placed, which is said to be the tomb of David.

The upper chamber, however, under certain conditions, is free to be visited. It is large, light, and bare; perhaps fifty feet long and more than half of that in width. Apparently, it is not used even for prayer by the Mohammedans; and Christians are forbidden to kneel, forbidden to make the slightest outward sign of veneration, either in the greater chamber, where the Last Supper took place, or at the further end, where a flight of seven or eight steps lead down to the door of the second compartment, the inner room where the disciples were gathered together when the Holy Ghost came down upon them. The guardians do not tolerate any lengthened visit to this holy room. The pilgrim can only gaze at the bareness round him; and then, offering inward praise and thanks to God for the institution of the Sacrament of Love, he passes out with a silent prayer on his lips to the Spirit of Wisdom.

Beyond the Brook of Cedron, opening on to the same court as the Grotto of the Agony, is the place of burial of the Blessed Virgin, and of her assumption into heaven. The court itself lies twelve feet lower than the road, and a square, weather-stained block is all that can be seen of the Church of the Assumption, the remainder being underground. Entering the low door of the porch, everything inside is wrapped in gloom. A wide flight of shallow steps falls down apparently into the earth. A few lights glimmer away in the depths, and the discordant chant of the Greek and Armenian monks, to whom the shrine now belongs, tells one that the tomb one seeks is really there below. The stairs are so wide that a dozen people could go down them abreast, and twice in the descent they widen still more to form two chapels,—one dedicated to Saint Joseph, the other to Saint Joachim and Saint Anne.

Fifty steps lead down to the church itself. It is very dark, lighted only by the lamps of the Greek altars and the candles lit by devout pilgrims. The remains of paintings are just visible in places on the walls, and the roof is raised in semicircular vaultings. An altar stands in the centre of the open space at the foot of the stairs; and, almost groping in the darkness behind it, one comes, in the eastern wing of this cruciform subterranean church, to the little edifice, square at its base and covered by a scarcely visible cupola, which has stood as it now stands since the fifth century—the tomb of Our Lady.

There is a Greek altar at one side of it, with one belonging to the Syrian rite opposite, and the little door leading into the sepulchre itself is half hidden by another that belongs to the Armenians. There is room inside for half a dozen persons; the walls, both inside and out, are hung with tapestry; but near the ground the natural rock can be seen, and a closer examination shows that, like the sepulchre of her Son, Our Lady's tomb has been left untouched, whilst all the rock surrounding it has been cut away. The little building that covers it has two doors, and people can pass freely through it. The place where her body was laid, and whence it was assumed into heaven, is a ledge four feet from the ground. It is covered now with slabs of white marble.

It is all very dark, and the musical sounds of the Greek chant make praying even inside the oratory a difficulty. It feels indeed like a tomb, and it is only when mounting again toward the light, with the sunshine gilding the walls and pavement, making everything dazzlingly white under the broad, cloudless expanse of blue, that one realizes that the dark church one has just left is the place of Our Lady's assumption into heaven,—the place where all her sorrows were left behind, when her Son called her to receive the glorious crown which had been prepared for her in heaven.

A Far-Away Princess.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XIII.

IN the exquisite freshness of an early summer morning, full of beauty, and fragrance which rose like incense, as the long lances of sunlight pierced the dewy recesses of garden, meadow and woods, Moira stood at the open window of her chamber in the old family seat of the Covingtons, and looked out over a fair expanse of rolling country, stretching to blue distance, in the direction of Harcourt Manor. For when Mrs. Granger had, on their arrival the evening before, brought her to her room, she had flung open this window and pointed outward with a dramatic gesture.

"Over there," she said, "is the fortress we have come to storm! Harcourt Manor lies three miles distant in that direction."

"So near!" Moira said, catching her breath. "And yet for me so far!" she added, sighing a little.

"I am certain that it will soon be near, rather than far, for you," Mrs. Granger predicted confidently. "Meanwhile, you perceive how well placed we are, from a strategic point of view."

"I perceive that we could not be more delightfully placed from any point of view," Moira answered, smiling.

And she was more than ever of that opinion now, as, in the brilliant morning, she looked out over the beautiful grounds and widespreading landscape surrounding the house in which she found herself. It was one of the old colonial houses, of which there are many in the lower counties of Maryland, not so large and stately as its neighbor, Harcourt Manor, but spacious, dignified, and filled with that aroma of the past which breathes like a potpourri of rose leaves in places associated with generations that are gone. And this was the more apparent because the place had been practically deserted for many

years; since neither Mrs. Granger, to whom it had fallen by inheritance, nor her husband, cared for country life. And it was only when the former felt the need of a strategic base from which to conduct her campaign against Harcourt Manor, that the recollection of the home of her childhood came to her like an inspiration.

So it was that the varied and rapidly succeeding impressions which Moira had received since her landing in America ended in a quiet old house, tranquilly seated in a green, smiling country. A wave of gratitude rose in her heart as she realized afresh how wonderfully she had been led by unexpected ways to this pleasant spot in Royall's own land, at the very door of Royall's home. The wonder of it was indeed so great that just now it hardly seemed to matter very much whether or not that door would open to her as Royall's wife. For Royall's sake it was desirable that it should do so; but for herself, she felt as if it were almost enough to have seen with her own eyes the fields and woods and skies that had been the familiar setting of his life during all its young years; to be able to look (even from afar) at the roof beneath which he had been born, and perhaps to meet face to face those nearest to him in blood and affection. Again she sent her wistful glance into the blue distance, as if seeking some glimpses of the rooftree and chimneys there; then, murmuring softly the words of the Itinerary, "May he return to his home in peace, safety and joy!" she sank upon her knees, and, as she prayed, turned her face toward the distant East.

And that face seemed to hold the morning light so clearly reflected in it, when a little later she joined Mrs. Granger and Leila at breakfast, that the latter cried:

"You look as if you had heard some good news, Miss Fortescue!"

Moira smiled, as her eyes, in their luminous softness, met those of her hostess.

"Isn't it good news to find oneself in this charming place?" she asked. "I

have seen nothing which I like so much since I reached America."

"I am glad that you like it," Mrs. Granger said. "Of course it is the dearest place in the world to me; for my people have lived here ever since the first Covington came to the country, and I was born in this house and spent a happy childhood here."

"But you don't seem to care about living here now, mummy," Leila remarked. "I wish you would."

"When a woman is married, she must live where her husband desires," Mrs. Granger reminded her. "I think you'll like the entire country," she went on to Moira; "and we'll take a drive this afternoon to show it to you. I wish I could ask you to go out with me this morning, but I want to visit some of my old friends whom I haven't seen for a long time."

"Where are you going?" Leila inquired. "And why don't you wait for people to come to see you?"

"Because there are certain people to whom a special deference is due," her mother told her; "and one doesn't wait for them to come to see one."

Leila pursued her inquiries further.

"Who are those people?" she asked.

"Well, for example, the people at Harcourt Manor," Mrs. Granger answered. "I am going this morning to call on Mrs. Lyndon."

"May I go with you? I like going to Harcourt Manor. O Miss Fortescue, it's the loveliest place, — lovelier even than this! Mummy, may I go?"

"You may not," her mother replied, with decision. "I wish to see Mrs. Lyndon alone."

Leila looked disappointed.

"I could go into the garden while you talked," she said. "It's the nicest old garden ever was. Why do you want to see Mrs. Lyndon alone? Is it to talk about Mr. Royall Harcourt's marriage?"

"Leila!" The sharpness of the tone made Leila jump. "Unless you want to be sent to your room, don't venture to

ask any more questions on subjects that don't concern you."

"Mummy!" Leila gasped. Her amazement at this unprecedented severity was so great that it almost moved Moira to laughter, although she had herself been startled almost to the jumping point by the last question. "I know that Mr. Royall Harcourt's marriage doesn't concern me," Leila proceeded after a moment, in an injured tone; "but everybody who came to see you in Baltimore talked about it. I was in the back drawing-room reading and I heard them. So why—"

"Leila, go upstairs!"

But here Moira interposed.

"Pray don't send her away, Mrs. Granger," she pleaded. "She simply doesn't understand, and—I'm sure she will be quiet now."

"Of course I'll be quiet," Leila said, in a still more injured tone; "but I don't see—"

She broke off, transfixed by her mother's glance, and subsided into silence and attention to her breakfast; while Mrs. Granger turned to Moira with an air of eager apology.

"You mustn't think that I tolerated mere gossip in the people who came to see me in Baltimore," she said. "I allowed them to talk, because it gave me a chance to set them right on some points."

"Dear Mrs. Granger, it was natural that they should talk," Moira said gently. "And I have no doubt you set them right."

"I set them right emphatically," Mrs. Granger repeated; "and I'm going on a like errand to-day. That isn't a very lucid sentence perhaps, but you'll understand what I mean."

"The sentence seems to me to be quite lucid," Moira replied; "and I understand perfectly what you mean. It is very good of you to undertake such an errand."

"It is an errand after my own heart," Mrs. Granger declared; "so I deserve no credit for goodness in undertaking it."

And this was true. It was an errand so entirely after her own heart that she

had a sense of agreeable anticipation amounting almost to exhilaration as she drove a little later in her luxurious motor-car along the familiar country roads toward Harcourt Manor. The managing instinct, which was the strongest instinct of her nature, was gratified by the consciousness that she was about to play the part of a benevolent *dea ex machina*, and bring happiness and reconciliation to her old friends. Of her power to do this she had not the slightest doubt, since all the strings rested in her capable hands and could be pulled at her pleasure; for, like most people of her disposition, she always forgot to allow for forces which she could not control, and which might upset the most carefully arranged plans.

Filled with serene self-confidence, therefore, she descended from her car at the fine old portico of the Manor, was met at the door by a gray-haired servant who called her "Miss Emily," inquired about her health and general welfare, and then showed her into the great, cool, dim drawing-room, where not even a piece of furniture had been moved within her recollection and where Mrs. Lyndon soon came to her.

"Well, Emily, I'm glad that you haven't forgotten entirely that you belong to this part of the country," the elder lady said, when, their greetings over, they sat down opposite each other. "I began to think we should never see you down here again."

"Oh, I couldn't forget my old home and my old friends!" Mrs. Granger deprecated. "I'm really devoted to both, and I have often meant to come back to Covertdale; but life, as one lives it in these days, is so exacting, and makes such demands on one, that it isn't always easy to do what one would like."

"I suppose not, when it means coming to a quiet country neighborhood," Mrs. Lyndon agreed, with a touch of gentle sarcasm; "but you seem to find time to rush all over the world in the modern fashion. I understand that you are just back from England now."

"Yes, we go abroad nearly every summer; and of course the Coronation was a strong attraction to take us to London this year. We met Paul over there, you know."

"So he told me." A reserve came into Mrs. Lyndon's voice, which Mrs. Granger's quick ear caught, but to the true meaning of which she had no clue. As a matter of fact, the mother was thinking that it was to this woman, with her modern craze for rushing about the world, and picking up undesirable acquaintances, that she owed the heavy blow of Paul's strange infatuation for an unknown foreign girl. But it was natural enough that Mrs. Granger, with her own mind full of Royall, should have attributed the change of tone to the thought of *him*, and seized the opportunity to open the subject.

"Did Paul tell you that I met Royall in Paris?" she asked.

"Yes, he told us that also," Mrs. Lyndon answered; "and I was glad to know that I would soon have an opportunity to see you and hear all about him, and — about the woman he has married."

"I was sure you would want to hear, and that is why I have lost no time in coming to see you," Mrs. Granger said eagerly. "And I hope, dear Mrs. Lyndon, that your mind is more open than I found Paul's to be when it was a question of Royall's wife."

Mrs. Lyndon looked distressed.

"I am sorry to say that Paul, like my brother, is very prejudiced on that subject," she said. "They are both certain that the woman is of a class and kind that we can never recognize."

"Now, there is where I have no patience at all with Paul," Mrs. Granger broke in. "I say nothing about the Governor, because I haven't talked with him. But I have told Paul what my judgment is of Mrs. Royall Harcourt, and it is simply outrageous that he refuses to believe me."

"He thinks that you are judging her too favorably because you are anxious

to think well of her, and because you are impulsive—"

"I am *not* impulsive!" Mrs. Granger pounded the arm of her chair to emphasize the assertion. "I have never been mistaken in judging a woman in my life; and if you have any respect for my opinion, you will believe me when I tell you that I've never seen a more charming young creature than the girl whom Royall has married."

"My dear, I'm only too glad to believe you," Mrs. Lyndon assured her. "It has nearly broken my heart to think that Royall has ruined his life and cut himself off from his family by marrying some dreadful adventuress. Now tell me all about her, and why Royall has gone away and she has disappeared mysteriously; for Paul says all that looks very badly."

"He has no right to say anything of the kind; for I told him explicitly and exactly why Royall has gone to Morocco and why his wife preferred to leave Paris, and now I'll tell you all about it."

This she proceeded to do. Her meeting with Royall and what he said, her visit to his wife, and how immediately and completely she was charmed with the latter, were described in full detail; while of Moira's personal attractions she spoke with an enthusiasm which impressed her listener deeply. For Mrs. Lyndon knew that, however impulsive Emily Granger might be, she was not in the least likely to make a mistake in a matter of this kind. Her social instinct was unerring, and could be especially depended upon in judging one of her own sex. Therefore, when she declared of Royall's wife, "She is all you could possibly desire," Mrs. Lyndon accepted the verdict with a great sense of relief.

"Oh, if you will only tell my brother all this, and make him believe it, what a great thing it will be!" she cried fervently.

"I'll tell him: don't have any doubt about that," Mrs. Granger assured her. "But as for making him believe it—I may fail there, if he is as prejudiced as Paul."

"You'll find him quite as much so," Mrs. Lyndon admitted with a sigh; "but perhaps he may listen to *you*."

"If he doesn't, we must find other means to convince him," Mrs. Granger remarked cheerfully. "I don't despair at all about the Governor; but as for Paul—well, I'm really too much provoked with him to care whether he is convinced or not."

"I hardly know what to make of Paul," his mother confessed. "He has surprised me very much by his conduct in this matter. I was shocked when I heard that he had gone abroad to try and separate Royall from his wife, and I was glad that he was not able to see him."

"It is most fortunate that he didn't see him. I don't believe that Royall would ever forgive such a suggestion."

"And Paul seems strange in—other respects," Mrs. Lyndon went on, with the same tone of reserve that had been in her voice before coming into it again. She paused a moment; and then, "I'd like for you to see Gilbert as soon as possible," she said, with an apparent change of subject, "but he is not at home to-day. Can't you come over to luncheon to-morrow?"

"I'll be delighted to do so," Mrs. Granger answered promptly.

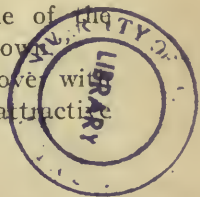
"And—have you any one staying with you?"

"Why," with a fine carelessness, "no one at all in the way of a guest. I came down to be quiet for a while, and so I have nobody with me but Leila, and my—er—companion and secretary, Miss Fortescue."

"Paul mentioned that you had set up a companion and secretary," Mrs. Lyndon remarked, with carelessness equal to her own, "and that she is a very attractive girl."

"She is" (emphatically) "one of the most attractive I have ever known."

"Then suppose you bring her over with you to-morrow? Gilbert likes attractive girls, you know."



Even Mrs. Granger's self-possession and *savoir-faire* hardly saved her from gasping audibly. This was beyond her utmost hopes, that, without any necessity for management or manœuvring, the door of the Manor should be opened, and Moira invited to enter as a desired guest. And the invitation was due to Lyndon's description of her! That added the last touch of irony. "How perfectly delicious!" she thought to herself, while she said aloud:

"I remember that the Governor likes attractive girls, and that he is always delightful to them. I'm sure Miss Fortescue will be glad to come, and I'll be glad to show her this fine old place. You see, foreigners are apt to think that we haven't anything old in America."

"I wonder that you should have preferred a foreigner to one of your own people for such a position," Mrs. Lyndon said in a tone of disapproval which she was unable to repress. "Do you know anything of this girl's antecedents?"

"I know all about them," Mrs. Granger answered, with a renewed sense of astonishment at the turn the conversation had taken. "She is of very good family, and is most beautifully educated and accomplished; but her parents are both dead, and so it has been necessary for her to—er—find work to do. I consider myself most fortunate to have met her, and you will think so too, when you see her."

"Oh, I'm not generally enthusiastic about strangers!" Mrs. Lyndon said a little bitterly, "but one has to make the best of things sometimes." Then, to cover this enigmatic sentence, she added hastily: "I shall expect you and Miss Fortescue, then, to-morrow; and I hope you may succeed in making my brother hear reason about Royall's marriage."

"It will not be my fault if I don't succeed," Mrs. Granger assured her, as she rose to take leave.

She drove home in a state of excitement difficult to describe, and as soon as she saw Moira:

"My dear," she said solemnly, "some

higher power must be managing your affairs, for the way things continue to happen is positively uncanny. I bring you an invitation—an entirely unsolicited invitation—from Mrs. Lyndon to take luncheon at the Manor to-morrow. What do you think of that?"

What Moira thought of it was at first not easy for her to say; for a minute she could only stare at the speaker whose excitement was so plainly visible on her countenance, and then she asked:

"How did it come about?"

Mrs. Granger flung out her hands in a gesture expressive of absolute inability to offer any explanation.

"It didn't come about through me," she said. "That's all I know. I had determined to be very cautious and diplomatic in introducing you to the notice of any one at Harcourt Manor, and I even laid strict injunction upon myself not to mention your name on this first visit. But my precautions were useless: Mrs. Lyndon herself spoke of you, said Paul had described you as charming, and asked me to bring you to luncheon to-morrow. I was so astonished that you could have knocked me down with a feather; but I managed to say that I was sure you would be glad to go."

"The question is, have I a right to go?" Moira said slowly. "You see this invitation isn't given to *me*, and I am quite sure that nothing would be farther from Mrs. Lyndon's intention than to give it to me."

It was now Mrs. Granger's turn to stare.

"I really don't understand you," she said. "I thought that you came here for the purpose of meeting Royall's people, and yet at the first chance—an almost miraculous chance—to do so, you draw back. If you are going to develop scruples of this kind, you might as well have stayed in Paris."

"But don't you understand?" Moira asked. "It is true that I came here hoping to meet Royall's people; but I have always thought of the meeting as

occurring accidentally, and on neutral ground, as it were. I have never thought of forcing my way into a house which is closed against me."

"Have you forced your way? Have I forced it for you, or made the slightest attempt to do so? The door of Harcourt Manor has opened to you from within, and the hand which has opened it is Paul Lyndon's."

A flush mounted to Moira's face, and her eyes gathered a light that her friend by this time knew.

"I would rather not owe the opening of that door to Paul Lyndon," she said. "I learned to like him better than I expected; but I can not forget in what manner he has desired, and still desires, to act toward me—"

"Nevertheless," Mrs. Granger interrupted, "you made a great step when you charmed him. In the first place, it was a distinct triumph; for he is not easily charmed,—I don't know when I have heard of his admiring a woman before; and, in the second place, his opinion has more weight at Harcourt Manor than that of any one else. Already it has opened the door of the fortress for you, and if you refuse to take advantage of this opening, I shall lose patience with you altogether."

"You mustn't do that," Moira said. "For surely you can see that I am longing to take advantage of the opening, and yet something tells me that Royall would think I lowered his dignity, as well as my own, by going to his father's house in disguise."

"Royall thought that you lowered his dignity by coming to America in disguise," Mrs. Granger reminded her. "We decided that, for the sake of the end in view, the risk should be taken; and the only question now is, will you be brave enough to go on and gain the end which will justify the risk?"

"Oh, if bravery were all that was required," Moira exclaimed, "I think I should be brave enough for anything!"

"Then be brave enough for this," Mrs. Granger told her. "Don't let your heart—for I'm certain it isn't your courage—fail for fear of Royall's disapproval. Royall is very far away, and you are here to take or lose the chance which is offered you. Remember that it is a chance to open the door of his home not for yourself, but for him. And there's no other way than this to open that door. Royall will never return to the Manor without you, and you can never hope to convince Governor Harcourt that you are what you are unless you show yourself to him. Now, you can't show yourself to him under your own name; for he would refuse to meet you. So the only alternative is to meet him, as you have planned, under another name—"

"But I have not planned to meet him under his own roof," Moira interposed.

"And why not?" the other demanded. "Isn't his own roof the best under which to meet him? Don't forget that you have a right to be there. Royall's wife has a place in Royall's home. Go and win it!"

A sudden flash came into the sapphire eyes that met her own.

"I will!" Moira said, as solemnly as if she were pledging herself.

(To be continued.)

Facing the Years.

BY FRANCIS MARQUETTE.

WHEN you are old, I shall be gone;

Yea, when your life is at its crest,
With failing years I'll be oppressed,
With but old joys to think upon.

And when, forgotten, dull, apart

I sit and dream, there will arise
Your face unchanged, your constant eyes
As now I store them in my heart.

Go, then, your way, if Life decrees

Us different paths, averted feet,
Another dawning we shall meet
On other shores, by tideless seas.

The Poor Woman of the Trastevere.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

I.

IF you spread before you a map of the Eternal City, you will find in the lower left-hand corner a section marked Trastevere. It lies between the Janiculum and the Tiber, extends along the river shore, from the famous Santo Spirito Hospital on the north to the Porto Portese on the south, and is, in several respects, an exceptionally interesting quarter of Rome. Here—torn and scarred by time, their strength and menace forever gone—may still be seen the frowning walls and towers of mediæval homes and ancient palaces. Even the inhabitants of the district seem a class apart,—the powerful physique, and haughty countenance, the dialect, the attitude of aloofness, tell of a people in whose veins, perhaps, there flows the blood of imperial Rome.

Almost at every turn, a sense of age and vanished glories, of pomps and prides and old lost causes, grips the modern mind,—flashing, as on a screen, the picture of a day when life was swift and turbulent; and men, passionate with hates and jealousies, spent their tragic fury against these now silent and crumbling walls. It was here, too, from the first half of the fourteenth until the middle of the fifteenth century, that Death was about his business with more than usual grimness. His hands were red and they were tireless. From council hall and dungeon, in hovel and in palace, at noon or at midnight, with here a score and there by hundreds, he gathered his due with a remorselessness that terrified the boldest and appalled the bravest.

Rome, from rim to center, was red with carnage. In the high tides of bitter partisanship, in the shock and sweep of armed desperation, there was little chance for either mercy or respect. The homes of prince and pauper alike were laid waste. Churches were battered and looted; basil-

icas were turned into stables or worse. War, pestilence and famine clutched the unhappy city. Blood smoked in the hollows of the pavements, no man aware when his own might flow to keep it company. Heresy and schism added to the horrors of the hour. The Pope was at Avignon. And Rome—scourged and beaten, sodden with the blood of her sons and daughters,—stood by her firelit ruins, desperate, terror-stricken, aghast. Had Heaven not heeded the cries of the just and the innocent in those days, no man knows what the outcome might have been. But, as often before and many times since, when night was darkest and peace a memory in the hearts of men, God, listening, heard. And His answer was a saint.

II.

In the year 1384, in the very heart of the Trastevere, there was born to Paul Busa and his wife, Jacobella de Roffredeschi, each of illustrious descent, a daughter. At the age of three, the child's intelligence and piety were subjects of comment. At six, she was practising self-denial. After her confirmation, she was placed in the spiritual care of a learned Benedictine, Don Antonio di Monte Savello; and for thirty-five years this singularly happy priest was the witness of a life so remarkable in its manifestations of humility, obedience and charity, so marvellous for its spiritual gifts and supernatural visitations, that it stands unique among the narrated lives of saints.

In the little maid that came to him every Wednesday to make her confession, Don Antonio found a soul well advanced on the difficult path of perfection. The expression of the child's ardent and ceaseless desire for the conventual life was to him not only expected, but, in the light of her virtues and detachments, seemingly inevitable. Nevertheless, it is not always the favor most earnestly sought (even by the saintly) that is given; or, if bestowed, seldom granted in the time and manner humanly desired.

Questioned upon her mode of living, the child told of her cherished wish to embrace the religious life. But her father, without ado, told her that she had already been promised in marriage to a neighboring nobleman. The word of a Busa had been passed to that effect. Such a pledge must be kept. The child (she was not yet twelve) laid her difficulty before the wise Don Antonio. The Benedictine, in all gentleness, told her that if her parents persisted in their resolution, she was to take it as a sign that God demanded of her this singular sacrifice. Her will was to be laid as a gift upon His altar. If she might not be His spouse, she could still be His faithful and loving servant. The voice of authority had spoken. And the child at that moment accepted the word of her confessor with the same unwavering faith that signalized her many submissions in after days. And it is in this spirit of instant obedience that her life stands forth a star of special glory.

III.

On the right-hand side of the Via de Vascellari, in the neighborhood of Santa Maria in Cappella, stands an humble dwelling. It is known as the Casa dei Esercizii Pii, a place set apart for meditation, instruction, and spiritual retreats. The building is modern; but its foundations, a heritage from a dim and troubled past, once supported a magnificent palace, the home of the Ponziani, a family of high position and great wealth.

Among the children of Cecilia and Andrew Ponziani was a son, Lorenzo,—a youth no less distinguished for his natural gifts and talents than for his Christian virtues. He was descended on his mother's side from the Mellini; was allied to the famous house of Santa Croce, and counted illustrious men among his ancestors. It was to this rich and powerful nobleman that God entrusted, in all her holiness and beauty, her humility and sweet obedience, His most precious gift to the age, St. Frances of Rome.

Denied permission by her confessor to lay aside the rich dresses and ornaments which her social position demanded, Frances turned to fasts and disciplines. But these were so carried on as to be unnoted even by the immediate members of her family. It was beyond the palace walls, in the hospitals, and in the homes of the poor and unfortunate, whose necessities kept them close to God, that the saintliness of her life was especially disclosed.

With the birth of her first child, a new phase of life presented itself to the gentle Frances. Her virtues were forced into still greater prominence by her increased responsibilities. Lorenzo, deeply moved by what he saw and knew, bade her dispose of her time and order her life (socially) as she deemed best. As a result, she forwent all formal visitations, renounced the society of the rich and powerful, sold her costly dresses and jewels, and distributed the proceeds to the poor and sick.

When she was twenty years of age, her second son, Evangelista, was born; three years later, her third and last child Agnese. It was during this period that her husband, drawn into the political conflict of the day, fell fighting in defence of the legitimate papal cause. It was during this time also that Ladislaus of Naples, making himself master of Rome, subjected the city to all the horrors of sack and pillage. Palaces were tumbled into ruins; homes were levelled into smoking débris; churches were turned into barracks. Basilicas, ripped and looted, became the scenes of frightful orgies. To the terrors of fire and sword were added those of famine; since, not content with the spoliation of the city, the invaders swept out upon the farms and granges, destroying cattle, grain and fruits.

The adherents of the legitimate papal cause were marked for slaughter. Lorenzo, persuaded by friends, fled to a distant province. Frances, with her children and a few faithful friends, was left alone in the palace. And there a horde of drunken

soldiery burst in upon them one morning in search of Lorenzo. Angered that he had escaped them, they tore from the mother's arms the child Baptista, pillaged and wrecked the palace, and, cursing the innocent household, swept out upon the brawling streets. In a corner of those ruins, alone with her two remaining children and her sister-in-law, Vanozza, Frances existed during the four succeeding years of famine, pestilence and war. It was there that her favorite son died of the pest, and her only daughter wasted away before her eyes.

With her home in ruins, her husband gone from her side, her only living child a captive in the hands of an unscrupulous tyrant, and starvation facing herself and the remainder of her household, it would seem that here was enough and to spare of sorrows and misery; it would seem that here was an occasion when tears might gush from human eyes. But it was neither to tears nor memories that the tender Frances turned. Of self she took neither heed nor thought. What God ordained, she accepted without question or murmur. And as in the days of peace and safety she had sought Him out among the poor and afflicted, so now she hastened to meet Him among the heaps of dead and dying with which the pest like an angry sea had littered the city streets.

And those streets—cluttered with the smoking wreckage of homes and churches; pavements wet with human blood; corners heaped with stricken humanity; fathers, dazed with fear, sitting helpless in the midst of their dead and dying children; infants withering away at their mothers' milkless breasts; men and women, gripped with terror, wandering from one pestilence-reeking spot to another; the death-wagons hurrying away with their gruesome loads and returning again and again for more; and, most terrible of all, the ceaseless wail of human voices calling for bread. It was through this welter of woe and horror that the gentle Frances, herself covered with the rags of poverty,

moved fearless on her mission of relief. Here, unmindful of stench and danger, she spent long hours cleansing the putrefying sores of the stricken, giving what she had of food and drink, ministering to the dying, and leading home to the ruins in the Via de Vascellari the more abandoned and pitiable cases. What charity existed in those hours of grief and desolation lived in the heart of a young woman not yet twenty-six years of age, who, for all her present rags and destitution, had been reared in a home of rank and luxury.

IV.

After four years, wherein the city had been roundly scourged and chastened, Frances, worn out with ceaseless labor among the wretched and abandoned, was herself stricken with the pest. Friends, relatives and servants, everyone except the faithful Vanozza, fled as from death itself. After some months of intense suffering, she was suddenly restored to health.

In that same eventful year, 1414, Ladislaus had worked his last iniquity. Death clutched him fast as he was marching at the head of a powerful army against the city of Bologna. With his passing, the States of the Church found peace. Rightful authority once more took control. Those that had suffered banishment for their support of the legitimate papal cause, or that had fled away for safety, were restored to their homes and property. Among these were Lorenzo and his son Baptista.

It was an altered wife and a changed husband that met each other in the ruins of the Ponziani palace. What exile and grief had done for the one, sickness, bereavement and toil had done for the other. In appearance, Lorenzo was an old man. His wife was as a shadow of her former self; of their three children, only one, Baptista, remained. In a human sense, it was a sorrowful home-coming. In the spiritual order, it was the touch of rain on bursting buds.

Lorenzo, withdrawing from all political

activity, devoted himself to the service of religion; became the partner of his wife in works of charity, penance and prayer; gave her entire freedom in matters of income and time. In 1418, Baptista married a young girl of noble birth and singular beauty. Shortly thereafter, Frances, with her husband's consent, began the work of her life—the founding of a religious congregation. That task was partly accomplished on the Feast of the Assumption, 1425, when she, with nine other ladies of noble birth, assembled in the Church of Santa Maria Nuova and made oblations of themselves to God under the title of the Oblates of Mary. It was not until eight years later that a permanent habitation was obtained, a constitution secured and a rule of life adopted.

After her husband's death, Frances, who had been married forty years, took leave of her son and the other members of the family, and went to spend the remainder of her days with her congregation at Tor di Specchi. Four years later, while visiting her son, who had been stricken with fever, she was seized with great weakness, insisted on setting out on foot for the convent, got as far as the Church of Santa Maria in Trastevere, and was there commanded by her spiritual director to return forthwith to the palace. She did so: her last act in the streets of Trastevere being one of obedience to the voice of authority. Seven days later she died. Her canonization took place May 29, 1608, during the pontificate of Paul V. And her feast-day is kept on the 9th of March.

V.

For all the five hundred years that lie between that day and this, the life of St. Frances of Rome contains more than one lesson pertinent to the needs of the modern hour. Born to rank and riches, married to a nobleman of power and great wealth, here, indeed, was sharp and instant test for Christian virtues. In the beginning, as a bride of a Ponziani, there

were visits to be made as well as received; public appearances to be endured; priceless gems and magnificent apparel to be worn; many tokens of rank and wealth to be displayed. Through it all, however, the union of her soul with God was never broken: underneath the costly gowns and blaze of gems was the penitential garment of hair or wool. She abstained from all time-wasting amusements; never danced nor played at cards, nor sat up late at night. Moments unclaimed by domestic duties were given to prayer or service to the poor that came to her palace gates. She was sparing of words,—a habit which, instead of overshadowing, made still more conspicuous her innate kindness and courtesy. Twice a week she was the humblest of penitents at the confessional in Santa Maria Nuova.

St. Frances never forwent in the slightest degree a mother's rights and privileges. Then, as now, the children of the wealthy were, for the most part, nourished at strange breasts. She would have none of this concession. The welfare of her children was something above and aside from the fancied needs of society. It would be she, not the world at large, that would be called upon to give an account of their estate. Aware of the value of their souls, and keenly alive to her duties as a mother, she permitted no false tenderness to stand in the way of merited reproof or correction. Exhibitions of self-will and anger were checked and punished. "Though she had a mother's tender heart," writes one biographer, "she seldom indulged in passionate caresses and never left unchastised any of their faults, or gave way in any instance to their tears and impatience. When others objected that it was absurd to expect self-command from creatures whose reason was not developed, she maintained that habits of self-control are to be acquired at the earliest age, and that the benefits thus obtained extended to the whole life."

As head of the opulent house of the

Ponziani—a position thrust upon her after the death of her mother-in-law, — St. Frances ruled by example rather than by word. With her servants she was patient and courteous, so arranging their work and leisure that they could easily and thoroughly fulfil their duties to God. She worked with them as well as for them; was their teacher, friend and nurse. The humblest was an equal care with the highest. She cared for their bodies and fought for their souls. Her affection for them was as great as her solicitude for the beggars that crowded about her palace gates, and her affection for the latter was passionate to a degree. As a result, her household was free of rancors and disputes. Profane and wasteful menials were changed into exemplary and zealous assistants; selfishness and passion were lost in a continual presence of charity, meekness and prayer.

When her son's wife, Mobilia, following the custom of the time, came to live with her mother-in-law, the latter's humility was put to another sharp test. For Mobilia seems to have carried things with a high hand, not only among her equals but also with her superiors. In the palace of the Ponziani, she developed an almost invincible contempt for the gentle Frances, regarding her as one less than the lowest menial. She could not understand why her mother-in-law should spend all her personal income upon the needy and the sick; nor why, instead of buying for herself a decent dress, she should persist in wearing an old green gown, which, when occasion arose, she patched with whatever bits of cloth were to hand. It was quite beyond her why the mother of her husband should go every day to the vineyard outside the Porto Portese to gather wood, bind it in fagots, and, returning to the city, distribute it to the poor. For a lady of the illustrious Ponziani to employ herself in such menial and humiliating tasks was a scandalous and censurable debasement. Nor was Mobilia alone in her scorn and ridicule. Even the

servants began to show signs of contempt. But "the poor woman of the Trastevere" (a title that St. Frances specially loved) had little care for the sanctions of the world. She shunned the abodes of wealth and fashion, choosing instead the hospital, hovel and slum.

Mobilia's pride carried everything before it until, in the gay circles which she frequented, it became her pastime to mock and mimic her husband's mother. Her irritation became aversion. She could not bear the sight of her mother-in-law, scorned and upbraided her, refusing her the commonest civilities. St. Frances met this particularly humiliating cross with gentleness, patience and prayer. The outcome was as sudden as it was happy. At the height of a passionate attack upon her mother-in-law, wherein she charged her with following degrading pursuits, mixing with the rabble and leers of the streets, and drawing down upon her family not only shame and contumely but intolerable inconveniences, Mobilia fell senseless. On returning to consciousness, she was seized with great bodily torments and a painfully clear realization of her offence. She sought forgiveness, and when the tender Frances stooped to embrace her found herself restored to health. Her conversion was complete. She turned from the vanities and seductions of her former life, and began to practise the very virtues she had recently so passionately condemned.

No story of this gentle saint would be complete without mention of at least one of the many instances in which God deigned to manifest His delight of her uncomplaining obedience,—a virtue richly rewarded in the lives of all saints. For St. Frances of Rome its practice was approved by an event that is, perhaps, the best and most widely known of all her attested miracles. For us of an impatient and self-centered day it merits another recital. For all of us that stand wavering between the particular duties of our state in life and our own private

inclinations, it is specially worth while.

St. Frances, though finding her delight in spiritual exercises, never permitted them to stand in the way of her duties as a wife. Her spiritual devotions were frequently interrupted by a call from her husband. Her response was always prompt and uncomplaining. And it is a matter of attested record that while she was one day reciting the Office of the Blessed Virgin, her husband sent for her. "She immediately obeyed his summons and, having performed some trifling service for him, returned to her prayers. Four successive times, for the most insignificant purposes, she was sent for; each time, with unwearied good-humor, she complied and resumed her devotions without a shadow of discontent or annoyance. On resuming her book the last time that this occurred, great was her astonishment in finding the antiphon, which she had begun four times and four times left unfinished, written in letters of gold." To Vanozza, her sister-in-law, who witnessed the miracle, St. Frances recounted that which had been revealed to her. "Thus," said she, "does God reward the virtue of obedience." And one of her sayings was: "A wife and mother, when called upon, must quit her God at the altar and find Him in her household affairs."

Not least among the many lessons contained in the life of this gentle saint is the truth that for each of us God has fixed the time, place, and manner of service. Faith, obedience and charity are among the perfect duties; and present duties joyfully and promptly performed are perfect gifts.

The Trellis.

BY THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

WITHIN my spirit's garden-plot

Love grew—a rose-tree, golden-hued;

To earth it drooped, and flourished not

Until I bound it to Christ's Rood.

The Interrupted Prayer.

BY S. WALDRON CARNEY.

IT was a day in late spring. Beneath one of the votive lamps in the little church, and facing the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, knelt a figure whose very attitude symbolized prayer. Her intense, burning gaze saw beyond the picture, the church, the sea; her whole body and soul were offering a petition with a fervor that needed not the medium of the lips—they were closed. But suddenly, in the midst of this voiceless prayer, she fell unconscious to the floor.

A young girl, who had entered the church a few moments earlier, and who, in walking through the aisles, had noted with interest and reverence the absorption of the woman in prayer, was about to leave, when the shuffling sound from the elder woman's pew attracted her attention, and she was immediately at her side. When, through the efforts of the girl, the woman revived and sat back trembling, the colorless, quivering lips expressed her thanks with an appealing humility. The girl noticed how frail the woman was and how helplessly weak; how poorly clad, yet how unmistakably refined. The ill-nourished frame told of prolonged fasts imposed either by penance or by poverty; and the young sympathetic heart went out to her; but the girl was afraid to ask any questions, lest she wound the poor, broken spirit. But when she had brushed back the white strands from the whiter brow, had adjusted the plain little bonnet, and had smoothed the folds in the worn shawl, she ventured a request:

"Madame will permit me to accompany her home?"

"No, Mademoiselle; and I thank you with all my heart. God will bless and reward you. But—I—I—must remain here—longer. My prayer was not finished, and if I go now I may not be able to come

back to-day. Thank you, child! But go: I feel better, and, in any case, I must fin—"

"No, Madame," respectfully interposed the girl; for she had seen the lips grow white again from the effort to talk. "I can not leave you like this. I pray you pardon me, Madame, but—is it not so that you came early to Mass, perhaps to receive Communion, and then waiting to pray, have not yet broken your fast?"

"Ah, yes, I knew!" as her charge acquiesced with a scarcely perceptible movement of the head. "Listen, then, Madame, I shall go with you, if you will, and when you have had a cup of tea or some food, I promise to bring you back here to finish these prayers" (and the smile that accompanied this plea was not to be lightly repulsed). "Besides, you could finish them at home; you have—"

"Mademoiselle does not understand." The quick flush on the girl's face was not lost; for the woman immediately added: "But I shall do as you say; I can return later, since my refusal to go now distresses you."

The little cottage in which she lived being near the church, she was soon at home.

"You are too kind: I am not used to such services," said the weak voice, as deft hands were gently removing the bonnet and shawl, and arranging pillows comfortably in the armchair near the sunny window.

"I am so happy that you permit me, Madame," replied the self-appointed nurse; "and when I have given you some hot tea, you will lie down and will promise me not to go out again until you are stronger."

"Ah, yes! It would be well, perhaps; but it may not be. You do not understand, my dear, as I told you before. You can not understand that I must finish my prayers in church."

The girl turned quickly.

"Madame, I—"

"I know what you would say, but it

is in fulfilment of a vow made years ago," came in low tones to which feebleness added solemnity. And then silence fell in the little room.

It was years since she had mentioned her vow to any one, and then it was to an old priest who had long since died; but now the kindness of this young stranger and her own weakness—yes, that was it, her weakness—had made her talk of personal affairs. Well, she would say no more on that subject. And yet silence now might imply that she was annoyed by the girl's advice to remain at home; and then, somehow, to-day she craved sympathy; and, in addition to these reasons, she painfully realized that she was not well, and that she might have to ask for help to get back to the church. So she decided that it would be best, after all, to explain her apparent obstinacy.

"It is an old, old story," she began, "written deep on many a mother's soul. I had a son. He was a wild lad, but he had a good, true heart; and on the morning that he went to sea (for I could not keep him) I placed him under the protection of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and asked her to bring him back safe to me. I had faith then that my prayer was heard, and that it would be answered; but God willed otherwise—" And the voice broke. Quickly recovering herself, however, she continued:

"When his ship returned, I went to meet him, only to learn instead that he had not sailed, but would wait for a later boat; and then, after many weeks of endless days, the terrible word came that his ship was lost at sea. My husband had died and I was alone,—alone and ill. I would have gladly given up the struggle; but after long, long days I recovered. Having paid my indebtedness—and a long illness costs much, my dear,—I sold my home, with its furniture and pictures and books, and came here to this little place by the sea; for the sea haunts me. I can not leave it. It holds all in holding my son. I chose this house

because from its windows I can see the great, wide stretches of the cruel waters. And, then, in the little church here, I again saw the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help; and, although my prayer had not been answered when I sought her aid before, I wanted to hope that she would hear me now; for it is something to have even a strong hope to hold one's life by, since without some kind of anchor many of us would drift to desolate places. I had tried at times to believe that, as a test of faith, the answer had only been delayed; but as I knelt there that first day in the little chapel by the sea, the thought came to me that perhaps our Blessed Mother had answered by bringing him to God instead of to me. And even in my sorrow I could thank her if such were the case; for sailors are careless, and not all who went down with him may have been prepared to go.

"And so at last a great peace flooded my soul: I learned to accept God's will, and to place—not the life now—just the memory of my son in Our Lady's keeping. If, in answer to my first petition, she could not bring him back, then I asked that I might, at least, know what manner of preparation had his soul before its departure. And then—I was almost afraid of the promise I was about to make, but the love for my boy was strong within me—I vowed that a votive lamp would perpetually burn in her honor before the picture; that I would make a daily visit to the church here, whose walls hold the tang of the sea; and that I would recite special prayers at the picture shrine until I should hear something of my son,—hear either of him or of his soul. The little votive boat-light near the picture is mine and his. It was many, many years ago. Infirmities seek out the old and cling to them; but even when, to help out my slender income, I have done work to which I was all unused and have become exhausted and ill, I still have kept my vow. Not until to-day has bodily infirmity interfered with my prayers;

and now what am I to do if my strength fails me?"

Overcome with emotion and fears, she sank back leaning her head against the pillow, which was not whiter than the pain-stricken face that rested upon it.

"But," responded the girl, in low, even tones, "assuredly you meant to keep the conditions of your vow only if your physical strength permitted. If you are unable to walk, and can not ride, how can the promise be kept? God is not so exacting in demands, nor is His Blessed Mother; and, besides, if you feel bound, you could be released."

A smile of hopelessness crossed the pale face.

"You do not understand. I must either keep my word or give up hope; and the life would, indeed, be hard."

"But you ask miracles. You say he is dead, and that all who were with him are dead. How, then, can you hear of his last moments? Do you not see what an unreasonable petition yours is? I would not dissuade you from it; but you are so weak, and for your own good—"

"Until the day that I hear from him or of him, I shall keep my vow." And the white face grew resolute.

"Very well, then, Madame, we shall go soon." And a soft arm stole around the thin shoulders. "You are just splendid, and I am so sorry that I must leave here to-day. I am on my way home from a visit in the North, and out of mere curiosity stopped for the day in this quaint little village. I could see the church from the train, but I never dreamed that it would hold forever afterward such a pleasant remembrance; and I am deeply interested in your petition to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Perhaps you will permit me to write to you. And now, Madame, do you feel quite strong enough to go back?" (The woman had looked toward her bonnet and shawl.) "Then let me get you ready, and I shall wait for you in the church while you finish your interrupted prayer. Now," and she

gave an extra pat to the bonnet strings, "are we ready?"

"Just a moment! I have quite inexcusably talked so much concerning myself, that I did not learn your name; and we must have a name as well as a face to fit memories to. What is your name, my dear?"

"Indeed, Madame, I intended to write it with my address for you, when we should have returned from church, and I hoped to learn yours. My name is Marie Renaud."

The girl was adjusting her own hat as she spoke, and for the fraction of a second was unaware of the sudden silence. Then she turned quickly, to find her hostess grasping the arms of the chair, but apparently speechless.

"What is it, Madame,—oh! what is it? Another attack? See! I knew you were unable to go. Let me make you comfortable again, dear, and remove your wraps."

But the hands that would have loosened the wraps were pushed aside, as the trembling woman cried:

"Why do you mock me? Why do you mock me in my grief? You were so kind, and now—"

"Mock you, Madame? What—" And then it dawned on Marie that the poor creature's sorrows had been too great for the taxed mind, and it had given way. She would change the subject. No, rather would she ask for her hostess' name, and that might bring back the wandering mind.

"Will Madame have some more hot tea? And then, while she is resting, she can tell me her name, and I shall copy it with the address."

"My name? My name? It is—it is—oh, I do not understand—yet. My name was—is—is—Marie Renaud."

It was the girl's turn to be startled. What was to be done? The woman, whatever her name might be, was plainly demented. Would it be prudent to call some of the neighbors? But the agitated woman, although visibly weaker, was

regaining her composure. Hesitatingly, she inquired:

"You said—you said—your name—is—"

"Marie Renaud," slowly and apologetically replied the girl.

"Marie Renaud!—Marie Renaud! That is *my* name, too." And she put her hand wearily to her head. Then, as if at some sudden, overpowering thought, she clutched the girl's arm, and earnestly and pathetically studied the young face turned toward her. But what she sought was not there, and she slowly relaxed her grasp and leaned heavily against the chair.

"What folly," she reproached herself,— "what folly to think *that*, when he died so long ago!"

"Madame Renaud," said the girl, "you shall rest a while here. See, I relieve you of your wraps again, and I shall remain until you feel stronger. That is better," as the tired head leaned back again and the eyes once more closed. "And now, while we sit here, shall I not tell you of my family, as you have told me of yours?"

"My father, Henri Renaud, was born in France, but lived in India for many years. I was born there, and it was there that my mother died. When I was graduated from the convent school last year, my father decided that we should travel for a year. My maid and I left him only yesterday because I wanted to stay here for a day. The little place had attracted me, as so many of the little villages along the coast have already done; and he went on to the city of X—, where we are to meet him again to-night. My maid awaits me at the queer little inn near the station."

And then she looked pityingly and closely at the poor, shrinking woman in the chair, and spoke very slowly and distinctly:

"My father's parents died many, many years ago. On the way home we are to visit his mother's grave. In his boyhood my father thought that the sea called him; but the ship on which he sailed lay at Bombay for some weeks. Long

before the boat left port, however, the spell of India was upon my father, and the fascination of the strange surroundings appealed to his adventurous spirit. He journeyed inland, and it was five years before he found it possible to sail for Calais, where he learned of his mother's death. He went to her room,—the room in which she had died, and in which so many of the once familiar objects of her care still lay. He went to his old room; and he often says that his tears that day were the bitterest that he ever shed. He visited her grave, and then went back to India, changed in heart, but not in venturesome spirit. He became a soldier of Fortune; and, as is too seldom the case, she smiled on the soldier who enlisted under her banner. He rose to power and wealth, and married an English lady, my mother. She died when I was three years old, so I scarce remember her; my father says I resemble her. He is such a dear, gentle soul, and so very tender to the aged,—trying, he says, to make amends for his neglect of his own mother; and last year he had erected a most beautiful monument over her grave. She lies in L——, and we are to visit there before we return home."

"His mother's name? His mother's name?" gasped the white-faced woman.

"Madame, I was named in her memory—Marie Renaud."

"No, no, no! It can not be,—even though you say it, yet it can not be! It is some false trick, some manner of deceit that I do not, can not understand! Not Marie Renaud—no, no! not Marie Renaud,—it is Claire Renaud who lies in L——. She died four years after my boy, my Henri, was lost. And he, my Henri—my boy—is—is—yes, he is your father! You say—O child, tell me, did you say that you will see him to-night? Oh, no! It is too wonderful, too good, too blessed to be true! And yet, it is true: I know it, *I feel it true!* I see now how easy that mistake of a lifetime was made. When I left my home, it was

Claire who bought all that I had. She was Henri's aunt. She bought my house, with all that it held; and then, in less than four years, she died. Henri's mistake was a natural one. He could not know of the transfer of the property, and therefore believed that the Madame Renaud who died in that house, and who left the furniture and keepsakes that he knew so well, was his mother. And all these years I have believed what the captain, in good faith, told me: that Henri had gone down with the ship that was lost in mid-ocean. All these long, terrible years I have sorrowed for him, nor ever knew that he came back to look for me. I never knew; but I trusted and hoped always, and now—now—"

She had fainted again, but this time it was because the joy was greater than the faithful heart could well bear.

Later in the day, Madame Renaud and her granddaughter returned to the church to finish the prayer that had been so strangely interrupted by the granting of its petition, and to make fitting thanksgiving to Our Lady of Perpetual Help, who had so generously redeemed the pledge which her title bestows upon her clients.

The next morning, as usual, the ocean spray, catching the sunlight in its mist, splashed against the church walls; the refreshing salt air blew through the open windows and across the framed face that looked out from her dimmed background. The little fleet, with the lights well-trimmed, swung rhythmically; and kneeling once more, and now for the last time in that church, was the bent, black-robed figure. But she was no longer alone. A grey-haired man and his daughter were beside her, and a trinity of thanksgivings ascended.

OUR bodies that receive the Holy Eucharist are no longer doomed to corruption, since they thus receive the living hope and pledge of immortality.

—*St. Irenæus.*

The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

March 30, Low Sunday.

THE name by which this Sunday is popularly known has originated in its closing the octave of the highest of festivals. Its proper ecclesiastical title is that of *Dominica in albis (depositis)*,—"Sunday for laying aside the white garments" by the newly baptized. The custom of baptizing converts at Easter, which prevailed in the early centuries, has left many allusions to those neophytes in the liturgy of to-day. This is particularly apparent in the Introit: "As newborn babes, Alleluia; desire (ye) the rational milk without guile." These are words addressed by St. Peter to newly-made Christians, exhorting them to imbibe eagerly the nourishment of divine teaching ("rational milk") offered to them by their mother, holy Church. It may be that the choice of the Church of St. Pancras, the boy-martyr of fourteen, as the Stational church in Rome for this day, bears reference to the same subject; the simplicity and innocence of youth, which ought to shine in souls newly-born to the Faith, suggest the possibility of such connection.

The Collect breathes a reluctant farewell to the solemnity the Church has been celebrating during the past eight days. "Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that we who have celebrated this Paschal feast may, by Thy assistance, show forth the same in our lives and actions." St. Paul's fervent exhortation, which occurs so frequently during the Divine Office of this season, may serve as a commentary upon the concluding words of this Collect: "If you be risen with Christ, seek the things that are above, where Christ is sitting at the right hand of God. Mind the things that are above, not the things that are upon the earth." The Resurrection of Our Lord is the fundamental

doctrine of our faith. It must help us to be more supernatural in our way of life: to live more by faith, and to "mind the things that are above," rather than those of earth, and thus "show forth" the effect of our celebration of Easter.

The Epistle carries on the same subject. St. John shows us that we are to strive to live by faith, and thus gain the victory over the world and its allurements. "Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?" asks the Apostle. And it is especially in His rising from the dead that Jesus has proved His divinity.

The Gospel is closely connected with the Epistle. It recounts the gracious visit of Our Lord to His timid disciples on the evening of the first Easter Day, to console them and strengthen their faith by the sight of His precious wounds, and to give them His peace. Then it goes on to describe the similar visit on the eighth day: "Jesus cometh, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst." By this evidence of His superiority to the laws of nature, by His transfigured form, by His loving condescension to the doubting Thomas, in permitting him to touch that risen body, Christ banishes all fear from the hearts of His dear ones and confirms them in faith. They saw and believed; we believe through their evidence. To us, therefore, belongs that blessing imparted to those "who have not seen and have believed."

From this Sunday we may notice a change in the formulas of the liturgy which will continue throughout Paschal time: there is no Gradual, but in its place is provided a second Alleluia-verse. It would seem as though the Church could never sufficiently satisfy her joy without increasing still more the repetition of the mystic canticle of gladness. Some words of St. Augustin on this subject may well find a place here, "O happy Alleluia," he cries, "which we shall one day sing in heaven! O happy Alleluia! Let us also sing here below Alleluia, though

we now live in pain and trouble, that we may sing it there in perfect security." Fittingly, then, does the Church put into our mouths the song of heaven during this holy season; for Christ's Resurrection has opened heaven's gate to mankind, and the canticle of the redeemed will keep our minds raised toward our Heavenly home.

One more formula only will we notice to-day. The Communion-verse is so striking that it would be a pity to overlook it entirely. It may be well to recall the fact that this portion of the liturgy consisted in the primitive Church of a psalm which was sung while the numerous worshippers received Holy Communion, with an antiphon (or anthem) between each verse. Like other formulas of similar nature, the Communion-verse has become restricted to the antiphon alone. On this Sunday, we have the words of Our Lord to St. Thomas as Communion-verse: "Put forth thy hand, and mark the place of the nails, and be not faithless, but believing." St. Thomas touched the Sacred Body with his hands merely; Christians who partake of the Body of the Lord in Holy Communion are brought into still closer intimacy with Him. The touch of those wounds brought renewed faith to the Apostle; the reception of the Holy Eucharist in good dispositions can not but strengthen our faith and increase our love for Him who received those wounds at our sinful hands.

To all of us—catechumens or full-grown Christians though we be—to-day's liturgy conveys a special message: Easter Day has come and gone, but the spirit of Easter must ever fill our hearts. Purified by contrition, strengthened by hope, we are to keep our minds raised to the things of heaven, awaiting the summons of our conquering Lord to rise and meet Him when the great Easter Day shall dawn.

GOD can lighten in a brief moment the darkness of a long life, as He can pardon in a moment a life's offence.

—John Ayscough.

April Fool.

THE nation or individual who first decreed that the opening day of April should be known as "All Fools' Day," and that its celebration should consist in deceiving, mocking, hoaxing, and playing practical jokes on the credulous and unwary, the victims of the pleasantry being dubbed "April Fools," is an unknown identity in the history of the world. This festival of folly on which even grave people seem not averse to showing that

A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men,

has long been observed in this country; and in many European lands it dates back to a period beyond the records of reliable history.

Several theories have been upheld as explanatory of the custom's origin. Some claim that "All Fools' Day" is the natural outgrowth of the miracle-play which used to be represented at Easter, and which showed the sending of Christ from Annas to Caiphas and from Pilate to Herod. Others declare that the custom originated still earlier in some pagan festival characterized by similar tricks; for instance, the Hindu Huli festival kept on March 31, or the Roman Feast of Fools, celebrated on February 17. In France, the "April Fool" is called *un poisson d'Avril*,—"an April fish"; perhaps with reference to the fisheries which reopen about that date.

A concrete instance of American April-foolism was the apparent letter sent by Mr. Robert Bonner to Henry Ward Beecher. The envelope contained a page with nothing but "April Fool" written upon it. Suspecting the author of the hoax, Beecher sent in reply this note: "My dear Bonner, I have often heard of a man's writing a letter and forgetting to sign his name; but this is the first time I've known of a fellow's signing his name and forgetting to write the letter."

Notes and Remarks.

Eternal vigilance, which, according to the proverb, is the price of liberty, would seem to be also the sole condition on which Catholics can prevent the public schools from becoming Protestant, instead of non-sectarian, institutions. As we have repeatedly insisted in these columns, if Protestants wish their religion to be taught to their children, they should in all honesty and justice provide and maintain, as we do, denominational schools in which the teaching shall be done. As the *Standard and Times* remarks, if the law of separation between Church and State is to be preserved, well and good; but the separation must be a complete one. Says our Pennsylvania contemporary:

The old game of utilizing the schools so as to get around the law of separation is once more being played in this State. A law to make the reading of the Bible compulsory in public schools was passed by a thundering majority by the House of Representatives in Harrisburg last week. The Bible meant by it is the Protestant version of the Sacred Scriptures. Catholics will not stand for such a law; Jews ought not to. The Constitution guarantees complete freedom as to religion to every one. This action of the Pennsylvania representatives is an infraction of the Constitution, in so far as freedom of religion is concerned.

The average representative who voted for the measure would probably assert that "This, Sir, is a Protestant country"; but the assertion would be indubitably false. Neither in law nor in fact, in the Constitution nor in the numbers of actual adherents, can Protestantism truthfully assert its supremacy in the United States. And it is full time for individual Protestants to recognize the fallacy of any argument based on that falsehood.

In a recent issue of the London *Black and White* appeared a caricature of a Catholic monk. The next number of the periodical contained a protesting letter from a Glasgow physician, Dr. Colvin, who wrote: "As an annual subscriber of

some years' standing to *Black and White*, I strongly and emphatically protest against its fair pages' being defamed and defiled by caricatures of monks; for it is most offensive to me and to your other Catholic readers." In a footnote to this letter the editor wrote: "Should there be other readers of *Black and White* who have viewed in the same light as Dr. Colvin the drawing by our artist on pages 344 and 345, we unhesitatingly and gladly offer our most sincere apologies to them. It has never been our intention to wound the feelings of sensitive readers."

The incident is worth chronicling as furnishing an example of such action as Catholic readers of influence have all too frequent occasion to take; although they take it, perhaps, all too infrequently.

If subscribers to the "Official Catholic Directory" have been thinking, as indeed it was natural enough they should, that the volume for 1913 has been unduly slow in making its appearance, they should in strict justice absolve the publishers, Messrs. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, of any responsibility for the delay. The following illuminating statement by the editor, Mr. Joseph Meier, helps to explain why the delay has been unavoidable: "Some of the final proofs of the most important dioceses in the United States did not reach the Directory publishers until the middle of February." The work appears to have been compiled with the greatest possible care, and as the complete edition contains no fewer than fifteen hundred pages, it can readily be seen that the compilation has been an arduous undertaking. By complete edition is meant the volume which contains the United States section, the Canadian dioceses, Cuba, Newfoundland, Ireland, England, Scotland, Wales, and other foreign countries. The United States and Canada edition has been discontinued, and in its place will be issued the United States edition, containing only the diocesan reports of this country and the reports of the

foreign possessions of the United States.

As for the chief item of interest to the general reader, the total Catholic population of the United States, the number of Catholics is reported as 15,154,158, showing an increase of only 138,589 over the figures of the 1912 volume. This increase—namely, 138,589—will not satisfy many; but as a matter of information it must be stated that the Catholic population figures are printed in the Directory just as they are furnished by the diocesan officials. Personally, we fully agree with the Directory's editor, that "statisticians would be perfectly safe in adding 10 per cent to the total number," for 10 per cent could be added to the 15,154,158, and no fault found. This 10 per cent could be charged to 'floating population.'"

It is becoming increasingly evident in this country not only that wise laws should be enacted as to conditions under which factories may be allowed to operate, but that incessant vigilance should be exercised in enforcing such laws as already appear in the statute books. The chief inspector of the New York State Factory Commission contributes to the *Common Cause* for March an instructive paper, from which we quote this paragraph:

I could scarcely believe that men controlling large industries which employed thousands of men, women and children were so utterly indifferent to the physical welfare of their employees. Ordinarily, these men are looked upon in the community as pillars of society and decent citizens, and, in their own homes, they are probably the personification of all that is just and righteous. But when they enter the mills which they control they appear in another light. There they are recognized as the "boss"; and, in their greed for dividends, they seem to lose all sense of decency and justice. They fail to realize that the exploitation of women and children is a crime, even under the pretence of affording remunerative employment. So they set them to work at the most dangerous machines which would be unsafe even for skilled men to operate.

Presumably the "boss," like the traditional corporation, is supposed to have no soul. Captains of industry, as well as

public men and politicians generally, sometime appear to give credence to the transparent fallacy that what is condemnable in an individual, a private citizen, is excusable or justifiable in a committee, a party, or a corporation. It is a monstrous mistake: evil is evil, by whomsoever committed; crime implies a criminal, and in this matter of mills and factories whose owners violate the law, it is expedient as well as just that no criminal should be allowed to escape.

Doctors differ, it appears, in the Church of England not only on matters of doctrine but on matters of ascertainable fact. In one column of a British exchange of recent date we read this excerpt from the *London Times*, apropos of the Bill for the disestablishment of the Welsh Church: "We hardly need the emphatic testimony of the Archbishop of York to assure us that the Church of England is the Church for the poor. The Church of England is their own Church, in which they have full rights, and it is also the Church which more than any other goes out to look for them and help them when they do not come to claim their rights."

Just how emphatic was his Grace of York's testimony we can only conjecture; but in another column on the same page of our exchange we find this not unemphatic testimony of the Bishop of Oxford, speaking in the debate on the Welsh Bill in the House of Lords:

They could not fail to recognize that the Church of England was not the Church of the poor as was the Roman Catholic Church in so many parts of Europe, or the Salvation Army, or Primitive Methodism. The religions of the poor were the religions which they had to pay for. And religions which offered themselves and said, "You are provided for; you can have as much as you please and nothing is expected of you," were religions that men did not value,—most of all men of the laboring classes. He could not help looking across the sea to the French Church. What interested him so much was the present great spiritual revival in that Church. It had passed through a grave crisis—the crisis of Disestablishment and Disendowment. He thought what attracted the attention was the

magnificent loyalty with which, in asserting its principles and spiritual claims, it displayed an extraordinary indifference as regarded its secular position and financial resources. Its leaders put their spiritual principles first and their secular privileges and their finances last.

Apart from his Lordship of Oxford's tribute to French Catholics, his knowledge of existing conditions in England is as exact as the misinformation of the Archbishop of York is unrestricted.

For some time past we have had the pleasure of receiving from the community of Anglican Benedictine monks at Caldey Island, near Tenby, a quarterly periodical called *Pax*, the perusal of which never failed to inspire the hope that in His own time God would open the eyes of all connected with it to the untenableness of their position and guide them to the City on the Hill. It was no surprise, therefore, to have the good news—we have waited for confirmation of it—that twenty-two monks of Caldey Abbey and thirty-seven members of St. Bride's Abbey at Milford Haven—a community of Anglican nuns following the same observance,—have made their submission to the Church. Dom Bede Camm, himself a convert, whose help and advice were solicited by the neophytes, gives an account of his visit to Caldey in the *London Tablet*. "I confess," he says, writing from Caldey, "that when I came it was still with some prejudices and some degree of mistrust. I can only say—now that I have seen and known them, now that I have talked face to face and heart to heart with each one of them alone, now that I have seen their daily life and heard them sing God's praises in their choir, now that I have beheld the visible and evident marks of God's blessing on the work all around me—that I am amazed at the miracles that God's grace has wrought in these souls. With two or three exceptions at most, I find them devoted to their austere and difficult vocation, perfectly happy in it, and only asking to be allowed to continue in it; united together in one heart

and soul by bands of mutual charity, obedience and zeal, and not only willing and ready, but most eagerly anxious for the supreme blessing of admission into the one true Church of Christ."

* * *

Although Dom Camm had never met any one at Caldey, he was the first Catholic priest to whom the community applied. A bond had been established between him and them, woven, he tells us, by the community's loving and generous charity toward one in whom he was interested. To quote Dom Camm's account:

A poor lad who had been a novice at Caldey left them to become a Catholic. He put himself under my guidance, and I had a great affection for him. He contracted phthisis in the Royal Navy, and the disease made rapid strides. While he was lying in the Brompton Hospital, the abbot of Caldey, who had always befriended him, found him out, and offered him the hospitality of his island home, for what he knew well would prove to be the last months of the poor boy's life. He was taken to Caldey, and his letters to me from that day were one long hymn of thankfulness for the devoted charity lavished on him by the community. They built him an outdoor shelter, supplied his every need, brought the priest over from Tenby regularly to give him the Sacraments, nursed him most lovingly, and, after about a year, knelt by his dying bed. His one sorrow in dying was that his hopes that his kind friends would join the Church had not yet been fulfilled. He received Holy Viaticum from the Tenby priest the day he died, calmly and sweetly *in osculo Domini*, with his dear monks kneeling around him. When I wrote to thank them for their extraordinary kindness to one who had no claim on them save that he had deserted them, I told them that I was certain that God would one day give them for their charity a great reward. And I am sure that dear Michael's prayers have had no little share in the joyous consummation of to-day.

We have never seen anything emanating from a Methodist source more to our liking as a whole than the article entitled "If I Were a Pastor Again," contributed to a recent number of the *New York Independent* by a retired Methodist preacher. This remarkably interesting and suggestive production deserves the

careful and prayerful consideration of the cloth everywhere, and we sincerely hope that it may be reproduced in every sectarian paper in this broad land of ours. We ourselves make room for the greater part of what this transparently honest man has to say on the subject of professionalism:

I have always felt that one of the dangers of the ministry is professionalism. And I realize this more than ever now, and should seek more earnestly than ever to escape this peril if I were in the pastorate once more. A preacher needs to take his work seriously. He should seek to magnify his office; he should never seek to make his office magnify himself. He need not remind others that he is a preacher; he needs to remind himself that he is one. He should accept whatever comes to him in the way of social and business favors, not as personal compliments, but as tributes to his work. Often because of such favors, he is tempted to selfishness and ingratitude,—to take things just for granted, and so foster in himself and his family the beggar and pauper spirit. In his relations to men of business and with his people in their homes, he should not rely upon the respect that men have for the cloth: he should give them satisfactory evidence that he is a real, honest man as well as a preacher. Nothing counts for so much in the work of the ministry as downright sincerity. Nothing else can take the place of this. Without this, and even with it, clerical airs, clerical garbs, clerical tones and clerical pretensions bring the preacher into contempt. Naturally and properly men despise shams, and no sham more than a sham preacher. . . .

Half-hearted preaching leads to half-hearted hearing. . . . Training in theological seminaries is not to be despised; knowledge is worth while, and careful study ought never to be dispensed with; but no one of these, nor all of them combined, can take the place of earnest sincerity in the preacher. "I believed, therefore have I spoken," said one of old; this must be true of every preacher who would lead men to the better way. It is permitted to men of all occupations to follow their callings for money considerations. The preacher enjoys no such privilege, and should not. Righteous money-getting for righteous ends is right in the eyes of God and men. Preaching the Gospel is the *ne plus ultra* of human callings in honor and holiness; to make of it a means of money-getting is sacrilege. Whatever be the rights of the ministry in the matter of compensation—and they assuredly have their rights in the

premises,—every pastor should know, and never forget it, that either the preacher or the Gospel must suffer. A high-salaried ministry has never been a spiritual ministry. The reason is obvious.

The reader will probably share our opinion that this preacher, to express oneself Methodistically, was persuaded to "take the retired relation" too soon. The presiding elder of the cabinet that put him on the superannuated list ought to reconsider the matter. If it were our responsibility, we should have no hesitancy in reinstating this ex-pastor, though we might feel obliged to retire seven others, just to even up matters. But if he is fated to remain where he is, we sincerely hope that he may continue to use his pen, that his little book store may become more prosperous, and that he may live long to enjoy the shade of those maple trees he lately set out.

The Holy Father's choice of his Eminence Cardinal Ferrata as his personal representative at the forthcoming Eucharistic Congress of Malta augurs well for the success of that solemn convention. Cardinal Ferrata is well known in the island. A few years ago he spent some time there. The cordial welcome extended to him on that occasion by the British authorities, civil and military, and by the whole population, was an earnest of what may be expected during the coming Eucharistic festivals. Lord Beresford, at the time Chief Admiral of the Mediterranean fleet, sent the royal yacht to meet the Cardinal, and the civil dignitaries of the island accorded him a princely reception. His Eminence acknowledged the courtesies received in Malta by referring, in a speech at the farewell banquet tendered to him, to his debt of gratitude "to the gracious sovereign, Edward VII., in whose vast empire the Church peacefully pursues her beneficent action." The Maltese are ardent Catholics, and the coming Congress will doubtless be a notable one.



Carriers.

BY UNCLE ALBRIGHT.

FATHER PHILIP sat in his great chair in a corner of his garden, and a half dozen eager-eyed boys lined themselves on a bench in front of him to hear a story. It was a mild Sunday afternoon of spring, and he had taught his catechism out-of-doors, to the great delight of "his boys." He had made clear a number of points in the lesson by stories that he had gathered from a long experience; and these half dozen lads, when the class had been dismissed, had lingered behind with a request for "one more story."

"Do you know what a carrier pigeon is?" asked the old priest, as an opening to his story. The boys knew this question would be answered by some kind of a tale, and set their eyes and their ears; while Timmy Donlan answered for the rest:

"That's a homer, isn't it, Father? One that will always fly back home, no matter how far away you may carry him?"

"Well, that's the idea, Tim, I think; only they used to call them carrier pigeons when I was a boy; and for this reason. In the long ago, when a man went on a journey he sometimes carried with him one of these pigeons, and when he had travelled far away he would write a letter, and fold it again and again until it was very small, and tie it with a ribbon or string to the pigeon's foot or about his neck. Then he would set the bird free, and away he'd go into the air, and fly around in a circle once or twice and dart away over miles and miles, until he had reached home and delivered the message to some waiting relative or friend. Well, the story I'm going to tell you is about

plain, everyday pigeons, who had no letters or ribbons about their neck, yet carried a message of love from one friend to another.

"Tad and Danny were members of my Sunday-school class years ago, when I was a young priest. Tad used to sit on that bench in the place that Tommy McLean has now, and Danny was next to him, in Tim's seat. They were the closest companions that boys could be. In the afternoon, as soon as their classes were over, they were together in their play and little chores until the evening. Tad had a dozen or more pigeons, and every afternoon he and Danny climbed up into the loft of the barn, where they had built a neat little house for the birds, with three tiny doors that opened onto the yard and a platform in front, where the pigeons might stand and look up, and then down and then to the right and to the left, as pigeons do, and then fly off to enjoy themselves. Danny and Tad fed them every evening and brought them fresh water to drink, and on Saturday they cleaned the cote and sprinkled fresh sand on the floor. The pigeons soon came to know their young masters, and would pick grain from their hands, and let themselves be carried wherever Tad or Danny might wish.

"If Danny's mother called him to run an errand, Tad was always with him on the way; and on Sunday they came here together, and when the class was over, they were off again together for their homes.

"But one day Danny was ill with a fever, and the doctor had given strict orders that no one should be allowed to see him; for it was 'catching,' he had said. Tad was very lonesome. He was willing enough to risk a visit to Danny; but the doctor had commanded, and Danny's mother said the doctor was right. So Tad had to spend his days alone. He

climbed up to the loft every day as usual, and gave water and grain to the pigeons; but there was no Danny now to divide and double the pleasure of this daily chore. On Sunday he came alone to the catechism; and when I inquired for Danny, he told me that he was kept alone in his room and nobody was permitted to see him.

"The window of the room in which Danny lay sick looked out upon a wide lot, and near the window there grew up a large tree, which in the spring and summer sifted the sunlight that poured into Danny's room. But now it was late winter and the tree was bare; for Danny could see the black branches swaying in the wind just beyond his room.

"Tad used to go out into the lot and linger under this tree, whistling as cheerily as he could; but for no other reason than that Danny might hear him and know he was about. And one day Danny's mother told him from the veranda that his whistling had been heard, and that Danny wanted to know if there were any eggs in the dovecote.

"Now, this suggested a plan to Tad, which he carried out in this way. In the early forenoon, before the sun had gotten around to Danny's room and the shades were fully raised, Tad took three or four of his pigeons and carried them out into the lot, under the big tree by Danny's house. And then he threw them up into the air and clapped his hands; and they flew up into the branches and stood there, looking up and down, and to the right and to the left, as pigeons do, and then flew off. And when Danny saw them from his bed and heard Tad clapping his hands, he knew that he had sent his pigeons up to see him because the doctor would not let him come himself. This made him very happy, and he sent his mother out to tell Tad that he had seen the pigeons — Dick, with the red rings about his eyes, and Bess, that used to eat more grain than all the rest. And once, when the day was fine and the window wide open, Bess flew upon the

sill and walked up and down very fast, and Danny could see her red feet against the brown sill; and he thought she knew, perhaps, that it was his room, and that she would like to tell him about Tad if she could only talk.

"And so these pigeons, day after day, brought to Danny in his sick room a message of friendship from lonesome Tad; and when he got well, and was able to climb again to the loft of the barn and feed from his hand Dick and Bess and the others, both Tad and Danny voted their pigeons the best in the world; for they had carried from one to the other a message of friendship not written upon paper, but inscribed indelibly upon their young hearts.

"And now, boys," concluded Father Philip, "Tad and Danny are grown men, and are both doing well in the world. They are as close and faithful friends now as they were when they were boys like you, and they practise in their daily lives the lessons of the catechism that they learned here on these benches,—Tad sitting in the seat of Tommy McLean, and Danny there where Tim sits."

White Eagle.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN, AUTHOR OF
"BILLY-BOY," ETC.

XIII.—DON'S "PARDNER."

SO the "prospecting" began; and though Big Seth chuckled to himself, Old Grizzle nodded his unspoken opinion, and the camp generally made a joke of Don's "pardner," the "kid" held sturdily to his job. Every morning he and Pappy started off together over the heights which were fast breaking from Winter's hard grip into the light and gladness of the swift-coming Spring. Birds were twittering in the cedar boughs; from the white cowl of San Pedrô came the soft, murmurous music of little streams carrying benediction to the waking earth. The balmy air was an elixir of life.

Already Pappy was bracing up wonderfully: he seemed to have dropped ten years at least from his straightening shoulders, and to walk the slopes of San Pedro like another man. Sometimes he and his partner came home for dinner, which was always ready just at noon in the rude shed adjoining Bonita's cabin. Though it was a very solid dinner, without any unnecessary "frills" such as table-cloths and napkins, Pappy very soon found himself taking to potpie with a relish unknown for years. When the pie was followed by an apple pudding, with a spicy, frothing sauce that was one of Bonita's triumphs, Pappy dared all his doctor's diet rules and ate like a boy of fourteen.

Sometimes he would recline for a while in Don's little room, with the picture smiling down upon him, and the long, weary years would drift away; the snows of age would melt, and Pappy, too, would hear again the voice of Spring. Then—for Pappy was no loafer—he and Don would fare forth together in the glow and warmth of the afternoon, and be gone for long, bright hours, climbing the rugged heights even up to the white-fringed cowl of San Pedro; resting, when the climb was too tiresome, on moss-grown boulder or log, chipping at the rocks beside the way with the bright new hammer and pick that Don carried.

"They think down there we're fools; don't they, little partner?" asked Pappy one day, as they rested on a jutting ledge overlooking the camp.

Don's face clouded; he was too truthful to deny the statement.

"I told them you weren't. I told them you had lots of sense, Pappy. I told them that it was all in my father's books about rocks that had stuff in them to make things grow. What is the name you called it, Pappy?"

"Phosphate, little partner. I'm not much of a scholar, but I know there is nothing finer than phosphate for worn-out ground,—ground that is old and dead like me."

"But you're not old and dead now, Pappy; you're getting real strong and well. Seth said last night he never saw any one pick up so quick. But, my! you were in a bad way when I found you,—a mighty bad way."

"I was, partner," agreed Pappy; "a pretty bad way."

"So weak and shaky, and your face so ashy, and your heart all wrong. You're a great deal better now."

"Yes," assented Pappy again; "I think I am. Now, if we strike what I am up here looking for, it will be the luckiest move I ever made in my life—except one."

"What move was that?" asked his partner, curiously.

"Getting married," answered the old man in a low tone. "That was my very best strike, sonny."

"Oh, you've been married, then?" said Don. "But of course nearly all men as old as you were married sometime. Did you ever have any children, Pappy?"

"Yes, one," was the slow answer. "A boy. He—he died."

"Oh, I'm sorry!" said Don, gently. "It's mighty bad to have people you love die and leave you alone. That's what worried my father so: leaving me alone. He kept talking about it all the time he was so sick."

"Was he—was your father sick long?" Pappy asked the question hesitatingly.

"Not very," answered Don, "at least, it didn't seem very long to me; but I was such a little chap. I only know that he stopped taking long walks and sleeping under the stars; and then the doctor came to see him—Seth brought him thirty miles,—but he couldn't do any good; and then—then one night—but—I—I don't like to talk about it! It—it makes me cry," Don broke off with a choked sob. He went on in a moment more cheerily: "But they're mighty good to me at the camp, Lone Jack and Batty Bob and everybody; they couldn't treat me better than they do. I had a whole dollar at Christmas just for spending money."

Pappy thought of the golden pocket pieces he had distributed among the young Grevilles, and for a moment was quite unable to speak.

"It was too much," continued Don; "I wasn't going to fool away all that money at Joel Pratt's; but Seth said yes; every boy ought to have Christmas money, and to go down and blow it all in. So I did," continued Don,— "that is, most all of it. I got some candy for Nona, and a handkerchief for Bonita and Nokola,— nice red handkerchiefs they can tie around their heads; and a bag of tobacco for Old Grizzle, and a new pipe for Seth, and a scarf pin for Lone Jack and Batty."

"All out of a dollar?" asked Pappy.

"My, yes!" replied the young financier; "and I've got thirteen cents left yet. But I think I'll give that to the poor."

"To the poor?" repeated Pappy.

"Yes, Padre Francisco says when you have more money than you want, you ought to give it to the poor. But I don't know any poor people up here."

"All rich, are they?" asked Pappy, grimly.

"No," said Don. "They're not rich; but they're not poor either. I thought at first maybe you were poor; but you're not; are you, Pappy?"

"Well," answered Pappy, "that depends on how you look at things, little partner. In some ways I am poor,—as poor an old man as there is on earth. But if I find all that I hope to find up here, sonny, I'll be rich,—as rich as a king."

"O Pappy, poor Pappy!" said Don, dismayed at hopes that seemed to exceed Batty Bob's wildest pipe dreams. "I don't like to hear you talk like that: I'm afraid you'll never find anything up here to make you real rich, Pappy."

"I think I shall," said Pappy; and in the deep-set eyes under the grizzled brows there was something of the twinkle of long ago. "I think I'm on the right track for it, and not so far off either. And we are to divide, little partner; so you will be rich too."

O Pappy, poor old Pappy! He has "the bee in his bonnet" indeed, thought Don, his young face growing troubled with care for his old friend, who seemed going the way of Batty Bob and many another straggler whom he had seen wandering over San Pedro in a hopeless search for gain.

"Rich! My! I don't want to be rich. What's the good of being rich anyhow, Pappy?"

What's the good? It was a startling question to the old king of the stock market, the bank president, the millionaire. What's the good of being rich anyhow? Algie Greville could have answered quick enough; but Pappy, looking at the strong, lithe young figure in his patched khaki, his rough shoes, in all the fresh bloom of beautiful boyhood, was "stumped for a moment." He thought of Algie and Muriel, of poor little Lilian, frightened in her feverish dreams lest Uncle Steve should "turn her out" of the home, of the world he ruled only by his wealth and power; and then, gazing into the blue-grey eyes that were lifted so fearlessly, so trustfully, to his face, Mr. Stephen Carruther found himself wondering too: "What's the use of being rich anyhow?"

"Well, for one thing, sonny," he said, "your money will get you what you want. There are a lot of things it would get a boy like you; nice clothes, for instance, and a new pony, and—"

"Oh, I wouldn't give Tony for all the new ponies in the world!" interrupted Don quickly. "And I've got another suit of clothes at home and a pair of good boots; and Bonita is making me three shirts now, and she can sew fine. I don't want any clothes at all."

Pappy recalled the tailor bills he had paid for Master Algie some six weeks ago—bills that had mounted into the hundreds,—and again he looked at his grandson's patched jacket with a remorseful pang in his old heart.

"Then—then if we strike anything

up here, you won't have any use for it, little partner?" he asked, a touch of disappointment in his tone. "There's nothing you would like to have or to do?"

Don clasped his hands about his knees and thought a moment. Since they were all "pipe dreams" alike, he might as well talk them out with poor old Pappy.

"Yes, there is something I'd like to do, though I don't think I ever can. Seth says book learning is no sort of good out here; but I think I'd like to go to school, Pappy."

"Go to school!" Again Pappy was conscious of a pang that almost took his breath away at the wistful tone in the boyish voice.

"I have read all my father's books through, but I don't understand them half," said Don. "They are men's books, you see, and I am only a boy. I just puzzle and wonder over them till my head spins. My! there are a lot of things I'd like to know."

"Well, there's *one* thing you want," said Pappy. "If we strike all we came for, little partner, you shall go to school,—the biggest and best school we can find."

"Seth wouldn't let me," laughed Don.

"We'll see about that," said Pappy; his lips tightening into a thin, hard line.

"I am *his* boy now," continued Don, as he helped Pappy to arise from his rocky seat and continue their "prospecting." My father left me to him. He told me a while ago that my father's people were advertising in the paper for me."

"Oh!" said Pappy, grimly. "Then your father had people too?"

"Yes," answered Don. "I have a grandfather somewhere. I don't know exactly where. And you've seen that picture in my room, the beautiful lady in the trailing dress?"

"Yes, I've seen it," was the brief answer.

"That's my grandmother," said Don,— "my father's mother. My! she must have been pretty and nice. My father told me lots about her, and how good she was to him when he was a little boy,—tucking

him in his little white bed at night, and kissing him and singing him to sleep. I'm sorry she is dead. It would be nice to have a grandmother like that."

"How about the grandfather that you have somewhere still?" asked Pappy. "Did your father never tell you any stories about him?"

"No," answered Don, sadly. "I guess he didn't like to, because Seth says he is an old man with a heart of stone. I wish he wasn't. I would like to have a grandfather,—a real nice, chummy old grandfather like you, Pappy.—Catch hold of my arm: you came near slipping on that rock. I think we've prospected enough for to-day. Let's go home, Pappy."

"Yes," answered Pappy, and his voice shook. "Let's go home, little partner,—let's go home together."

(To be continued.)

The Disobedient Crocus.

BY CASCIA.

AN eager young Crocus, the color of gold,
Was anxious its blossom in March to unfold.
"Don't do it, Miss Crocus, we beg of you,
dear,"
Cried Roots all around her. "Please stay with
us here!

"The March Wind will catch you, and then you
will die."

"I don't care," said Crocus; "I'm going to try."
So, smoothing her petals, she slipped through
the ground,
The sweet yellow blossom, and shyly looked
round.

That very same morning the March Wind so
cold

Caught sight of Miss Crocus; and, thinking her
bold,

He nipped the bright blossom; she soon drooped
her head,

And when the day vanished, poor Crocus was
dead.

That night the Roots heard it,—an Ant pass-
ing by

Had told them the tidings with many a sigh.
And all the young Blossoms then said they'd
obey

Whatever their elders in future might say.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. Longmans have in press yet another book by Monsignor Benson—"The Paradoxes of Catholicism," a series of sermons preached in Rome during Lent.

—"Faith," by R. B. Cunninghame-Graham, author of "Success," "Progress," etc., and "Essays," by Coventry Patmore, are new volumes of the Readers' Library, published by Duckworth & Co.

—From the Belmont Abbey Press, Belmont, N. C., comes a reprint of an old favorite on scholastic stages, "Major John Andre," an historical drama in five acts, by P. Leo Haid, O. S. B. Long out of print, this play can now be procured by those whose difficult duty it is to provide the right sort of acting material for boys in our Catholic schools.

—"Jesus Suffers, Jesus Dies" is the title of a sermon, printed in pamphlet form, by the Rev. John B. De Ville, and "gratefully dedicated to the Rev. John F. Noll." There is no indication of publisher. An abundance of good matter is expressed in a somewhat rhetorical style. Such words as "simulacre" and "involucere," we think, have no meaning for the average listener.

—It is just half a century since Renan's "Life of Jesus" was published. A recent sketch of Baron de Barante gives that distinguished historian's *a priori* judgment of the work. "I have not yet," he wrote to Guizot, "read the book of M. Renan, but I know what I shall find in it. Every day for thirty years I have read a chapter of the Gospels, and I can not understand how, in good faith, any one can make of Jesus a mere man. No historic proof can deprive Him of His divine character." Apostate as he was, by the way, Renan held that "few persons have the right not to believe in Christianity."

—Such popularity as may be attained by "The Ordinary of the Mass, the Food of Prayer," by the Rt. Rev. J. O. Smith, O. S. B. (Benziger Brothers), will be due entirely to the excellence of the matter printed on its five hundred and sixty odd pages, and not at all to the make-up or external form in which that matter has been presented by the publishers. The volume contains an extended series of meditations and prayers intended for the use of those who have undertaken to spend an hour a month or an hour a week in adoration of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, both prayers and meditations being based on the Ordinary of the Mass. The idea is an admirable one, and the venerable

Abbot of Ampleforth is to be congratulated on having carried it out with such painstaking care, as is evinced throughout the book. It is a real pity that so useful a volume should be so inferior as to externals.

—A list of new publications by the Cambridge Press includes "Saint Theresa: The History of Her Foundations," translated from the Spanish by Sister Agnes Mason (an Anglican nun), with a preface by the Rt. Hon. Sir E. M. Satow, G. C. M. G.

—In "Their Choice," Heurietta Dana Skinner tells the story of how a self-sacrificing American spinster wins out happily in a very important matter of life. Guided by her "dream-children," she recognizes the man of her heart. The story is told in the manner of a diary kept by the heroine. It is a well-written little book with a charming spirit. Published by Benziger Brothers.

—"New Ireland," by Dionne Desmond (Angel Guardian Press), is, we judge, the work of an amateur novelist rather than a practised writer. As such, one is inclined to reflect more on its promise than its achievement. Uncritical readers of fiction are not lacking, however, in this twentieth century; and we can readily believe that very many such will read this book with pleasure and call it a good story.

—A little book containing much solid thought well put is "Marriage, Divorce and Morality," by Father Henry Day, S. J. The four short discourses which compose the volume—"Moral Laxity," "The Depreciation of Marriage," "Divorce," and "Race Regeneration"—caused much discussion when they were first delivered in England by reason both of their timeliness and the sane frankness of their treatment. Though these discourses are intended for the general public, pastors and students of social questions particularly, will find it profitable to peruse this book. Published by Burns & Oates; for sale in this country by Benziger Brothers.

—A paper in the March number of the *British Review* has a special appeal to Catholic readers. It is a study of the poetry of Mrs. Meynell by Mr. Albert A. Cock, who declares that "for almost a generation she has held the torch passed on by Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Christina Rossetti; to-day she reigns sole queen of poetry in this land. . . . A full maturity of thought, control of form, and perpetual fruition of imagination" are expressed both in her earlier and more recent poems. Her reticence

becomes "more insistent and impressive"; but is not the cold asceticism some find, but rather "the silence of one who is accustomed to dwell on the mountain tops yet does not cease to feel. In days of a riotous prodigality of language and showy superficiality of ideas," concludes Mr. Cock, "the poetry of Mrs. Meynell is to be adjudged great for its retrenchment of diction and solidity of thought. In simplicity and austerity, its music strikes the Gregorian note. It is the plainsong of poetry, simple, severe, and strong."

—"A Hundred Years!" is an exquisitely printed poem in seven parts to commemorate the centenary of Thomas Woodhead, by Anna Mary Woodhead. The subject-matter of the work is of private import. As showing its poetical felicities, we quote the charming prologue:

A hundred years! A hundred times the Spring
Has painted May-bloom on the English green,
And Winter snows have drifted white between
The hundred harvests! Can we fitly sing
Some hymnal of the human toil and love,
The dreams for which a man endured and strove
The while these hundred years on leaden wing
Crept through his life and ours? The love and dreams
And toil that fairer, richer seem
Than all the wealth a hundred harvests bring!

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Ordinary of the Mass, the Food of Prayer."

Rt. Rev. J. O. Smith, O. S. B. \$1.35, net.

"Their Choice." Henrietta Dana Skinner. \$1.

"New Ireland." Dionne Desmond. \$1.

"Marriage, Divorce and Morality." Rev. Henry Day, S. J. 50 cts.

"In God's Nursery." C. C. Martindale, S. J. \$1.25.

"Columbanus the Celt." Walter Leahy. \$1.50.

"The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman." Alfred Baker. F. J. I. \$1.

"The Road Beyond the Town." Michael Earls, S. J. \$1.25.

"The Theory of Evolution in the Light of Facts." Karl Frank, S. J. \$1.50.

"Good Friday to Easter." Rev. Robert Kane, S. J. 90 cts., net.

"The Stock Exchange from Within." William C. Van Antwerp. \$1.50.

"Quotations from Irish and Irish-American Authors." Elizabeth Murrin. \$1.

"Facts and Theories." Sir Bertram Windle. 45 cts.

"Notes on the New Rubrics." Rev. Arthur Hetherington. 60 cts.

"Grace." Rev. Heinrich Hansjakob. 50 cts.

"Life, Science and Art." Ernest Hello. 50 cts., net.

"Polemic Chat." Rt. Rev. Edmund M. Dunne. Cloth, 50 cts.; paper, 25 cts.

"Our Lady in the Church, and Other Essays." M. Nesbitt. \$1.60.

"Come Rack! Come Rope!" Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.46.

"The Catechist's Manual." Brothers of the Christian Schools. 85 cts.

"Translation of the 'Summa Theologica' of St. Thomas Aquinas." Part I. Second and Third Numbers. \$2, each, net.

"In St. Dominic's Country." C. M. Antony. \$1.60.

"A Hundred Years of Irish History." R. Barry O'Brien. 60 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. P. F. O'Reilly, of the archdiocese of St. Louis; Rev. P. A. McLoughlin, archdiocese of Chicago; and Rev. Joseph Weber, C. SS. R.

Sister M. Pius, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Basilide, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Mother M. Bernard, Helpers of the Holy Souls.

Mr. Henry Kline, Mr. Thomas Adelsperger, Mr. E. R. Vanderhoof, Mr. John O'Sullivan, Mrs. Anne Brennan, Mr. James F. Gunn, Mr. John Simmons, Mr. Dennis Lynch, Miss Josephine Elder, Miss Aileen Keating, Mr. Joseph Weipert, Mr. Louis Dubay, Miss Johanna Hennessy, Mrs. Gertrude Robinson, Mr. Henry Schulte, Miss Annie Mallon, Mr. Harry Spencer, and Mr. Charles Valentine.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Queen of Patriarchs.

BY CHARLES A. DOBSON, B. A.

FROM days of which we have but dimly heard,
When freely God with Enoch walked, and Seth;
When infant Earth, yet warm beneath His
breath—

The genial breath of God's creative Word,—
Still felt her depth of waters inly stirred
By broodings vast, thence working Life and
Death,

To Joseph's times, who by thee tarrieth,
How all their loving hopes of thee averred!

Queen of the Patriarchs, for thee they long,
Their daughter, through the ages famed in song;
The Royal Mother of their Lord Divine,

Yet from their loins derived in destined line:
As then of Prophecy the lovely dream,
Thou art of Poesy the glorious theme.

The World as It Is.

BY THE REV. T. J. BRENNAN, S. T. L.

MAN is essentially a social animal. It is not good for him to be alone. Having food and where-with to be clothed, with that he is not content, but seeks his fellow-man to join with him in work and play, to communicate what *he* knows, and to learn what his neighbor knows. Hence, in all ages and countries a common form of punishment has been to deprive man of the converse and company of his fellow-man—to send him to prison or to exile; or, while leaving him in the old home,

to excommunicate or ostracize or boycott him. These various punishments have been described for us by those on whom they have fallen, and they are all terrible trials for the human spirit. Men have gone insane from loneliness; and men have died of joy on being readmitted after long confinement to the company of their fellows. The ancient mariner tells us what *he* felt when all his companions had dropped down, and left him the solitary living figure on the mystic ship:

Alone, alone,—all, all alone,—
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand, thousand living things
Lived on, and so did I.

Society is the atmosphere of the soul. Without it the soul would sink under the unbearable weight of the Infinite. As the scared traveller at night whistles to dispel the feeling of fear, so social intercourse is a necessary antidote to the appalling thought of the vastness of the world in which we live. If we could not touch a brother's hand or hear his voice, if all speech ceased, and if the multitudinous meetings for pleasure or gain, in school and mart and hall, were brought to an end, there would follow a universal wail of horror and dismay from the countless units of which the race is composed,—millions of Rachels mourning for their children, and refusing to be comforted because they were not. It is not good for man to be alone.

Indeed, society is a law of life, not only of rational life, but also among plants and animals. Plant one seed on the mountain-side, and in a few years it will have grown into a forest; set one grain of wheat in the field, and, if it be not trodden down by men or devoured by the birds of the air, it will in a short time have brought forth fruit a hundredfold, and will have its children grouped around the parent stem; place one pair of rabbits in a prairie, and very soon they will amount to a devouring army. Thus, not only is there reproduction, but, among plant and animals, there is an impulse, a feeling that segregation means death; that only when they are gathered together is the power of life in the midst of them.

The likeness, however, between all these and man is superficial. They all indeed gather into colonies, but they are not influenced by their proximity one to another. The oak that you plant in your garden grows up exactly like the thousand others in the forest; the bird you raise in a cage will sing as sweetly and as beautifully as his sisters in the woods; and if through your carelessness he should escape and go back to his ancestral home, he can and will immediately associate himself with his kind; he can straightway claim and is given full citizenship in their community, and there is nothing to tell either in his habits or in his tones that he has been leading a solitary life since his birth, without parent or teacher to instruct him in the way that he should go.

With mankind it is different. A human being raised apart from his fellows (if that were possible) would be a monster. He would indeed have all the faculties of a man, but in their use he would be little more than an animal. He could produce sounds but could not speak; he could hear, but every sound, even the sweetest, would be to him merely noise and nothing more; his hands, those marvellous instruments of power and skill, he could use for nothing higher than climbing or rending his prey. That is

all he would know, except, perhaps, an occasional vague wondering as to what he was or whence he came. If such a one as he escaped and came to his fellows, to a family or a village or a city, I know not who would wonder most; but one thing is certain: that not for many years could he become an ordinary member of society, acting, speaking, and thinking like his fellows.

And this will tell us how much society does for us. It gathers together the wisdom of the generations that have gone; it puts all this wisdom to use in regulating its business,—in eating and drinking, in buying and selling, in work and pleasure, in the home and the field and the workshop. And every newcomer is unconsciously initiated into the secret of the use of all without any great application or endeavor on his part, but simply by the wonderful faculty of imitation. Every human being raised in society has the whole race, past and present, for his teacher; and without this teacher he could scarcely begin to learn. Society is a school, the individuals are its pupils; its walls are the ends of the earth, and non-attendance is an impossibility. We may change from one room to another, we may grow from childhood to manhood; but all the time we are going to school, and society is both the school and the teacher.

Such are we by the very fact that we are social beings, always learning or teaching, always receiving or giving in exchange. What a great blessing, then, you will say, is society! What a wonderful privilege, to be the heirs of all the ages that are past, and the teachers of all the ages to come! What a wonderful blessing! Yes, that is so, but only conditionally, and the condition is in ourselves. If *we* do our part, it is a blessing; if not, it is a curse. As the same musical instrument may turn out "rag-time" or grand-opera, according to the taste or the mood of the player, so the very same society may turn out one day a criminal, and the next day a

hero or a saint. Society is not so much a blessing as an opportunity; it is we ourselves who must turn it into a blessing.

For society everywhere around us is a mixture of good and evil. Cockle has been sown among the seed, has grown up with it, and is equally productive; and He who is the Master has, in His wisdom, deemed it best to allow both to remain till the time of the harvest. The sons of God have married the daughters of men; and the result of this mixed union is that the good and the bad inhabit the same household, and sit down to eat and drink at the same table. If, therefore, we desire to assimilate the good, it is not enough to wait with open eyes and open ears; for the good and the bad come linked and blended together. God has provided us with eyelids for our eyes and with fingers to put in our ears; and the secret of the good use of society is to know when to use not only our eyes but our eyelids, and when to use our fingers as well as our ears. John and Judas had the same opportunities: they were both members of the society that gathered around Jesus. One of them, however, had an eye simply for the purse and the things that were put therein; the other, for the glory of the only-begotten Son of God, full of grace and truth; and to-day Judas is always spoken of as the traitor, and John as the disciple whom Jesus loved.

In the early Christian ages there arose a heresy which is famous for its explanation of the mixture of good and evil in the world. It was called Manichæism, from its founder, Manes. The Manichæans said that there were from the beginning two great powers—the Principle of Good and the Principle of Evil. All that is beautiful and good in the world comes from one, all that is bad and hurtful from the other. The Christian idea, however, is that God is the source of all things. And among the things He created He gave to some—namely, to angels and to men—the gift of free will. Both angels and men have abused and still abuse this great

gift, and from its abuse comes all the evil in society. These are the enemies that have oversown cockle among the good seed. God was not asleep while it was being done; but He permitted it, and still permits it, because it comes from the employment of one of the gifts of God, and the gifts of God are without repentance. Why He gave the gift, seeing that it would be misused,—that is a mystery with which philosophers and theologians have wrestled from the beginning, and hence no one will expect a solution from me.

We all indeed long for a perfect world, for a perfect society; we pray for it every day when we say: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." But we can not expect to see it; for He who taught us that prayer also said, "It must needs be that scandals come"; and He knew whereof He spoke, for He knew what was in man. So it is also in the physical world: life and death, the germ of disease and the germ of health, food and poison, are everywhere found mingled together. The same wind that brings the odor of flowers from the garden also carries the fever microbe from the marsh; the rose that blooms so beautifully on the tree shelters a thorn beneath its leaves; the bee that gives us the honey is also armed with a deadly sting. Thus the whole world is an armed camp; conflict is a universal law; and the mixture of good and bad in society is only one phase of a larger mystery to which God has kept the key.

Anyhow, our duty is plain. We are by nature social beings, members of society. That we know, and to be forewarned is to be forearmed. God tests us for the society of the elect in heaven by placing us on the firing-line on earth. We are not indeed bullet-proof; but He has said that He 'will make with temptation issue that we may be able to bear it.' Like Rhoderich Dhu in the pass, we walk side by side with the enemy, sin; but we have only to give the signal, and the divine helpers

spring to our aid. Even with God's help, however, we can not expect to pass through the fray without some marks of the conflict; for the just man falleth seven times in a day. Heaven is a place of rest, and that name implies previous warfare. Man's life is a warfare: cannons to right of us, cannons to left of us. Heaven is a soldiers' home; and the veterans there will show with pride not only their crown of justice but also the scars received in the conflict,—wounds which were healed by the loving touch of the Master Physician. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away."

A Far-Away Princess.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XIV.

WHEN the time came the next day for the visit to Harcourt Manor, Mrs. Granger was moved to equal astonishment and admiration by the entire absence of any outward signs of nervousness in Moira. She herself was aware of nerves that were, as she expressed it, "like fiddle-strings"; but the girl who appeared at the hour appointed, in a Parisian toilette which brought out all the grace and distinction of her personality, was absolutely calm in manner and bearing; though there was, no doubt, some inward fire of excitement which showed in the color of her cheeks, the light of her eyes, and lent a touch of extraordinary vividness to her beauty. Nevertheless, the chief impression which she made was of complete self-possession,—a self-possession so tranquil and so assured that, as the tall, slender figure, in its black draperies, came down the staircase, Mrs. Granger, who was waiting for her in the hall below, exclaimed involuntarily:

"My dear, you look like a princess!"

And then Leila, standing by, clapped her hands.

"A Far-Away Princess!" she cried. "That is what you are like, Miss Fortescue!"

Miss Fortescue gave her a brilliant smile.

"That is what I feel myself, *chérie*," she said. "I come, you see, from afar, and I am keenly conscious of my foreignness in many ways."

"You needn't be conscious of it in any way that matters," Mrs. Granger assured her. "It seems only to give you an exotic flavor that is exquisite. Now shall we go? The car is waiting, and punctuality should be a virtue of princesses as well as of princes."

"I think Mrs. Lyndon might have asked you to bring me," Leila remarked injuredly, as she followed them out to the side of the car. "I'd like to see Miss Fortescue at the Manor. I know she'll look as if she belonged there."

Moira bent suddenly and kissed her.

"Wish me good fortune—that I may please them," she said softly.

"You couldn't help pleasing them," Leila declared. "I'm sure they never saw anybody as lovely before."

"You have certainly a whole-hearted admirer in Leila," Mrs. Granger laughed, as they drove away. "And I quite agree with her. You can't help pleasing them, for a fairy stood by your cradle and gave you the spell of winning hearts. It is a wonderful gift, but sometimes a dangerous one."

Moira turned her lovely eyes on the speaker with a startled expression.

"I wonder if it will ever prove dangerous to me?" she said. "I should be sorry to think so."

"You are fortunate if you've never found it dangerous hitherto," Mrs. Granger answered. "I'm rather surprised that you haven't, and I'm afraid you won't go through life without making the discovery. Charm is a woman's greatest gift, but her greatest danger also. And you possess it in a superlative degree. I fancy it was to that as much as to your talent that you owed your success on the stage."

"Something of the kind was said of me," Moira admitted; "but I rather resented it, for it seemed to subordinate the artist to the woman."

"And you did not like that?"

"I did not like what it implied."

"It implied the truth. You are artist to your finger-tips—no one could look at you and doubt that,—but you are still more a woman; and what you have given up for the sake of a man proves it."

Moira sighed a little, as her gaze turned to the sunlit landscape.

"What I have given up matters little," she said; "but what I have cost him,—it is that which lies heavy on my heart."

"There is no reason why it should do so," her friend said stoutly. "He counts the cost little for what he has gained,—I know that; and, little or great, you are going to make it up to him."

"Am I?" The eyes were softly bright now, as Moira laughed at the colloquialism. "If 'making it up to him' means that I am going to win back for him what he has lost through me, I hope that you are a true prophet."

"I haven't a doubt that I am," Mrs. Granger returned confidently.

And then silence fell, as the car rolled swiftly over the smooth roads, through a country smiling in rich summer beauty, until Mrs. Granger suddenly laid her hand on her companion's arm.

"Here is the Manor," she said. "I didn't bring you along this way when we were driving yesterday afternoon, because I wanted you to have your first sight of the place to-day. It is a fine old house—for America,—isn't it?"

It was certainly a fine old house which Moira saw before her, crowning a gentle eminence, that sloped away on all sides into wide cultivated lands and shadowy woods,—a large, rosy-brick mansion of Palladian architecture, with pillared portico, and many windows, white-edged and crossbarred, set like a garnet on the green enamel of its tree-shaded lawn and box-hedged gardens. Through wide-open

iron gates their chauffeur turned, and drove the car, lessening speed and purring softly, around a sweeping driveway, until it came to a noiseless halt before the portico, on which there now appeared an erect, white-haired man, who made haste to descend the steps and open the door of the car for them.

"My dear Governor, how delightful to see you again!" Mrs. Granger cried, as, greeting her warmly, he helped her out; and then she turned to the girl behind her. "This is my friend, Miss Fortescue," she told him. "Moira, let me introduce Governor Harcourt."

The smoothness and carelessness—just sufficient carelessness—with which the introduction was made did her credit; but her heart seemed beating in her throat as she realized, almost for the first time, the full audacity of her act, and the dramatic significance of the moment. "Dramatic" was the word, she thought; for the picture she would never forget—the graceful figure of the girl, pausing for an instant on the step of the car; and the handsome, stately old man, his blue eyes kindling with admiration as he looked at the beautiful face and took in the whole charm of the lovely presence.

"I am happy to meet Miss Fortescue," he said, as he assisted her to the ground with fine, old-fashioned courtesy.

The sound of his voice, the touch of his hand, were dreamlike to Moira; though she knew instantly that she liked him, and read correctly the approval of his glance. But it was difficult to make herself feel that this was Royall's father; that the hand which held hers in such kindly clasp had written the words which although she was large-minded enough to forgive, she found herself unable to forget; and that the voice which greeted her so cordially had declared that she should never cross the threshold of his home. The last recollection almost overpowered her for a moment, with a return of the feeling which she had expressed to Mrs. Granger the day before,—a feeling

of pride which revolted against entering under a false name the house which she would not be permitted to enter under her own. But, nerving herself afresh with the remembrance that by this means alone could she open the door of his home to Royall, she gave Governor Harcourt a smile which he thought enchanting, said a few words in her soft *voix d'or*, and walked by his side up the imposing flight of steps, across the flagged floor of the portico, and into a spacious hall which rose to the second story, with a carved gallery across the end where the staircase mounted.

Here Mrs. Lyndon met them; and Moira was quite sure that she had never seen any one more charming than this delicately fine gentlewoman, whose low-voiced welcome was full of cordial kindness and grace. But it was probably because her perceptions were all so keenly on the alert that she was immediately aware of a particular scrutiny in the eyes that rested on her, which almost made her wonder whether Mrs. Lyndon suspected who she was. Presently, however, the curiosity behind the scrutiny was explained. After a flow of gentle remarks about the heat of the day, the dust of the roads, the advantages and disadvantages of motor-ing, Mrs. Lyndon suddenly turned to her.

"I have heard my son speak of you, Miss Fortescue," she said. "He seems to have enjoyed your companionship on the *Mauretania* very much."

It was probably the significance of the voice more than the words which made Moira start slightly. She had for the moment forgotten Paul Lyndon, and Mrs. Granger's assertion that it was his hand which had opened the door of Harcourt Manor to her; but his mother's tone seemed to bring the last statement back to her recollection, and involuntarily her own tone was a little the colder for it.

"We had a very pleasant voyage," she said; "and Mr. Lyndon's companionship added to its pleasure for all his friends, I think."

"It certainly did for ours," Mrs. Granger remarked quickly. "I have never known Paul more companionable," she added, turning to Governor Harcourt, who had followed them into the drawing-room and sat down beside her. "It is a pity that when he *can* be so agreeable, he doesn't oftener take the trouble to make himself so."

"I am not sure that I agree with you," Paul's uncle answered. "My experience is that men who take the trouble to make themselves agreeable don't usually take trouble to make themselves anything else. Now, that can't be said of Paul; for I've never known a more hard-working and ambitious fellow than he is."

"Too hard-working, too ambitious," Mrs. Granger murmured protestingly. "I'd like to have him remember that he is young: I'd like to see him play a little more."

"We all have the defects of our qualities," Governor Harcourt reminded her; "and Paul of course has his; but they are such fine qualities that, personally, I am hardly aware of the defects. I wish" (unconsciously he sighed) "that there were more men like him in the world. But you may be satisfied about the playing," he added, with a sudden smile; "for he told me only yesterday, when I saw him in town, that he is coming down to spend a few weeks with us, and that he intends for once to leave all thought of work behind."

"I am glad to hear it," Mrs. Granger said; but in truth she felt a little startled. What did this resolution on Lyndon's part mean? Was he only leaving the work, which he hardly ever quitted, in order to give his mother and uncle the pleasure of his companionship in their saddened life; or did he suspect what purpose had brought her to the neighborhood of the Manor, and wish to be at hand to keep an eye upon her? This was unlikely. But a guilty conscience is apt to make its possessor uneasy; and it was a proof of how thoroughly she was convinced of his

insensibility toward what are known as the tender emotions, that it did not occur to her that Moira's attraction might be the magnet which was drawing him.

Meanwhile Mrs. Lyndon was saying in her soft tones:

"Yes, when my brother returned yesterday evening he brought the good news that Paul will pay us a long visit. I am sorry that he couldn't come in time to meet you and Miss Fortescue at luncheon to-day. He said he had business that would make it impossible for him to get here, but he hopes to arrive before you leave this afternoon."

"Oh, well, if he doesn't he knows the road to Covertdale!" Mrs. Granger laughed. "And we expect to be there for the next few weeks. I feel that I have neglected the dear old place too long," she said, again addressing her host; "and, then, I wanted to show Miss Fortescue that we have some country life—real old-fashioned country life, not a modern English imitation—in America."

"I'm afraid she will find it difficult to show you that," Governor Harcourt said, turning to Moira with his air of courtesy, and thinking what an altogether exquisite young creature it was who looked at him with such brilliant eyes. "It used to be a delightful life that was lived on these old estates of Maryland and the country south of it; but it has passed away, and can hardly be said to exist any longer. Times have changed, conditions have changed; people want a kind of excitement and pleasure that can not be found in quiet neighborhoods; and so the old places are deserted for cities in the winter and fashionable resorts in summer, and Europe, Asia, and Africa in between times—"

"My dear Governor, you are striking hard at me now!"

"I am not striking at any one, Emily; but you can't deny that what I say is true. You can show Miss Fortescue a few old houses, but you can't show her the life of the past, which will never return."

"At least there is a charming survival of it here," Moira said, in her musical voice, as she glanced around the stately old room in which they sat.

"Ah, yes," (his tone was a little bitter) "a survival, but that is all! And it will not be even a survival very long."

"But may there not be a revival as well," she went on eagerly, "when people realize again how much life lacks that has no repose, no quietness in it?"

"Will they ever come to realize that?" Involuntarily the bitterness deepened in his tone. "I have no hope of it. Those who are filled with the modern spirit have lost all taste for repose. But if you like old things—"

"I adore them," she assured him, with a sincerity which could not be doubted.

"Then I shall have pleasure in showing you after luncheon some of the old things we have here."

"And Harcourt Manor is a treasure-house of eighteenth-century relics," Mrs. Granger assured her.

At this point luncheon was announced; and it seemed more than ever like a dream to Moira to find herself in the handsome dining-room, lined with old mahogany and old china, seated at table by the side of the courtly host, who looked at her so admiringly and talked to her with such evident pleasure. To Mrs. Granger it was quite clear that the Governor had completely yielded to the charm of this beautiful stranger; and she found herself marvelling afresh at the girl's self-possession, her fine and perfect poise; not knowing that inward excitement acted like a strong stimulant, sustaining Moira under this ordeal, as it had often sustained her under that of the stage. And with the excitement there was also the sense of triumph, of success attained. For she read aright the homage (all the greater because involuntary) in Governor Harcourt's manner and regard—a homage with which the Princess Far-Away was very familiar,—and knew that she had justified Royall's choice, here in Royall's home.

And after luncheon the treasures of the house were exhibited to her,—old furniture, old silver, old portraits; and for all she had the right word,—the word of just appreciation and correct knowledge; so that Governor Harcourt's admiration momentarily increased, and he wondered more and more where Emily Granger could have met this charming, high-bred girl, and how she had been led to become a companion. Surely the circumstances must have been very unkind which forced one so princess-like (as he instinctively recognized her to be) into such a position; and he felt his chivalry stirred on her behalf, as beauty in distress has always had a fashion of stirring chivalry.

So, growing more cordial and friendly all the time, he led her from room to room, until at last they entered the library,—a spacious, dignified apartment, lined with books in mellow bindings; and there he brought her forward, as if about to introduce her, to a portrait hanging over the high, carved mantel.

"This," he said, "is our most valued possession. It is a portrait of the ancestor of whom we are most proud, who died in the Parliamentary wars, fighting for the king. His name was—"

He paused abruptly, and Moira almost cried out: "His name was Royall Harcourt. You called your son after him, and I have heard Royall say that it was this picture which first taught him that he was a painter." But she remembered herself in time: the words were not spoken; and instead she stood silently gazing at the portrait, which had been brought to the distant New World by the first Harcourt who came to America. It was a finely painted picture of a young man, in the dress, and with the long, curling locks of a Cavalier, handsome and gallant of bearing; his nervous, slender hand resting upon his sword, and his eyes gazing out from the canvas with the light of an undying smile in them.

It was when she caught that smile that Moira was again near betraying herself;

for it was Royall's own smile—how often she had seen it gleaming in his eyes!—and, without absolute likeness, there was between himself and this long-dead ancestor of his a resemblance of type which was striking. For there was about each the same gay and gallant grace, the same debonair charm, and picturesqueness of aspect that belonged to another age. She glanced quickly at the man beside her. The survival of the type, though not so strong in him, was, nevertheless, apparent; and she knew that just such a father the long-dead Cavalier might have had in his English home.

"It is a fine picture," she said, when she could trust her voice, "and a very living portrait. I think that you are like it."

"Do you?" He was evidently surprised. "I have never been thought to be like it; but my son" (the words were so unexpected that Moira started a little) "resembles it strongly. Once he went to a fancy ball in the dress of a Cavalier, and it was as if the portrait had stepped into life."

"I can imagine it," she said; and then added quickly, before he could wonder why she was able to imagine it: "One frequently sees such strong survivals of type in a family line. I have often observed it in a gallery of family portraits."

"Ah, yes! In the old countries it is possible to trace such things," he said, "but not over here: we are too new, too much a mixture of races."

"There does not seem to be anything new in this house," she murmured softly. "The atmosphere of it is full of the aroma of the past,—of old things carefully preserved, of old traditions cherished. I have never seen any place more charming."

"You are very kind," he said; "and you are right: we have tried to preserve and cherish both the material things and the traditions of the past; but" (a note of bitterness came again into his voice) "it is a hopeless effort. We can not keep

out the new spirit, and that means the end of the old order."

"Does it necessarily?" she asked almost imploringly, almost tempted to cry, "Trust us — trust Royall and me to continue to preserve all that is worthy of preservation here!"

But the voice which answered her made such words impossible.

"Yes, it means that necessarily and absolutely," Governor Harcourt said, with unconscious sternness. "The point of cleavage and irreconcilable difference has — I mean, must come. But", (with hasty recollection) "we need not discuss it now. Do you like old editions? Do you know much about them? Here are some that are very rare."

He walked over to the bookcases; and, as Moira followed him, and proved to his satisfaction that she did know quite a good deal about old editions, her heart was filled with pity, and she registered afresh an inward vow to bring Royall back to his place and duties.

They spent a delightful hour among the books, — delightful, at least, to Governor Harcourt, who seldom found so sympathetic a companion; and then, as the shadows of the golden afternoon began to lengthen, he took her out into the gardens. These were very extensive, and altogether untouched from the formal fashion of the century in which they were laid out, with long, box-edged avenues that ended in lovely flower-set spaces. One of these last fairly took Moira's breath away with its unexpected beauty, as they emerged upon it; for it was a secluded nook, walled by tall hedges of box, which made a green background for a superb host of *Auratum* lilies — the magnificent, gold-barred lily of Japan — growing in splendid array, circle upon circle, around an ancient sundial. Nothing could be imagined more exquisite than the effect of these stately flowers, standing in their white glory and stillness, and filling the air with fragrance, as the sunshine of the August afternoon poured down upon the quiet spot — a

veritable "garden enclosed"—in which they bloomed.

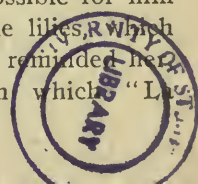
"They are like the souls of the saints!" Moira cried in rapture. "Oh, beautiful,— beautiful! How charming to have put them here, alone in this green spot, away from the intrusion of any other flowers! For they look as if they had been brought from heaven. Was it *your* idea?" she asked, turning to her companion.

But she saw that he was frowning a little.

"No," he answered. "I have never taken much interest in flowers,—at least not interest enough to plan their arrangement. This was planned by some one else" (he paused a moment),—"by my son," he ended, with a curious thrill of something like pride in his voice.

And Moira, as she looked at the lilies, in their white and gold splendor, so perfectly arranged against the dark green, which surrounded and threw them into relief, said to herself that she might have known that only Royall, with his artistic instincts, could have planned anything so perfect; and she was conscious that tears gathered in her eyes from the poignant effect of the beauty which was like a touch of his hand. She had a sudden inward vision of him on some sun-parched desert, and wondered if perhaps a vision did not come to *him* of this green, shaded nook, where the lilies bloomed, in the old garden of his home.

To break the silence which had fallen after Governor Harcourt's last words, she moved forward into the charmed circle of the flowers that, tall as she was, lifted their gold-rayed cups as high as her face, and bent to read the motto on the dial. It was the old, familiar admonition, *Tempus fugit*; and it carried a sense of comfort to her heart. Yes, time was flying, and in its flight it would surely soon bring Royall back to his father and to her. She wished that it were possible for him to find her here among the lilies, which would remind him, as they reminded her, of the lily-strewn hall in which "L



Princesse Lointaine" first appears, and in which Bertrand first comes to her.

"But they were not such lilies as these," she said, unconsciously speaking her thought aloud; and then she laughed as she caught her companion's glance of interrogation. "I was thinking of some other lilies that I have known," she explained. "But they were not like these. I have never seen any so beautiful as these."

"Shall I cut some of them for you?" Governor Harcourt asked, pleased with her admiration.

But she shook her head.

"Oh, no!" she said. "It would seem a sacrilege, they are so much more lovely here than they could be anywhere else. How wonderful they must be by moonlight,—more than ever like the spirits of the saints!"

"I hope you will come and see them by moonlight," he told her. "They last a long time, and we shall have moonlight in a few days. Emily must bring you over to dine with us some evening, and then you can see and admire the lilies to your heart's content."

"I shall like that," she said, with the little catch in her voice which came into it in moments of emotion; for surely this cordial invitation proved, if further proof were needed, that she had won all that she came to win—all that had brought her across the world,—that the fortress she had so daringly ventured to storm was ready to open its doors and welcome her as more than a guest. Again she was almost on the point of holding out her hands and saying, "See, you like me as a stranger! Will you not accept and like me as Royall's wife?" when a voice suddenly spoke just beyond the lilies amid which they stood.

"Here you are at last!" it cried. "I've been looking for you everywhere."

Governor Harcourt turned quickly.

"Why, Paul, I'm delighted to see you!" he said. "Miss Fortescue, I believe you know my nephew."

(To be continued.)

The Wounded Playmate.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

HALF the dreams my spirit hath
Urge me back on thy lost path,
Looking for love's aftermath;

Aye with some fond gift to share,
Some light trouble soon o'erthrown;
Some old outburst, frank as air,
Transient as a bugle tone.

Angels best can understand
How I somehow miss thy hand
Yet; and in this indecision

For thy footfall pause and pine,
Beautiful quick-going vision,
Unforgotten Soldier mine!

One who knew not pain was dire,
Trampling out that boyish fire,
Spurred thy hope with zest entire:

Ours what stealth of bow and bat,
What rash truant oars at sea,
Games to last forever, that.
Brake betwixt the child and thee;

Many a grudged adventure vast
Under orchard branches cast;
And at winter's slow dispersal

(On thy shoulder my hushed mouth),
Scarce allowed, adored rehearsal
Of the battle-tented South.

Well it was that Heaven did give
To a joy so fugitive
Soul, all others to outlive!

Though to final risks begun
Early exhortation cling;
Though a sudden deed, ere done,
Lean on thee for sanctioning;

Though thy knighthood me constrain
Through age, death, and life again,
Father, most thy memory guiding

Is a song and star of May;
And the land of thine abiding
Always Childhood, always Play.

FOR this reason so many fall from God who have attained to Him—that they clung to Him with their weakness and not in their strength.—*George Meredith.*

A Stroll through Somersetshire.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

LOOKING out at evening across the Bristol Channel—or Severn Sea, as it used to be called,—to the distant Welsh mountains, with the sunlight gilding their higher slopes, whilst the valleys are filled with mysterious amethystine vapors that roll up, and ever upward, to the azure dome above, as fragrant clouds of incense rise in dim and solemn sanctuaries when the Benediction hymns are done; or turning southward and westward to where a heap of gold lies burning on the waste of shimmering waters, which toward night take on a lovely pale violet tint, one irresistibly recalls the past,—that past when North Somerset was famous for its sanctuaries, even apart from Glastonbury, the most famous and ancient of them all.

Rising four hundred feet above the level of the Channel is the picturesque and lonely island of Steep Holm, named by the Saxons *Steopan Reorie*, or “Reed Island.” It consists of a barren rock about a mile and a half in circumference, and in many places overhangs the water. Inaccessible except by two narrow passages ascending from the small and pebbly beach on its northeastern and southwestern sides, it formed a singularly safe refuge,—a spot so utterly remote, so entirely isolated, that the most ardent searcher after solitude could desire no better retreat.

It is interesting to note, that it was on this rugged rock the monk Gildas, the one writer whom Britain has left us, found for a time a place of shelter and seclusion whilst the mainland was devastated by war. The celebrated historian and philosopher here composed his famous treatise “*De Excidio Britanniae*”; and it was here that he looked forward to long years of uninterrupted quiet in his desolate island home. But his hopes were doomed to sudden and bitter disappointment; for the frequent incursions of pirates became

so disturbing that he was at length compelled to retire to the Abbey of Glastonbury, where he was most hospitably and courteously received, and where he ended his days.

Gildas, it will be remembered, had seen the English invasion, and it is to him we owe our knowledge of the English Conquest of Kent. Leland gives a quaint account of him, and refers directly to the fact of his having gone to Steep Holm. Gildas, we are told, “preached every Sunday in a church by the seashore, which stood in the county of Pebidiane, in the time of King Trifunus; an innumerable multitude hearing him. He always wished to be a faithful subject of King Arthur. His brothers, however, rebelled against that King, unwilling to endure a master. Hueil, the eldest, was a perpetual warrior and most famous soldier, who obeyed no king, not even Arthur himself. The term of a year being ended, and his scholars retiring from study, the Abbot St. Cadoc and the excellent Doctor Gildas went to two islands, Romuth and Echin. Cadoc entered the one nearest to Wales (Flat Holm), and Gildas the other nearest to England (Steep Holm).”

Quite a number of distinguished personages are said, at one time or another, to have sought sanctuary there; and on it one of its former possessors, Maurice, the third Lord Berkeley, built a small endowed priory, in the year 1320. But of this no trace, unfortunately, now remains. We can imagine, however, what an absolutely secluded life those religious of far-off days must have led on this barren, rocky islet, whose wave-worn cliffs are broken by innumerable caves, the home of countless sea birds; the melancholy cries of these feathered neighbors, together with the unceasing murmur of the sea, were often probably the only sounds heard by the brethren, save when their own voices rose in praise to Him who made the whole round world and they that dwell therein.

Flat Holm, “the island nearest to

Wales," to which the Abbot St. Cadoc, the friend and companion of "the excellent Doctor Gildas," retired, is not quite three miles to the north of Steep Holm; and, whilst about the same size, is more nearly circular in form. Its white lighthouse, 156 feet in height; its pebbly beach famed for the great numbers of sea anemones of different and rare kinds; its wonderful well of fresh water, which when the sea ebbs is filled, but when it flows becomes empty, possess less interest for us than the fact that two of the murderers of St. Thomas, the martyred Archbishop of Canterbury, are said to have been buried on this lonely island, "with their bodies wrongly laid" on account of their terrible crime.

They were knights of Somerset; and here it is interesting to note that Woodspring Priory, which was founded for the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, by William de Courtenay, in the twelfth year of the reign of King John, 1210, owes its existence to the death of St. Thomas, to whom, in honor of the Most Holy Trinity and the ever blessed Virgin Mary, it was dedicated. De Courtenay, its founder, having been a descendant of William de Tracy (one of the four murderers of the saint), and nearly allied to the three other assassins, desired to establish this religious house "in expiation"—or, rather, as some slight outward proof—of his own deep sorrow for his ancestors' crime. Ancient records tell us that he "gave to the priory all his lands at Woodspring," and a "fardel" (a fourth part of a yardland) in Northamnies.

Geoffrey Gilbewyn gave the manor of Locking. Hugh de Newton gave two "messuages" and eighty-nine acres of land in Norton, nine acres of meadow, etc., in Woodspring, with license to have a free and spacious road along the grounds of the said Hugh, toward Wampulleper. Henry and John Engayne gave the manor of Worle "and various homages and services." Robert Offre, or De Ouvre, gave seven acres; and Maud, his wife, all her

lands in Chandfield and several parcels of land in Sandford, Bicknoller, and other places. Indeed, many other grants were made and benefactions confirmed by different repentant descendants of all four knights; so that as time went on, Woodspring Priory became well endowed; though, in truth, the extensive estates conferred upon it, when valued by the King's commissioners at the time of the dissolution, amounted, according to Dugdale, to only £87 2s. 10½d.,—a very trifling sum when compared with their present value.

In reference to William de Tracy and the curse which was believed to have fallen upon him and his descendants on account of his sacrilegious crime, there is, if I mistake not, a curious old rhyme, which says that "the De Tracys have always the wind in their faces."

The ruins of Woodspring Priory are well worth a visit. Those that now remain are chiefly in the Perpendicular style, and a solitary tower rising from a group of trees near the coast marks the spot. A more isolated and secluded site for the home of a religious community could scarcely be imagined. Wide stretches of marshland bind it on one side; whilst on the other a rugged, turf-capped ridge shelters it from the sea. In its original state, this priory must have been a most extensive and handsome pile, of which the principal entrance was in the west front. The nave is now used as a dwelling house, surrounded by offices for the use of a farm. Little, indeed, did the original possessors suppose that their refectory—a splendid structure, forty-four feet long by twenty wide—would be converted into a cart house, and the beautiful church itself into a cellar! The fine tower, sixty-five feet in height, is at the eastern end; and reliable authorities tell us that it was formerly "surrounded by a pierced parapet, with ornamented pinnacles at the angles, and smaller ones in the centre."

On the north side of the nave stood an interesting chapel—this may have been

the Lady Chapel,—in which, on one of the pillars that support the tower, was a cherub holding a skull, “whereon was sculptured a chevron between three bugle horns”; and on the opposite wall was another shield, also sustained by a cherub, on which was represented a *heart, between hands and feet pierced with nails*. This, it need scarcely be said, was a very ancient emblem of the Crucifixion of our Divine Lord, and may be found in the churches at Cheddar, Rodneystoke, Chewton Mendip as well as others in different parts of the country.

Woodspring necessarily possessed its monastic barn, or grange,—“a long and lofty cruciform pile” standing on the northwest side, and built in the most substantial manner, “with massive buttresses, which, together with the window and door frames, were of freestone,” and evidently wrought with much care. On the southwest of the priory are the remains of the extensive fish ponds that used to supply the monks with carp and other fresh-water fish.

About two miles south of Woodspring is a tiny hamlet, which would appear at one time to have had the sea as a much nearer neighbor than it is to-day. Ancient records of the place give it the name of Stoke; but later on it is said to have received its additional appellation of Kew from a holy hermit who made his little cell “in the hollow of the mountain above the village”; and in the history of North Somerset we read that “the narrow, craggy track, with full two hundred natural and artificial steps, by which he went to his daily devotions, still preserve his memory and name, being to this day called ‘The Pass of St. Kew.’ It is now used as the way to church from the hamlet of Milton, on the opposite side of the hill; and from its highest point a delightful and very extensive view of the surrounding country may be obtained.

Kewstoke church stands immediately below this pass, and in the Ages of Faith must evidently have been considerably

larger, and far more richly ornamented. There is an exceedingly fine Norman porch, or rather arch, leading from the porch into the church; but the most interesting point for us in connection with this building is that, during some repairs to the north wall of the chancel, a wooden cup was discovered, which, “upon investigation, was supposed to have contained some drops of the blood of St. Thomas à Becket.” It is generally believed that the cup was brought from the neighboring Priory of Woodspring; and it may well have been one of those relics of the martyr which were so treasured by the monks of Canterbury, and was probably either given by them directly to the Canons at Woodspring or bestowed upon some benefactor, who presented or bequeathed it to the Augustinian Priory.

The parochial churches of North Somerset are, for the most part, beautiful architecturally, and possessed of stately embattled towers. In the interiors we find two striking features: first, the richly sculptured stone pulpits; and, secondly, the remains of what must once have been very exquisitely carved rood lofts and screens.

One of the finest spires in the neighborhood is that surmounting the large and handsome church at Congresbury. This place, tradition tells us, derived its name from St. Congar, a pious hermit, the son of an Eastern emperor, who is said to have stolen away secretly from the court of Constantinople, clad in a poor and rough habit, in order that he might devote himself utterly, body and soul, to the service of his God. After travelling through Italy and France, he eventually reached Britain; and, finding this secluded spot, that then belonged to the good Saxon King Ine, he determined to settle there. He accordingly built himself a dwelling, in which, surrounded by water, reeds, and woodland, he could pray in solitude and silence. King Ine, ever generous and devout, bestowed on him the small territory around his cell, “wherein,”

writes the chronicler, "he instituted twelve canons; and, after establishing his priory, he went on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where he died, and his body was brought back to Congresbury and there buried."

In Congresbury churchyard, as at Yatton and other places, may be found the remains of a very fine cross. In the "Doomsday Survey" we find that "John the Dane" held the manor of Yatton in the time of King Edward the Confessor. The Conqueror conferred it on Giso, the Bishop of Wells, whose successors held it in their turn till the disastrous period of the so-called Reformation despoiled the See not only of this but also of the great manor of Congresbury.

The large and well-built tower of Yatton church contains a peal of eight beautiful bells, one of which is extremely ancient, and bears the appropriate inscription: *Misericordias Domini in æternum cantabo.*—"The mercies of the Lord I will sing forever." The roof of the belfry beneath the tower is deeply groined. The neighboring church of Puxton contains only two bells out of the original five it once possessed; on one of these is engraved the words: "He shall be called John."

At Easton, in Gordano, the handsome tower at the west end contains six bells, the tenor one having inscribed upon it the following words, in old English characters:

Come when I call,
To serve God all.

It is interesting to note that Easton, in Gordano, at the death of the Bishop of Coutances, on whom the place had doubtless been bestowed by the Conqueror, was given by William Rufus to Robert Fitz-Hamon, Earl of Gloucester. This devout nobleman, we are told, "built the Castle of Bristol with stone which he brought from Normandy," giving "every tenth stone toward the erection of the Chapel of St. Mary, in the Priory of St. James, which he had founded in that city" (Bristol). He also built Cardiff Castle, founded the Abbey of Margam,

in Glamorganshire, and was a most generous benefactor of the monasteries of Neath, Tewkesbury, and Gloucester. He died A. D. 1147, "and was buried beneath a green jasper stone, in the Priory of St. James."

The mention of Tewkesbury recalls the fact that it was one of the oldest foundations dedicated to the Blessed Mother of God in England. Tradition says that "here two Mercian dukes, Oddo and Doddo, built a small monastery on their land near the Severn, in honor of the Assumption of Our Lady, in the year 715, where they placed a prior and four or five monks." According to Leland, Oddo and Doddo died in 725. Their brother Almaric was buried at Deorhurste, in the little chapel opposite the monastery there; and, as the centuries rolled on, this monastery grew ever more and more in importance, whilst "Our Lady of Tewkesbury" was held in great veneration throughout the Middle Ages. But to return to North Somerset.

Not far from Easton, in Gordano, is Portbury, which was in existence at a very early period in the history of this land. Its strategical importance was fully recognized by the Romans, who, noting its many advantages, established an extensive colony there. Its church is interesting, and its venerable appearance is enhanced by the immense thickness of the walls. The ancient "sacring bell" still remains; and in the south wall of the church are "three large niches or stalls," evidently for the celebrant and his assistants during divine service. Adjoining the sanctuary is an old chantry chapel, originally founded in 1337 by Thomas, Lord Berkeley, who endowed it with "fifty acres of land and certain rents in Portbury," in order that there might be "prayers, Masses, and singing in the Lady Chapel," for the souls of all his ancestors, for his own soul, and for the souls of his successors, and of all the faithful departed. In the churchyard are three celebrated yew trees, two of which are extraordinarily

large, and are supposed to be five hundred years old.

Near Portbury are the ruins of Portbury Priors, a "cell," or offshoot, of the Augustinian Priory of Bromere, in Hampshire, "to which the land was granted by one of the Berkeleys." In the large and ancient church of Chew Magna are numerous interesting monuments of members of families connected at different times with this place and its several manors. Amongst the most remarkable may be mentioned a big tomb in the Sutton Court chapel, at the end of the north aisle. It dates back to the reign of Henry VI., and is surmounted by a gigantic figure of Sir John St. Loe, clothed in armor, cross-legged, with his head resting on his helmet and measuring seven feet, four inches in length, and two feet, four inches across the shoulders. At his side is the figure of his wife, much defaced, but probably of a later date.

On the sill of one of the windows lies the antique and curious figure of Sir John Hautville, carved out of a solid piece of oak. He is clad in armor, with a loose cloak about him, bound round the waist by a girdle. This figure was originally in Norton Hautville church, over the Knight's tomb, from which it was removed on the destruction of that building. Sir John Hautville lived in the thirteenth century, in the reign of King Henry III. The fame of his personal strength and prowess has, in the course of ages, assumed fabulous proportions. The tales of his wonderful deeds are still preserved and cherished by the local population, amongst whom there is a tradition that he threw the notorious stone known as Hautville's Quoit (part of which now lies near the road to Stanton Drew) from his supposed dwelling at Maes Knoll, a mile distant!

A word must now be said about Banwell, a place of great antiquity, and, as it is proved by records, still extant, dating back to the time of King Alfred. It was evidently in bygone days of very considerable importance, and contained a mon-

astery founded by one of the West Saxon kings. Over this monastery the learned Asser, the friend and confidant of Alfred, was placed; and to him the said King also gave the extensive manor of Banwell. Alfred was doubtless a generous benefactor to the monastery, and the fact of his having given it to the latter is specially mentioned in Asser's *Life of the good King*; for we read that, on the morning of a certain Christmas Eve, when Asser was about to visit Wales, "Alfred gave him the *monasteries of Ambresbury in Wiltshire, and Banwell in Somersetshire*, with all that they contained, together with a silk pall, very precious, and as much incense as a strong man could carry."

The monastery was later on destroyed by the Danes, who overran the whole of this part of England; and though it was afterward rebuilt, it never appears to have attained its previous magnificence. The parish church of Banwell is beautiful and ancient. It contains some very fine old stained glass, and a wonderful and elaborately carved rood screen.

Cheddar also possesses an interesting old church dedicated to St. Andrew, in which different members of the De Cheddar family founded chantry chapels. The manor of Cheddar was a royal demesne even in the time of the Saxon monarchs; and the Cheddar (or, as it was then usually spelt, Cheddre) cliffs that form the sides of a stupendous chine, or chasm, extending across one of the highest ridges of the Mendip Hills, are specially mentioned in an ancient document, which graphically describes the narrow escape of King Edmund, the son of Athelstan.

"Sometimes for the sake of hunting," says the old chronicle, "the King spent the summer about the forest of Mendip, wherein there were at that time numerous stags and several other kinds of wild beasts. The King, three days previously, had dismissed St. Dunstan from his court, with great indignation and lack of honor; which done, he proceeded to the wood to hunt. This wood covers a mountain of

great height, which, being separated at its summit, exhibits to the spectator an immense precipice and horrid gulph [gulf], called by the inhabitants Cheddre Clyff.

"When, therefore, the King was chasing the flying stag here and there, on its coming to the craggy gulph, the stag rushed into it, and, being dashed to atoms, perished. Similar ruin involved the pursuing dogs; and the horse on which the King rode, having broken its reins, became unmanageable, and in an obstinate course carried the King after the hounds; and the gulph, lying open before him, threatened the King with certain death. He trembled and was at his last shift. In the interval, his injustice recently offered to St. Dunstan occurred to his mind; he wailed it, and instantly made a vow to God that he would as speedily as possible recompense such injustice by a manifold amendment, if God would only for the moment avert the death which deservedly threatened him. God, immediately hearing the preparation of his heart, took pity on him, inasmuch as the horse instantly stopped short, and, to the glory of God, caused the King, thus snatched from the perils of death, most unfeignedly to give thanks unto God. Having returned thence to his house, and being joined by his nobles, the King recounted to them the course of the adventure which had happened, and commanded Dunstan to be recalled with honor and reverence, after which he esteemed him in all transactions as his most sincere friend."

But space forbids further details concerning this interesting county, so full of associations, both religious and historical.

YOUTH is a disease that must be borne with patiently. Time, indeed, will cure it; yet, until the cure is complete, elders must bear it as well as they can, and not seem to pay too much attention to it. A rigorous and prudent diet, long hours of sleep, plenty of occupation,—these are the remedies.—*Monsignor Benson.*

God's Ward.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

THE narrow gully of the street was full of the movement and tumult of men-at-arms,—bronzed savage mercenaries, serfs wearing their lord's colors, harsh voices, clash and glint of steel. Above it all rose the palace,—very tall, very solemn, blackened by time already, columned window and point-arch. The leaders of the besieging rabble had tied their horses to the torch-stands of wrought iron. The troop entered with scarce any fighting, save at the gate; for Siena was afraid, and Siena was in hiding. Barred houses on the little hilly streets; shuttered windows on the little dark shops; churches and oratories locked. All done in great haste at the name and coming of Giannozzo of Perugia,—Giannozzo who never spared, and who was blood enemy of him who temporarily held the lordship of Siena. Yesterday, outside the Porta Camollia they met,—Buondalviso, with forces gathered haphazard at one hour's notice; Giannozzo prepared for war.

Gallantly the master of Siena rode into battle, and none saw fear or dread of failure in his face. At dusk his own pulled him lifeless from beneath a heap of dead, that Giannozzo should at least not get his body. Giannozzo looked in vain for that. He knew life was over,—he had seen him fall. Not finding it, he rode to Siena. Between him and the extinction of that race and the seignury of Siena now stood only a child. He found the city deserted, silent, the great houses closed and bolted. His own men, grimy, unkempt, motley and noisy, surged through the abandoned place. Before the palace they gathered, massing into the contracted space. Above the uproar, the hoofs of Giannozzo's horse rang on the flint pavement. He rode slowly, a proud man, dark and bitter of face. The trappings of his charger showed

blood-red, barred with white. An ensign bore the colors again beside him, lance on stirrup. The swarm of foot fell away, tremblingly, before him. Seeing him stand, and raise gloomy eyes to the noble building, they redoubled their battering and ramming. Blow upon blow fell upon the great oaken portal, bound and studded with iron. It rang again and held. The doubt occurred to the leader that they were storming an empty citadel.

"Bring fagots," his raw voice rasped out. "Fire will do it."

They managed to smash in the wooden shutters of a window on the street level. The iron grating was wrenched awry, but clung in its sockets. Through the aperture they saw the guards' hall inside deserted. They hurled into it, notwithstanding, resinous torches and bunches of kindling. The guards' hall had been covered with roseate frescoes of youths and maidens taking their pleasure in a garden, amid wondrous flowers and wondrous feathered birds. Giannozzo's brute soldiery were the last to look upon them. Brand upon brand volleyed through the twisted window bars; and, outside, they piled wood against the walls. The smoke became blinding and suffocating. The great portal they continued to batter and ram with beams. It gave at length with a great crash and dust, and a rending asunder at one hinge.

Giannozzo was off his horse and sword in hand at the instant. So quickly he came, one of his own men had not time to draw aside. A fierce blow sent him spinning. At the threshold, Giannozzo realized the house was empty. Doubling his arm, with a curse, he hurled his great sword across the echoing hall. Then, still eager for blood, dagger in fist, he pressed up the open stairway with its beautiful landings, double-arch windows on twisted columns, with the escutcheon above them, and easy, broad flights of steps. Halls, galleries, chambers, tapestried alcoves and shadowy chapel,—all untouched but deserted.

"Search!" he commanded. And they did, ripping damask and arras with blade and greedy fingers. This last order he gave as he left, disgust, contempt and scorn in chill of voice and shrug of shoulders. "Loot—and let me see that fire *burn!*"

Then he rode down to an inn that his men had opened for him, as they were wont to do these things. Having remembered that it was Friday, he put aside the capon they brought him and asked for omelette. As he ate, a wretch was dragged before him, bound with tight-tied cords, cut in the head, and scarce able to stand. He had been discovered in the palace stables, and his torn doublet displayed the black scorpion on field of gold. Giannozzo barely lifted eyes and mouth from his food.

"Where is thy master Buondalviso?"

"My lord, I know not."

"Thou sayest true thou knowest not; but ere this thy other master of the nether regions knows. When did thy mistress leave?"

"Yester eve, my lord, as the night fell."

"How many in her company?"

"All the horses we had, Sir Count,—seven in number."

"Who up?"

"My lord, I know not."

"Take care, sirrah; lest not knowing put a cord around thy neck."

"My lord, I swear I do not know! Her children and her women no doubt; haply some page."

"Whither bound?"

"To the Porta Romana, I heard the grooms saying."

"Clout! Is that a destination?"

"It is all I know, most gracious lord, I swear to you by— If I knew more, why would I not tell you?"

"Take him out. Let me eat in peace."

With his mouth full, Giannozzo laughed in lordly loneliness.

"She has gone to Nerbi. She will find it ready for her."

And he finished his meal in unholy glee,

This access of good-humor did not prevent his having the witness hanged,—his only crime, the black and yellow badge upon his shoulder.

Then he rode up to see how the palace burned. The fierce heat, as flame and smoke poured to the narrow street, met him and beat him back. Some of the neighboring houses had become ignited, and women and children, driven forth, ran abroad crying and tearing their hair. One glance he cast upon the conflagration, then turned and ordered his men to horse.*

At two o'clock they sallied out through the Porta Romana. The cavalcade which had preceded him overnight had some eighteen hours' advantage. Hurriedly, in great silence, in great woe, they mounted and rode; for messengers had come, secretly, telling them of their loss. While Giannozzo spent the night hunting the battlefield with torches, the widowed duchess, acting swiftly, bethought her to save her son. A straggling blot in the darkness, they moved over the smooth road winding to the south, toward the hill country. In the centre the fair woman who was an Albizzi of Florence, white of skin, gold of hair, her pale profile showing against the darkness of her hood. Forward she looked, her face drawn in appalling sorrow; for she had not been able to wait and see her dead. At her side, his little slim foot occasionally touching the folds of her robe, rode the new Lord of Siena. He might be nine years old. He was fair as she was, and rather frail. The oldest girl, on the other side of the mother, showed the same loveliness of white and gold. Behind them, the little Lady Barbara flashed ruddy hue and dark eyes,—her father's child, soldierly at thirteen. One woman in their train, and two men-at-arms closing the sad procession.

The children, called to the saddle as they prepared for bed, were weary ere they started. The little lord once fell asleep as he sat and swayed against his mother, but refused to quit his own mount. For

all, the hours passed like some dread, dark incubus to which the end would never come.

Once only the Duchess turned to their followers, naming him who had commanded the guard. He pricked forward quickly, eager and deferent.

"Have the north gate fortified immediately upon our arrival, and call in all the men from the fields and vineyards."

"I will, my lady."

"See also that all available food stuffs be brought in from the farms and granaries to the castle."

"Yes, my lady."

"That is all. I thank you!"

She bent over in the dark to ask the child if he was tired.

"No, Madam," he answered, shivering between his locked teeth; "only a little cold."

She threw her cloak over him, refusing all other covering, and lifted her bare head to the mist. The world was beginning to lighten with coming dawn. The mountains surged up before them, a little away to the left; the sharp chill of the air as they faced them smote the breath. By degrees the east took color. In the veiled appearance of the hills, what was rock grew a little lighter in tone than what was forest. Then the light sought out and touched into clearness, warming them, here a scrap of house front, there a span of boundary wall, yonder a huddling white village.

The little lord brightened perceptibly, lifting himself in the saddle, and stretching his neck at the familiar sight.

"But, mother, where is the tower of Nerbi?"

"A little farther, I think, or the sun has not yet caught it."

"It should stand right there, — d'you see, mother? I know the place; ever so high up and all by its own self, and you can't see any road to it. Last time we came, my father—"

His voice broke off short. Last night, the immense loss, the immense emptiness, closed down upon him.

"Gilio!" the great agony of his mother's voice came to him.

His face turned away from her; the immeasurable grief, which he held down lest it wrench sobs from him, coursed its utterly bitter and disconsolate tears in streams from his eyes.

"Take his horse," the mother ordered in her dead tone, that had sunk in its own struggle not to break. "I would hold him a while."

But the boy refused, choking, smothered.

"No, Madam,—no! I thank you! I prefer to ride Morello."

High and bright over them soared the day, with lark songs detected afar off through the infinite spaces, and a wondrous sky of blue.

"Gilio is certainly right," the clear accents of the little girl behind them rang out reproachfully: "we *should* see the tower of Nerbi."

The dread and anxiety of the older travellers had no words. They came to the turn in the road where it should have stood forth, haughty, bestriding its ridge with an air of kingship: then they saw it. From that day to this it has not changed much; though I think it is lovelier now, with the tall silver-green grasses standing up among the fragments, and the sun drawing deep, wheat-like aromas from the warm knolls.

One great cry, wrung from a man's heart, went up: "Giannozzo has been here!" Then they drew together, silent; the horses putting tired head to tired head, and the larks piped far away in the velvet meadow-land.

Giannozzo has been here! The tower razed, the ramparts gone, gateway and austere circuit of protecting walls dismantled; only a ragged mass of stonework left at one point, upholding a segment of blackened arch; and a few heaps of loose, charred, brick. This was Nerbi the impregnable.

Dumb they sat and gazed. The little duke had placed his two hands on the pommel of his saddle and leaned forward,

wide-eyed, forgetting to draw breath. Nerbi, of summer holidays; Nerbi, of great cool halls and pleasant gardens; Nerbi, with the miracle of the mountain, chestnut woods, and deep gorges, torrent and mossy boulder, behind it; Nerbi, where he had played with the soldiers on the ramparts, and had stood among them many a morning watching the great black and gold standard, showing his father's presence at the castle, unfurl upon the breeze. His mother's voice shook him back to consciousness.

"Children, there is no longer any Nerbi, nor any safe place to shelter us, save the Abbey of Vallone."

"Madam," the little brown-eyed girl broke in, "there is still the villa at Roveto."

"My child, how can we go there, since the road to it passes back through Siena?"

"I'faith then! by some other road skirting Siena, far from Siena,—a round-about way!"

"And the country full of soldiery?"

"We will go to the Abbey as my lady mother says," the boy interposed; and then, glancing at her: "If it please you, Madam. . . . Barbara would always have a way of her own!"

Then he turned his face again to Nerbi, and not even the rough trot of the horses could bring back his attention.

"I would I were a man!" his mother heard him ejaculate at last, fiercely under his breath. "I know how I should make him pay for this!"

"Gilio!" (Her voice made him color.) "Hast said thy prayers yet this morning?"

"No, Madam."

"Then say them now; and mark when thou prayest, 'Thy will be done,' and 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive.'"

He turned to her, the blood coming and going in his cheeks, his whole countenance upset.

"As we forgive, mother? Forgive! For Nerbi and for my father?" . . .

"Yes, even for our own lives, too, if he should take them. Even if he should

kill you, my boy Gilio, you must forgive."

"That might be easier, Madam, than—than some other things."

"You must forgive all things, sweet son, because Christ wills it, who died upon the cross for us."

Then she saw him remove his cap, make the Sign of the Cross reverently, and gather his hands upon his breast to pray. She would not disturb him even to kiss the flaxen-gold hair when the sun shone upon it.

Behind them the little Lady Barbara was making up her mind that Gilio was very good,—in fact, quite too good; and so was her mother. But the blackened ruins of Nerbi were there crying for vengeance, and must be answered. They could forgive if they wanted to: she did not want to. She would learn the use of arms and prepare to meet their enemy.

So they rode silent, each heart thinking its own thoughts. Plain and lowland were far behind them now, and they advanced between two solemn mountains. Under their feet was still the Roman road, broad and level, clinging to the mountain-side on their left. To the right was a stone parapet; far down below, a torrent, crystal clear, rushing and tumbling in its bed of stone; then again sheer, dark face of mountain rising and closing them in. The engineers of Imperial Rome had flung this superb thoroughfare in the very teeth of the wilderness and across it. Since the sixth century noble and rustic, wayfarer and pilgrim, had trod its dust on their ascent to the famous Abbey, hid away there in solitude, where the sons of St. Benedict left the road to seek in the fastnesses above it a spot apt for their undertaking.

(Conclusion next week.)

DISCOURAGEMENT is a sort of mental and spiritual malaria. It poisons the blood, darkens the sky, quenches hope and joy. Depression, when not fought against, may easily become a vice, wrecking body and soul.—*Anon.*

The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

April 6, Second Sunday after Easter.

THIS Sunday is familiarly known as "Good Shepherd Sunday"; the title has been suggested by the Gospel in particular, but we may find allusions to Our Lord's pastoral office in most of the formulas of the Mass.

In the Gospel we have the well-known description of Himself given by our Blessed Lord. "I am the Good Shepherd. The Good Shepherd giveth his life for his sheep. . . . I am the Good Shepherd; and I know Mine, and Mine know Me." In the Old Testament we find Almighty God frequently represented as a shepherd leading his sheep; the simile is thoroughly in keeping with the loving providence, watchful care, and secure guidance shown to the Chosen People of old. Our Lord makes use of the same figure to express His own peculiar love for each member of His flock. He gave His life for them; He guards and leads and nourishes them; He longs to bring them to the unfading delights of heaven. His flock need fear no ill so long as the Shepherd is near; wild beasts dare not attack, enemies shrink away. Within the fold the sheep are secure. No figure could express more accurately Our Lord's bountiful provision for His own.

If we examine the Introit we discover there the same simile. "The earth is full of the mercy of the Lord, Alleluia! By the word of the Lord the heavens were established, Alleluia! Alleluia! Rejoice in the Lord, ye just; praise becometh the upright." God, who made the heavens, who ruleth both heaven and earth, is distinguished above all other attributes by His abounding mercy; it fills the whole earth. We are exhorted to praise and glorify this God, who portrays His mercy in the character of the shepherd stooping to lift up and to carry home the straying sheep.

The Collect prays: "O God, who hast raised a fallen world by the humility of Thy Son, give to Thy people an unceasing gladness; that they whom Thou hast delivered from the danger of everlasting death may enjoy eternal happiness." The Good Shepherd "humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death." He stooped to lift up a fallen world, as the shepherd rescues a fallen and wounded sheep of his flock. Our joy, therefore, should be lasting, since we have been saved from eternal death. The never-ending joy of heaven should begin here below, even in this valé of tears. Patient following of our Shepherd will win His kindly smile and make our hearts rejoice, even though our lot entail a share in His sufferings.

The Epistle prolongs the note of joy. By St. Peter, the representative of the Good Shepherd, to whom Christ said, "Feed My lambs . . . feed My sheep," we are reminded of what we owe to our Redeemer. "Christ suffered for us, leaving you an example that you should follow His steps." (In the East, the shepherd leads, and his flock follow.) The example is depicted in the words that succeed: guileless innocence, silent endurance of injuries, voluntary sacrifice of Himself for the flock. "*Who his own self,*" cries the Apostle with emphasis, "*bore our sins in his own body upon the tree, . . . by whose stripes you were healed. For you were as sheep going astray.*" What gratitude, therefore, ought to fill our hearts! How gladsome should be our loving service of Him to whom we owe so immense a debt! "You are now converted,"—turned back from your wayward flight—"to the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls."

The two Alleluia verses are upon the same theme: "The disciples knew the Lord Jesus in the breaking of bread." "I am the Good Shepherd; and I know My sheep, and Mine know Me."

The Offertory verse depicts the faithful soul, full of gratitude for the protection afforded during the dangers of the night,

waiting and listening eagerly for the sound of the Shepherd's voice: "O God, my God, to Thee do I watch at break of day. . . . And in Thy name I will lift up my hands."

The Communion verse repeats once more the constantly recurring refrain of this day's liturgy,—the assurance that our Shepherd, who gives Himself to nourish the souls of His flock, knows and loves each one.

We must not overlook the emphatic personal note struck by every formula of the beautiful liturgy of this Sunday. Again and again it is impressed upon us that Our Lord is mindful of His creatures, not as in a confused flock, but as distinct individuals. This is apparent in the choice of the term "shepherd"; for in those Eastern lands the shepherd knows each sheep, and calls each by name, and the sheep recognize his call. St. Paul brings home to us this personal love of Our Lord: He "loved me and delivered Himself for me." It is the realization of this truth which will render our service worthy of so loving a Lord. But it is not so easy to realize as it might at first sight appear.

If we believe that Jesus Christ is God, we are bound to believe that He has always known each of us in a personal way, and does so still. He came "to seek and to save." No man seeks out a person for whom he does not feel a special desire. As our Good Shepherd, He sought each of us. Bethlehem, Nazareth, Egypt, Judea, Jerusalem, Calvary,—all give evidence of the intense interest Our Lord had, and still has, for man. "I know Mine," He says. Each one is to Him as though no other being existed; for each He would have come to earth and died. He knows our sorrows, our pains, our weakness; and He sympathizes with us in all. He knows our sins, and yet bears with us and desires earnestly our salvation. It is impossible to meditate thus upon Our Good Shepherd's loving care without being impelled to give Him our whole heart's love.

Death and Some Doctors.

IT appears that the question of legalizing euthanasia, or the painless killing of suffering incurables, is again to be agitated. Some two decades ago, a London physician advocated the proposition: That in all cases of hopeless and painful illness it should be the recognized duty of the medical attendant, whenever so desired by the patient, to administer chloroform, or such other anæsthetic as may by and by supersede chloroform, so as to destroy consciousness at once and put the sufferer to a quick and painless death; all needful precautions being taken to establish, beyond the possibility of doubt or question, that the remedy was applied at the express wish of the patient. Public opinion, however, and even the medical fraternity as a body, reprobated the idea, and interest in the matter lapsed.

Only a few years ago attempts were made to have the State Legislatures of Iowa and Ohio authorize this direct violation of the Fifth Commandment, and evoked such comment that the New York Assembly was asked to pass a bill declaring that any one who advocated euthanasia, either by word of mouth or written document, was guilty of a felony. Once more the matter passed outside the domain of practical politics, though it still possessed a certain academic interest for the ultra-sentimental.

That another effort is being made to revivify the question deservedly killed on these former occasions, seems evident from the fact that the *Medical Review of Reviews* publishes a "Symposium on Euthanasia," presenting the opinions thereon of physicians and others eminent in science and other fields. Some of these opinions, reproduced in the *New York Sun*, are interesting as throwing light on the moral code of certain professors who are engaged in educating youthful Americans. Professor Beard, of Columbia University, for instance, writes: "I see no

objection on moral grounds to euthanasia and believe that the idea is a sound one." His opinion, it is gratifying to see, is not shared by Dr. Jacques Loeb, the biologist, who says: "I think the medical profession has a right to exist only on the understanding that its mission is to cure or prevent disease. The deliberate killing of patients, even under the euphemistic name of euthanasia, opens the barrier to legalized murder."

One physician, in giving his opinion, mentions two conditions in which euthanasia may be thought of, and then adds: "Excluding the theologian, who maintains that life must not be shortened for a day or an hour under any circumstances, no matter how full of horrors it is, and even if the case is absolutely hopeless, it seems to me that here all rational thinkers should be able to come to an agreement."

Apropos of theologians, or quasi-theologians, the only one quoted in the *Sun's* extracts is the Episcopalian, Bishop Doane of Albany, whose statement is quite explicit; "I have no hesitation in saying that, in my judgment, even the thought of the use of science in painlessly ending the life of an incurable is an intolerable outrage." The position of Catholic bishops was probably too well known to warrant asking for its expression.

Among other contributions to the symposium, we find one Catholic surgeon of international fame, Dr. John B. Murphy. Our readers can readily anticipate his view of the matter. He says: "I am decidedly opposed to euthanasia. Money and thought should be expended in endeavoring to transfer a large number of the present incurables to the curable class of the future, by advancing science through research and experimentation."

Another Chicago physician, Dr. G. Frank Lydston, enumerates several insuperable objections to euthanasia,—this among others: "The fallibility of scientific judgment: According to a well-known authority, 50 per cent or more of the cases that go to the postmortem table of a

celebrated Eastern hospital are found to have been the subjects of a wrong diagnosis. As to foretelling whether or how long a patient will live, only rash doctors indulge very often in that. Prognosis is a risky habit."

We notice that many of the advocates of euthanasia name, as a condition requisite to the justification of this painless killing, the desire or the consent of the person to be killed,—a principle on which, we presume, these same moralists would justify suicide. The fact is, however, that the absence of Christian morality, or a perverted moral sense is the only adequate explanation of the views expressed by many contributors to the *Review's* symposium. In the estimation of Prof. Roswell Park, of the University of Buffalo, this murder with a scientific name is merely "practically applied altruism." Let us conclude our quotations with an extract from this up-to-date physician's contribution:

I know that others have assumed the responsibility, which I have myself taken in more than one case, of producing euthanasia when in the terminal stage of life a patient was suffering the tortures "of the damned" and has pleaded for a method of escape, the pleadings being seconded by the family. Under these circumstances, I think that to administer a lethal dose of morphine or of chloroform is to "do as one would be done by." I have been told by high legal authority that to do this is equivalent in the eyes of the law to committing murder. Nevertheless, no one need allow his conscience to trouble him on this score. I am positive that it is one of the kindest acts that a medical man can ever perform. If one must die, why should he die in agony when death can be made painless and in a sense happy?

We submit that Prof. Park's position is about as preposterous as any recently taken by the most erratic university professor in the United States,—and that is saying a good deal. Murder in the eyes of the law need not trouble the conscience of any one who considers that, in a concrete case, murder is one of the "kindest acts" performable! "And these be thy teachers," O Land of the free!

Notes and Remarks.

The calamities that have befallen so many cities and villages in the United States were attended with such great suffering and loss of life as to have caused general consternation. They seem like a visitation of God. Never before in the history of our country have there been such disastrous storms and floods. Hundreds have met violent deaths, hundreds more have become homeless and impoverished. Of the varied sufferings endured by survivors—suspense more painful than death itself, hunger, cold, sickness, bereavement—only the faintest idea can be formed. In view of so much suffering and misery, the destruction of property, vast as it is, has hardly been considered. How to co-operate with those laboring to rescue and relieve has been the thought uppermost in the minds even of those whose pecuniary losses were most severe.

The disasters are so terrible and so numerous as to assume the proportions of a national calamity. Its one consoling feature is the ready sympathy and deep compassion everywhere aroused. The responses to President Wilson's appeal in the name of the Red Cross Society have been general, and admirable alike for promptness and liberality. Everyone seems disposed to do all in his power to relieve the distress.

It will be a long time before charitable assistance can be dispensed with, so great is the misery that has resulted. Many of the most needy and deserving sufferers are likely to become known only to those who are in close contact with them. The Red Cross Society is, indeed, an admirable organization; but it ought not to be necessary to remind Catholics that our bishops, priests, and Sisters form a far better one. Contributions forwarded to them are sure to effect the greatest amount of relief. When the Messina disaster occurred, a great many of our people, forgetting that the Holy Father,

besides being the chief almoner of the world, was at the scene of the calamity, sent their alms to local treasurers of the Red Cross Society. Such a blunder should not be repeated.

A non-Catholic contributor to the *Manchester Guardian* bears testimony as follows to the exceptionally strong ground upon which the Church can claim the title of being "The Church of the Poor":

Of the Church of Rome I would say at once that no one who has worked in a Roman Catholic neighborhood, or who has visited regularly in a hospital, can deny that she has kept her poor faithful to her teaching and practice to an extent not equalled by any other communion. She has never for a moment fallen into the heresy of regarding the first duty of the Church to be the improvement of conditions in this world. The Church of Rome has never been backward in taking the part of the poor. From India to Peru, she has withstood kings, princes, and governors on behalf of the poor, the oppressed, and the slave. But she always made it clear that her priests are, first of all, ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God. And she has refused to compromise as to her message. "This is the truth: take it or leave it," has always been her attitude.

The dignitaries of that strange ecclesiastical body known as the Establishment would do well to examine this testimony, and ask themselves why it is that, unlike Catholic bishops, they are afraid to deal with doctrinal questions.

Further interesting details concerning the conversions at Caldey ("an event unprecedented in the history of the English Church") are supplied by Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B. The chaplain of the Sisters at St. Bride's Abbey is not among those who made their submission to the Church. In repudiating the charges brought against him of "sowing the seed of Romanism in a garden of the Establishment," he declares his belief that the Church of England is a branch of the Ancient Church, and expresses unshaken faith in the validity of his orders. The new converts will pray for him. The lady

whose generosity enabled the Sisters to make their foundation at West Malling afterward became a convert herself. In moving to Milford Haven, the site of St. Bride's Abbey, they became more closely associated with Caldey, and were looking forward, no less eagerly than the monks, to the moment when they could be received into the True Fold. Concluding his second communication from Caldey, Dom Camm writes:

Catholics, while thanking God for the graces He has so abundantly poured out on these favored souls, will not fail to pray that they may persevere to the end in the faith which they have embraced so joyfully, and in their holy vocation of prayer and penance. . . . Our hearts go out to those to whom these conversions are at present a source of sorrow, bewilderment, and dismay. There are many searchings of heart in England now, and we can but respect their grief, and pray that Almighty God, in His great mercy, may turn it into joy. May it be far from any of us to indulge in vulgar elation over an event which, while it brings consolation to those who love Jerusalem, is yet a source of such bitter grief to many souls of good will! Some of the letters that have come to Caldey within the last few days have indeed been abusive and cruel, but the great majority have been heartrending. If the angel of the Lord has descended to move the waters, we can but pray that his gracious ministry may bring peace and healing to many who seek to do the will of God, and as yet know not where to find it.

The American Eunomic League, to whose principles and programme of operation we have already given favorable notice, has begun its active pamphleteering with a four-page leaflet, in which the scope and method of the organization are again outlined and a definite question for discussion proposed. Defining the scope and purpose of the League, the leaflet states:

The American Eunomic League is an association for the discussion and scientific examination of those social problems which demand the immediate attention of thinking Catholics. Its name, Eunomic—derived from the Greek, signifying "well-lawed,"—amply describes its chief aim. The active members of the League are drawn from Catholic men and women who are either college students or

graduates or have been admitted to professional life. The associate membership comprises those Catholics who have attained distinction in economic, political, charitable, or religious affairs. The League confines its work entirely to questions of social science and adequate laws. It strives to effect a return to clear thinking and applied Christianity in the everyday problems of life, whether personal, legal, or economic.

The first question proposed for discussion is thus stated:

As a possible means for advancing this latter end, the League proposes for consideration and careful discussion the expediency of making more doctrines of equity available in our courts of law. The subject is a serious one; but the principles involved are far-reaching. The question is, whether such a measure would make it possible for the law to look more closely, than under the present system, at the individual case, as is the custom in the Courts of Equity; also, whether, by this means, the individual could be forced to make reparation to the best of his ability for specified wrongdoing or for the abuse of certain rights. This is offered solely as a subject worthy of close examination. The League hopes to collect valuable Catholic opinion on the suggestion, and to have its details and general feasibility debated.

In view of this first real step of the League in the path it has marked out for itself, we again commend the movement to the consideration and support of all Catholics really concerned about the coming of the "eunomic" kingdom upon earth.

We have become so accustomed to thinking of foreign missions as being served only by European or American priests and Sisters that it affects us with a sort of surprise to read of the activities of native clergy and religious. Half a century ago there was founded in the Madura Mission (Southern India) a Congregation of native nuns, under the name and protection of Our Lady of Seven Dolors. Progress at first was slow, as was natural in a country where young girls had no other ideal than the married life, in which they used to engage at the age of from twelve to fifteen years. Still, there was progress; and the Congregation numbers at present some one hundred and fifty nuns, while there are no fewer

than thirty novices. Convents and schools have been gradually founded in various places, and the Congregation now conducts one normal school, four secondary, and sixteen primary schools, in which it educates 1500 children. "The figures are consoling," says the *Good Work*, "when it is remembered that in Southern India only seven girls in a hundred receive any kind of education."

A new periodical, purporting to be "a journal of the faith, work, and thought of Christendom," has made its appearance under the title the *Constructive Quarterly*, and is published in New York and London. Its general editor is Mr. Silas McBee, while its editorial board is made up of churchmen and laymen in America, Great Britain, Germany, Russia, and India. It has in addition, as writers and co-operators, "committees of the Roman Catholic Church in America, Great Britain, and the Continent." The initial number (for March) contains contributions from three such writers: Father Wynne, S. J. ("The Reforms of Pius X."), Wilfrid Ward ("Union among Christians"), and M. Georges Goyau ("The Church of France To-Day"). Some idea of the purpose to be served by this new quarterly may be gathered from the following extract from Mr. Ward's article:

The underlying principle of this quarterly, as I understand it, is that many old controversies are not now actual or urgent, as they once were. For Catholics, a new foe is more dangerous than Protestantism; for Protestants, the same new foe is more dangerous than Catholicism. A new motive for combination exists which is likely to make the positive and true side of the tenets of each body more prominent; while the negative and aggressive side is likely to grow less, and even to disappear in some cases, if all parties endeavor to bring this consummation about. The ideal aim is that every group of Christians should preserve its *esprit de corps*, but should at the same time refrain from mutual hostility. And though, like all ideals, this may not be completely realized, some approximation may be made toward its realization. When a Catholic and a Calvinist have been fighting on the same side for a time

in the battle against unfaith, and have come to look at each other with friendly and understanding eyes, to be desirous each of finding in his fellow-Christian's creed strong points telling for union, and not weak points for attack, the Calvinist discovers that a good deal which he has been in the habit of regarding as his irreconcilable quarrel with Rome on Grace and Predestination is tolerated in the Catholic Church, and is found in the doctrine of St. Augustine and even in that of St. Thomas Aquinas. Protests against formalism and externalism in religion which inspired the zeal of Luther against Rome will be found to have inspired equally his arch-enemy, St. Ignatius Loyola, in fashioning the famous "Spiritual Exercises."

This periodical of all Christian religions is avowedly an experiment, and it would be idle to speculate on the probabilities of its success or failure. It has our very best wishes.

In 1524 Bishop Jon Arason ascended the episcopal throne of Holan, one of the two Catholic Sees of Iceland. Not long afterward the errors of Luther began to make headway in the southern part of the island. Bishop Arason and the inhabitants of the Northland were not slow to recognize the danger that threatened their faith and their liberty from the South. They were determined to resist to the utmost. In 1547 the Bishop wrote to the Emperor Charles V. and to Pope Paul III. The Sovereign Pontiff sent him in reply an Apostolical Brief, in which he commended the Bishop's courage and zeal in defence of the Faith. On receipt of this writing, Arason called a meeting of his clergy and solemnly declared that he was prepared to die rather than prove unfaithful to the Holy See.

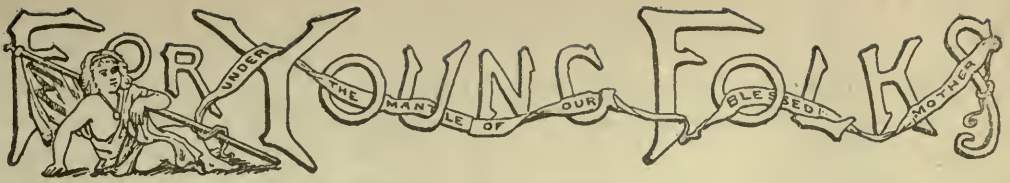
He kept his promise. Being not only a churchman, but also a statesman and warrior, he quickly succeeded in organizing a strong military force to oppose the armed invasion from the South. For some time they were successful, but eventually the Bishop was betrayed into the hands of his enemies by a certain Dadi. He was taken to Skalholt and,

without even the formality of a trial, beheaded November 7, 1550. On his way to execution he met the traitor and publicly forgave him. He died with the same heroism that had ever distinguished him in life.

Icelanders revere the memory of this last Catholic bishop of their country as that of a great poet and patriot, as well as a martyred prelate. A monument to perpetuate his fame—the gift of a Protestant Scotchwoman, by the way—has recently been erected at Skalholt. It is of rough Icelandic basalt and bears the inscription: "Here Bishop Jon Arason gave his life for his faith and his fatherland, Nov. 7, 1550."

The Rev. H. S. Woollcombe, who went to Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa on behalf of the Church of England Men's Society, has just published an account of his travels ("Beneath the Southern Cross"). He declares that what he taught was as nothing to what he learned. Mr. Woollcombe is frank as well as modest,—unlike too many sectarian missionaries in foreign lands. He thinks, and is not afraid to say so, that the chief fault of the Church of England in the Colonies seems to be that it is "extraordinarily unadaptable." Going abroad in this case has not had the effect of confirming native predispositions and prejudices.

At a recent meeting held in a French city for the purpose of protesting against the expulsion of the Little Sisters of the Assumption, there were a number of speakers. The most effective as well as the tersest of them all was a laborer who said: "Some months ago I had an attack of typhoid fever. My wife contracted the malady, too, as did my two children. One of the Little Sisters came to our home and nursed us for weeks. We are all well now, but the Little Sister is dead. I have nothing more to say."



A Good-Night Prayer.

BY HAROLD MOTLEY.

GOOD-NIGHT, dear Lord! The day has been so long

That I am weary playing with my toys,
And mother says it's time I was asleep

Like all Your other little girls and boys.
Good-night! But ere my sleepy eyes have closed
Send from Your golden throne an angel bright,
To keep me safe through the long hours of sleep—

Good-night, dear Lord!—good-night!

Good-night! And when the shining morn shall break

I'll know that You are standing in the way,
Ready to take my hand and lead me on
Through the long hours of another day.

I've kept my good-night thought for You, dear Lord!

Bless me and fill my heart with joy and light.
Until white morning lights the world again,

Good-night, dear Lord!—good-night!

White Eagle.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN, AUTHOR OF
"BILLY-BOY," ETC.

XIV.—A TRIP TO SAN MIGUEL.

HE two partners went home together through the sunset woods,—Pappy a little dull and silent and tired after his climb, but Don in full boyish chatter. Lone Jack, who had been off on one of his trips for the past two weeks, had told Batty he would be up at the camp to-night, with a wild turkey for supper. Old Grizzle had struck a hollow tree full of honey this morning, and was bragging over his find as if it were a gold mine. To-morrow Don was to take to the mission the ten pounds of wax Bonita had saved and cleaned, for

old Felipe to mould into altar candles. For neither Padre Francisco nor Felipe would have the doubtful unholy things sold in stores. They must know whence came the oil and tapers that were to burn before the good God.

"Once," continued Don, who was well up on mission history, "there were a hundred trees that gave oil for the lamps. The wax was stored in yellow cakes that lasted from one Candlemas Day until the next. Two thousand Indians came from the forests and fields to kneel at the mission altar. Ah, those were great days at San Pedro, of which the very old people only could tell!"

And Don's companion, who had never given thought to such things, listened wonderingly as his little partner told him how the good Padres had ruled the valley and the mountain, filling the land with peace and plenty, and gathering the wild children of plain and forest like lambs into their fold.

Ah, Pappy was learning much at San Pedro that Mr. Stephen Carruther, wise and great as he was, had never known! He was in a world where all the bank-notes he had in the buckskin pouch about his waist were useless to him, where potpie and apple pudding cost nothing, where board bills were scorned.

"What's the good of being rich, anyhow, Pappy?" His grandson's question was echoing and re-echoing in Mr. Stephen Carruther's ears. What's the good of being rich, when one is only a mean old man, with a heart of stone, astray on heights where millions do not count?

And Pappy, whose card would have gained him welcome admission to the grandest and greatest houses in the land, realized that, with his present reputation, he would be promptly kicked out of camp if he ventured to mention his name. Big

Seth was forbearing, but he would not stand fooling from any millionaire or magnate on earth.

The "heart of stone" was very heavy in Pappy's breast this evening; and when he reached the camp, which was growing dim in the twilight shadows, he told Don he was tired, did not care for any supper, and would go to bed.

But it was a festive evening for Don. Lone Jack had arrived with Pup. The wild turkey was simmering over the kitchen fire. Old Grizzle had six jars of honey strained into amber clearness from his new-found tree. Batty Bob had traded a dozen rabbit skins for various supplies of good things at Joel Pratt's store. There was a fine spread under the flaring light of the mess room that night; and Bonita's supper, as Seth declared, was "good enough for a king."

And when Pappy's absence was commented on, Lone Jack heard all about the old stranger at the camp and his curious ways.

"Took in another loony?" he asked dryly.

"Oh, no, Jack,—no indeed!" said Don quickly. "Pappy isn't loony a bit. I don't suppose he can find any up here, but one of my father's books has a whole lot in it about the rock he is looking for,—phosphate rock."

"Phosphate rock!" echoed Jack, in a changed tone. "So that is what the old codger is prospecting for? Maybe he isn't so dippy as we think. There was a young chap along here two years ago, tenting out for his health, that told me the ridge of San Miguel was full of that stuff. He had been to some big college, and he knew how it looked."

"San Miguel?" said Don. "That's a long way from here; isn't it, Jack?"

"Almost fifteen miles as the crow flies," was the answer.

"I don't believe Pappy could get that far," said Don,—“not unless we stopped somewhere on the road. But I'll tell him about it to-morrow morning, and maybe he will want to go."

"If the old codger could sit a horse, you might ride," put in Seth. "There's my Nick and your Tony eating their heads off in the corral. If there is anything in these rocks worth striking, I say go for it sure!"

And Pappy said so too, when Don made the proposal next morning. He "could sit a horse," he declared, thinking of the fine-blooded bay 'eating its head off' in the stable more than two thousand miles away. He would like to go to San Miguel and look around.

So it was settled; and Don brought out Nick, that was big and bony like his master, and helped Pappy into the Mexican saddle, where he sat quite straight and easy, to his young partner's surprise. Then Don jumped up on Tony's bare back, and they started off over the sunlit heights on their quest.

Not that Pappy cared in the least to find phosphate rock. He was striking for something worth much more than all the hidden treasures of the mountains,—striking for love and trust and fearless truth and unselfish tenderness,—for all those precious things which are denied to 'mean old men with hearts of stone,' and which all the Carruthers' millions could not buy. He must strike for them, win them,—not as the rich, hard-hearted old grandfather, from whom Don and all his loyal friends would turn in doubt and distrust, but as poor old Pappy Carr, the "hanger-on" of Seth's camp.

"You ride real well, Pappy," said Don, approvingly; "and you needn't be afraid of Nick. He hasn't any tricks. Now, Tony here is full of them. You never know what he is going to do next. You see, he never was broken right."

"He wasn't?" said Pappy, anxiously surveying the lithe young figure seated so carelessly on Tony's bare back. "Then you ought not to ride him like that, sonny. It isn't safe."

"Oh, he can't hurt *me*! He has tried it," laughed Don. "I know a trick or two myself when he begins to buck. But

I wouldn't put *you* on him for the world. He won't stand a saddle or anything else. That's the reason I've given you the saddlebags. Bonita has packed up a real good lunch for us—cold turkey and biscuits and a jar of honey,—so we can make a day of it—and a night too, if we like. Seth said if there was any chance of your finding what you're looking for, you ought to have a fair show; and we'll have a good time, anyway. It's a fine day for a ride, and I've never been to San Miguel."

"Then—then, you don't know the road?" asked Pappy, as Tony and his rider led down a rocky descent, that Nick followed with some difficulty.

"Oh, there isn't any road!" replied Don, cheerfully. "But Jack told me how to get there.—Easy now, Tony! No tricks! Take it slow!—Pappy, it's pretty steep just here."

It was, indeed, so steep that Pappy's blood chilled with fear,—not for himself, for Nick was steady and sure-footed as a mule; but for the young partner whom he had brought on this perilous way. For Tony was frisking down the rocky heights as recklessly as a mountain goat,—sidling, backing, prancing like the unbroken colt he was, in a fashion that made Mr. Stephen Carruther's "heart of stone" jump with grandfatherly fear.

"Look out,—great guns, boy, look out!" he cried. "You'll break your neck."

But there was no need of alarm. Frisk and prance as Tony might, his rider sat as if he and the fiery little mustang were one of the Centaurs of ancient fable. Light, graceful, fearless, Don held his place, swinging as easily to all Tony's capers as a bird sways on a wind-tossed bough, until, the rocky descent safely passed, Tony gave up his antics and broke into a quiet trot at Nick's side.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Pappy, wiping his brow. "I thought you were gone, boy! You ought not to ride such a little beast. You *must* not!" continued Pappy, his voice taking a strange tone of

command. "I'll buy you another one to-morrow."

"O Pappy, no, you couldn't buy me another! They cost more—a lot more than you can spare, I know. Besides, I don't want any but Tony," said Don, gently stroking his little mustang's head. "I don't mind his tricks. He knows he can't throw me,—don't you, Tony?"

Tony whinnied and tossed his shaggy mane.

They were now down on safe ground, where Tony seemed to feel there was no fun in circus capers. San Pedro and San Miguel lifted their snow-cowled heads on either side of the pass that wound with many a turn and bend between the mountains. Here and there, where the melting snow trickled down in little streams, there were patches of green; and the vines that veiled the sharp, jagged rocks were already in bud.

It was very still. The only sounds that broke the silence were the murmur of the brooklets, the twitter of the mating birds, the frightened scurry of a hare or rabbit through the dry undergrowth. Even Nick and Tony seemed to tread noiselessly over the last year's leaves. Pappy, who had travelled such busy crowded ways, felt strangely out of place in this dim, silent underworld. He was almost relieved when a boyish shout broke the silence, and Dick Pratt, mounted on his long-legged Scip, appeared around the bend of the pass.

"Halloo!" he called, staring at the two partners. "What are you doing down here, Injun?"

There was a taunt in the tone that made Pappy start; but Don rode on, as if he had not heard.

"Grouchy yet?" asked Dick, with an unpleasant grin. "Pooh! What's the good? A fight is a fight, and that's the end of it. And you did me up sure. I was in sticking-plaster for three days after that bout of ours."

"I'm sorry," said Don, gravely.

"Better change your mind about trading ponies," continued Dick, who had his

own reasons for trying to resume friendly relations.

"No," rejoined Don, "I don't want to change. Tony suits me all right; and you couldn't ride him, anyhow."

"Why couldn't I?" asked Dick.

"Because he wouldn't let you," was the answer.

"I couldn't ride a little rat-tailed thing like that?" said Dick, gazing scornfully at Tony, who was munching a budding bough in deceptive quiet as the two young riders held parley in the narrow trail. "Bet you a quarter I could!"

"Take him up, sonny," said Pappy, the olden twinkle flashing back into his sunken eyes.

"No," replied Don. "I haven't any quarter."

"I'll put up the money," went on Pappy, who had taken a deep dislike to Master Dick's manner and speech.

"What you got to do with it, you old duffer?" said Dick, angrily.

"Just standing by this partner of mine against your bluff. I've got a dollar to spare this morning. Can you match it?"

"No," said Dick, staring curiously at the keen-eyed old speaker.

"It's yours if you'll ride Tony down to the turn," persisted Pappy, pointing to a bend some fifty feet distant.

"Show me your dollar," said Dick, suspiciously.

Pappy thrust his hand under his belt and brought out not one dollar but such a handful as made Dick's greedy eyes stretch.

(To be continued.)

Florida.

Our forefathers used to call Palm Sunday *Pascha Floridum*, because the Feast of the Pasch (Easter) was only eight days off, — in bud, so to speak. It was in allusion to this name that the Spaniards, having discovered Florida on Palm Sunday (1513), called it by that name.

Blessing the World.

Little Mabel, though her parents were non-Catholics, was brought up by a devout Catholic nurse — a Miss Ryan, — who attended High Mass and Benediction every Sunday. Rather than have the bother of caring for the child on Sunday, Mabel's parents permitted her to go to church with her nurse, and during the first years of her childhood she never missed a Sunday or holyday.

It was with intense childish interest that Mabel watched the different ceremonies of the Church. She liked the deep red vestments, which her nurse told her were worn on the feasts of martyrs who had shed their blood for Christ; she liked also the heavy gold vestments, which seemed to light up the whole sanctuary, and which she had been told were used on great feasts, like Christmas and Easter. But perhaps what attracted her most was the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, when the priest held up the golden monstrance and the light of the numerous candles reflecting from it made it seem like the bright eye of God looking down upon the people. Mabel had been told time and again what it meant — that it was God's blessing given to His children on earth.

Miss Ryan had been gone away for over two years, and Mabel was now nearly ten. She had not been to church for a long time and seemed to have forgotten all about the ceremonies that used to delight her so much. But one day as she stood on the seashore holding her mother's hand, she turned suddenly to the West where the setting sun, a great red disk, flamed in the sky; and as if by instinct she quickly dropped upon her knees and bowed her head. "What is it?" said her mother, who feared something had happened to the child. "It is the Benediction," Mabel whispered faintly. "God is blessing the world. Kneel down, mother, and say a prayer."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A complete collection, in a single volume, of the poems of Mrs. Meynell is announced for publication this month. Numerous poems not hitherto put into book form will be included in the collection.

—M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin, publish, in the form of a pamphlet of thirty pages, "St. Thomas Aquinas: The Angelic Doctor, Patron of Catholic Colleges and Schools,"—an admirable panegyric by Michael M. O'Kane, O. P.

—"Eugenics," the excellent lecture delivered in the Catholic Summer School Extension Course, Philadelphia, a few months ago by Laurence F. Flick, M. D., has been brought out in pamphlet form, with a foreword from the Rev. F. P. Siegfried, by Mr. John J. McVey. A useful and timely publication.

—From the Manhattanville Press, New York, comes a slender octavo of 77 pages—"Elements of Logic," by his Eminence Cardinal Mercier. This is the translation, by Ewan MacPherson, of the third edition of an excellent text-book. The competency of the scholarly prelate of Mechlin guarantees the availability of the book for its destined purpose; and the translator is to be congratulated on having done notably well a task of no little difficulty.

—From the Central Bureau of the Roman Catholic Central Verein we have received, in penny leaflet form, the text, in English and German, of Cardinal O'Connell's remarkable Pastoral on the "Relations between Employers and Employed," from which we quoted liberally on its first issue. From the same Bureau comes also a "List of References" for the study of the Social Question. It includes a number of books and pamphlets of highest importance and timeliness. The address of the Bureau is 307 Temple Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

—A text-book, for grammar schools, that is likely to attain considerable popularity is "A History of the United States," by Reuben Gold Thwaites, LL. D., and Calvin Noyes Kendall, Litt. D. (Houghton Mifflin & Co.) A well printed, copiously illustrated, and stoutly bound volume of some 540 pages, it possesses many features that will recommend it to school principals, teachers, pupils, and even the general reader. By subordinating facts and events of lesser importance, the authors have been able to emphasize the explorations of Columbus, the Revolution, the Westward movement of our population, the division and rehabilitation of the Union, and the latter day industrial

development of the nation. The narrative is brought down to 1911, and a supplementary chapter deals succinctly with the country's progress, during the past half century. In a fairly thorough examination of the work, we have met with nothing to which the Catholic reader can take serious objection.

—Dr. August C. Breig was well inspired in preparing "Papal Program of Social Reform: An Analysis," which is issued, as a brochure of seventy pages, by the Diedrich-Schaeffer Co., Milwaukee. The work contains the text of Leo XIII.'s Encyclical "On the Condition of the Working Classes," and of Pius X.'s Apostolic Letter on "Catholic Social Action." Both documents have been subjected to an analytic division, and provided with appropriate titles and headings distinctly useful for purposes of either study or exposition.

—A little book of faultless apologetics is the Rev. Thomas J. Gerrard's "The Cult of Mary," published by R. & T. Washbourne, and for sale in the United States by Benziger Brothers. The author hunts the modern errors regarding "Mariolatry" to their source, and sets forth the Catholic cult as proceeding directly from the fundamental doctrine of the Incarnation. The opening chapter, on "So-Called Pagan Madonnas," has an interest proportionate to its freshness. In the concluding chapter Father Gerrard makes pertinent observations on the tendency of speaking or writing about the Mother of God in exaggerated terms. A useful bibliography concludes this eminently satisfactory little work, which deserves a wide sale.

—The correspondent of the London *Tablet* at the University of Cambridge makes mention of a recent visit from Mr. Rothay Reynolds (Pembroke), to whom our readers are indebted for a charming Christmas story and a more recent poetical contribution of unusual merit:

We expected great things from the author of "My Year in Russia," and were not disappointed. In place of the paper, which he had not written, he delighted us with a talk—if that word can describe something intermediate between an informal monologue and a set speech. Out of his evident fulness of information he selected what he considered of chief interest to us, and spoke entertainingly about the social and religious aspects of the Russians. Lofty as are their ideals, they cling, he told us, to formalism, and to a large extent fail in their lives to harmonize the ideal and the real. As a Catholic, he was deeply impressed with the truth that the Russian Church was indeed a branch cut off and withering.

Of Baroness Elizabeth von Hügel, mother of our lamented contributor, Pauline von Hügel, author of "A Royal Son and Mother," for whom

we bespoke the prayers of our readers last month, the same correspondent says: "With her have passed away a striking personality and a mind crowded with many remarkable reminiscences of the past. She died at an advanced age, after a prolonged illness, which her courageous character enabled her to bear unflinchingly. She was the daughter of General Farquharson and niece of General Sir James Outram, of both of whom she had countless recollections; the soldier's spirit was strong within her." But the Christian spirit was much more so. The death, some years ago, of the daughter to whom she was so deeply attached, and her great physical pains, rendered her old age a prolonged martyrdom.

—The Devin-Adair Co. has already made a name for itself, in the short space of a year, by the care which it gives to its books; but in the booklet on St. Ursula, a selection from John Ruskin, this firm has surpassed itself. Intended as a gift book for special occasions, the binding, paper, type, and printing will charm the lover of beautiful books. Ruskin's story of St. Ursula, and his description of the painting by Carpaccio (for frontispiece there is a reproduction of it), are as simple and tender as Ruskin could be at times. In spite of the preface, one believes that Ruskin is still very widely read. The great interpreter of life and art would surely be pleased with this fair volume.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Cult of Mary." Rev. Thomas Gerrard. 60 cts.
- "Elements of Logic." Cardinal Mercier. 60 cts., net.
- "Papal Program of Social Reform: An Analysis." Dr. August Breig. 25 cts.
- "St. Ursula." John Ruskin. \$1.50.
- "The Ordinary of the Mass, the Food of Prayer." Rt. Rev. J. O. Smith, O. S. B. \$1.35, net.
- "Their Choice." Henrietta Dana Skinner. \$1.
- "Marriage, Divorce and Morality." Rev. Henry Day, S. J. 50 cts.

- "New Ireland." Dionne Desmond. \$1.
- "In God's Nursery." C. C. Martindale, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman." Alfred Baker. F. J. I. \$1.
- "The Road Beyond the Town." Michael Earls, S. J. \$1.25.
- "Columbanus the Celt." Walter Leahy. \$1.50.
- "The Theory of Evolution in the Light of Facts." Karl Frank, S. J. \$1.50.
- "Good Friday to Easter." Rev. Robert Kane, S. J. 90 cts., net.
- "The Stock Exchange from Within." William C. Van Antwerp. \$1.50.
- "Quotations from Irish and Irish-American Authors." Elizabeth Murrin. \$1.
- "Facts and Theories." Sir Bertram Windle. 45 cts.
- "Notes on the New Rubrics." Rev. Arthur Hetherington. 60 cts.
- "Grace." Rev. Heinrich Hansjakob. 50 cts.
- "Life, Science and Art." Ernest Hello. 50 cts., net.
- "Polemic Chat." Rt. Rev. Edmund M. Dunne. Cloth, 50 cts.; paper, 25 cts.
- "Our Lady in the Church, and Other Essays." M. Nesbitt. \$1.60.
- "Come Rack! Come Rope!" Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.46.
- "The Catechist's Manual." Brothers of the Christian Schools. 85 cts.
- "Translation of the 'Summa Theologica' of St. Thomas Aquinas." Part I. Second and Third Numbers. \$2, each, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Monsignor Hobson, of the diocese of Plymouth; and Rt. Rev. Monsignor O'Callahan, archdiocese of Boston.

Sisters M. Ignatius (Daun) and Sister M. Euphemia (McConvery), of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. George Banks, Mrs. Catherine Battle, Mr. Andrew Evans, Mrs. Mary Maloney, Mr. E. L. Appel, Mrs. J. O'Hearn, Mr. Frederick Haug, Mrs. Elizabeth Menke, Mrs. Mary Murray, Mr. John T. O'Connor, Mrs. Mary Dana, Mr. Clement Ranchhorst, Mrs. Elizabeth Ryan, Mrs. Mary Sinnott, Mr. William Rac, Mr. Thomas Murphy, Mr. John Wieser, Mrs. — Lynch, Mr. Albert Zuzak, and Mr. Peter Yung.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



—HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Prayer of St. John Damascene.

Malta.

FROM THE GREEK, BY THE REV. W. H. KENT, O. S. C.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

MOTHER of God and Queen of love!

Before thy shrine I pray;

See, for the holy images

My hand is hewn away!

Thou knowest why the crafty foe

Rejoices in my pain;

Then come, my Queen, and tarry not,

But make me whole again.

The Lord's Right Hand took flesh in thee,

To save us in our need;

And oft He worketh deeds of might,

Where thy sweet voice doth plead.

So may His grace, at thy pure prayer,

Make whole this hand of mine,

That I henceforth may use it well

To tell His power and thine;—

To tell thy praise in tuneful hymns,

Thou Mother of my Lord;

To labor for the cause of truth,

And make thy Son adored.

Yes, thou wilt help me, Mother mine!

Thy pleading will avail;

For thou art God's own Mother, and

Thy prayer shall never fail.



THE more we sink into the infirmities of age, the nearer we are to immortal youth. All people must be young in the other world. That state is an eternal spring, ever fresh and flourishing. To call the transition dying is an abuse of language. It is the beginning of life.

—Jeremy Collier.



I.

THE Eucharistic Congress of the present year—the twenty-fourth of the series—meets amid very interesting and appropriate surroundings. Malta has a history linked with great Catholic memories, and its people are Catholics who are full of earnest zeal for their religion. Their patron saints are St. Paul, who was shipwrecked on their shores during his voyage to Italy; and St. John, whose "Knights Hospitallers" were for three centuries the rulers of the island.

Midway between the shores of Tunisia and Sicily lies the group of islands of which Malta is the largest. They are, geologists tell us, the remaining fragments of a broad isthmus that in far-off ages linked Africa with Europe. Though generally reckoned a European island, Malta is in reality an outlying bit of Africa. It has also a long-standing connection with Asia. Its inhabitants before the dawn of history were probably of the now unknown race that erected the rude stone monuments found in Malta and Gozo; but the first people known to history, who occupied the group, were the same enterprising Phœnician traders and colonists who founded Carthage on the neighboring shores of Africa. The language still spoken in the island is derived from the old Phœnician speech, and is nearly

related to the modern Arabic. The Maltese are really Europeanized Orientals. Buildings, names of places, language, customs, are full of reminders of the East.

During the five centuries before the Christian era the island had many different races to rule it, all of whom have left their traces in its antiquities. Now its masters were Phœnician and Carthaginian traders, now Greeks from the Hellenic colonies in Sicily. During the Punic Wars, now the Carthaginians, now the Romans held it; and at the close of the struggle it passed definitely to the conquerors.

The shipwreck of St. Paul was the great event of the Roman period in Maltese history. Much learning has been expended upon an old controversy as to where the ship that bore the Apostle was wrecked. Other islands—notably Meleda, in the Adriatic—claimed the honor of his involuntary visit. But the question has long been settled in favor of the Maltese tradition. The local conditions at St. Paul's Bay on the north coast fit the details in the Acts of the Apostles with most remarkable accuracy. On a rocky islet at the entrance of the bay stands a great statue of the saint; and a square watch-tower and a little church on the shore mark the spot where the shipwrecked passengers and crew bivouacked. There took place the miracle of the viper, after which, according to local tradition, St. Paul banished all noxious snakes from Malta. The same tradition says that the Apostle converted, amongst others, Publius, the son of the Roman Governor, and made him the first bishop of the island. The cathedral of the old capital, Città Vecchia (once known by the Eastern name of Medina—i.e., "the city"), is said to stand on the site of his house. St. Paul is the oldest patron of the island. The devotion to St. John came with the Knights.

In the later days of the Roman Empire, when it was divided between two Emperors, Malta was part of the Eastern Empire. Its dependence on Constanti-

nople came to an end in the ninth century, when it was conquered by the Arabs, who had already overrun all Northern Africa. They held it for two centuries. The *faldetta*, the curious, cowl-like headdress of the Maltese women, is supposed to date from this period of Arab rule, which is said to have also been a time of oppression and persecution for the Maltese Christians. Rescue came in the year 1090, when Robert Guiscard, the Norman ruler of Sicily, drove the Moslem from Malta and Gozo. The liberation of Malta by the Norman crusaders is still one of the annual festivals of the island.

Then for more than four centuries Malta had various Christian suzerains. Its fate was generally attached to that of Sicily; and with the greater island it passed under the rule of Norman Princes, German emperors, and Angevin or Spanish kings of Naples and Sicily. But all the while it had a kind of Home Rule of its own. There was a "Council of the People," which met a Città Vecchia, and appointed officials to discharge the duties of local government. No great changes disturbed the life of the island, and much of its code of laws dates from this period. Many of the noble families derive their titles from kings and emperors of those mediæval centuries, and much of the property belonging to the Church is held under grants dating from the same period.

The great days of Malta began in the year 1530, when the Emperor Charles V. gave the island to the Knights Hospitalers of St. John of Jerusalem, who were to make it world-famous by their heroism. The Order had been founded during the Crusades, first of all with the object of maintaining hospitals for poor pilgrims in the Holy Land. Later it assumed its military character, and became a brotherhood of soldier monks. When the last of the Crusaders withdrew from Palestine, the Knights of St. John established themselves in the island of Rhodes. Driven from that place by the fleets and armies of the Ottomans, they were looking for

some other stronghold to serve as the base of their operations in the Mediterranean, when the great Emperor offered them the sovereignty of Malta.

The delegates sent by the Grand Master, De L'Isle Adam, to examine the island brought back a somewhat discouraging report. Gozo was said to be more fertile, but without the fine harbors of the larger island. It was its capacity for being turned into a formidable naval base that decided the Knights to accept the Emperor's offer of Malta. The islanders welcomed them as powerful protectors, exacting first as the condition of their loyalty that their ancient privileges should be respected. The Order held Malta for two centuries and a half, and transformed the island.

II.

When De L'Isle Adam came with his Knights to Malta in 1530, Medina, or Città Vecchia, was the only city on the island. On the eastern shore of the great harbor, between two of its creeks, there was the fishing village known as the Borgo. On the point between the creeks was an old fort, called Fort Sant' Angelo, originally constructed by the Arabs. The Normans had built within its walls a small chapel, which was used as the first church of the Order in Malta. The Grand Master erected walls round the Borgo, and built a new fort (Fort St. Elmo) at the harbor mouth on the opposite side from the Borgo. It was placed on the point between the openings of the Grand Harbor, and the deep bay now known as the Quarantine Harbor. In one of the creeks a dockyard was installed for building, fitting, and repairing the war galleys of the Knights. This was the beginning of the process by which Malta developed into one of the greatest naval fortresses of the world.

Under the successors of De L'Isle Adam (who died in 1534), the city began to extend to other parts of the shores of the Great Harbor. New fortifications were erected, and each of the *langues* (racial

divisions of the Order) built its own palace, or headquarters, known as its *auberge*, or hostel. New churches were erected, and, faithful to their first object, a great hospital was founded. Here the Knights personally served "their masters the poor," to use the edifying words of an early statute of the Hospitallers. The great hospital built by the Knights is now the chief military hospital of modern Malta, and it contains what is said to be the largest hospital ward in the world.

But these charitable works were the least part of the Order's activity. At their profession, besides the three usual vows of religion, they took a fourth—to wage war with the enemies of Christendom. Each summer their squadrons of war galleys swept the Mediterranean, convoying peaceful traders and fighting fierce battles with Turkish and Algerine corsairs. If any Christian power was at war with the Sultan of Turkey, the Knights were its allies. They had been more than thirty years at Malta when news came from Constantinople that the great Sultan, Soliman the Magnificent, was preparing a huge fleet and army for the conquest of the island fortress.

The Grand Master was then a Knight of the French *langue*, Jean Parisot de la Valette. As a young soldier he had taken part in the defence of Rhodes. He had won a high reputation as a fighting sailor in many daring raids in the Mediterranean. Once he had been unfortunate enough to be taken prisoner by the Turks, but had been ransomed after a short captivity in one of the fortresses by the Dardanelles. On the warning news from Constantinople, he collected all the forces he could muster, laid in a large supply of ammunition and provisions, armed the Maltese, and hurriedly strengthened the fortifications. These preparations were still in progress when early on the morning of May 18, 1565, the guns of the seaward forts signalled that the Turkish armada was in sight.

The Sultan had sent 130 galleys and 50 transports conveying an army of

40,000 men, under the command of two of his fighting Pashas, Mustapha and Dragut. It would be too long to tell the whole story of the siege, which lasted for five months, during which every resource of attack and defence was used by Turk and Christian. The first efforts of the Pashas were directed against the Fort of St. Elmo, standing on the point between the two harbors and commanding the entrances of both. Their object was, by reducing St. Elmo, to open the western or Quarantine Harbor for their fleet. They landed on its farther shores, and, marching round the end of it, took possession of the long promontory on which the city of Valetta now stands. It was then a bare ridge ending at the fort. For five weeks St. Elmo made a desperate defence against the Turkish siege batteries and repeated assaults of their infantry. 1500 of the Knights and their men-at-arms fell in the defence. When at last the fort was stormed, no quarter was given by the victors. Dragut was killed in the attack. Mustapha, who took over the command, beheaded the bodies of the dead Knights, and fixed their heads on a row of spears on the shattered ramparts of St. Elmo. He fastened the headless bodies on crosses, which he set afloat in the Grand Harbor, in the hope of thus terrifying the garrison of the Borgo, and the forts of St. Michael and St. Angelo on its eastern shore.

St. Elmo having fallen, the Turkish galleys entered the eastern harbor; and several of them were dragged by main force across the isthmus at the landward end of the ridge between it and the Grand Harbor, and launched on its waters, to assist in pressing the attack of the remaining works. Here it was that the Maltese performed the deeds of desperate daring that their descendants still proudly remember. To prevent the galleys coming too near the works, La Valette sent Maltese divers to erect stockades in the bed of the harbor. When he discovered this obstacle, Mustapha tried to destroy

it by sending a party of swimmers with axes to hack away the beams. They were engaged in this work when they were attacked and driven off by the Maltese, who also took a prominent part in the defence of the works on the land side of the Borgo.

The Grand Master had sent to Sicily for help, but it was long in coming. The first sign of rescue was given soon after the fall of St. Elmo, when a number of Christian volunteers, under Don Juan de Cardona, landed on the island and made their way by night into the Borgo through the Turkish lines. Amongst them were two Englishmen — Edward Stanley and John Smith. The only other Englishman of whom we hear during the siege was a Knight of St. John, Sir Oliver Starkey, the Grand Master's secretary. The English houses of the Order had all been suppressed many years before. But even the Protestant Queen Elisabeth recognized that the Knights were fighting for the cause of all Christendom; and during the siege, by her orders, prayers were offered in all the parish churches of England for the success of La Valette and his comrades.

Months went by, and Malta, blockaded by sea and land, bombarded by numerous batteries, and attacked again and again by the Turkish infantry, was in extremities; food and ammunition were running short; the losses by wounds and illness were reducing the garrison to a mere handful. Still they fought on; and at last, on the feast of Our Lady's Nativity, help arrived. Early in the day the fire of the Turkish batteries ceased. Then it was seen that part of the hostile fleet was standing out to sea, while the other ships were embarking men and guns. The garrison were too exhausted to interfere with these operations. By sunset the last of the Turkish ships sailed away. Mustapha had received warning of the approach of a great Spanish relieving force. At dawn next day the sails of the fleet commanded by the Viceroy of Sicily whitened the northern horizon;

and early in the morning the rescuing armada, laden with supplies and stores, was crowding the great harbor.

The Turks had left their heavy guns in their trenches, and had buried 25,000 of their dead behind their lines. Less than 15,000 returned to Turkey. All Europe rejoiced in the victory of the Knights, which was the first great blow the Turkish power had received. The Borgo was given the new name of *Vittoriosa* ("the victorious city") in honor of the event; and a new quarter known as Valetta, in honor of the Grand Master, was laid out on the promontory between the two harbors. The anniversary of the raising of the great siege is still kept as a national festival by the Maltese.

The losses the Order had suffered in the siege were quickly repaired. There was a rush of candidates for admission to its ranks from all the Catholic nations. Princes and nobles eagerly contributed to the funds for the building of Valetta and the fortification of the two harbors. Six years later, at the great battle of Lepanto (October 7, 1571), the galleys of the Knights of Malta formed a portion of the victorious Christian armada that finally crushed the naval power of the Turk.

After Lepanto, as the Turkish power declined, there was less and less call for the heroic enterprises of the Knights. In the eighteenth century, the Order was a wealthy body that still maintained fleets of galleys, and was continually adding to the fortifications of Malta, but did little war service beyond an occasional brush with Algerine pirates. The cruises of its fleets were hardly little more than yachting excursions in the Mediterranean. There came a partial decay of its old life, and there were repeated quarrels with the Maltese people, whose privileges were more and more disregarded by the chiefs of the Order. Then came the downfall. On June 6, 1798, the Republican fleet of France, under Admiral Brueys, lay off the seaward forts, with the "Army of the East" on board, commanded by General Bonaparte. A

message was sent ashore asking for free entrance for the fleet to the Great Harbor. The Grand Master, Hompesch, replied that it was contrary to treaty rights and the custom of the Order to admit more than four foreign war vessels at a time. Then Bonaparte landed men and guns, and demanded an unconditional surrender. There was a feeble attempt at resistance. A Maltese regiment fired a few shots in defence of one of the gates, but gave way before the Republican bayonets.

When Bonaparte sailed away to Egypt, he left General Vaubois to hold Malta with a French brigade. But the people, rich and poor, noble and commoner, would have nothing to do with the new régime; and a riot on the occasion of the plundering of the Carmelite church developed into an armed insurrection, at the head of which was a fighting priest, Canon Francesco Caruana. The French were driven from Vittoriosa, and shut themselves up behind the fortifications of Valetta. They were soon blockaded on the seaside by some of Nelson's ships, and landward by the insurgents. Nelson landed men and guns to help Caruana, but Vaubois made a strong defence. Neapolitan and Portuguese troops arrived as allies of the Maltese and the British; but it was not till September, 1800, that Vaubois surrendered after a two years' siege.

Caruana had shared all the dangers of the siege without ever being wounded. He died in his bed as Bishop of Malta more than forty years later. As he had led the rising, so he was the chief agent in the popular movement against the restoration of Malta to the Knights, which was one of the conditions of the Treaty of Amiens in 1802. What the Maltese asked for was to pass under British rule, with guarantees that their religious and civil rights would be respected. England still held the island when the war was renewed with France, and her flag has flown there ever since. The Maltese have prospered exceedingly under British rule, and the island is one of the few places

in the British Empire where the Church is almost in the position she held before the Reformation.

Even Protestant writers bear testimony to the religious earnestness of the people. Thus, speaking of the country villages (the casals), Mr. F. W. Ryan, in a recent work on Malta, says:

The principal building in a casal is the parish church, which generally stands upon a fine piazza, and has often been erected by the voluntary labor of the villagers, — men and children carrying the stones from the quarry, and the women mixing the mortar for the masons. In this way was built the church at Musta, the dome of which is said to be the third largest in the world. The church in a casal, therefore, by reason of this personal bond, becomes an object of loving care to the inhabitants. . . . Many of the villagers belong to confraternities, — guilds which meet for prayer or to perform works of charity, or to assist in the numerous processions. . . . Great is the honor to the young man who has been elected by his comrades to carry in these processions the banner of his guild, behind which is also carried a crucifix, and two ornamental silver lanterns mounted on poles. The labors of the day are hardly ever begun in Malta without a visit to some favorite church — generally to attend Mass — on the part of all, from the poorest workman to the busy merchant; and in the evening, parties of workmen may be seen returning home along the country roads, seated upon some friendly stonecutter's low flat cart, reciting their Rosaries.

And here is another glimpse of Maltese life, — an English novelist's description of what is to be seen every day in the famous church of St. John:

The nave was almost empty; but here and there, before a side altar, was a kneeling figure shrouded in a *jaldetta*, her lips moving rapidly with a gentle murmur as the beads of her Rosary slipped through her fingers. Little children ran in and out, the boys pulling their ragged caps off their little rough heads, and all dipping their dirty fingers in the holy-water stoup, as they made their reverence to the altar. The church was evidently the home of the poor and the little ones. Underfoot was the gorgeous mosaic pavement, memorials to grand masters and other great personages among the Knights. On the walls and columns and altars were the trophies of their valor, and the signs of their magnificence, now gone forever. But the Maltese sun still burned fierce and strong; and

the Maltese men and women and little children still passed into the shade of the sanctuary, in the midst of their work and play, to adore, if but for a moment, that supreme but unseen Power, in which they still retain an undiminished faith.

It is among a Catholic population like this that the Eucharistic Congress meets. The Maltese are proud of their long history, their language, and their local customs; but proudest of all of their fidelity to the Faith. They kept it through the centuries of Moslem rule. They shed their blood for it, not only in the historic siege, but in that other siege, less often spoken of by writers on Malta, when they rose in arms against the modern infidel invaders, and won freedom for their island and its Faith. Churches, monasteries, convents, hospitals served by nuns, are more numerous in the little island than in most other regions of similar extent in the whole world; and there are few Maltese families that have not given sons and daughters to the sanctuary and the cloister.

Their island home is a beautiful place. Any one who has been at Malta can never forget the impression of his first sight of a great harbor, with the huge fortifications towering at its entrance and along its shores, the city rising around it with its many church towers, and the brightly painted boats skimming along in the brilliant sunlight over waters so clear that one can see under their keels. There is a picturesque mingling of East and West in the aspect of the people and the place; and, though the English flag flies over the forts and the huge, steel-clad monsters that are anchored under their walls, one feels at every turn in Malta that the Church holds the island as completely as it did in the old days of the Knights. There are the statues of Our Lady and the saints at the street corners, and at every turn some church, through the curtained doorway of which men and women pass in and out all day long.

A FRIEND is a person who helps you to the best in yourself.—*Anon.*

A Far-Away Princess.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XV.

AS Moira turned at Governor Harcourt's words, Lyndon was quite sure that he had never seen anything so beautiful as the picture which she made, standing in her tall, slender grace amid the tall, white, fragrant lilies. It is possible that, had his uncle not been present, he might have uttered aloud the words (which rose in his mind) of one of the pilgrims in that scene of "La Princesse Lointaine," which the lilies had already recalled to Moira's memory, and cried:

A lily thou of grace and slenderness!

But no man of Lyndon's type pays poetical compliments before another and much older man — who in this case would certainly have thought that he had taken leave of his senses, — so he only said, prosaically enough, that he was very happy to meet Miss Fortescue again, and to see her down in his own country, — "where I hope you find some things that please you," he added, glancing at the lilies.

"I find many things that please me," she answered, in her charming voice, with the soft, foreign accent; "but nothing more than this old garden; and in the garden, nothing so much as this nook where the lilies bloom apart, like cloistered virgins. It was a lovely thought to plant them here, in such a way," she said, while her eyes and her tone seemed to caress the stately flowers.

"I have told Miss Fortescue that, since she admires our old garden, and especially these lilies so much, she must come and see both garden and lilies by moonlight," Governor Harcourt said, — and Lyndon knew by his tone how greatly the beautiful stranger had pleased him. "We'll have herself and Mrs. Granger over to dinner some evening next week, when

the moon is full, and while you are still with us."

"That is a delightful prospect for me," Lyndon remarked, smiling at Moira. "But speaking of Mrs. Granger reminds me that I am the bearer of a message from her to you, sir. When I started for the garden a few minutes ago, she said: 'Tell the Governor that I shall be glad if he will come and bestow a little of his time and attention on me.'"

The Governor laughed shortly.

"That sounds like Emily!" he said. "She never hesitates to let it be known what she wants, and I'm aware that I've been somewhat remiss in attention to her. But there have been so many things to show Miss Fortescue, and she has been so kindly interested in them all, that I've rather forgotten other matters. I must go now and make amends, however, since you are here to show this young lady whatever else she may care to see about the place."

Lifting his hat from his white head with a courtly air, he went away toward the house, and Lyndon was left alone among the lilies with the girl whose beauty seemed to hold such a note of kinship with them. He was struck with this afresh, as he looked at her; and also struck with the air of remoteness that at times was so perceptible in her, — the air of one who, in thought at least, dwelt habitually in regions far away. Something of this abstraction was in her eyes now, as they followed the erect figure of Governor Harcourt down the green avenue, which led to where the great roof of the house showed above the garden's verdure. It was not flattering to Lyndon, but he felt sure that for a minute she had forgotten his presence; then she started a little, and turned her look on him, with a smile in which there was a shade of apology.

"What a fine type he is, your uncle!" she said, with the phraseology which occasionally betrayed that she translated her thoughts from French into English. "He is very much of a *grand seigneur*,

and he has been extremely kind to me. Ever since luncheon he has been showing me the treasures of this lovely old place, as if—as if he knew how deeply I was interested in them.”

“You must have made him feel that you were interested in them in no ordinary degree, or else he would not have taken pleasure, as he evidently has, in showing them to you,” Lyndon told her. “I can see that you have completely charmed him.”

“Oh, do you think so?” she asked, with a quick eagerness. The color rose into her cheeks, and her eyes shone like blue jewels under their dark lashes. She laughed softly and happily. “That,” she said, “is very pleasant to hear.”

“I should think that you were well used to hearing it,” Lyndon remarked, with surprise; “for I am sure that to charm people can not be new to you.”

“Perhaps not,” she admitted candidly. “But some people are more difficult to charm than others, and therefore the triumph of winning their approval is greater. I fancy that your uncle is not always easily charmed.”

“Very far from it,” Lyndon assented. “He is very fastidious in his ideas of what a woman should be, and his standards are a little old-fashioned; but, when he is satisfied in the requirements of his taste, no man gives a more chivalrous admiration. And you,” he added, impelled to express the admiration in his own mind, “are precisely the type to inspire it.”

“Am I?” Again she astonished him with her childlike eagerness, which it was so hard to reconcile with the *mondaine* air that otherwise distinguished her. “You are quite sure of that?”

“I am absolutely sure of it,” he replied. “I know my uncle so well that I can tell beforehand what will please him; and I knew that he would be charmed with you before I came and saw that the charming was accomplished in the most complete manner.”

“How—delightful you are!” she cried,

so gaily and sweetly that he was startled; for in all their intercourse before he had been distinctly conscious of a wall of reserve about her, which now seemed to be suddenly lowered. His heart beat quickly, but he held himself well in hand, determined that he would run no risk, take no premature advantage of the change in her manner.

“It is you who are delightful,” he said, “to be so pleased at winning the admiration of an old gentleman who is undoubtedly provincial and, many people of the world would think, narrow, as well as old-fashioned in his ideas.” He paused a moment, and then, “I am sure that you have also charmed my mother,” he said.

But here—again to his surprise—Moirá shook her head.

“No,” she said, with the odd frankness which seemed to admit him into an intimacy that he had not expected, “your mother is not charmed. She may be in time, but she is not yet. I have a sixth sense in matters of this kind, and I can tell when people merely admire and when they really like me. Mrs. Lyndon has been kind—oh, very kind and cordial!—and she admires some things about me—my appearance perhaps, and my Paris gown; but there is a very doubtful look in her eyes when they rest on me, as if she were appraising me, and were not quite sure of my worth.”

This was so shrewdly as well as so simply said, and struck Lyndon as being so accurate a description of his mother's attitude of mind, that for a minute he found himself unable to reply. And while he hesitated she went on quickly:

“Don't think that I find it strange, or that I complain of being—appraised. It is most natural; for I know that people—especially, as you have said, provincial people—do not like a foreign note; and that note is, I am afraid, very distinct in me. You see” (her eyes laughed) “I am, as Leila called me when I was setting out this morning, a far-away princess.”

"You are indeed," he said in a low tone; "but, provincial though we may be—I as much as my mother and uncle,—we know how to appreciate and admire a far-away princess when she comes to us. It is like these lilies" (he put out his hand and touched one). "They, too, have come from afar, and they have brought their note of foreignness with them—the strange, exotic note of things Oriental,—yet see how kindly and condescendingly they have made themselves at home in this old garden full of the spirit of another world. So might, so would, a far-away princess do."

"Do you really think so?" she asked again, and once more the wistful eagerness came into her voice. "I mean, do you believe that she could ever succeed in making herself at home, in fitting into the scene, as the lilies have succeeded?"

"I am sure of it," he answered, with a thrill in his voice which should have told her what he was feeling. But it was part of the situation, which was later to develop so poignantly between these two, that neither understood the true position or meaning of the other; and each in consequence, with natural self-absorption of thought and emotion, conveyed a false impression to the other. For how could Lyndon possibly divine what was behind Moira's veiled questionings, or she remember that he had no armor against the perilous sweetness of her eyes and smile? After a moment he went on:

"If you could see yourself as you stand there, among those tall, white flowers, you would have no doubt of fitting into the scene as perfectly as they do. I think Royall must have dreamed of a far-away princess when he planned this spot and planted its lilies."

"Royall!" she echoed, hardly knowing that she did so. For the unexpected sound of that name, coupled so strangely, yet so naturally, with her own fanciful title, seemed to fall like a bomb in the green place where Royall had planted his lilies and dreamed of a pre-Raphaelite picture,

but not of the far-away princess who now stood there, and looked at Lyndon with such startled eyes that he hastened to explain himself:

"I am alluding," he said, "to my cousin, Royall Harcourt—the son of the house, and an artist besides,—of whom you have perhaps heard Mrs. Granger speak."

"Not only Mrs. Granger but your uncle also," she replied, grasping her self-possession, as it were, with both hands. "The latter told me that it was his son who made this beautiful nook,—the son who is not here to see his lilies bloom."

"No, he is not here," Lyndon answered gravely. "But I suppose you have heard—no doubt Mrs. Granger has told you—why he is not here?"

"Yes, I have heard." She dropped her eyes to the gold-barred cup of one of the tall lilies beside her. "He is in exile, this Royall Harcourt, because he has married to suit himself and not his family."

"That is hardly a correct statement of the situation," Lyndon said quickly; for, quiet as her tone had been, there was in it an accent of hostility which was like a suddenly unsheathed sword. "His family did not expect him to marry to suit them, but they would have expected him to remember that the heir of all the traditions and memories of this proud old line should have found a more fitting wife than a French actress."

Her cheek flamed with vivid color, though she was wise enough not to lift her eyes, which would even more clearly have betrayed the anger roused by the scornful intonation with which he pronounced the last words. There was a moment's silence—a moment in which he might have seen a movement of her white throat as she swallowed hard,—and then,

"Do you know anything of this French actress?" she inquired calmly.

"Nothing beyond the fact that she is an actress," he responded. "It is not my fault, however, that I know so little; for the real business which carried me

abroad a few weeks ago was to see Royall and learn all about his marriage."

"And you did not succeed in seeing him?"

"No. As I told you (do you remember that last evening on the *Mauretania*?) I found when I reached Paris that he had gone to Morocco, where I could not follow him, and that his wife had disappeared."

Again her cheek flamed.

"Do you think," she asked, "that 'disappeared' is exactly the word to express the fact that you were unable to find her?"

"It is exactly the word to express what I *did* find, which was that she had omitted to leave behind any address or clue by which she could be traced, when she went away to some place unknown," he answered bluntly. "In law, as in fact, we call that 'disappearing.'"

"And you argued from this fact — what?"

"I argued, what all experience of the world proves, that people do not disappear in such fashion unless there is something they wish to conceal."

Still without looking at him, still intent apparently upon trying to decipher the strange red signs that were scattered like hieroglyphics over the white petals of the flower before her, she pressed her inquiry further:

"And what do you imagine the something to be in her case?"

"How can I tell?" He spoke a little impatiently. "God only knows what affairs there may have been in her life which she wished to pursue without interference, with Royall safely out of the way in Morocco."

"Did she send him to Morocco?" The eyes which lifted from the lily now, were so brilliant with indignation that he fairly took a step backward as they turned upon him. "Was it her desire to pursue affairs of her own which placed him there, in danger, or was it the action of his father in refusing him the means necessary to pay his debts? You see" (she caught her

breath) "I have heard—some details. And *you* might have heard in Paris a few details of Moira Deschanel's life, which would possibly have kept you from slandering her by insinuation."

"Miss Fortescue!" He was so amazed that for a moment he could only stare at the beautiful face, with its vivid color and glowing eyes. "You do me injustice," he said then very hastily. "I could not be guilty of slandering any woman, much less my cousin's wife. You asked what was the natural inference to be drawn from such a disappearance, and I merely answered your question. For it is as I tell you: the world always finds mystery suspicious, and I do not deny that in this case I was ready to agree with the world."

"Why were you ready?" she demanded.

"Can't you see why?" he asked in turn. "Can't you realize that here, in his home, Royall's marriage to this foreign woman, of unknown life and questionable antecedents, is hardly less than a tragedy? I was ready to believe anything that offered a hope of ending it."

"Of ending" (she gasped a little) "the marriage, you mean?"

"The marriage, of course," he answered. "There is no other way of bringing Royall back to his home and to those whose hearts are breaking for him."

"No other way!" She repeated the words as if to herself, while her eyes, out of which the indignation seemed to have died, looked away from him, and dwelt again on the old roof-tree above the garden greenery. "If that is true—if there is indeed no other way by which he can be brought back," she said, "it is sad, since marriage can be ended only by death."

Something in the finality of her tone—as of one who would say, "The dead can not be brought to life," or state any other unquestioned fact of existence—startled Lyndon. He looked at her quickly.

"Modern laws have changed that," he said. "Many other things beside death end marriage now."

There seemed something almost pitying in the glance she turned to meet his.

"How can any laws, ancient or modern, change a decree of Almighty God?" she asked. "You must know that is impossible."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"We will leave aside the question of how much the indissolubility of marriage is a decree of God," he said. "I can only assure you that in this country marriages are ended every day by force of the laws of man."

"And you would wish your cousin to take advantage of these laws to win back his inheritance by forsaking the woman he has sacredly married, and to whom his honor and faith are pledged?" she asked, in a vibrating tone. "I was told that you desired this, but—I could hardly believe it."

"But don't you understand?" he said earnestly, for he felt that the scorn of her voice and eyes was more than he could endure. "It is not for the sake of his inheritance that I desire that Royall shall come back to his place and his duties, but for the sake of those whose hearts are bound up in him; and he can not possibly come back unless he leaves that woman behind."

"Unless he leaves that woman behind!"

The woman who stood among the lilies repeated these words softly, as she had repeated some others a few minutes earlier, and seemed to meditate upon them for a moment before she spoke again. Then she addressed the tall, stately flowers before her.

"You are very beautiful," she said, touching one of the petals gently; "but you are also strange and foreign, even in your beauty; so I fear you will have to go—when he comes who has left behind his Princess Far-Away."

"Don't!" Lyndon cried sharply. And as she glanced at him in surprise: "Don't apply that name—the name which in my mind is identified with *you*—to that woman—"

"But surely you know that it is hers by right," she interrupted; "that in Paris they call Moira Deschanel 'La Princesse Lointaine' more than they call her by her own name, because she made her fame as an actress in that play."

"No, I did not know it," he answered. "I know little and care less about actresses and plays. I never heard of the woman until Royall wrote that he had married her, nor of the play until you read it aloud on the deck of the *Mauretania*. But whether she played it or not," he added passionately, "I shall always feel that you, and you alone, are the true Far-Away Princess."

The wonderful sapphire eyes suddenly smiled at him again.

"Perhaps I am," the Princess said in a low voice.

(To be continued.)

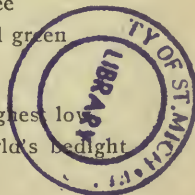
By April Waters.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S. J.

HERE I do loiter by a stream—
Ah, fresh and fair the April morn!—
And watch the curving waters gleam,
Quaint pictures, ripple-born.
O fresh and fair!—the souls of flowers
Smell pleasant, lavished on the air.
O fair the banks and greening bowers
And blossoms,—wondrous fair!

The larkspur of the purple bloom
Nods gently to the gentle breeze;
The clustered phlox-fire in the gloom
Burns crimson 'neath the trees;
And all the ferny banks alight
With widely-wond'ring violet eyes,
That marvel at the waters bright,
And marvel at the skies.
And all the springing trees between,
It glads my very heart to see
What lavish heaps of gold and green
On every bank there be!

Thou mirthful Wind that laughs low
Come, tell why all the world's bedight



So clear the bubbling waters flow,
 The woodland aisles so bright.
 I love to question thus the Wind;
 And, list, he courteous whispers me
 In sighing accents, soft and kind:
 "Now hark! I'll answer thee,

"Through all these eager April hours
 The wistful clouds hang warm and low,
 And wash the world with dripping showers,
 And clear the streamlets flow.
 The sunbeams pierce the misty days
 And gild the streaming fields with green,
 And pile o'er tangled waterways
 A golden blossom sheen.
 And soft the pleasant breezes blow;
 They steal the scented breath of flowers
 From all the silver blooms that snow
 The fragrant orchard bowers.
 O'er all the field of earth and sky
 They haste and spread a fair array.
 Dost marvel yet and wonder why?
 For Mary's month of May!
 The sparkling heavens shine her hue,
 And foamy clouds are scattered free
 To emblem on the liquid blue
 Her snowy purity.
 And virgin green the pastures spring,
 And gleams the rippling wheat away;
 And all the birds are blithe to sing
 The Lady of the May!"

Then low amid the scented fern
 I knelt me down,—'twas sweet to see
 How all these April hours did yearn,
 O Mother-Maid, to thee!
 And there, beside the glassy wave,
 O fresh, O fair, O April day,
 With all the world, my heart I gave
 The Lady of the May.

God's Ward.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

(CONCLUSION.)

THERE was no longer any speech among the travellers. From time to time one of the horses would stumble, being quite spent, and the children drooped pitifully in their saddles. The mother regretted that she had not paused at the village below Nerbi for food—but just such a pause, for refectation, had cost one of her brothers his life in the last faction between Guelphs and Ghibellines. The heat and the dust added to the hardness of fatigue.

"I would that I could drink!" the little boy murmured, with his eyes on the rushing water.

The mother measured the distance, the peril of the descent, the time it would consume.

"We are almost at the Abbey now, dear! Bear it until then, for the thirst of Christ."

The child bowed his head; for not he alone but his whole nation and century responded to the keynote of that Name.

They were, indeed, near the Abbey. The mountain range widened out summit beyond summit of a dark blue color, with some indescribable softening of deep green, of hyacinth, perhaps of violet; but all misty and subdued like an amorphous, opaque gem that would be transparent but has not been cut. On a spur jutting out stood the fortified monastery, walled, of greyish stone, towers rising, spires of cypress trees grouped against them, and lower masses of oak, chestnut, fir in clumps. The road twisted this way, that way; and the ascent was steep enough, even so eased. The monks could look down into the valley, and into farther valleys opening up to the west.

Silence so profound brooded over the spot it seemed deserted. The clatter of hoofs in the court brought an ostler running; next a Brother, in his black

THOSE who maintain that "instinct" is "reason" do not perceive that, on that hypothesis, man would not stand, as they commonly maintain, next akin to the ape, but find a nearer and worthier animal representative among the tribes of the ant and the bee, whose marvellous social politics are images of his own.

—Aubrey de Vere.

habit, who looked aghast, recognizing his visitors.

"My Lady the Duchess!" (It was their sorry appearance caused his dismay.) "Your pardon, my Lady, until I call the Fathers to receive your Grace."

"Wait, good Brother! Say to my lord the abbot that a most unfortunate woman asks shelter and sanctuary for herself and her children."

When she saw the abbot himself hurrying to meet her from the long cloister, she alighted and knelt.

"My Lord," she began, and the first tears flowed from her eyes, — "my Lord, have pity upon me and upon these little ones. I have brought them to you; they have neither father nor home."

The abbot raised his white face and his hands to heaven. For a moment he could not speak; then, struggling to control his grief:

"Madam, they still have their Father who is in heaven, and this house, God's house, for their home."

His hands rested a moment on her head; then, with the same sorrow which had reft him of words, raised the boy from the flags where he knelt and pressed him to his heart.

"You will protect him, my Lord?" the mother implored.

"God will protect him, and some day, if it shall be best for him, give him back his own. Rise, Madam, I beg of you! These dear children are quite worn out, and you must be in sore need of rest yourself. Pray come into the guest-house until quarters can be prepared for you. I am sure you all need refreshment. A little later, when you have rested, there is much that I would hear."

"Pray for him, Father!" she gasped, with renewed tears, as he withdrew.

But he could only assent with his head; for he had known the dead lord in noble manhood and as a gallant, high-spirited boy; and all his friends, some even of his enemies, had found themselves compelled to love Buondalviso.

The lad Gilio caught the old man's hand as he was leaving.

"My Lord Abbot, I thank you much for your kindness to my lady mother and myself!"

The first smile — a very sweet one — lighted the abbot's face.

"For many centuries, sir," he answered him, "your ancestors have been benefactors of the Abbey. And had they not, you would be equally welcome."

For safety, he ordered the great gate closed and barred; and for safety, too, would not allow the Duchess and her daughters to occupy the cottage at a stone's throw from the monastery where women visitors were usually housed. His precautions were not vain; for at Vesper time on the following day a pale novice came running to tell him that the mountain was full of men-at-arms, and that they were headed for the Abbey.

The boy Gilio was playing ball on the terrace. In a moment the whole peaceful aspect of the scene changed: a hurrying and excitement throughout the house, rapid orders transmitted, serfs called in from their labors outdoors, the main entrance barred with heavy beams. Not without good reason were the monasteries fortified and ready to withstand siege.

It had taken the fugitives ten hours to reach Nerbi, and five hours more to reach the Abbey. Giannozzo, starting at two o'clock, slept at the inn at Nerbi that night, and sought diligently there to track his quair. Nobody had seen them; indeed, the peasants spoke truth. They had not left the highway for turn to right or left. He tried another direction, and had been riding three or four hours with the early sunlight when he bethought him of the Abbey. She had sought sanctuary! This was the first real check. He fell to chewing his lips; and, though he turned his horse about and gave commands, his mind was sore perplexed. What a mistake on his part! He should have let her go to Nerbi; and, if he failed to take the castle, then burn it with all within, and so end the

house of his enemies. One could break sanctuary, but his Holiness in Rome might hear of it, and excommunicate him, and things in general become rather uncomfortable. He was not in good odor in Rome even then. A bishop had complained of his laying waste lands that were church property. The case was pendent these very days. Well, if they would surrender the boy, the women might save their accursed necks and go free. But the abbot was reputed a stern man and fearless. Could one reduce him by siege, by famine, by devastation? From chewing his lips, Giannozzo had fallen to biting his nails savagely, as he was wont in deep anxiety.

He found the Abbey silent, closed, a locked fort of forbidding mien. In vain his trumpets shrilled and his troopers belabored the great gate. They could not even obtain parley. Enraged, Giannozzo ordered the massive portals rammed.

In the midst of the uproar a figure surged up in the south turret. A white beard swept his chest, his hands were in his sleeves, his old face very calm.

"Desist," the voice, far and dim as a voice of vision, spoke to them; "for this is God's house and a place of prayer."

Giannozzo strode forward, arrogant, insulting.

"Old man, yield up to me mine enemy, for I know he is concealed here."

"A woman, whom thou hast bereft of her husband and support, is kneeling at this hour before the altar, and with her some little children. Which of them is thine enemy?"

"Six generations of their house have hated my house; they have done blood deeds, injustice and treachery to us. And for six generations we have hated them. I will cease hating them when I shall see the last child dead."

"Shame on thee, Giannozzo of Perugia! Many wicked things hast thou done in thy lifetime, and God remembers and will punish thee. Not one of thy many sins will He leave unpunished. But take heed

lest this last one make the measure of His wrath overflow."

"Cease, prating monk!" the chieftain cried aloud in fury. "Yield up the boy without more words, or take the consequence."

"The boy is God's ward—in sanctuary. I take God to be judge between thee and me."

Vision-like he had appeared, and vision-like he was gone. Heavy beams pounded and butted the great gateway, but it was made to withstand battle. Giannozzo, stamping about like some savage and unhappy animal, gave the familiar order to put it to fire. It was only too easy, with the summer-dried woods at hand. Simultaneously, from a number of points, smoke and the crackling of resinous timber rose together. They carried brands to the eastern wall nearest the Abbey, to the sheds which would ignite easily and spread the conflagration. The famous fresco of Our Lady's Annunciation in the gateway, with its exquisite bowed head of Mary Virgin, is blackened with those fumes yet.

The abbot realized all human hope was at end. The community bell was rung. Two great trusts were at stake: the Abbey, historic, priceless, a gem of their Order, a legacy of saints; the young prince, past, future of a dynasty, above all holy because refuged in the name of God. Some of the brethren were for fighting, for throwing open the gates and sallying and routing. Not a few, bred to arms, and come full-grown to the quiet life, kindled at the sight of flames, the gleam of steel at the monastery doors.

"Fight!" one voice after another said. And, the ardor spreading, "Fight!" echoed again down the line. "How dares he violate the house of God?"

The abbot waited for the youngest.

"Take Our Lord out to them on the battlements."

A silence fell, following the immense, sustained sureness of this faith.

Through the crackling of flames, the

sizzling of sapwood, the waving of heavy, pungent billows of smoke, the besiegers could not believe their ears that they heard singing. It died out; rose again, distant, nearer, lost as the chanters wended; clear again, suddenly close at hand. Giannozzo backed his horse away from the reeking of his fires and stood in his stirrups, incredulous, curious, craning his neck to see. At a turning, as they ascended a turret stairway, he caught one glimpse of the moving body, rank on rank in religious order, the undulation of rhythmic motion, torches borne in the clear daylight, and vaporous flame blown back in the mountain breeze. A procession! he thought. How strange! Were they making vows for deliverance?

Suddenly, just opposite to him, rose up that aged figure, transformed, tall in the majesty of arms lifted on high, under their hieratic vestments, of white silk and gold, in a motion as of folded wings. Giannozzo saw what he was holding in his hands. He held It aloft triumphantly, opposite the west; and the light of the sun struck It full, making It a glory, an intense, dazzling brightness, which no eye could endure. Giannozzo cowered, swayed in his saddle, writhing; and dropped, kneeling, his body bowed almost to the ground.

"Take Him away!" his cry broke forth in torment. "I fight not Him!"

"Take thyself away, thee and thine!" the solemn voice came across the veil of the smoke rising between them; "for this is He that shall come to thee on thy last day."

"Take Him hence! I have sinned, but I will do penance from this day on."

One clear flame leaped up into free air.

"Order thy men to repair the evils they have done this place, which is God's. Then go thy ways in peace."

He rose and turned to them.

"You have heard: do his bidding."

It was none too soon. Staggering forward himself, with the air of one felled by some great blow, stunned, and not

daring to lift his eyes, with his bare hands he began to pluck the burning wood from against the walls.

The abbot still stood, the upward, wingward sweep of his arms unchanged, the Glory in his hands trembling and gleaming. Through the immense, boundless silence, the adoration of that wide, beautiful world of hills, skies, valleys, far plain and blue distance, rose up like incense before the Face of the Living God. Only the wind of the mountain dared be audible,—bugling, fluting, and rushing its fugues as over violin strings in the hush.

Actively, without the smallest sound of speech, the troopers worked, pulling away fagot and half-burned stake, trampling on the embers, and fetching water from a well behind the outhouses. Giannozzo came back at length to stand, smoke-blackened, humble and low of head, where he had dismounted.

"It is done," he said in his hoarse voice, sunken to its new note of abasement, and waited.

"Mount, go thy ways!" the voice from the ramparts answered him. "Take thy men with thee; and at the last turn of the road, where the gorge opens, He whom I hold in my hands will bless those among you that are truly penitent and firmly resolved to amend your lives."

Silently they drew away. None mounted. Giannozzo walked bareheaded, leading his own horse down the incline. His men, bred to fear, held apart from this strange mien in him, with a shrinking of awe. Once he glanced back over his shoulder, upward; it was the first time he dared to lift his eyes, and they lingered upon the golden-white Thing at which he had not yet been able to look. The straggling dark band of men and horses passed into the shadow of the woods.

The assistants at either side of the abbot brought their young arms to sustain his arms. They saw the retreating body wend to the north, south,—north, south, as the road swept; and then north again, emerge upon the highway. There

they mounted. On the rampart the slow resonant voices began to sing:

Tantum ergo Sacramentum,
Veneremur cernui....

The sun sank a little lower, and the wind fretted vestments and sputtered the flames of the tall wax tapers. The dark mass was moving over the Roman road at a sharp trot, in a cloud of dust. They reached the opening of the gorge, and wavered, wheeled, halted. It was almost too far to detect their movements clearly, but the abbot saw—distinctly—the red and white pennant of Giannozzo of Perugia flutter in the breeze as it came earthward. The white form on the rampart strained upward, with a motion almost of soaring. In the movement that passed over them, the shivering of steel in the sunlight, he divined they knelt.

The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

April 13, Third Sunday after Easter.

SINCE the year 1847, this Sunday has been devoted to the honor of St. Joseph, whose Patronage was commemorated on a Sunday, that all the faithful might share in its celebration. On July 2, 1911, Pope Pius X. changed the title of the feast to that of "The Solemnity of St. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and Patron of the Universal Church," raising it to the rank of the primary feast of the saint, to be celebrated with an octave. Since the festival will always be kept on this Sunday, it seems more in accordance with the spirit of the Church to consider the liturgy of the feast rather than that of the Sunday, which it sets aside.

It was in 1870, at a time when the Church was in sore distress, and when the Sovereign Pontiff, stripped of his temporal power, was reduced to the position of a prisoner in his own palace, that Pius IX. placed the whole Church under the guar-

dianship of St. Joseph. By this action the Pontiff desired to secure for the mystical body of Christ the fatherly care and protection afforded to the Infant Saviour by His devoted foster father. The whole liturgy is filled with this spirit of childlike trust in St. Joseph's powerful help and intercession.

The Introit of the Mass is taken from Psalm xxxii, which exhorts to fear of God and confidence in Him: "The Lord is our helper and protector; in Him shall our heart rejoice, and in His holy Name we have trusted." The appended verse is from a different psalm,—a sign of the modern character of the liturgy of the feast: "Give ear, O Thou that rulest Israel, Thou that leadest Joseph like a sheep!" The sense of protection on the part of God passes on to confidence in the guardianship of St. Joseph, His minister. The Church, therefore, prays Him who led and guarded the children of the patriarch Joseph, to preserve the family of the greater Joseph—the Church of God—from tyranny and oppression.

The Collect is a prayer of hope in the merits of that same divinely appointed guardian of God's people to aid and protect us: "O God, who out of Thy unspeakable providence didst deign to choose the Blessed Joseph to be the spouse of Thy most Holy Mother, grant that, as we venerate him as our protector on earth, we may deserve to be aided by his intercession in heaven."

Instead of the usual Epistle, a lesson is read from the Book of Genesis; it is the prophecy of the dying Jacob of the magnificent destiny which awaited his son Joseph and his descendants. After speaking of the persecution of Joseph by his brethren, and his deliverance and exaltation by God to power and glory, he pronounces over him the plenitude of God's richest blessings. The whole is a remarkable prophecy of the future greatness of him who was the fulfilment of the type of the first Joseph,—chaste, bountiful, provident for his own, exiled

and hidden, yet afterward raised to highest honors. The blessings invoked on Jacob's son were to last "until the Desire of the everlasting hills" should come; they were to descend upon Joseph, "the Nazarite among his brethren." The second Joseph was truly "the Nazarite"—the "consecrated one"—among his brethren in the world. Moreover, he was in another sense a Nazarite, since in Nazareth he was to live and die in the company of God's holiest ones—Mary and her Divine Son, who, according to the prophets, was to "be called a Nazarite."

Very beautiful are the two Alleluia verses. In the first St. Joseph speaks to his clients, assuring them of his ready help: "In whatever tribulation they shall cry to me, I will hear them, and I will be their protector forever." The words are those of God Himself, and are put into the mouth of His chosen representative, who, like Joseph of old, has been made "master of his [God's] house, and ruler over all his possessions," as the Church sings in the Office of to-day. The second verse is a prayer to the saint: "Obtain for us, O Joseph, to lead an innocent life; and may it ever be safe through thy patronage!"

The Gospel is that portion from St. Luke describing Our Lord's baptism by St. John. After narrating the wonders that accompanied that act of humility—of the opening of the heavens, the descent of the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove, the witness to the divinity of Jesus by the voice of the Father, "Thou art My beloved Son; in Thee I am well pleased,"—the Evangelist continues: "And Jesus Himself was beginning about the age of thirty years; being, as it was supposed, the Son of Joseph." What a flood of light is here poured upon the dignity to which the saint was raised! The Eternal Father acknowledges His only-begotten Son, and that Son obeys Joseph as His earthly father. St. Joseph fills the place of the Almighty toward His Divine Son! What greater dignity on earth?

The Offertory verse calls upon the Church, figured by Jerusalem, to praise the Lord, "because," as it declares, "He hath strengthened the bolts of thy gates; He hath blessed thy children within thee." The great blessing commemorated to-day is the protection God has given against enemies in the guardianship of St. Joseph. Let us thank Him for this great gift.

The cultus of St. Joseph has been steadily growing in the Church throughout the ages, until to-day we see it placed among the principal devotions by the authority of the Sovereign Pontiff himself. The constant increase in the manifestation of love toward the foster father of Christ dates from the time of St. Teresa. To her is due the merit of making known his power with God. "I took for my patron and lord the glorious St. Joseph," she writes. "I can not call to mind that I have ever asked him for anything which he has not granted." May our trust in him be equally rewarded!

Reminiscences of a Pioneer Catholic.

BY MARGARET M. LYNNARD.

THERE is so much done for the Catholic youth of to-day in the way of instructing them in their religion, that it may be interesting to know how the children of the pioneer settlers of fifty or more years ago were trained by fathers and mothers, some of whom could neither read nor write. But, to use their own words, "'twas not book-learning they needed to tell them to love God and His Blessed Mother and to be good Catholics."

I was born in a log cabin, and was brought up in a pioneer settlement. When I was three weeks old my mother, accompanied by two "neighboring women"—neighbors were often five or six miles apart,—drove twenty odd miles in a lumber wagon to have me baptized. Think of that! And it never occurred to any one to complain of such hardships.

Religious duties were recognized and performed without murmur. I think I must have been eight years of age before I saw a priest again. That event I remember distinctly. Word was sent to the scattered Catholic families (about a dozen, I should say) that Father M—— would be at D——'s the following Wednesday. "Come over early and go to confession."

I can see clearly, after a lapse of nearly half a century, how I must have looked that day—round-eyed, and deeply impressed—as I watched the men and women pass reverently before the little table on which Mass was to be celebrated. I can see the big, awkward boys, piloted by parents to the door of an inner room, where, no doubt, most of them made their first confession.

The tinkle of the little bell for Mass brought us to our knees, overcome with a feeling of devotion and nearness to God. The sermon was short and simple, exhorting us to be faithful Catholics, and to remember that, although far from church and priest, we were near to God. After Mass, the priest had his breakfast; and then baptism was administered.

Those who came fasting from a distance brought "lunch," and a pleasant hour was spent chatting about crops. The best part of the day was now gone; so there was no particular hurry, provided the men reached home in time for their chores, and the women folk could have supper prepared.

Up to my eighteenth year, going to church was an event in my life. We used to drive fifteen miles over roads which were very rough, or very muddy when not very dusty. In winter, we often used to make our way through snowdrifts; and in summer, the heat was sometimes intense. Still, no one ever complained.

The family was large, and all could not go to church on the same occasion: some one had to "keep house." Usually the question was settled by the condition of the wardrobe: the one able to produce all the necessary garments in a state of

decency was the lucky traveller. My brother, a boy of ten, in reply to a neighbor, who asked if he were not going to church, once said: "When I have shoes, I haven't a hat; or if I have a hat, my trousers aren't decent. And that's the way it goes." He spoke truthfully, and as the older boys were so much older and the younger so much younger, there was no way of combining resources.

For various reasons, there were, of necessity, many Sundays without any church-going. On such occasions, after the chores were all done, and we had received our weekly scrubbing and change of clothes, we assembled, always at the same hour, for the recitation of the Rosary. To show the piety and reverence that prevailed, I shall relate a little incident that deeply impressed me.

A friend from a distance once called to visit us while the family prayers were in progress. We youngsters thought that would end them. But no: one of the larger boys was quietly told to go and take care of the visitor's horse, and the Rosary went on without further interruption. On entering, our friend dropped on his knees and joined in the prayers. Not a word of greeting until the last "Amen" had been said.

After the Rosary, the younger children had to study their catechism, and the older ones heard their lessons recited. The teachers, I remember, were sometimes over-strict, and the pupils a little unruly. There was always something extra for dinner on Sundays, and guests were often present. The afternoons we usually spent as we pleased.

There was something so vital in the religion of those old pioneers: God was a living presence among them. The effect upon imaginative children could never be easily shaken off. They were the salt of the earth, those God-fearing, God-loving pioneer Catholics. Given education and opportunity, what might they not have achieved? As it was, perhaps they accomplished more than is dreamed of.

Caldey Island.

SOME further information about the home of the community of Anglican monks lately received into the Church is supplied in the following communication with which THE AVE MARIA has been favored by Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.:

Caldey Island is the Iona of the South. Like the Island of Columkill, Caldey was once the home of Celtic saints. David, Samson, Illtud, Gildas, and many another holy monk, made this seagirt sanctuary a very paradise on earth. Lying a few miles off the coast of South Wales, Caldey acts as a breakwater to the Atlantic waves, and protects the town of Tenby on the mainland from its gales. Indeed, when you stand on Caldey and look toward the southwest, there is nothing between you and the shores of America. But Caldey, unlike Iona, is no barren rock: it is gracious, cultivated, and beautiful with flowers and even trees. It bears many vestiges of its ancient inhabitants,—an old church of the fifth century in which the Celtic saints praised God, a priory church and ancient tower of somewhat later date, watchtowers that go back to unknown antiquity, an ogham stone inscribed to “the tonsured servant of Dubritius,” probably of the sixth century; to say nothing of magnificent caves filled with prehistoric remains.

It is, indeed, a fair place, and an ideal spot for a contemplative Religious community. Since 1906 it has been the home of an Anglican community of monks who follow the strictest observance of the Benedictine Rule, and, in fact, lead a life very much like that of the Trappists of Mount Melleray in Ireland. They also wear a white habit like the Trappists. Up till now these holy men had not the happiness of belonging to the Church. They had been taught to believe that the Church of England was their true spiritual mother, and they clung to this error with pathetic fidelity. But, thanks to God, who never rejects the prayers of those who turn to Him in simplicity of heart, they have now found out their error and embraced the True Faith with thankfulness and joy.

It was after a long and anxious correspondence with the authorities of the Church of England, and many months of prayer and study, that they came to the conclusion, toward the end of February, that they could no longer remain members of a Church which officially repudiated Catholic doctrines that had become dearer to them than life. They, therefore, begged the present writer, as a Benedictine and a convert,

to come to their assistance, which he gladly did.

On the feast of St. Aelred, March 5, the abbot and twenty-one monks made their submission to the Catholic Church, in the hands of Bishop Mostyn, of Menevia, in the presence of three Benedictine abbots—Dom Cuthbert Butler, of Downside, England; Dom Columba Marmion, of Maredsous, Belgium; and Abbot Avignon, of Caermaria, Wales. They were greatly cheered by a telegram of congratulation and blessing from the Holy Father, who welcomed them lovingly into the Church of God. The late abbot is about to proceed to Rome in company with the Abbot of Maredsous, and it is hoped that the Holy See will permit the community to remain together as at present, and to continue its life of continual prayer and manual labor.

The community of nuns at St. Bride's Abbey, Milford Haven, some thirty miles away on the mainland, received the same grace as their brethren two days later. The writer has witnessed many magnificent functions in various Catholic lands, but never was he present at ceremonies so moving as when these two communities, kneeling round their superiors, made their solemn profession of faith in the Holy, Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church. May God be praised for these great mercies of His!

The prayers of THE AVE MARIA readers are earnestly requested for the perseverance of these communities in their holy faith and vocation.

Those who wish to know more about them, will find most interesting information in a pamphlet entitled “The Benedictines of Caldey Island,” with over twenty illustrations. This pamphlet can be obtained from the secretary, Mr. Tenby, The Abbey, Isle of Caldey, for 1s. 3d., post free. It will be a charity to the good monks to write for it, as they are just now overwhelmed with heavy expenses, and naturally have lost most of the support which they hitherto received from the Anglicans. Besides the pamphlet, the correspondence between the abbot of Caldey and the Anglican authorities, which has been printed, may be had of the secretary at Caldey. The two pamphlets together cost 61 cents, post free; and money orders should be made payable to Tenby. If only one is required, 32 cents should be sent, so as to cover postage.

The conversions at Caldey have been rightly described as “an event unprecedented in the history of the English Church.” In view of the interest in it aroused, not only in England but among members of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, the importance of circulating the two pamphlets will be apparent to everyone.

An Archbishop on Women's Suffrage.

IN answer to persons who seem to be quite sure of their ability to demonstrate the un-Catholic character of the demand for woman's place in public life, Archbishop Delany, of Hobart, Tasmania, had something to say in a recent communication to the *London Tablet* which deserves a general hearing. No matter how strongly opposed any Catholic may be to the grant of the franchise to women, he should bear in mind that, until the Church has pronounced upon the question, any other Catholic is quite free to hold and express a contrary view. "Meanwhile," as the Archbishop very pertinently remarks, "let none of us be too wise in his own conceits." What he has to say in applying the test of experiment to the theories advanced by certain correspondents of the *Tablet* must be quoted in full. The Archbishop's letter appeared in the issue of our able contemporary dated Jan. 18, 1913. We have been waiting for the psychological moment to arrive for its reproduction—that portion of it—in *THE AVE MARIA*. Italics are not greatly to our liking; however, we can not resist the employment of them in this case. An extra paragraph is the only other change that will be found in what follows:

Now, it so happens that the people of New Zealand—a very British folk they are, too—gave the franchise to their women in 1893. The next year, I think it was, South Australia did the same. Then followed West Australia and the Commonwealth itself. Our prudent Tasmania waited until 1903. We had not a ripple of Suffragette agitation in prelude; not even a brisk newspaper controversy. Parliament was not in the least agitated over the question. Both sides of the House, in perfect tranquillity, approved of the measure. We Catholics saw no sinister results lurking in that "Feminist" initiative. *Perhaps some of your sturdy defenders of orthodoxy will think we have fallen from grace.* Well, sir, since then we have had several appeals to the electors, men and women, of Tasmania. Women, as well as men, have exercised the franchise. On both sides,

Labor and Anti-Labor, women have done brisk canvassing just like the men. And I believe such activity has not been unknown to high and excellent ladies in the home lands, without giving rise to evil suspicions. I can speak for our Tasmanian women, and *I affirm that no Tasmanian woman, Catholic or Protestant, to my knowledge—and I am fairly well qualified to know—has forgotten the dignity of her sex or her self-respect, or has done any of the things that do befall men on such occasions, and that seriously weaken their claim to exclusive fitness for the discharge of those important national services. No candidate has any chance of purchasing a woman's vote at the drink-shop.*

Here, then—on a small scale, I am ready to admit,—we have the opportunity of testing by actual experiment the theories so confidently advanced by some of your correspondents. Five or six such experiments, taking in the whole State each time, ought to have shown already at least the first elements of the "curve," expressing the necessary "law" of alleged perversity, if such a law there were. You must test the tree by its fruits: a bad tree does not bring forth good fruit. Now, the fruit we want at elections is simply the choice of good representatives. I will not hazard an opinion as to whether our Parliamentary representation has been improved in quality since women have come to vote. It is not easy to decide a matter of so much delicacy, and into which various other factors enter. But I can safely say that no one could show any appreciable deterioration; and, least of all, as a result of the women's intervention in the elections. *But of this one thing I am quite sure: that a candidate would feel he had forfeited the vast majority of the women's votes if he flaunted a disregard for any of the time-honored principles we owe to Christianity. And this, in my opinion, is no superfluous safeguard, when social stability is so gravely menaced by men in almost every walk of life.*

Reproducing this testimony in favor of Women's Suffrage, by the Archbishop of Hobart, reminds us that some years ago we were taken to task by another prelate at the Antipodes for a defence of the Knights of Columbus. It was when all sorts of dangers were apprehended from this excellent organization, and condemnation of it by the Apostolic Delegate to this country was freely predicted. Thus has it ever been in this topsy-turvy world of ours. Sometimes things are upside down, sometimes right side up,

Notes and Remarks.

The Rev. Dr. Edgar M. Thompson, rector of St. James' Protestant Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, hit the nail on the head in saying, apropos of an attack on the "High" party of the same denomination by the Rev. Alexander Cummins, of Christ Church, Poughkeepsie: "If the clergymen of the Episcopal Church believed in the Church of Rome, they would undoubtedly go to that Church. They think they are already in the Catholic Church, or they would go over to the Roman Church." The good faith of the vast majority of these men is unquestionable. Now and then the eyes of individuals or groups among them are opened to the fact that there can be but one Church, and that the sect to which they belong can not be it, or even a part of it. Then, often at the cost of greater sacrifices than most of us have any idea of—that many of us might shrink from,—they follow where conscience leads. More, much more, than anything else, these men need the example of earnest Christian lives and the help of fervent Christian prayers. The submission to The Church of the Anglican monks of Caldey Island can not fail of wondrous results in our own country as well as England, unless Catholics fail in a duty which is no less imperative than it is plain.

The latest authoritative answer to the old question, Don't the Jesuits teach that the end justifies the means? is an affirmative one, with an explanation attached. Father Bernard Vaughan recently answered the question in this way: "Of course we do, but only under the conditions accepted by every decent Christian. In a human action three elements must be distinguished—first, the end, for the sake of which the action is done; second, the means, or what is done to attain the end; third, the circumstances or conditions of time and place,

etc., under which the action is performed. If the end to be attained is honorable, the means, if not inherently wrong, are justified, provided the circumstances are justifiable. The very best end would not justify means which were, for instance, blasphemous or murderous; but if those means borrow their morality from the end in view, the end would justify the means. For instance, flogging garroters to terrify them was quite justifiable, just as a head-master is justified in punishing a schoolboy for his correction and training."

We expect to see Father Vaughan quoted as upholding the unqualified and unconditioned doctrine, The end justifies the means; the only portion of his answer cited being, "Of course we do."

Conscription, or universal military service, seems to be emerging in England from the storehouse of purely academic questions into the limelight of practical politics. The *Catholic Times*, of London, has some very decided opinions on the subject,—opinions not at all favorable to the proposed increase of England's soldiery. "Conscription," it says, "were it ever imposed upon the people of this country, would create Socialists by the thousands and millions, as it has done in Germany. And it would level the aristocrat with the plebeian, as it has done in France. For, here in Great Britain, universal military service will not mean the gentleman in command and the workman in the ranks. It will mean no distinction beyond personal worth and efficiency."

Our London contemporary is not worried, however, about the speedy adoption of the new system. It declares, with apparent justice:

Before conscription can come upon this country, it may have received its deathblow on the Continent. The demands now being made by France and Germany for more money and more men are forcing upon public opinion a knowledge of the fact that every increase of expenditure leaves the relative strengths equal. Germany increases her military efficiency;

then France does the same. So do other countries. The net result is that things are equal again, and there is a call for another increase all round. Again the result is the same relative equality of strength, and the same increase in the rise of prices. Thus the wage-earners, hit hard by the cost of food-stuffs and the necessities of life, are compelled to demand higher wages, merely in order to live. And we have industrial unrest, strikes, and all the misery of commercial confusion. There must be an end of this appalling waste of money on armaments, or, as Earl Rosebery said, society will go rattling into barbarism. The very foundations of our social order are being endangered by these constant demands for military expenditure.

In somewhat lesser measure, perhaps, but certainly in an appreciable measure, our own expenditure for battleships is furnishing American Socialists with an argument that strikes the workingman with more force than many of our legislators dream of.

In its comments upon a matter of no particular interest to our readers, the *Osservatore Romano* makes this point which is of interest: "Unfortunately, there are many who share in the confusion made between the right of authority to command with the corresponding duty of subjects to obey, and infallibility, as though obedience were due only when authority is infallible. On such premises the son would be bound to obey his father only when he recognizes him as infallible. Instead, obedience and true discipline do not admit of any preventive control on the infallibility of him who commands."

The Pope's claim to the obedience of his spiritual subjects existed and was recognized long before his infallibility became a dogma of faith; and the promulgation of the dogma made the claim not stronger, only clearer.

If not the most numerous, the Presbyterians are unquestionably the most powerful of the Protestant sects in this country. The dean of the divinity school of the University of Chicago, in an article published in the initial number of the

Constructive Quarterly, referred to "the great Presbyterian body"; and it was doubtless with this sect in mind that he ventured the assertion: "American Protestantism, far from being decadent, is renascent." It is not easy to reconcile this statement of Dr. Shailer Mathews with a declaration recently made by the Rev. Dr. Webb, of the Warren Memorial Church, Louisville, Ky. "I do not know the facts about other denominations," he is reported as saying; "but the facts in the Presbyterian churches, both North and South, are simply appalling. Last year 5177 Presbyterian churches did not receive a single soul on confession of faith. This included all the Presbyterian churches in this country."

There is another passage in Dr. Mathews' article which will amuse rather than puzzle the reader. Referring to the work of the sects in non-Christian lands, he says: "The leading Protestant missionaries are now less concerned to make non-Christians into Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, and Congregationalists, and are increasingly bent on making them Christians."

A series of articles on educational topics, contributed by the Rev. R. H. Tierney, S. J., has been running for some time past in *America*. In a recent issue of that periodical the subject treated by Father Tierney is "Formation of Character in Schools." Starting with the indisputable principle that the object of education is the making of character, the writer shows how intimately that work is bound up with the teacher's own being. The teacher's object is to form good, and, if may be, great men. "To accomplish this," as Father Tierney declares, "he must first have a care of himself. As far as possible, unalloyed goodness in great and small things must possess his heart. For he is not an actor. He does not teach from behind a mask or under a wig; he does not educate by mere words, nor yet by deeds; but by his manhood, by his

thoughts, his aspirations, his words, his deeds, his whole self, every fibre of his being. *He* is his lesson. If he is noble, his lesson is exalted; if he is base, his work is low, mean and ineffectual. . . . The *man* is the educator. And the more a noble personality enters into the work, the better and more lasting will be its effects."

This is well conceived and well put. So, likewise, is the writer's exposition of character:

Character, then, is a fixed condition of the soul, a permanent state in which the spirit lives and moves under the inspiration and guidance of deep-rooted principles. It is not a fitful thing,—something which changes with the weather or comes and goes at beck and call. It is life,—strong, exalted life, which outlasts the mortal breath and lives on for eternity. True, men may sometimes fall short of their ideals, but they are not for that characterless. Falls are incidents even in the lives of the just; and sad though they be, they may not be indicative of more than a passing weakness. Occasional lapses are perfectly consistent with a character which may be good, albeit not perfect. The crux of this question is not in infrequent deviations from high standards, but rather in the total lack of all elevating principles. Better a hundred,—yea, a thousand falls which bring repentance than an unguided or misguided life. The latter would be characterless, the former is not.

It is well for the teacher to remember that "patience hath a perfect work," and to realize that perhaps nowhere else in the world are the meanings of those two words, success and failure, so uncertain as in the school room.

Fifty years ago last month the Pennsylvania Legislature incorporated La Salle College in Philadelphia; and this week the Brothers of the Christian Schools, who have so successfully guided the institution during the past half century, celebrate its Golden Jubilee. Of La Salle's work during the period now culminating, the *Catholic Standard and Times*, a competent witness, testifies:

All these years have been marked by brilliant achievements in the work of directing the Cath-

olic youth to a realization of all that is highest and best in Christian manhood. The college roll contains the names of many men who have been eminent in Church and State, bearing ample testimony of the efficient training imparted to them by the Christian Brothers. Forward has been the march of La Salle College; and to-day, with its distinguished faculty, well-equipped class-rooms, up-to-date scientific laboratories and modern methods, it is keeping pace with similar institutions throughout the country, and bids fair to pass many more years in the forefront of the ranks of Catholic colleges.

We have only to add our congratulations to the Christian Brothers of Philadelphia on their college's glorious past, and our best wishes for its continued prosperity.

Pleading for a more general observance of the practice of ringing the Angelus—a practice which, apart from the churches and chapels of religious communities, seems to be the exception rather than the rule in England,—the Rev. M. St. J. Sellon, of N. Finchley, London, N., writes to the editor of the *Tablet*:

The two objections most commonly made are that the public would object to the noise, and that there is no one to ring the bell during the week. During some twenty-three years of Angelus ringing in Protestant towns I have never known a single complaint. When I started it here, a Nonconformist minister told me that his wife, then lying ill, had asked him what that bell was which tolled out so solemnly three times a day; he told her it was "The Angelus," and she replied: "I do love to hear it; it seems to speak to me of God" — or words to that effect. And is not that precisely what Holy Church would have it do?

"Knock off, Bill!" said a laborer the other day. "That bell always rings at twelve o'clock." So, even to Bill, to whom it only spells the time of day, the Angelus has its uses! And who shall say that some subtle grace was not conveyed upon the sound waves of that bell? May not the mere fact that the sound which strikes the worker's ear and bids him rest is wafted from the sacramental home of his Redeemer, bring a blessing with it? "Faith comes by hearing."

As regards the other objection, for a long time I had no one to ring the bell but my house-keeper; and for a week or two the Angelus was rather erratic, then it worked smoothly and regularly. In large missions there is generally a man or boy about the place who could

be taught when and how to ring it; if not, then there are several servants. Let Mary ring in the morning, Jane at noon and Bridget in the evening. Thus the voice of the Church, though in this case inarticulate, will be heard where the priest can not penetrate, and suggest thoughts which will, at least, be more elevating than those associated with the factory bell or the motor horn.

It is very gratifying to learn that the free weekly lectures on Biblical subjects which for six months past the Rev. Thomas F. Coakley, D. D., has been giving in the Cathedral School Hall of Pittsburgh, attracted a large number of non-Catholics. At each lecture the building was filled to overflowing with eagerly attentive listeners. The subjects of the lectures covered a wide area, ranging from "Moses and Modern Science" to "The Relation of St. John to the Synoptics," from "Inspiration" to "The Difference between the Protestant and Catholic Bibles," and from "Early Manuscripts of Holy Scripture" to "The Literary Beauties of the Bible." Following the University Extension custom, questions were asked by many non-Catholics among the audience, who seemed deeply grateful for the privilege.

We have read with considerable amusement Mr. Sydney Brooks' deliverance, in the *Fortnightly Review*, on "Washington and the White House." There is, of course, no earthly objection to any man's forming his own opinion as to our tendencies and aspiration, just as there is no good reason why we should pay the slightest attention to his animadversions. Our readers will, however, enjoy this paragraph:

Both inside and outside, the White House is now all that a Georgian mansion and an official residence should be. The change is symbolic of the new passion that Washington has developed for the forms and observances of Court life. The tumult of the White House has been reduced to dignity; the old type of Presidential reception is fast giving way before the principle of selection; Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft rarely went outside the White House

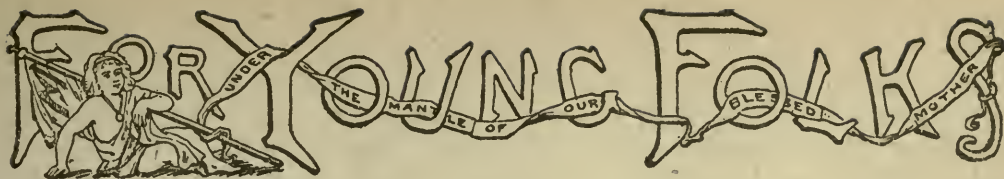
unattended by a military *aide* in the uniform of his rank; and Mr. Woodrow Wilson has recently announced that he will abolish the Inauguration Ball, that famous rout of 'promiscuous vulgarity, and that he intends to take a firm stand against the eternal handshaking and impromptu visitations that leave a President with little enough time for the dispatch of public business and none whatever for quiet reflection. It all means that, in its social life and its official routine, Washington is destined to reproduce more and more the outward forms and customs and ways of doing things that distinguish the monarchical and aristocratic societies of the Old World.

In the light of Mr. Wilson's actual conduct and unequivocally democratic procedure since his advent to the White House, that concluding sentence sounds peculiarly infelicitous.

That the rabid attacks of several unmentionable American weeklies on the Church and her adherents are disgusting a good many secular journals of repute, is becoming increasingly evident. In an editorial, "Indefensible Bigotry," a Virginia paper, the *Lynchburg News*, has this to say:

To all that has made this country distinguished in the affairs of statesmanship; to all that has contributed to the growth and stability of the nation as a free republic; to all that has brought it renown in war, or greatness in peace; and, to narrow the line of thought somewhat, to all that has enabled the Democratic party to survive defeat and to win its victories, the Roman Catholics of the United States have contributed in large and honorable and effective degree. They are as good citizens as are any citizens; they respond to the obligations of citizenship as promptly and as freely as any other citizens; and to discriminate in the slightest degree against them as citizens would be to do that which places the stigma of contempt upon the very genius of our Government and the elements of sanity in public administration.

And, let it be added incidentally, we have another claim to honor in these days: we should be respected for the enemies we have made, the slanderers who pollute the American press with lies so gross that they are intelligible only as strange eruptions of diseased mentality.



An April Saint.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

IN the tables of universal history, the year 1848 is set down as being memorable for the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, which put an end to the war of the Austrian Succession. So, too, the year 1783 is chronicled as being remarkable for the conclusion of another war, the peace of Versailles marking the acknowledgment by Great Britain of the independence of the United States. Both these years, however, are notable for two other events of which general history says nothing: the first one saw the birth, and the last one witnessed the death, of a hero,—a truer hero than any who fought in either of the two wars that the peace treaties concluded. The greatest of all conquerors is the man who conquers himself, and the complete conquest of self is effected only by the saints of God. One such saint, who came into the world in 1748 and went to heaven in 1783 is honored in April—St. Benedict Joseph Labre.

Benedict was the eldest of fifteen children, the offspring of a well-to-do couple living at Amettes, a village in the northern part of France. As a small boy, he went to a school taught by the assistant priest of the parish; and both his teacher and his schoolmates remarked that he wasn't exactly like other small boys. For a little fellow of seven or eight, he could be very serious and thoughtful; he appeared to think less of having a good time and more about denying himself than is usual in boys of that age; he didn't care much for ordinary childish games; and he had a genuine horror of even the slightest sin.

All this doesn't mean that he was a

goody-goody young prig, avoiding his schoolmates, and habitually wearing a long face. On the contrary, he had a frank and open countenance; and, far from being solemn or morose, was rather noted for his cheerfulness. That, by the way, was one indication of his going to be a saint. There's a French proverb which says that "a sorrowful saint is a sorry saint,"—that is, not much of a saint; and if you just think of the holiest persons you know (the Sisters in your parish, for instance) you will probably agree with me that they are the most cheerful persons of your acquaintance, too.

When Benedict was twelve years old, he went to live with an uncle of his, Father Labre, who was parish priest of Erin. For the next few years he studied Latin, history, and the other usual branches; but he began to feel a dislike for every kind of knowledge that didn't refer directly to God. In the meantime he practised more strenuous austerities, or mortifications, than even very good lay Catholics think of doing outside of Lent; and he was especially remarkable for his charity to the poor. To all his religious exercises he was, of course, very attentive; and as he grew older he showed an increasing love for solitude so that he could pray and meditate better and more frequently.

At the age of sixteen, he wanted to become a Trappist,—that is, a member of one of the most severe Orders in the Church; but when, acting on the advice of his uncle, he went home to Amettes to obtain his parents' consent, he failed to get their approval; and so returned to Erin, where he redoubled his penances and exercises of piety. Two years later, in 1766, Father Labre died the death of a hero during an epidemic that was raging through the country; and Benedict, who had also dedicated himself to the victims

of the scourge, again went back home. He still wished to become a Trappist; and, as he was now eighteen, his father and mother, fearing that they might otherwise be opposing the will of God, consented to his going. In doing so, they, of course, acted only as was right. God's claim on any boy or girl is infinitely greater than that of father or mother; and when His will is made clear, it should be followed, even if father and mother show themselves strongly opposed, and persist in their opposition longer than did the parents of Benedict. On the other hand, boys and girls should consult their parents even in the matter of their vocation, and should obey them except when such obedience to parents would clearly be disobedience to God.

During the next few years Benedict made several futile attempts to enter three different Orders, all of them noted for their severity,—the Trappists, the Carthusians, and the Cistercians. He did enter the last mentioned Order; but, after a short stay during which his humility and piety edified everybody, his health broke down and he was forced to leave. When he recovered his normal health, he set out for Rome, with the intention of entering some Italian monastery where the life would be one of rigorous penance. Shortly afterward, however, he had an interior illumination, or a conviction, which he was sure came from Heaven, and which settled his plans for the future. He then understood, says one of his biographers, "that it was God's will that, like St. Alexius, he should abandon his country, his parents, and whatever is flattering in the world, to lead a new sort of life,—a life most painful, most penitential; not in a wilderness nor in a cloister, but in the midst of the world, devoutly visiting as a pilgrim the famous places of Christian devotion."

It is worth while to note that, although Benedict had no doubt that this was the vocation which God wished him to follow, he, nevertheless, consulted experienced

spiritual directors and confessors before actually taking it up. Being assured by them that he might safely follow the inspiration which he had received, he began his new life at the age of twenty-two. He wore an old suit of clothes, had one Rosary around his neck and another between his fingers, and kept his arms folded over a crucifix which lay upon his breast. In a small wallet, or knapsack, he carried a copy of the New Testament, a Breviary (he said the Divine Office daily), "The Imitation of Christ," and one or two other pious books. The wallet *didn't* hold any change of clothing. He slept on the ground, and most of the time in the open air. All he ate was a piece of bread or some herbs, which food was given to him sometimes, and sometimes picked out of a refuse heap. Although he accepted alms when in absolute need, he never asked for charity, and always gave to the poor whatever he received in excess of his own slight wants.

And so for thirteen years he tramped, in rags and tatters and dirt and squalor, from one pilgrimage to another, in Italy and Switzerland and France. During the last six of these years, however, he made only one pilgrimage a year—to the Holy House of Loretto; the remainder of the year he spent in Rome. Now, it goes without saying that so extraordinary a kind of life, and especially his lack of personal cleanliness, exposed him to all kinds of harsh criticism, even from some very good Catholics. He was called a crank, a crazy fool, a Catholic who was bringing religion into contempt, a lazy young fellow who ought to get to work at some respectable job and wash himself daily, and a number of other contemptuous names. Yet his rigorous self-denial, his perfect humility, and his instant obedience to the orders of his confessors and other ecclesiastical superiors, convinced those wiser heads that he was really following a divine call.

Shortly after April 16, 1783, not only the wiser heads but the most bitter of his

more foolish critics became thoroughly convinced that Benedict was, not a fool, but a saint. On that day he sank down on the steps of a church in Rome, and, utterly exhausted, was carried into a neighboring house, where he died. Then came a number of miracles obtained by people who prayed to him. Within three months from the date of his death, no fewer than one hundred and thirty-six miraculous cures were certified as being due to his intercession. One of these miracles resulted in the conversion of a Protestant minister from the United States, who afterward became a priest. So striking and unmistakable were some of these miracles that Pope Pius IX. beatified Benedict in 1859; and Pope Leo XIII. made him *St. Benedict* in 1881. His feast is celebrated, not on March 26, the date of his birth into this world, but on April 16, the day of his birth into the glory and joy of heaven.

White Eagle.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN, AUTHOR OF
"BILLY-BOY," ETC.

XV.—A DANGEROUS GAME.

"**A** DOLLAR if you can ride Tony to that turn!" repeated Pappy, the sporting blood that had dared the bulls and bears of the Stock market in many a fierce battle now thoroughly roused.

"Make it two!" exclaimed Dick, his eyes still gleaming with greedy light, from his glimpse of Pappy's pile.

"Two it is, then," answered Pappy, clinking out another dollar.

"No, don't, — don't!" cried Don, dismayed at such rashness. "Dick Pratt, you shan't take all Pappy's money like this."

"He hasn't taken it yet," said Pappy, grimly. "He is only trying to. There are your two dollars, my lad." Pappy showed the shining coins temptingly in his outstretched hand. "Now, win them if you can. Get off Tony, Don, and give him a chance."

"I tell you you can't do it, Dick Pratt," said Don, dismounting reluctantly.

But Tony, still munching the budding vines, seemed in a most placid mood. His capering trip down the mountain-side had, perhaps, been fun enough for the present. There were times — very brief times — when Tony was as model a little mustang as a boy could ask. Don stroked him soothingly. Tony whinnied. Dick Pratt made ready to mount.

"You haven't put a thistle burr or anything under his tail?" he asked, looking from Pappy to Don suspiciously.

"No," said Pappy, "we haven't; this is a straight, square game; and, by Tony's looks, the chances are with you just now."

"I'm off, then!" said Dick, springing on the little mustang confidently. "Here's where I win!"

And Tony lifted his head, tossed back the shaggy hair that had veiled his eyes, and was "off" too.

At the first touch of the strange hand upon his bridle rein, he gathered up his four wicked little legs and made a flying leap into the air that landed the luckless Dick in a clump of thorn bushes ten feet away.

"I told you so!" said Don, as Tony went calmly back to his interrupted luncheon.

"Two dollars in!" chuckled Pappy, pocketing his money.

"You set him off!" angrily spluttered Dick, as he tore himself out of the thorn bushes. "You mean, slippery skunk of an Indian, you set him off!"

Don's eyes flashed with all the Eagle fire; but, before he could find words or breath, Pappy had leaped from his Mexican saddle and caught Dick by the collar with a hand whose old muscles had suddenly stiffened into steel.

"You young cur!" he cried, prefacing the title with a fiercer, stronger word. "You low-lived little liar, — when the boy did all he could to warn you, spare you!" And Pappy punctuated his remarks with vigorous shakes that nearly took the frightened Dick's breath away.

"Let go!" he gasped,—"let go, you old crack-brain! Take him off before he chokes me, Don Carruther! Take this old wild man off!"

But Pappy had let go already, his brief outburst of passionate strength exhausted. He had forgotten he was sixty-five. Leaning one hand on Don's shoulder, he thrust the other into his belt and drew out a handful of silver pieces.

"There, take it!" he said, flinging them at the amazed Dick's feet. "Take that to salve your bruises, you miserable little money-grubber! I was an old fool to tempt you to break your neck. It was a dirty deal for both of us, and I'll pay for it. Isn't that right, partner?"

But Don could only stare in speechless surprise as Dick, flinging himself upon the ground, greedily gathered up the scattered coin. Four, five, six shining dollars! Here was harvest, indeed,—a harvest that repaid his tumble into the furze bush, all the rough treatment of this wild-eyed old lunatic. Six shining dollars! Dick clinked them together in his pocket, remounted, and, without any farewell words, galloped swiftly down the Pass.

"O Pappy, Pappy!" said Don at last, in bewildered reproach. "You ought not to throw away your money like that; you ought not to get all mad and shaken up. You're too old, Pappy,—too old."

"Not a bit," said Pappy. "I haven't felt so young for twenty years. You see, my heart is getting right, sonny; this air up here is making it sound again. My, how that confounded little cuss made my blood boil!"

Pappy sank down upon the moss-covered boulder behind him, with a long-drawn breath.

"He makes my blood boil, too," said Don, flinging himself at his old partner's feet. "I got mad enough to kill him the other day. But that isn't right: it's a sin, and I promised Padre Francisco that I would not get mad like that any more."

"Padre Francisco? The old man at the

mission you mean? He is a friend of yours, is he?" asked Pappy, curiously.

"Yes," answered Don,—"my very best friend. He married my father and my mother, he baptized me, he has tried to keep me from all harm and wrong. But, as he told me the other day, he won't be here very long now, and he made me promise to watch this fierce temper of mine,—not to let my hot blood boil."

"Don't listen to him," said Pappy, quickly. "He is trying to make you a monkish old mollicoddle like himself. Keep all your fiery spirit, my boy. A man without it is no man at all."

"Tony has fiery spirit," said Don, gravely. "So have Tobe and Tad. They will tackle the fiercest wild-cat that ever jumped; but, as Padre Francisco says, I must not be like them: I must rule myself, as horses and dogs can not. I must master the fierce, wild spirit that sometimes rages within me,—just as I sit Tony, no matter how he bucks."

"That's what you were trying to do this morning when that measly little wretch pushed in on us," said Pappy, as he recalled Don's meeting with Dick. "Well, I don't know but what you and the Padre are right, in a way, sonny. Scaly little rascals like that are not worth a boil up."

"My, but you gave him a shaking!" laughed Don. "I didn't know you were so strong, Pappy. But it tired you out, I'm sure. Better take a good rest before we go on. I'll open the saddlebags and we'll have lunch."

And, resting thus in the dim shadow of the Pass, Nick and Tony quietly browsing the springing green beside them, Pappy and his little partner had lunch,—such a lunch as no café in those man-made cliffs Mr. Stephen Carruther had left could serve. Cold wild turkey, jellied in some delicious fashion Bonita had learned at the Emperor's court; little biscuits, crispy and brown; a jar of honey, a bottle of milk, a tiny flask of some cordial brewed by old Nokola, formed the simple

luncheon, that Pappy declared made him feel like another man. Then, remounting their horses, the two partners kept on their way, that led up the rugged sides of San Miguel, under thick-growing cedars that dimmed the golden light of the midday sun, over bare ridges of rock from which the eye could sweep far into the distance, through prickly growths of thorns and thicket that rose as if in fierce protest along their path. There was no road, as Don had said, no bridle-path, not even a trail; but Tony and his master led on unhesitatingly, and Pappy followed without doubt or fear. Where he was going, the once wise, wary, cautious Stephen Carruther did not think or care. He knew only that he must make the best of those golden hours, strike for the treasure that each moment was growing more precious to him,—the trust, the love, the boyish confidence, that all his wealth could not buy. Ah, the "old man with the heart of stone" might miss it, but Pappy Carr was hot on the track!

Meantime Dick Pratt, with his six dollars clinking in cheerful compensation for his rough adventure, had made his way homeward as swiftly as Scip's galloping legs could take him. His father had sent him, with an order for baskets and Mexican drawn work, to a little Indian village at the end of the Pass. The season would soon open when stray tourists, finding their way to the mission valley, would demand such souvenirs as Mr. Joel Pratt knew how to stock his shelves with at lowest cost. Dick had driven his close bargain for work to be done and delivered within "two moons," and was returning by the shortest cut when he had met with Pappy and Don. He slackened his pace as he drew near the little mission village. It suddenly occurred to him that it would not be prudent to mention the events of the morning to his father. Six dollars was a good deal of capital for a boy to hold, and the thrifty Joel might insist on its being banked with him.

So Dick resolved to grease his barked

shins quietly, and keep his cash and experience to himself. But as he drew Scip up to the hitching-post before the store, he forgot his own affairs for the moment in a new interest. His father was affixing a poster to the door jamb, while half a dozen or so of customers looked on curiously. There were two or three children; a Mexican woman, with her arms already full of purchases; and a tall, lithe young Indian lad named Lopez, who had come down from San Miguel to trade his small stock of pelts. None of these lookers-on could read, so the poster carried no especial meaning for them; but Dick scrambled off Scip's back and stared eagerly at the startling lines:

"Five hundred dollars' reward for the capture of Jasper Cobb, alias 'Old Weasel,' alias 'Pappy Cobb.' Is between fifty and sixty years of age, and about six feet tall; grizzled hair and beard, beetling eyebrows, and keen grey eyes. Was last seen January 27, 19—, at Cuerca Station. Supposed to be hiding in Los Santos Mountains since that date. The above reward will be paid for his arrest and detention, and two hundred dollars for any reliable information that will lead to his capture.

"MARTIN J. LESCAR,

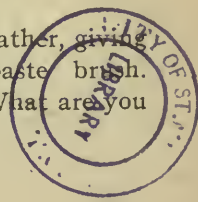
"San Hernando,

"New Mexico."

"Pappy Cobb!—Pappy." Dick's eyes snapped as he read the name. "Don called the old man with his pocket full of coin 'Pappy.' Between fifty and sixty years of age, six feet tall, grizzled hair and beetling brows, hiding in Los Santos Mountains."

The words of the poster seemed to buzz like a thousand bees in Dick's ears. Five hundred dollars' reward for Pappy, Pappy! That was what Don had called the old rascal that had shaken him,—Pappy!

"Back, are ye?" asked his father, giving a final swash with his paste brush. "Well, you took your time. What are you staring at?"



"*That!*" gasped Dick, pointing to the poster. "Who—what does it mean, dad?"

"Nothing to you or to me," was the surly answer. "Some chaps came along about half an hour ago and gave me a dollar to put it up. Much good will it do! No old sharper of sixty years old is going to put his head into an open trap,—not when he has about ten thousand dollars to the good."

"How did he get it?" asked Dick, breathlessly.

"Robbed the express at San Hernando last month; but he has been at that sort of business for years. Ain't got his name for nothing. Slips through the hands of the police every time; but they think they've struck his trail this time."

"Where? How? What did they say, dad?"

"Oh, they told some long yarn about how he had come West in a Pullman palace, playing the tony, respectable old gent till he got to the little town Cuerca, where he dropped his fine clothes in a shanty by the roadside and turned tramp. Some boys came across the clothes and the suit-case, and that put folks on his track. But they lost it again. Might as well try to hunt a needle in a haystack as trail an old sharper loaded down with money up here. They can't do it."

"They can't, — they can't!" cried Dick, breathlessly. "But maybe — maybe *we* can, dad. I've seen him, — I think I've seen him this morning: a big, grizzled old man just loaded down with money. He threw me six dollars like it was so much dirt."

"Threw you six dollars!" echoed his father. "An old man threw you six dollars like it was dirt! When? Where? Look at that poster and talk quick, boy!" Joel caught Dick excitedly by the arm.

The listeners at the door were staring in bewilderment at the scene. Even Lopez was roused from his listless indifference to "*Americanos*" in general, and stood keen-eyed and keen-eared.

"Crossing the San Miguel Pass," replied

Dick. "Don Carruther had him; Don Carruther was helping him off. He called Don Carruther his little partner, dad; so I guess he is onto his game. They were in the San Miguel Pass an hour ago. If you are quick, we can stop them,—catch them both. It's two hundred dollars to put those fellows on their track. It—it won't do any harm to try, dad,—only to try."

"No, it won't," answered his father, catching Dick's excitement. "Land! why didn't I have a telephone put in here last year? You'll have to mount Scip and ride, boy, — ride for your life. Ride to Sam Bowling's; they were going to put a poster up there. Ride, ride, and put those chaps on the trail if you can. Get the reward, and you can have every cent for your own."

Dick scrambled upon Scip's back and was off like a flash. But as he sped down the valley to Sam Bowling's crossroads, Lopez sprang to the sturdy little pony waiting for him behind the store. His keen ears, his quick Indian wit had caught a note of danger. "Don Carruther" they had said. Why or how Lopez did not understand, but the White Eagle in San Miguel Pass must be warned and saved.

(To be continued.)

A Little Boy's Advice.

BY A. E. J.

② ON'T ever tell your pa or ma
You'd like to learn to play
The violin or harp or horn,
Because you'll rue the day.
I took piano lessons once,
And every afternoon
I had to practise for an hour
Some little baby tune.

One day dad came and said to me
He'd not pay for a lad
Who wouldn't practise with a will;
And I was mighty glad.
Ma said I ought to be ashamed
For what I'd made pa pay;
I said I didn't know you had
To practise for to play.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Rev. Joseph O'Reilly, whose booklet, "Seven Jewels," has been so favorably received, has published another, similar in character, entitled, "Six Golden Cords of a Mother's Heart." It is a clear and sound explanation of the Precepts of the Church.

—The ninth number in the Pedagogical Truth Society's series of booklets, publications issued by the Cathedral Library Association of New York, is Brother Azariás' "Mediæval University Life," taken from the author's "Essays Educational." In itself this paper is a valuable contribution to the history of education, and makes an ideal selection for the series of which it now forms a part.

—A third edition of Father Franco's "Lettre à une Supérieure Religieuse," translated from the Italian by l'Abbé A. E. Gautier, has been brought out by M. Pierre Téqui, Paris. From the same publishing house comes a handsome imperial octavo brochure, of 320 pages, by Dom Paul Renaudin, O. S. B.,—"La Doctrine de L'Assumption de la T. S. Vierge." The work is an admirable theological treatise on the "definableness" of Our Lady's Assumption as a dogma of the Church, and will well repay perusal and study.

—The aim of a new "History of the Catholic Church," by the Rev. James MacCaffrey, of Maynooth (Gill & Son), is to present in condensed form the leading facts of Church History. This is done in a clear and concise as well as readable manner. The book will be appreciated by all who are interested in the great, world-wide religious organization to which, by God's grace, we belong, and which will last, as Christ has promised, until the consummation of the world. Catholic educators especially will welcome this excellent work.

—"An Old-Time Philadelphia Matron and Convert from Presbyterianism" (Mrs. Rachel Harvey-Montgomery, 1763-1819) is the title of an eminently interesting sketch by the Rev. Thomas C. Middleton, O. S. A., in the current number of the *Records* of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia. (Father Middleton's paper, by the way, affords a model for young historical writers.) The conversion of Mrs. Montgomery, which must have caused a great sensation on account of her antecedents and social standing, seems to have resulted from her defence, from personal injury at the hands of bigots, of a priest who once visited Cape May, N. J., while she was

sojourning there. After her reception into the Church, Mrs. Montgomery became a zealous apostle of the Faith, and was instrumental in the conversion, among others, of a prominent merchant of Philadelphia, who was elevated to the priesthood in Baltimore on the Feast of the Assumption, 1818.

—The Loretto Centenary celebration seems destined to live in history as an oratorical triumph as well as a glory to religion. In a tasteful volume of some hundred and seventy pages just published by B. Herder, the notable discourses delivered on that happy occasion are fitly preserved. An Introduction is contributed by Archbishop Glennon, and there is a general account of the celebration from the pen of the late lamented Father Edwin Drury.

—A theological and devotional volume that may congruously serve as a treatise on God's attributes, a series of meditations, a book for spiritual reading, and an auxiliary to the ordinary prayer-book during Holy Mass or one's visits to the Blessed Sacrament,—such is "The Names of God and Meditative Summaries of the Divine Perfections," by the Ven. Father Lessius, S. J., translated by the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. (The America Press.) Written three centuries ago by the illustrious Jesuit theologian, it now appears for the first time in English dress; but, from the nature of its subject-matter, it is as fresh as if its translator were the original author. The names of God take up fifty short chapters; the meditative summaries (which will appeal more forcibly to the ordinary reader), fifteen additional ones.

—Several years ago, in glancing at the bibliography of a certain Spiritualistic work, we were amused to find, in the classified list of authorities consulted, "Spiritual Conferences," by "F. W. Faber." The incident has been recalled by our reception, from the Funk & Wagnalls Co., of "Suggestions for the Spiritual Life: College Chapel Talks," by George Lansing Raymond, L. H. D. The author is Professor of Esthetics in George Washington University. The volume contains twenty-one addresses, all but two of which were originally prepared for a church (Presbyterian, we judge) of which the author had charge at a time when, as he says, his mind was "comparatively immature." The last address, "Belief of the Heart and of the Head: President McKinley and his Assassin," was delivered in 1901; and even then the author's mind was less mature, apparently, than might have been expected in one of his years and

opportunities. His constructive imputing to the parochial school the processes which led to the crime committed by Czolgosz is presumptive evidence of such immaturity. Professor Raymond writes good English, but his book would be as incongruous in a Catholic library as Father Faber's name among Spiritualistic authors.

—A collection of fine illuminated MSS. and rare early printed books sold at auction last month in London included the following: Bible, English MS., 13th century; Bible, printed at Strasburg, 2 vols., 1469; Polyglot Bible, printed for Cardinal Ximenes, 6 vols., 1514-17; Bible Hystoriaus, French MS., 15th century; Le Viel Testament, printed by Buyer at Lyons, 1473; Evangelarium, Frankish MS., 10th century; Psalter, Italo-Byzantine MS., 12th century; Psalter and Commentary, Spanish MS., 13th century; Psalter, English MS., 13th and 14th centuries; another, German, early 14th century; another, Anglo-Norman, 14th century; another, English, 14th century; another, Italian, 15th century; Polyglot Psalter, 1518; Psalter in Latin, printed by Valdarfer at Milan, 1477; Psalter and Hymns, 1489; another, Sarum use, 1522; another, printed on vellum, 1530.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Names of God and Meditative Summaries of the Divine Perfections." Ven. Father Lessius, S. J. \$1.08.

"Mediæval University Life." Brother Azarias. 20 cts.

"The Loretto Centenary." 75 cts.

"The Cult of Mary." Rev. Thomas Gerrard. 60 cts.

"Elements of Logic." Cardinal Mercier. 60 cts., net.

"Papal Program of Social Reform: An Analysis." Dr. August Breig. 25 cts.

"St. Ursula." John Ruskin. \$1.50.

"The Ordinary of the Mass, the Food of Prayer." Rt. Rev. J. O. Smith, O. S. B. \$1.35, net

"Their Choice." Henrietta Dana Skinner. \$1.

"Marriage, Divorce and Morality." Rev. Henry Day, S. J. 50 cts.

"New Ireland." Dionné Desmond. \$1.

"In God's Nursery." C. C. Martindale, S. J. \$1.25.

"The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman." Alfred Baker. F. J. I. \$1.

"The Road Beyond the Town." Michael Earls, S. J. \$1.25.

"Columbanus the Celt." Walter Leahy. \$1.50.

"The Theory of Evolution in the Light of Facts." Karl Frank, S. J. \$1.50.

"Good Friday to Easter." Rev. Robert Kane, S. J. 90 cts., net.

"The Stock Exchange from Within." William C. Van Antwerp. \$1.50.

"Quotations from Irish and Irish-American Authors." Elizabeth Murrin. \$1.

"Facts and Theories." Sir Bertram Windle. 45 cts.

"Notes on the New Rubrics." Rev. Arthur Hetherington. 60 cts.

"Grace." Rev. Heinrich Hansjakob. 50 cts.

"Life, Science and Art." Ernest Hello. 50 cts., net.

"Polemic Chat." Rt. Rev. Edmund M. Dunne. Cloth, 50 cts.; paper, 25 cts.

"Our Lady in the Church, and Other Essays." M. Nesbitt. \$1.60.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Florence O'Driscoll, of the diocese of Helena; Rev. Patrick Buckley, C. S. B.; and Rev. Henry McCulloch, S. J.

Sister M. Teresa, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; and Sister M. Augustine, Order of the Presentation.

Mr. George Ellard, Mr. James Holwell, Mrs. Elizabeth Farrell, Mr. John Wert, Mr. Patrick McLaughlin, Guillame and Mary Peledeau, Mr. James McAuley, Mrs. Euphemie Bisson, Mr. Michael Farrell, Mrs. Anne Noone, Mr. Francis Lacy, Hon. Daniel Dillon, Master Adrian Zinns, Mrs. Johanna Colligan, Mr. Charles Angert, Mrs. James T. McGuire, Mr. Ferdinand Doerr, Mrs. E. Casserly, Mr. John Fetter, Miss Mary Cantwell, Mr. Charles Valle, Miss Elizabeth Sewester, Mr. Patrick Nestor, Kelly, Mr. F. W. Nolker, and Mr. H. J. Kurth.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Virgo Fidelis.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

OF all thy titles, O my Queen and Mother,
In this sweet Litany said or sung—
A row of pearls so deftly strung,
'Tis hard to call one fairer than another,—
Virgo Fidelis is to me the dearest.
Nor only that it brings to view
Thy perfect faith, so staunchly true,
And trustful Heart, to *His* Heart ever nearest
Who would not die without thee standing by Him;
Who proved thee in thy Dolors Seven,
And left thee when He went to heaven
(Knowing thou wouldst not even this deny Him)
To watch with all a mother's best devotion
Over the newborn Church, and grow
Into its very lifeblood's flow
Of holiest thought and tenderest emotion.
But more, thy faithfulness as mine own Mother—
To one so oft untrue to thee;
One so unworthy ev'n to be
Last of thy servants, less than lowest other!
'Tis this, all this, I hear in that sweet title,
Virgo Fidelis. Ah! 'twere woe,
'Twere blank despair, did I not know
Thou hast in Jesus' love thy full requital.

It is his moral attitude toward his work which lifts the workman above the fatalities of time and chance; so that, whatever fortune befall the labor of his hands, the travail of his soul remains undefeated and secure.—*Bliss Perry*.

The Negro Martyrs of Uganda.

BY THE REV. F. KERR McCLEMENT, M. A.
CANTAB.

JUST as the Church is catholic, or universal, so too is the catalogue of her saints. If we take up the Roman Breviary and glance through the long list of the holy ones of God enshrined therein, and try to read the strange forms of Latinized names of persons and places of many tongues, we see how universal is the Church which has produced saints of every clime, of every race and language, of all but every color of the human skin.

At present a Cause of Martyrdom is before the Sacred Congregation of Rites in Rome which is arousing the greatest interest. Just as Pius IX. canonized the crucified native martyrs of Japan, St. John de Goti, St. Paul Michi, and St. James Chisai, so now the tenth Pope of that name has declared Venerable twenty-two Negroes of Uganda, put to death in hatred of the Faith between the years 1885 and 1887. That these holy men and children (for some were but boys) will probably one day be the first black saints canonized by the Church renders their Cause of Martyrdom especially striking; while the nature of the terrible torments which they voluntarily and joyfully underwent puts them on a par with the martyrs of the early days of Christianity.

Uganda, or Buganda, is to be found on

the map of Africa in the equatorial zone to the north or northeast of Victoria Nyanza. The celebrated missionary "White Fathers" first entered it in 1879, being well received by the King Mteca. Their success, however, irritated the monarch, and they were compelled to leave the country in 1882. They were recalled two years later by Muanga, who had succeeded to the throne. He also, like his father, changed his mind within twelve months, and forbade the exercise of the Christian religion, putting to death by various tortures a number of native Catholics, of whom the chief were Charles Luanga, Matthias Murumba, and their twenty companions, who have recently been declared Venerable. In brief outline, the history of the persecution is as follows:

As has been said, the young Muanga was from the first favorable to Christianity, going so far as to recite himself, and teach his court, the "Our Father." His nobles, seeing that he had set his face against the superstitions of his predecessors, and fearing the extinction of the national religion and customs, planned to assassinate the King. Muanga was, however, warned by the Christians, who offered to place two thousand armed men at his disposal. Calling his *Katakiro*, or Prime Minister, Muanga told him that he knew their plans; yet he magnanimously pardoned all who had been implicated. The *Katakiro* from this moment plotted the destruction of the Christians, invented the most absurd stories about them and about their beliefs, and succeeded in turning Muanga from his incipient Christianity. The missionaries, nevertheless, were still tolerated, and were even declared "the King's dearest friends."

At this moment arrived news of German conquests in Equatorial Africa. An Anglican bishop, Dr. Hannington had the misfortune to visit Uganda at the same time. The King, panic-stricken and in fear of the invasion of his territory, sent an army to massacre the bishop

and his suite. Joseph Mkasa, an intimate counsellor of Muanga, interceded in vain. The *Katakiro*, seeing in Mkasa a rival, took this opportunity of representing the Christians as the greatest enemies of the State, and demanded the death of the King's friend as one of their most prominent adherents. Joseph was beheaded with two or three pages of the court "guilty of Christianity," his last words to the executioner being: "Tell Muanga he has condemned me unjustly, but I forgive him with all my heart. Add also that I advise him strongly to repent; for unless he does he will have to stand with me before the tribunal of God." The body of the intrepid Joseph was afterward burned.

Muanga now declared that he would exterminate all the Christians in his kingdom. Clara Nalmasi, daughter of the old King Mteca, who herself had become a Christian, and who acted as guardian of the tombs of the kings of Uganda, unfortunately chose to manifest her zeal by burning a large number of charms appertaining to the tombs, finally breaking up and throwing away a great amulet which was supposed to contain the soul of its last possessor. In this she acted without consulting the missionaries, who were, of course, held responsible for the desecration; and it was proposed to burn Clara and her husband and fall upon the Christians to prevent the public calamities which would result from the supposed sacrilege. Shortly afterward the King himself with his own spear slew a boy, Denis Sebougou, whom he found in the royal gardens instructing a companion in the Christian Catechism. The martyrdom of the Venerable Denis, as the child may now be called, was the signal for a general persecution, the conduct of which Muanga placed in the hands of the *Katakiro*.

On being told of the royal order, Father Lourdel, one of the missionaries, went straight to the King's residence to intercede for his flock. Too late! As he arrived,

the monarch issued from the doors and cried out to the assembled court: "Let those who pray [the Christians] stand on one side!" Charles Luanga, Kizito, a young catechumen, and other pages, some not yet baptized, stood out boldly. They were followed by other Christians. The executioners threw themselves upon their victims, roped them together brutally, and dragged them away, under the eyes of Father Lourdel, who was not, however, interfered with. So ready were the confessors of the Faith to suffer that, the priest declares, young Kizito was actually laughing at the efforts of himself and his companions to walk properly with their feet tied together. The heroic boy had often begged the missionaries to baptize him, saying that Muanga would kill him. He seemed now about to receive, as did so many others, the baptism of blood. It afterward became known that he was baptized on the eve of his martyrdom while in prison.

His companion, Charles Luanga, was burned to death, the executioner beginning by his feet, the better to please the King by inflicting greater pain. The martyr endured his long passion with wonderful composure. "Pray your God to come and withdraw you from the fire!" said the executioner.—"Poor fool!" replied Luanga. "You do not know what you say. You are merely throwing water upon my body now, but one day the God whom you insult will plunge you into real fire."

As other groups of pages were dragged out of the court after Luanga and his companions, even the pagans begged the King to forgive the boys their crime of Christianity, but in vain. The young martyrs filed past the horror-stricken Father Lourdel, saluting him as they went. A young soldier, James Bouzabaliao, was next taken before the King, who had already threatened him with death for his zeal in instructing children in Christianity; he had, however, continued with even greater ardor. To the inter-

rogatories of Muanga he replied with jokes. "Executioners," cried the monarch finally, "take him away and kill him quickly!"—"Good-bye!" replied James, quietly. "I am going away, up there, to pray to God for you." As he passed Father Lourdel, a rope around his neck, the priest raised his hand and gave him absolution. The martyr smiled, and, lifting his chained wrists, pointed to heaven. He was burned alive, and died praying for his persecutors.

Unable to speak to the King, and receiving nothing but insults from the *Katakiro*, Father Lourdel returned home to try to save the children of the mission orphan asylum. There he found a letter from the Vicar Apostolic, saying he was about to visit the mission. Returning to acquaint the King of the coming of the visitor, he complained of the treatment of the Christians. Muanga laughed and replied: "I do not wish my subjects to pray. I am king, I am master, and I allow no one to resist me. All will not die," he added, with a chuckle. "I shall spare some."

Hardly had the missionary left Muanga's presence than the *Katakiro* arrested Andrew Kagoua, the King's closest and most faithful friend, general-in-chief of the army, one of those who had informed his Majesty of the conspiracy against the throne at the beginning of his reign. The minister charged him with converting two of his (the *Katakiro's*) children. "Take him away and kill him," he concluded; adding: "Do it immediately. I shall not eat until you have brought me back his hand as a sign that he is dead." (Ordinarily the executioners keep and torture the victims for days, so as to extort slaves and cattle and other possessions from them.) "Hurry up and carry out the orders of the *Katakiro*," said Andrew to the executioners. "Kill me quickly, and take him my hand; for he can not eat until he has seen it." The martyr was taken out and beheaded near by, and his hand brought to the minister.

Father Lourdel received the Vicar Apostolic; and two days later the priests paid a formal visit to the King, offering the customary gifts in order to assuage the rage of Muanga. The Christians were assembled secretly by night, and eighty-seven confirmed. They faced the possibility of torture and death with great calmness. "They can kill our bodies," said the heroic Negroes, "but they do not know how to kill our souls. They will make us suffer, but our sufferings of a moment will be succeeded by endless happiness." "Our conversations," observes the Vicar Apostolic, speaking of the nightly meetings, "were far from sad. Rather were they filled with gaiety [*une douce gaieté*]." As an example of their fortitude and even joviality in the presence of death, the prelate cites the instance of the grand armorer of the King, to whom the monarch had often said, "I know you pray; I shall have you killed, or at least I shall have your ears cut off." Coming to the missionaries, the object of this remark said, with a laugh: "Look at these ears! They are mine no longer; for one of these days the King is going to rid me of them."

Such in general is the story of the persecution. In all, over one hundred suffered, of whom the names of about forty are known. Let us in conclusion cite some of the torments suffered by these poor, ignorant, heroic Negroes.

The three youngest of the pages, Simeon Sebuta, Denis Kamiuka, and Velabe, a simple catechumen, excited the compassion of the chief executioner, Mkadjanga, who resolved to save them. "Say you will not pray any more," he told them, "and the *Kabaka* [King] will forgive you."—"We shall not cease to pray as long as we live," replied the children. Hoping to frighten them, Mkadjanga caused twenty others to be executed before their eyes. The Christians were rolled up in bundles of brushwood, as were also two of the pages. When this was not done to Simeon, the boy called out: "Where is my bundle?

All the others have theirs: I want one too!" The three pages were now placed on one side. Their companions were heaped together. One of the bundles contained the son of Mkadjanga himself. The unhappy executioner appealed to his son to allow his father to hide him in his house, but the child refused. "You are only a slave of the King," he replied. "He has told you to kill me. If you do not, you will incur disfavor. I know the cause of my death. It is my religion; so, father, kill me!" To save him the torture of fire, the chief executioner made a sign to one of his assistants, who brained the boy with his club. The body was then added to the pile.

The fagots were lighted first at the victims' feet, that they might suffer the longer, and that they might, if possible, renounce their Faith. Vain hope! As the flames rose, the martyrs recited together the simple prayers they had learned at the mission, and so they died. The executioner decided to take the remaining three back to prison. Seeing their hope of martyrdom fast passing from them, the boys cried out: "Why do you not kill us? We are Christians like those whom you have just burned. We have not renounced our religion, and never shall. It is no use putting it off." They were, however, spared.

Matthias Murumba was a Catholic, who had been in turn a Mohammedan and a Protestant. He occupied the position of judge, and was arrested at the beginning of the persecution. The following dialogue, strangely amusing in so tragic a scene, illustrates the happy calm of these wonderful Negro martyrs.

The *Katakiro*.—"You are Murumba?"
Murumba.—"Yes, that is I."

The *Katakiro*.—"Why do you pray?"
Murumba.—"Because I wish to."

The *Katakiro* (mockingly).—"You have sent away all your wives, so I suppose you have to do your own cooking now?"

Murumba.—"Is it because of my thin-

ness or because of my religion that I have been brought before this tribunal?"

The *Katakiro*.—"Take him away and kill him!"

Murumba.—"That is just what I want."

The *Katakiro*.—"Cut off his hands and feet, and slice strips of flesh off his back and roast them before his eyes."

The barbarous sentence was scrupulously carried out; and with Matthias was executed, by beheading, Luke Banabakintou, a native who had been baptized with him. On the way to execution Matthias interceded for and saved a pagan who was arrested on suspicion of being a Catholic. Throughout his torture no word escaped the martyr. Three days later Murumba was found by some slaves seeking wood, still alive, the executioners having deliberately stanchied the flow of blood in order that he might die more slowly. He begged for a drink of water, but was refused.

On their way back from the torture of Murumba, the royal executioners visited the house of the martyr, and murdered yet another Christian, a young man named Noe Muaggali. His sister ran after the murderers and begged also to be killed. One of them, however, hid her, and saved the village of Murumba from further molestation.

Such is the tale of the twenty-two martyrs of Uganda. To it we need add nothing. The present flourishing condition of the mission there shows that God has rewarded their sacrifice.

CATHOLICISM can never admit the right of society to determine altogether the scope of a man's work. Self-development is but another aspect of the law of self-preservation, and constitutes one of the primary duties we owe to God; and, except in certain contingencies where the duty of self-sacrifice intervenes, the preservation and development of one's own life is an inherent right of the individual, which the State may not infringe upon.

—*Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C.*

A Far-Away Princess.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XVI.

WHILE the conversation was thus skirting perilous waters with the two who stood among the lilies in the garden, Mrs. Granger had claimed the liberty allowed by old friendship, and boldly attacked Governor Harcourt on the matter of his son's marriage.

"For although you are a very delightful person, and I always enjoy your society very much, I didn't send for you merely to enjoy that society," she told him frankly. "I want to talk to you about Royall."

But at the mention of that name all the cordial expression and charm of urbanity vanished from Governor Harcourt's face and manner.

"You will pardon me," he said stiffly, "if I say that I do not wish to talk on that subject, even with you."

"Then don't talk," she returned obligingly; "but you can't refuse to listen to me. For, in the first place, to refuse to do so would be rude, and you are never rude; and, in the second place, you will surely be interested in hearing that I met Royall when I was in Paris a few weeks ago."

"Even at the risk of being rude, I must tell you that I am not interested," he said, with increased stiffness of manner and coldness of tone; "and therefore you must allow me to change the subject—"

"No, no, I can't allow it!" she cried quickly. "And you mustn't put me off at arm's length like this, — you really mustn't! Don't you know that it is because I am so fond of you as well as of Royall that I want to talk about him?"

"Yes, I know," he answered more gently, as he patted the hand she laid upon his arm. "You are a good friend of all of us, but there are some things

that one doesn't care to discuss even with the best of friends."

"I don't ask you to discuss anything, but just to listen to me," she urged. "And I have no intention of pleading for Royall: I only want to tell you some things about him which only *I* can tell."

"It is useless—"

"No, it isn't useless. Nature hasn't fitted you to play the part of an obdurate father, and you mustn't try to play it. You are a modern man and a reasonable one; though of course, being a Harcourt, you can't help being proud and obstinate."

"Emily, all this is pure wheedling; and if you think I don't know it—"

"Of course it is wheedling, and of course you know it; but, all the same, you are going to listen to me. My dear Governor, you are under a total mistake about the woman whom Royall has married. I met her in Paris, and I was completely charmed with her."

The Governor's jaw set grimly.

"So Paul told me," he commented.

"Yes, I know how Paul told you," Mrs. Granger commented in her turn. "He hasn't hesitated to tell *me* that he is better able to judge of a woman whom he has not seen than I am, who have seen her. Let us put Paul aside—I lose patience in thinking of him,—and let me tell you in words of truth and soberness what I found Royall's wife to be."

And then she told him—in words of truth, if not exactly of soberness; for her natural enthusiasm and impulsiveness soon ran away with her. But she at least conveyed to him a conviction of her absolute sincerity, and wiped out once for all the chorus-girl idea, which episodes like that of young Escott had put into his mind. There remained, however, another and more sinister conception than that of some shallow charmer of the foot-lights,—the conception of a siren of a more subtle and dangerous type, whose fascinations had been potent enough to blind not only Royall but also this expe-

rienced and (with all her impulsiveness) shrewd woman of the world. And so, when she presently drew breath, he said a little dryly:

"I see that you have been, as you describe yourself, completely charmed. But are you aware that, immediately following Royall's departure for Morocco—and you are mistaken in thinking that I would have prevented his going on that expedition if I could,—the woman you so enthusiastically describe mysteriously disappeared?"

"Why, of course I am aware of it," Mrs. Granger answered without thought; and then, catching herself up quickly, "I mean that I heard from Paul that he failed to find her in Paris. But I see no mystery in her disappearance; for I know quite well where she is."

"You do,—and refused to tell him!"

"And don't you know why I refused to tell him?" Mrs. Granger's color rose and a spark of battle came into her eyes. "Don't you know that he wanted to find her in order to insult her—yes, I must use plain terms—with a proposal which I am sure could never have had your sanction?"

The Governor, whose own color had risen, made an uneasy movement. He was conscious of being in an uncomfortable position; for he did not wish to disavow Lyndon's action, which had been dictated entirely by zeal on his behalf; and yet in his heart he knew that he did not wholly approve of it.

"I didn't know until after his return what Paul had in mind when he went abroad," he said at length; "so his intentions did not have my sanction. But I wish that you had not interfered to prevent his finding this—er—young woman. It is possible that something might have come of an interview with her."

"What would have come of it? would have been a breach with Royall, which nothing could heal," she told him; "and I'm certain you do not want that."

"Whether I want it or not, I have it,"

he answered sternly. "My son is lost to me."

"But not hopelessly lost," she said. "You have only to hold out your hand, to say a word of kindness, and perhaps of apology—"

"Apology!" The Governor exploded. "For what, in the name of Heaven, should I apologize to *him*?"

"Well, for writing some things of his wife for which there was neither reason nor justification. Of course" (hastily) "I know that you wrote them in a moment of anger; but if they were proved to be wholly unjust, you wouldn't, I'm sure, mind retracting them—"

She broke off as the Governor rose suddenly to his feet, and stood over her, an imposing and very angry figure.

"This conversation must end," he stated, "or I shall be betrayed into using language which I should regret to use to a lady. I shall neither apologize for nor retract anything that I have written to my son, who, on his part, has forgotten entirely what he owes to me, to those who have gone before, and those who are to come after him. I told you when we began talking of this matter that I preferred another subject, and now I must insist upon finding one."

Mrs. Granger did not answer for a moment. She was looking away from him, down an avenue of the garden—which lay before them, as they sat on a side veranda of the house,—in the green vista of which she discerned two figures, whose juxtaposition filled her with a wild desire to burst into laughter, and cry out, "Behold the woman of whom we are speaking,—the woman your son married,—the woman Paul Lyndon has been seeking,—the woman of whom you will believe no good report, but at whose feet both of you men are practically prostrate!"

Needless to say, however, that she restrained her inclination, conscious that the proper dramatic moment for such a revelation had not yet arrived; and when

she could command sufficient composure, only remarked suavely:

"I am quite ready to change the subject, my dear Governor, since you insist upon it, and—er—you can tell me what you think of my friend, Miss Fortescue."

XVII.

So far things had been made so smooth for the two romantic conspirators that it was hardly surprising that Mrs. Granger was elated, and that Moira felt all her scruples laid to rest by their success. For of the success there could not be a doubt. All, or almost all, that they had set out to accomplish had been accomplished in an incredibly short time, and with little difficulty. The two men who were so deeply prejudiced against Royall's wife had each succumbed to her charm with a promptness which would have been amazing had not the charm itself been so undeniable; and there remained only the question of how and when to take the final step for revealing her identity and bringing about the dénouement which was to recall Royall, and reinstate him not only in his home but in his father's affection and respect.

"But we mustn't be premature about that," Mrs. Granger found it necessary to say, after their return from the day spent at the Manor. "I sounded the Governor, and found him still so obstinately set in his absurd ideas concerning you that his pride might be enlisted to maintain them if you revealed yourself before the psychological moment arrives."

"How is one to tell when the psychological moment arrives?" Moira asked, wistful, yet smiling.

"I don't think there'll be any difficulty in telling," Mrs. Granger replied, with happy optimism. "The opportunity will present itself in a manner not to be mistaken, as everything up to this point *has* presented itself,—and, presto! the thing will be done. The Governor will own himself captivated; a cablegram will be

sent, summoning Royall to come home; the fatted calf will be killed to welcome him; and you and he will settle down at the Manor and be happy ever after. Now, why are you shaking your head in that way?"

"Because it sounds like a fairy-tale, and fairy-tales don't happen in real life. So I'm afraid—"

"Of what?"

"Of failure at the psychological moment,—of something occurring to prevent the happy ending. You see, when everything goes so well as it has been going with us, when all that occurs seems to happen so fortunately, one must naturally expect a change."

"I don't see it. I consider that pure superstition."

"It may be superstition, but the experience of all mankind is behind it. And perhaps my Celtic blood is speaking; for I am distinctly afraid to count on the cablegram and the fatted calf, and the 'happy ever after.'"

"Well, I don't insist on the cablegram or the fatted calf—those details are unimportant,—but I'm perfectly sure of the 'happy ever after.' I could see Governor Harcourt's admiration in his face whenever he looked at you, and I believe that he will be enchanted to receive you as Royall's wife as soon as he recovers from the shock of the overturning of his ideas and prejudices."

"Ah, but 'will they be overturned? Remember that I am, after all, a Far-Away Princess."

"And wasn't everybody in love with the Far-Away Princess, just as everybody surrenders to your fascination? Why, you've brought even Paul Lyndon to your feet! And that, as I've told you, is an achievement indeed."

"Is he at my feet?" Moira asked, laughing a little.

But even as she laughed she was conscious of a slight thrill of discomfort in recalling the look which had been in Lyndon's eyes when they met her own

among the lilies. It was a look which would have conveyed its message more unmistakably but for her preoccupation of mind, and also for Mrs. Granger's positive assertion that he was immune against the tender passion. Secure in that belief, she had put away the fear which her experience of men in a Gallic world had early taught her, and disregarded the instinct which might else have warned her of danger in association with this man. But, nevertheless, a vague uneasiness had stirred in the background, as it were of her consciousness, and still remained there.

It lay forgotten, however, during the days which immediately followed; since in these days, although she saw much of Lyndon—for he was a constant visitor at Covertdale,—she was seldom alone with him, and their conversation did not again approach such perilous subjects as those which had been discussed at their meeting in the garden. And there were also at this time many other things to occupy her attention. One, and necessarily the most engrossing, was news from Royall. His letters from Morocco now began to reach her, and were full of thrilling details of adventure, as well as of passionate longing to be reunited with her. "It is as well, perhaps, that I allowed you to go to America, to put the Atlantic between us," he wrote; "for if you were in France, I fear that I could hardly resist the temptation to leave Lemontier and rush back to you. As it is, however, I manage to control my desire to see and be with you again sufficiently to enjoy, in some degree at least, the undiluted Oriental life and picturesqueness which is all about me. How can I even begin to describe this to you!"

Yet he did begin, and succeeded wonderfully, not only in describing the scenes and events of which he spoke, but in conveying a sense of the atmosphere that surrounded him,—the marvellous, enthralling atmosphere of the haunted East. The fascination of its mystery, romance,

and picturesqueness was so transferred to his pages that, when Moira looked up from them, she almost seemed to have the scent of the East in her nostrils, and to gaze with her bodily eyes at tawny desert and white-walled cities, at palm trees and minarets, rather than at the green landscape which in reality lay smiling before her.

It was with such an inward vision that, as she sat on the veranda of Covertdale on a brilliant morning, she lifted her eyes from one of the letters to see, standing in front of her, a vision of another and very unexpected kind,—a girl like a Dresden figure come to life, so dainty and delicate was she, so exquisitely fair in blonde loveliness, with a great wealth of pale golden hair, and eyes of cerulean blue, not deep-sea blue like Moira's own. Those eyes were regarding with evident surprise the absorbed reader before her; and as the latter glanced up, she spoke quickly:

"I beg your pardon! When I came up on the veranda a moment ago I saw some one here in the shade of the vines, and thought it was Mrs. Granger. Is she at home?"

"I'm sorry to say she is not," Moira replied. "She went out in the car a little while ago; but I think she will soon be back. Won't you sit down and wait for her?" she added, as, mindful of hospitality, she drew forward one of the large wicker chairs that stood near.

The charming Dresden figure hesitated a little, and then sank down in the offered seat.

"I believe I will wait," she said. "One doesn't care to drive six miles to leave a card. Besides, I want to see Mrs. Granger particularly. I am Miss Fane, Elinor Fane. And you, I presume, are the Miss Fortescue of whom I have heard?"

"Yes, I am Miss Fortescue," Moira answered. "But I am rather surprised that you have heard of me."

"Are you? Then you don't know country neighborhoods very well. As soon

as Mrs. Granger arrived, the news spread that she had brought a—er—"

"Companion and secretary, yes."

"But not just an ordinary companion and secretary—though nobody can tell what use she has for either,—but a most extraordinary one. You don't mind my talking this way, do you?"

"Not in the least," Moira laughed. "But I assure you that I am not at all extraordinary."

"Oh, but you are!" Miss Fane assured her, with a wide gaze which took in every detail of her appearance. "And you have the stamp of Paris on you,—there isn't a doubt of that."

"There shouldn't be: I have lived in Paris almost all my life."

"And you can leave it to come and live over here! Doesn't it break your heart?"

Moira smiled a little.

"It doesn't break my heart," she said, "because Paris is always there, you know; and of course I shall return to it some day. Meanwhile" (she glanced around comprehensively) "this is very charming."

"Oh, yes, charming enough, but" (Miss Fane shrugged her shoulders) "rather dull, you must admit. I know all about it, because my people live here; and, although I stay at home as little as possible, I'm obliged to come back occasionally. I've just now returned from a delightful yachting trip, and I find the dullness very trying; so I've come over to see what Mrs. Granger has on hand in the way of social amusement. Perhaps she is thinking of having a house party?"

There was a hopefulness in the last question which Moira felt almost sorry to be obliged to dash by replying that she was quite sure Mrs. Granger had no house-party intentions. And then, while Miss Fane continued to study her, with frank curiosity in her eyes, she was relieved to see the familiar motor-car turning into the gates, and to know that Mrs. Granger herself was at hand to explain her eccentric conduct in coming to stay in her own house.

But the tone of voice in which she exclaimed, at sight of her visitor, "Why, Elinor, I'd no idea you were here!" told Moira that, for some reason, she was not glad to see the girl who started up to meet her, and whom she greeted so cordially. And this impression was immediately supplemented by the perception that she was anxious for Moira to go away. The latter, though pleased to go, nevertheless wondered a little, as she went away, why the anxiety should have been so evident. Was it because Mrs. Granger desired that Royall's wife should be seen under her present masquerade by as few as possible of those who would recognize her later, or was there some other reason which made intercourse with the lovely Dresden shepherdess undesirable? The sixth sense of which Moira had spoken to Lyndon, when alluding to her perception of his mother's sentiments toward herself, told her now that there *was* another reason,—that Mrs. Granger was distinctly annoyed by the meeting with Miss Fane, and, had it been possible, would have prevented it.

Some light was thrown upon this a little later when, after the young lady's departure, Mrs. Granger let fall a few studiously careless words.

"I was rather sorry to see Elinor Fane," she said, — "not from lack of hospitality, or because I don't like her well enough, but because I was sure that, like everybody else, she would want to talk about Royall. They — er — knew each other very well."

"Was that all, — that they knew each other very well?" Moira asked, with a sudden illuminating conviction that Royall must have admired immensely the extremely pretty person she had just seen.

"Well, there was some flirtation," Mrs. Granger admitted; "and I think the Governor would have been glad if the affair had become serious; for the Fanes are old friends of his, and he is very fond of Elinor. But Royall always had a roving fancy until he met *you*.

So he went away; and Elinor was left, not exactly lamenting—for, no modern girl laments in such matters,—but certainly disappointed."

"I see!" Moira's dark-fringed eyes seemed to see a great deal, as she gazed at her friend. "This is the girl he should have married, who was selected by his family, and is *convenable* in every respect."

"No, no, we don't do things in that way over here! No matrimonial arrangements are made by families: young people manage those affairs for themselves, and their elders seldom interfere. Of course it would have been quite suitable—*convenable*, as you say,—for Royall to marry Elinor Fane, and would have pleased both families; but he was not in love with her."

"It's rather odd that he shouldn't have been. He admires beauty extravagantly, and she is so pretty."

"But he wasn't." Mrs. Granger was distinctly obstinate on that point. "She was in love with *him*, however—I don't think there's a doubt of that,—so I knew that she would be very curious about his marriage, and ask any number of questions when she heard that I had met him in Paris."

"And that was why you wanted to get rid of me?"

"Naturally. It wouldn't have been pleasant for you to sit and hear yourself discussed; and I also knew that she would insist upon a description of Royall's wife as soon as she learned that I had seen her."

"It must have been rather difficult for you to give such a description, under the circumstances."

"It was difficult,—at least she made it so. Now, at the Manor they were satisfied with general statements about beauty and charm; but Elinor wanted particulars at once, and I'm afraid I stumbled badly over those. How could I do otherwise when I knew that she had just been looking at you and taking in every detail of your appearance?"

"She certainly took in every detail," Moira said, recalling the keen scrutiny of the cerulean-blue eyes. "It was unfortunate that she chanced to see me."

"Most unfortunate," Mrs. Granger agreed, with a sigh. "But that is how things happen. Well, I hope we shall soon be able to present you to all whom it may concern as Mrs. Royall Harcourt. But I wish Elinor Fane had remained away on her yachting cruise until the matter was settled."

"Why do you wish that? What harm can she do?"

"I don't know that she can do any harm,—I only believe that she would if she could. And her coming is the first unlucky thing that has happened. So I'm wondering—it's my turn to be superstitious now!—if the turn of the tide is perhaps at hand."

"You mustn't wonder,—you mustn't think of such a thing!" Moira said energetically. "We are going to the Manor to dinner this evening; and I feel sure that before the evening is over something will occur,—something that will enable us to do away with mystery and to open the door for Royall's return."

(To be continued.)

The Master Calls.

BY JOHN C. REVILLE, S. J.

WHY, Lord, on me such tenderness bestow?

Unwearied Lover, by what yearnings led
Seek'st Thou my dreary home, Thy kingly head

To heat of summer bared and winter's snow?

My heart, more cold than icy winds that blow,

I open not; yet see Thy feet that bled,

The thorns upon Thy brow, the gashes red
Within Thy palms, Thine eyes with love aglow.

Of pleading voices murmured in mine ear:

"Unlock thy gate! The Master calls once more;
Thy God awaits Thy latticed casement near."

But, heedless of the hallowed gifts He bore,
"Not now," I said: "to-morrow I shall hear."

With dawn He came—again I barred the door.

Frederic Ozanam: An Appreciation.

(1813-1853)

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

THE centenary of Frederic Ozanam recalls one of the most attractive and commanding personalities among the gifted group of militant Catholics who, in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, came forward in France to do battle with voice or pen, in the pulpit, in the press, or on the platform, in the grandest of causes—the cause of Christianity; of faith in opposition to Voltairean infidelism; of the rights and liberties of the Church against State domination; of truth dogmatically defined, against indifferentism and the multifarious phases of error then prevalent. He himself had passed through the fiery ordeal of doubt, and had learned by experience the value of truth. Once having grasped and believed it with an intensity of conviction that effaced every shade of doubt, as the sunlight dispels the darkest clouds, he determined to consecrate his life to "the truth which had given him peace."

One day when the tempter was pressing him closest, when he feared he would be worsted in the unequal combat if he trusted in himself alone, a sudden impulse prompted him to enter a church, where, falling on his knees, he prayed for help from on high; promising that, if he were given light to see the truth, he would forever after devote himself to its defence. The memory of the incident remained with him to the last. Referring to it in the very latest of his writings, he says: "The uncertainty of my eternal destiny left me no peace; I clung to the sacred dogmas in desperation, but they seemed to break in my grasp. Then it was that the teaching of one who was both a priest and a philosopher saved me. He brought light into my mind. I believed henceforth with an assured faith; and, touched

by this mercy, vowed to consecrate my days to the truth which had given me peace."

This priest was his teacher, the Abbé Noirot, who had a particular gift for discerning and developing vocations; whose influence decided the course of Ozanam's studies and his career, and who in his old age spoke with affectionate admiration of his distinguished pupil as "an elect soul."

Frederic Ozanam was of Jewish ancestry. According to a legendary pedigree, the family became Christianized in the seventh century. His father, after serving for five years in the army of the first Napoleon, went to Milan, where he taught French and qualified himself in medicine. Dr. Ozanam, who took a high view of the medical profession, which he regarded as second only to the priesthood, devoted much of his time to the poor; and, when pestilence ravaged the city, volunteered to replace the two medical men attached to the military hospital who had fallen victims to it. He remained till the end at this post of peril, with the same courage with which he often faced danger and death on the battlefield. It was while he was thus engaged that his son Frederic was born, on April 13, 1813.

After the entrance of the Austrians into Milan, Dr. Ozanam returned to Lyons, where he occupied for many years a position at the head of his profession, and where he continued to display the same devotedness in ministering to the corporal needs of suffering humanity, particularly of the sick poor. "His wife," relates Kathleen O'Meara,* "for seventeen years seconded him nobly in this apostolate of charity. . . . It was in coming from one of those abodes of poverty that he eventually met his death. Familiar as he was with the perils of the dark, broken stairs, he made a false step and fell, injuring himself so severely that he died the next day."

* "Frederic Ozanam: His Life and Works." By Kathleen O'Meara (Grace Ramsay), pp. 5, 6.

The son was destined to continue and expand this apostolate of charity. Before doing so, he prefaced the literary apostolate which was to be his main life work by writing a treatise against the St. Simonians, dreamers who, like the Modernists of our time, talked vaguely of some "religion of the future," which was to solve all the religious and social problems perplexing people at an epoch when opinions on the subject of religion were in a fluid and incohesive state after the Revolution of 1830. This was written when he was serving an apprenticeship to law in an attorney's office, and occupying his leisure hours with the study of English, German, Hebrew, and Sanscrit. He was then seventeen. Lamartine, when he read this treatise, wrote to the youthful author: "This beginning promises us a new combatant in the sacred struggle of religious and moral philosophy which this country is sustaining against a materialistic reaction."

Ozanam prepared himself for the combat by studying the moral and social condition of contemporary France,—“pursuing my studies outside society,” he says, “so that I may be able to enter it later with some advantage to others and to myself.” Convinced that the first need of man, the first want of society, is religious truth; and having discovered by the sheer force of reason that it was synonymous with Catholicism—“that Catholicism which was first taught me by my mother, which was dear to my childhood, and so often fed my mind and heart with its beautiful memories, and its still more beautiful hopes; Catholicism, with all its grandeurs and all its delights,”—he projected, with the encouragement of the Abbé Noirot, writing a book at thirty-five, and preparing for it at eighteen by the acquisition of twelve languages and the study of geology, astronomy, universal history, and the history of religious creeds, in order worthily to express his leading idea. “I am filled with intellectual delight,” he wrote enthusiastically to two college

friends; "for the work is magnificent, and I am young. I have great hopes, and I believe that the day will come when I shall have nourished and strengthened my thought, and shall be able to express it worthily."

That day was nearer than he then imagined. Sent to Paris to pursue his legal studies at the *Ecole de Droit*, he got an inside view of the society he had hitherto studied from the outside. He at once found himself in the midst of young men who were either avowed atheists, Rationalists, or St. Simonians. "Fresh from the pure atmosphere of a Christian home, and animated by an ardent love of his faith," says his biographer,* "he could not bear the idea of daily companionship with those who made open profession of hating Christianity, who scoffed at its doctrines and blasphemed its Divine Founder."

The friendship of André Ampère, the celebrated Catholic scientist, then at the pinnacle of his fame, who hospitably invited Ozanam to make his home with him, shielded and sheltered him from these contaminating associations. He there met the most distinguished scientists and men of letters of the day, and was much impressed by the strong, simple faith of his host, who would often break off abruptly in what he was explaining or investigating, and, burying his great white head in his hands cry out like one overpowered by some high presence: "Oh, how great God is, Ozanam,—how great God is!"

Writing on one occasion to his cousin Falconnet, Ozanam said: "You know of old my longing to surround myself with young men feeling and thinking as I do. I know that there are such, but they are scattered, 'like gold on the dunghill'; and the task of gathering defenders under one flag is proverbially a difficult one." How scattered they were is shown by a single incident.

A young student, who had often met Ozanam at the *Ecole de Droit*, and been

attracted by his quiet diligence and the kindly charm of his manner, but had never ventured to seek his acquaintance, met him one day coming out of St. Etienne du Mont. "What!" he exclaimed. "Are you a Catholic? How glad I am! Let us be friends. I had thought you were an atheist!"

Ozanam had been little more than a year in Paris when he gathered round him a group of militant young Catholic students, rendered courageous by co-operation; so that every time a Rationalist professor raised his voice against Revelation Catholic voices were lifted up to answer him. When one of the professors treated the Papacy as a temporary institution which was dying out, and accused the clergy of having always favored despotism, they addressed to him their objections in writing, which were publicly read, and produced the best effect, both on the professor who retracted, and the students who applauded. This stirred up the latter from their fatal religious indifference, and accustomed them to grave and earnest discussion.

The chair of philosophy at the Sorbonne—that ancient Sorbonne which was founded by Christianity, and whose dome was still crowned with the Sign of the Cross—was the battlefield of a more serious encounter. When Professor Jouffroy, one of the most prominent and ablest Rationalists of the day, impugned the very possibility of Revelation, and when, after two written objections to his false teaching, he persisted in his attacks, Ozanam drew up a protest signed by fifteen students. An audience of over two hundred listened respectfully to their profession of faith, and Jouffroy promised for the future not to wound the belief of any of his Catholic hearers; adding: "Five years ago all the objections sent in to me were dictated by materialism; spiritualistic doctrines met with the fiercest resistance. To-day this feeling is greatly altered: the opposition has become quite Catholic."

* *Ib.*, p. 23.

Ozanam was the leader of the opposition group. "Let us cheer up," he wrote exultingly to Falconnet. "Our enemies are weak. These fine doctors of incredulity could be worsted by the simplest of our village priests. Let us cheer up, I say; for the work of God is advancing, and will be accomplished by the youth of this very day,—who knows, perhaps even by you and me?"

The group, later on, grew into a Catholic party, that used to meet at the office of the *Tribune Catholique*, a triweekly owned by Bailly, father of the late Père Bailly, founder of *La Croix*. A debating hall, open to all comers, brought together Voltaireans, Fourierists, Rationalists, and St. Simonians, as well as Catholics. It was just the audience they wanted; for a propaganda, not a mutual admiration society, was what they aimed at. It became so popular and frequented that they had to remove to larger premises. Bailly gave free weekly lectures and bore all the expenses; while Ozanam, as leader of the Catholic party, took a foremost part in the debates, and displayed there, for the first time in public, that impassioned and sympathetic eloquence which was later to win him such brilliant triumphs at the Sorbonne.* He had realized the great object of his desires—"a reunion of friends working together at the edifice of science, under the flag of Catholic ideas." A great source of encouragement to him and his fellow-students were Montalembert's *soirées*, where they met the most illustrious champions of Catholicism.

When it is noted that, though Ozanam was not yet twenty-one, he had already become a champion himself, one realizes how rapidly he must have risen in general estimation. He rose higher, much higher, when, after being admitted to the Bar, graduating Doctor of Law and of Letters—his acquisition of the latter distinction being signalized by a brilliant thesis on *Dante*, which elicited from Cousin, one

of the examiners, the exclamation, "Ozanam, how is it possible to be so eloquent!"—he was nominated professor of Commercial Law at Lyons, declining the professorship of philosophy at Orleans and the chair of foreign literature in the University of Lyons (subsequently offered) in order to accept the less lucrative but more important position of assistant professor of foreign literature in the Sorbonne. It was tenable only during the illness of Fauriel, who held the chair. But it was a higher and wider sphere; it brought him more into the public gaze, and in contact with the eminent men who were moulding and directing the intellects of young Frenchmen. When, later, Fauriel died, Ozanam was made professor for life.

It was a post of peril. It was carrying the war into the enemy's camp. The Sorbonne was their citadel. He was to make many a breach in its battlements before death removed him from the field. "Guizot, Villemain, and Cousin," says his English biographer, "had for some years past formed a triumvirate of genius, which had raised the standard of professorships at the Sorbonne to the highest point of critical severity; it was, therefore, a tremendous ordeal for the inexperienced young provincial Doctor of Law to be brought into competition with such rivals. It was nearly half a century since the voice of a Christian teacher—a teacher identified with the Christian faith—had been heard in the Sorbonne; while, on the other hand, its walls had echoed unceasingly to every false and fantastic doctrine of the Voltairean and Rationalistic schools.... But now a new era had begun. At the age of seven and twenty, Ozanam took his seat among the veterans of the proud old University, and electrified young and old by the splendor of his gifts and the burning ardor of his faith. It was a strange coincidence that the same audience which had so lately listened with delight while Villemain and Cousin unfolded their favorite theses, should now hear with no less favor

* *Ib.* p. 71.

those same theses energetically combated from the same rostrum by the daring newcomer."*

Ozanam, at a time when the public mind was envenomed against Christianity and its dogmatic presentment, boldly and fearlessly made use of his chair to propagate Catholic truth through the medium of science, history, and poetry. "It was a rash experiment on his part," comments his biographer. "The State as yet held the monopoly of the University, and looked with an evil eye on the men who were leading the war against it in behalf of the rights of the Church." But Ozanam did not stop to count the cost. His "rashness"—or, more correctly, his courage—succeeded where a timid, time-serving line of action would have failed. The sceptics heard him with astonished admiration, the Catholics applauded with a sense of victory. His lectures, based on the Socratic method which he had learned from the Abbé Noirot, reflected additional lustre on the Sorbonne. "The lyceums and colleges send us distinguished professors," said Cousin; "but the Abbé Noirot sends us men."

Ozanam's Sorbonne lectures formed the main basis of the eight volumes that contain the rich results of his profound studies and painstaking researches. They have long occupied an undisputed place among the classics of contemporary French literature. He travelled much on the European Continent, each tour being followed by some literary output. A journey to Italy preceded the publication of his much-read and much-esteemed work, "*Les Poètes Franciscains*," pronounced by several critics to be "a pearl without a tival." In it he traces the causal connection between the Franciscan spirit and the genius of those "eagles of Christian poetry"—Dante, Petrarch, and Tasso.

In his "*Civilisation au Cinquième Siècle*" he shows the gradual development of history, poetry, art, and material civilization, in the Empire up to the formation

of the neo-Latin nations; a partly posthumous work that, about a year after the author's death, was crowned by the French Academy, which adjudged to it the annual prize of ten thousand francs (just then founded) for the finest literary work produced within the year. In his "*La Civilisation Chrétienne chez les Francs*" he attacked the most important historians of the time on every point where they stood opposed to Catholic truth. These works are fine fragments of an incomplete whole, revealing a grandeur of design and a scope and breadth of view commensurate with the greatness of the subject.

Lecturing and authorship did not absorb all Ozanam's time. The stirring events of 1848, when all Europe was convulsed with revolutions, drew him out of his study and his class-room into politics and journalism. He collaborated with Lacordaire in the *Ere Nouvelle*, which they jointly started and edited, as the organ of Christian democracy; took his place in the ranks of the National Guard; but refused to come forward as a Candidate for the National Assembly, to which his Dominican colleague was elected.

Ozanam was not a politician in the ordinary sense of the word. He studied the situation from a different viewpoint. He had been convinced that the question which agitated the world was not a question of political forms, but a social question; he foresaw that a struggle was impending between the classes and the masses; and felt that it was for Catholics to precipitate themselves between these hostile ranks, so as to deaden the shock, if they could not prevent it. "Do away with misery, Christianize the people," he said, "and you will make an end of revolutions." The harrowing sights of misery which he saw in the Faubourgs on the morrow of the Revolution deepened this conviction. The reverse of a pessimist, he was sanguine to a fault. "I have always belonged to what M. Lenormant calls the Party of Hope," he wrote to Foisset. "I

* *Ib.*, pp. 200-202.

believed, I still believe, in the possibility of Christian democracy; in fact, I believe in nothing else, so far as politics are concerned."

It was his deep and abiding interest in the social question which impelled Ozanam to take up the challenge when the St. Simonians tauntingly called upon Catholics to "show their works," and he responded by calling into existence the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. His opponents, while they admitted the past grandeur of Christianity, persisted in declaring that it was now a dead tree that bore no fruit. Ozanam, impressed with the belief that deeds, and not merely speech, should be the arguments that would silence the enemy, constantly repeated: "It is all very well talking and arguing and holding one's own against them, but why can we not *do* something?" They promptly did. They proved that the tree was not dead, but full of the inexhaustible sap which has nourished, in the present as in the past, many vigorous branches capable of bearing good fruit. The story of its origin and growth could not be better told than in his own words when, twenty years afterward, he was inaugurating a new Conference of the Society at Florence.

"We were just then," he said, "invaded by a horde of heterodox and philosophical doctrines that were clashing all round us, and we felt the need of strengthening our faith in the midst of the assaults made upon it by the various systems of false science. Some of our fellow-students were materialists, others Simonians, others Fourierists, others Deists. When we Catholics sought to call the attention of these wandering brothers to the marvels of Christianity, they said to us: 'Yes, you have a right to speak of the past. In bygone days Christianity did indeed work wonders, but to-day Christianity is dead. And you, who boast of being Catholics, what are you doing? What works can you show which prove your faith, and can claim to make us respect and acknowledge it?' And they

were right: the reproach was but too well merited. Then it was that we said to one another: 'Let us to the front! Let our deeds be in accordance with our faith.'

"But what were we to do? What could we do to prove ourselves true Catholics except that which pleases God most? Succor our neighbor, as Jesus Christ did, and place our faith under the safeguard of charity. Eight of us united in this idea; and at first, as if jealous of our new-found treasure, we would not open the door of our little assembly to any one else. But God had other views with respect to us. The association of a few intimate friends became in His designs the nucleus of an immense family of brothers that was to spread over a great part of Europe. You see that we can not with truth take the title of founders; for it was God who willed and founded our Society."

The Society was helpful in many ways outside its own special sphere. When Ozanam, at whose instance, shortly after his arrival in Paris, the Abbé Gerbet had given a series of conferences to the students, prevailed upon Archbishop de Quelen to invite Lacordaire to give a similar series at Notre Dame, it was the members of the Society who took an active part in making this new departure in Christian apologetics a striking success. One day, coming out of the Sorbonne from one of the customary displays of sophistry and false science, Ozanam said to a companion: "What we want is a man of the present time, young like ourselves, whose ideas sympathize with ours, — that is, with the aspirations and struggles of the young men of our day." When, later, he heard the Abbé Lacordaire deliver one of his impromptu discourses in the chapel of the Collège Stanislas, where he first displayed his oratorical gifts, he said: "There is the man we want to confound Jouffroy and his school!" Accompanied by two law students, he waited on the Archbishop, then

lodging at the convent of Les Dames de St. Michel in the Rue St. Jacques, his palace having been burned down in the Revolution of 1830. The ultimate result, after some opposition, was the initiation of those famous Conferences which stamped Lacordaire as one of the greatest pulpit orators.

"We all know," wrote Montalembert,* "what were the audiences at Notre Dame. Never had its venerable walls seen the like. Let us remind our readers that the core of them was first formed by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which had just been given to the Church by Frederic Ozanam,—one of those whom Lacordaire most loved, and of whom he said but quite recently: 'He is an ancestor.' The ranks of this glorious band swelled and multiplied tenfold around the pulpit of Notre Dame. It there drank in that spirit which carried it until yesterday† intact, respected and blessed through all our revolutions and our struggles. Lacordaire was, next to Ozanam, and with him its father. . . . Speaking one day at Notre Dame of this youthful legion which has put its chastity under the shield of charity—the loveliest of virtues under the loveliest of guardians,—Lacordaire said: 'What blessings will not this youthful chivalry draw down upon France,—this chivalry of purity and of brotherhood in the cause of the poor!' Let the gratitude of the country be at least the safeguard of their liberty."

Ozanam was very devoted to the Society, which he watched over with paternal solicitude, and was greatly rejoiced in his declining years by its becoming more and more widespread; although at first it met everywhere with

mistrust on the part of people by whom everything emanating from Paris was assumed to be wicked. The opposition a good work encounters, even at times from estimable but prejudiced persons, is, rightly understood, strong presumptive evidence in its favor. "Why should we complain," he asks, "when we have to deal with a generation which anathematizes Lacordaire?"

It brought tears to his eyes when he assisted at meetings so wide apart as those at London and Burgos, where he met what he calls "our little family,—always little by the obscurity of its works, but great through the blessing of God upon it. The tongues are different," he adds; "but it is always the same friendly clasp of the hand, the same brotherly cordiality; and we can be recognized by the same sign as the early Christians, 'See how they love one another.'" Writing to an Italian priest toward the close of his life, he says: "All that you have done for myself and my little family touched me less, Reverend Father, than the hope you hold out to me at the last in favor of St. Vincent de Paul. This dear Society is also my family. Next to God, it was the means of preserving my faith after I left my good and pious parents. I love it, therefore, and cling to it with all my heart; it has been a joy to me to see the good seed growing and prospering in Tuscan soil."

The Sorbonne and the Society were the two things Ozanam had most at heart. When his life was drawing to a close, and he was journeying in Italy in the vain effort to recover from a wasting illness, his thoughts often turned from that sunny land to the left bank of the Seine. "Ah, my poor Sorbonne," he mused, "how often do my thoughts go back to the blackened walls, the bleak courtyard, the studious, begrimed halls which I have so often seen filled with the generous youth of Paris! Dear friend, next to the infinite consolations which a Catholic finds at the foot of the altar, next to the

* "Memoir of Lacordaire."

† An allusion to the dissolution of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul by order of Napoleon III. and by the advice of Persigny, Minister of the Interior, in 1861, because it refused to accept an official director or chief nominated by the Emperor, like the Grand Master he at the same time granted to the Freemasons.

joys of family life, I know no greater happiness than that of addressing young men who have heart and intelligence."

Ozanam's last appearance at the Sorbonne was pathetic, almost tragic. He lectured there as long as he could,—longer, indeed, than he should; for his strength was spent, and it was only sheer will power and devotion to his work that enabled him to make the effort. When one day, as he lay in bed, fever-stricken and suffering acute pain, he heard that people were clamoring for his return, accusing him of neglect of a duty for which he was paid by the State, he was stung to the quick. "I will show them it is not true!" he exclaimed. "I will do honor to my profession!" He would listen to no remonstrance: dressed, and drove straight to the Sorbonne. His biographer thus graphically describes the incident:

"When the professor, leaning on the arm of a friend, pale, worn, more like a spectre than a living man, advanced through their midst, the rioters were smitten with horror and remorse. As he ascended the chair that had witnessed so many of his triumphs, and that he was never to ascend again, their applause broke forth, rising and falling like waves around him. He stood for some minutes gazing in silence on the thoughtless, cruel young crowd, his blue eyes shining with the terrible light of fever, his long hair hanging, his whole appearance that of a man who was nearer to death than to life. When at last the tumult subsided, he spoke. His voice rang out as clear as silver, more piercing from its very weakness, like a spirit imprisoned in a body too frail to bear the shock of its inspiration. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'our age is accused of being an age of egotism. We professors, it is said, are tainted with the general epidemic. And yet it is here that we use up our health; it is here that we wear ourselves out. I do not complain of it: our life belongs to you; we owe it to you to our last breath, and you shall have it. For my part, if I die it

will be in your service.' He said truly: this last effort killed him."*

To use a rather hackneyed phrase, Frederic Ozanam died in harness. Crucified to the pen, as Lacordaire expressed it, he used it as long as his fingers could hold it. He was actually in a dying state when he wrote "A Pilgrimage to the Land of the Cid," a record of his journey to Burgos, which he called "My Odyssey." It was written at Antignano, a few lines at a time, resting at intervals on a sofa. When he finished it, he was no longer able to hold a pen, except to write some fugitive thoughts and short prayers which his wife was anxious to preserve. Speaking regretfully of his interrupted literary work, he said to her: "If anything consoles me for leaving this world without having accomplished what I wished to do, it is that I have never worked for the praise of men, but always for the service of truth."

When death was inevitable and very near, he hurried back to France, wishing to end his days in Paris amid the scene of his early triumphs. But he could proceed no farther than Marseilles, where he died on the evening of September 8, 1853.

In the roll of honor that includes the names of those chivalrous soldiers of the Church Militant who fought bravely in the forefront during what may be called the Catholic Renaissance in France during the first half of the nineteenth century, one that will always occupy a prominent place as that of a modern Bayard, a knight without fear and without reproach, is that of Frederic Ozanam.

Etiam mortuus, adhuc loquitur. Though sixty years have lapsed since he died, he is still teaching as he taught at the Sorbonne and elsewhere,—teaching in his works and in his biography the same truth, to the propagation of which he consecrated his life. A survey of that life must impress upon every thoughtful mind two points which stand out clear and luminous: the close association between faith—active, vivid, supernatural—

* O'Meara, pp. 373, 374.

ized faith—and intellectual vigor; and the importance, both from a religious as well as social viewpoint, of the philanthropic side of Christianity. Ozanam was no dreamy philosopher, frittering away his time in vague, misty speculations; no fireside philanthropist, evolving theories of social reform to be worked out in the Greek Kalends. He was a man of his time,—a man of action as well as of thought; a man of heart as well as of intellect. The world would be better if there were more men of his type,—would be better even by taking to heart the impressive lessons of his exemplary life.

The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

April 20, Fourth Sunday after Easter.

THE Gospels have preserved for us but fragmentary details of the risen life of Our Lord. Those Evangelists who tell us anything about the forty days He spent on earth before the Ascension are content with describing some of the occasions on which He manifested Himself to His disciples, but say little about the instructions He gave them. St. Luke, in a brief passage of his Acts of the Apostles, affords a glimpse of the nature of this intercourse: "He showed Himself alive, after His Passion, by many proofs; for forty days appearing to them, and speaking of the kingdom of God." From this we learn that those forty days were spent in preparing the Apostles for their ministry,—especially, as commentators observe, in the institution of the Sacraments, which were to be the means of the justification of mankind.

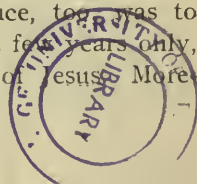
In the absence of any recorded instructions on this or other subjects treated upon by Our Lord during these days of His sojourn upon earth, the Church has selected for the liturgy of these Sundays some passages which give Our Lord's words addressed to the Apostles before

His Passion, and which may fitly apply to this season. In many instances we may discover allusions to the Sacraments and their operation, which render the choice of them more evidently appropriate.

Thus the Epistle, taken from St. James, reminds us that "every best gift and every perfect gift" comes to us "from the Father of lights." That same Father hath "begotten us by the word of truth." It is from God's pure bounty that we receive all good things, both of nature and grace; but He has in His goodness given us a kind of right to His bounty by adopting us as His children by the Sacrament of Baptism. He, the "Father of lights," has kindled within us the light of faith; He hath begotten us by making us to be born again in baptism, on our acceptance of the "word of truth"—the Gospel which makes known His will, and which the Apostles were sent to preach as a preparation for baptism.

The Gospels of the three Sundays before the Ascension all allude to the approaching departure of Our Lord from this world. We may be sure that this was a subject upon which He often addressed His followers during the forty days after His Resurrection; the fact renders the choice of these passages most appropriate at this time. On this Sunday we have the consoling promise of the Paraclete, or Comforter, who will come to the bereaved Apostles to supply the place of their beloved Master. "It is expedient for you that I go; for if I go not, the Paraclete will not come to you... He will teach you all truth... He shall glorify Me, because He shall receive of Mine, and shall show it to you."

To us also, as to the Apostles, the words are spoken. The Holy Ghost was to inform the Church, to guide it into all truth, to fill the souls of the Church's children—born to her in baptism—with light and strength, through His gracious abiding within them. His presence, too, was to be continual,—not for a few years only, like the bodily presence of Jesus. More



over, it was to be universal,—to “fill the whole world.” It is the special mission of the liturgy to keep us in close touch with our Blessed Lord’s words and actions at every point of His sojourn among men; the thought of His approaching departure should lead us, as He wished it to lead the Apostles, to think of that home in heaven toward which He was hastening, and which in their sorrow they seemed to overlook. “I go to Him that sent Me; and none of you asketh Me, Whither goest Thou?” Let it be our chief concern to fix our affections on heaven, “where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God,” and to cling to the grace which the Holy Ghost imparts, so that we may make sure of joining our Beloved there in due time.

The Collect gives voice to this disposition of heart: “O God, who makest the faithful to be of one mind, grant that Thy people may love what Thou commandest, and desire that which Thou dost promise: that, amid the changes of this world, our hearts may be there fixed where joys are true.”

We may notice, too, that the Collect impresses upon us the necessity of not only observing God’s commands, but of loving them, and of desiring the rewards promised to those whom God has made His people by means of the Sacraments.

But we must not conclude that the dominant character of the liturgy of to-day is sorrowful: the note of Easter joy is never wanting. The Introit sings of the graces bestowed upon the Church by her Divine Spouse, and rejoices in the calling of the Gentile world to the knowledge of God and the gift of salvation. “Sing to the Lord a new canticle. Alleluia: because the Lord hath done wonderful things. Alleluia. He hath revealed His justice in the sight of the Gentiles. His right hand and His holy arm hath saved us.”

In the Offertory verse also the whole earth is called upon to join in gratitude to God for His favors; for Our Lord invites all to partake of the grace of

Redemption, which is imparted through the Sacraments. “Sing to the Lord, all the earth; sing a psalm to His name. Come and hear, and I will relate to you, all you who fear God, what great things the Lord hath done for my soul. Alleluia.”

Reflection upon the immense graces offered to us, God’s children by adoption, must needs fill our hearts with the like gratitude.

St. Joseph.

THE occurrence during the present month of two festivals in honor of the foster father of Our Lord renders opportune the publishing of the following translation of Père de Ponlevoy’s “*Pensées Choiesies*” on the premier of patron saints. Like the more famous Père de Ravignan, of whom he was the confidential friend, and, later on, the biographer, Père de Ponlevoy was a spiritual director whose writings embody a charming blend of the sweet and the strong,—an attractive union of piety and grace with knowledge and experience.

After Mary, who has the name and the heart of a mother, even as she fills the office of one, our second patron is St. Joseph, who has the character of a protector; then come the other saints, secondary patrons who bear the name of friends. Our first model is Jesus, or God become human; our second, Mary, or humanity become almost divine, because in her all is divine save herself; and our third model is St. Joseph, or pure nature, in a vocation apparently commonplace, with all the perfection of grace.

Here is nothing that may not be imitated. Joseph shows us the place, the foundation, the means, and the terminal of holiness. The place is wherever we may be—in Egypt as in Judea; the foundation is within reach of our hand—prayer and work; the means—simply to live under the eye of Jesus, with our gaze fixed on Him. As for the terminal, nothing

is more natural — we stay where we are, we finish as we began, we die as we have lived. We open our lips to let forth a sigh which turns out to be our last breath; and from the broken heart there suddenly escapes the liberated soul, murmuring the names: Jesus, Mary, Joseph.

Every grace may come through the mediation of St. Joseph, but he likes especially to distribute such services as he once rendered or received in the bosom of the Holy Family. Thus he is the patron of parents, the guardian of children, the director in the ways of God, the counsellor in affairs of difficulty, the protector in crises of every kind, the consoler in death, and the liberator from purgatory.

The Day's Best Beginning.

“WELL begun is half done,” says an old adage, whose substantial truth most persons have had frequent opportunities of experiencing. And the adage is not more applicable to this or that task or project which may occupy some portion of the day than to the day itself. According as one begins the morning ill or well, it ordinarily happens that forenoon and afternoon are also unprofitably or advantageously spent. Now, so far at least as Catholics are concerned, there can not possibly be a better beginning of their day than attendance at Holy Mass.

That the devout hearing of Mass is the most excellent of all the good works possible to lay Catholics is a mere truism. “If,” says St. Laurence Justinian, “you place all your good works—prayers, fasts, alms, mortifications—in one scale, and a single Mass in the other, you will find the latter to outweigh by far the former.” The patent, obvious reason is that the Mass is identical with Christ’s oblation on the Cross.

Consider for a moment the specific advantages of which Catholics deprive themselves by neglecting to attend the Holy Sacrifice as often as they reasonably

can. Foremost among them must be placed the forgiveness of sin. Through the Mass, the Council of Trent assures us, those in the state of mortal sin obtain, if they petition for it, the gift of repentance; while those in the state of grace receive an increase of that grace, with the remission of venial sins and of the temporal penalty still due to forgiven mortal sins.

St. Francis of Sales tells us that prayers offered in union with the Divine Victim have an inexpressible power; that favors can be secured at the time of Mass which can be obtained at no other time. Our feeble petitions are strengthened during the Adorable Sacrifice by our Saviour’s own prayers, and His are never offered in vain; for, as St. John tells us, “the Father heareth Him always.”

Fortunate would it be for all Catholics to view the Mass with the clear perception of the Holy Souls. Our faithful departed—our relatives, friends, and acquaintances who are now exposed to the cleansing fires of purgatory—doubtless deplore their non-performance during life of many a good work that would have cancelled, or at least materially lessened, the debt of temporal punishment burdened with which they appeared before their Judge when their death-stroke came; but it is probable that the keenest regret afflicting the majority of them arises from the memory of their unpardonable negligence relative to the hearing of daily Mass. With the boundless treasury of God’s graces thrown open to them every morning of their lives, they passed heedlessly by, neglecting to stoop and gather the priceless boons; and now they bewail such action as the climax of insensate recklessness.

Attending daily Mass is, of course, purely a question, not of obligation but of devotion, and of devotion that does not interfere with the performance of other duties of one’s state in life. It may readily be granted that such attendance is impracticable for many Catholics whose time is not at their own disposal; but there is no question that, on the other hand, it

is entirely feasible for thousands who habitually neglect it. Pretexts for absenting one's self are, of course, easily discoverable; but it is doubtful whether in sober earnestness any Catholic really believes that the economy of a household ever suffers, or the prosperity of a business ever wanes, because wife or husband gives one half hour of the day's forty-eight to the worship of God on whom life and health and happiness depend.

The Event We Celebrate.

THE best account that we have seen of the great event of Church history commemorated this year, in honor of which the Pope has proclaimed a Universal Jubilee—the promulgation by Constantine (after his famous victory over the tyrant Maxentius) of the Edict of Milan, which granted peace to the persecuted Church and established her liberty throughout the Roman Empire—occurs in a Pastoral of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hedley, addressed to his diocesans from Rome, on occasion of his recent visit to the threshold of the Apostles. He writes:

The year of Our Lord 313—just sixteen centuries ago—is the year in which the Church of Jesus Christ, the Kingdom of God upon earth, gained her liberty. For more than two hundred years Christianity had been actively and almost continuously persecuted by that mighty power which then ruled the whole of the known world—the Empire of Rome. The persecution was at one time more fierce, at another relaxed or quiescent; it sometimes raged fiercely in one region, whilst in others there was comparative peace. But, in principle, before the law of the Roman Empire, Christianity was illegal, hostile to the State, and treasonable.

How many glorious martyrs, during the ten great persecutions, laid down their lives for Christ, need not here be reckoned. In this city of Rome itself there are churches—such as the Pantheon (or St. Mary of the Martyrs), Santa Prassede, and others—where the remains of the martyrs are buried in thousands; and there are places—like the Forum, the Baths of Diocletian, Santa Maria in Macello Martyrum, and, above all, the mighty ruins of the Colosseum—where, with a very slight exercise

of the imagination, we can see the persecution in all its long and terrible fierceness: the servants of Christ dragged to the tribunals, racked, tortured with fire, scourged, driven in slave-gangs on the public works, thrown to the beasts, or put to death by fire, drowning, or the sword.

All Catholics know that a tremendous change came over the world, and over the fortunes of Christianity, when the Emperor Constantine, by the celebrated Edict of Milan, in the year 313, declared the Christian religion to be legal in the Roman Empire, and recognized the Christian Church in its corporate capacity. The terrible persecution of Diocletian had not altogether ceased. Diocletian himself had been only a few years dead. Constantine, with Licinius, by his victory over Maxentius at the very gates of Rome a few months before, had virtually become ruler of the Empire. How it was that this great and illustrious Emperor formed the resolution to break with the whole history of the past, and to reverse the policy of three hundred years, must ever remain a mystery, in which we can only adore the mighty Providence of God. But God had visited Constantine. The story of the battle just referred to is one of the most thrilling passages in the annals of the Church.

Toward the end of the year 312 the Roman Empire was partitioned among several rulers, who called themselves "Augustus" or "Cæsar." At that time the city of Rome, with Italy and Africa, was ruled by Maxentius, a cruel and dissolute tyrant. The great Constantine possessed Gaul and Britain. But the course of political events—or rather the overruling Providence of God, who had decreed the triumph of His Church—determined him to crush Maxentius and to seize the city of Rome. He crossed the Alps with his army. It is supposed that it was in the neighborhood of Turin that he had the first apparition of the Cross of Jesus Christ. About noon one day, whilst he was encamped on the plain to the westward of Turin, there appeared to him a Cross, surrounded with rays of light, and bearing the inscription: "With this sign shalt thou conquer." It was witnessed at the same time by the whole of the army.

Constantine, who had already turned his thoughts to Christianity, pondered in wonder and fear what this portent might signify. The same night Jesus Christ appeared to him, accompanied by the same sacred sign, and commanded him to make that Cross and those words henceforth the standard of his army. Constantine obeyed the vision. Henceforth he bore the mysterious Cross with its words of prophecy on his own helmet, as we see in the medals which yet exist. Henceforth the legions

took it into battle and the soldiers had it upon their shields.

Advancing southward through Italy, Constantine finally encountered the armies of Maxentius at Saxa Rubra, a place on the banks of the Tiber, on the Flaminian Way, about nine miles from what was then called the Flaminian Gate and is now the Porta del Popolo. Driving the enemy before him, both on the flats of the Tiber on the one side, and along the narrow road between the rocks and the river on the other, he utterly routed him, with great slaughter, at the bridge which is known to all who visit Rome as the Ponte Milvio. The tyrant Maxentius perished in the waters of the river; and it was there, where the remains of the ancient bridge can still be seen, under the modern structure, that God delivered Rome into the hands of Constantine, and the sacred standard fulfilled the promise and the prophecy which made that battle, not so much the victory of Constantine as the triumph of Jesus Christ.

Constantine entered Rome in triumph, amid the rejoicing of the whole population. To his glory, as "liberator of the city and founder of peace," the Senate and the people erected that triumphal arch which yet stands, near the Colosseum, and which records that "divine guidance" which led him in every step of that momentous campaign.

He had now determined to profess himself a Christian. Sending for learned priests, he studied with care the doctrines of Jesus Christ. The traditions of the Roman Church assert that he was baptized by Pope St. Sylvester in the year 325. But he had no sooner made himself master of Rome and Italy than he hastened to give to the Christian Church that liberty which now for the first time the Roman Empire was to recognize. The famous Edict was published at Milan a few months after the great battle. It is given word for word by the historian Eusebius, who knew the Emperor intimately. It is sufficient to say that it declared Christianity to be legal and free in every respect, that every subject of the Empire might profess it without any restrictions or conditions, that all churches and other property which had been at any time seized or confiscated were to be restored, and that Christians as a corporate body or legal association could acquire and hold property.

Thus the Church of Jesus Christ emerged forever from universal proscription and a state of persecution. Catholics were still from time to time harassed and even put to death, as under Licinius, Julian the Apostate, and the Arian Emperors. But never again could the Christian name be the name of a felon or a traitor before the law of Imperial Rome, which was the law of the world.

Notes and Remarks.

Calamities like the recent floods are never without attendant good effects, though slight account may be taken of them. The compassion for the sufferers, so general and so generously expressed; the kindly solicitude shown and noble benefactions made by merchant princes supposed to be wholly absorbed in money-making, and by business corporations supposed to be soulless, ought to give pause to the pessimists, and silence the tongues of those so fond of declaring their lack of faith in human nature. If, according to the "Imitation," sickness shows what a man is, so do public calamities manifest the worth of aggregations of men. The spirit of charity prevailed everywhere during the recent disaster. Persons of all sorts and conditions were eager to do anything in their power to relieve the distress. A priest stationed in one of the towns of Indiana that suffered most from the flood tells us that the heads of a number of the large department stores in Chicago sent carloads of their best goods; and that well-known insurance companies, not only made no collections, but in cases of death dispensed with the usual formal proofs in making settlements, and promised to renew all agreements that had been lost or invalidated.

As illustrating the fraternal charity manifested by the poor, a reporter tells of seeing a poor man enter an office of the United Charities, remove a threadbare coat he was wearing, place it on a pile of clothing destined for flood survivors, and walk out without a word. Another reporter relates that a young woman, seemingly in need herself, called at a relief station in Chicago, and, after pressing a few small coins on the embarrassed official in charge, hastily withdrew. These, too, were noble benefactions.

In his Apostolic Letter proclaiming a Universal Jubilee on the occasion of the sixteenth centenary of the Edict of Milan,

the Holy Father writes: "Then finally the Church militant procured the first of those triumphs which in every age always follow attacks of all kinds, and from that day forward it bestowed greater benefits on the human race. For, gradually abandoning the superstitious worship of idols, men, both in the laws and in their manners and institutions, adopted more and more the Christian mode of life, and thus it came about that justice and charity flourished upon the earth."

The specific purpose of the celebration, and the motive underlying the granting of the Jubilee, is the multiplication of 'prayers to God, His Virgin Mother, and all the saints, especially the Apostles, that the peoples of the whole world may restore the glory and honor of the Church and take refuge in the bosom of so noble a mother; may exert their powers to repel the errors by means of which the reckless enemies of the Christian Faith strive to obscure her splendor; may pay due homage to the Sovereign Pontiff; and, in fine, may confidently regard the Catholic religion as the support and stay of all things. Then we may hope that men, having their hearts once more fixed on the Cross, will, in this sign of salvation, completely overcome the haters of Christianity and the unbridled desires of the heart.'

As for the conditions attached to the gaining of the Jubilee indulgence, bishops throughout the world are commanded to bring them to the notice of the faithful. A Jubilee is an extraordinary grace, by which no Catholic should fail to profit. Apart from the benefits the Holy Father hopes for, there is bound up with it a personal boon of inestimable value for everyone who wishes to secure it.

Whether it is worth while for our Government to indulge in sharp practice as regards its treaty obligations, in order to reap an inconsiderable financial benefit, is a question that admits of no other than a negative answer. Whether the action of Congress, in 1912, exempting American

coastwise vessels from tolls on the Panama Canal, a waterway avowedly constructed for "the benefit of mankind, on equal terms to all," is not an evasion of obligations contracted by the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty with Great Britain, is a matter on which opinions differ. Personally, we think it is an evasion, and we endorse this expression of the International Peace Board of Trustees:

The greatest interest of the United States as a free nation is to represent worthily before the world the principles of civil and religious liberty, and the public efficiency and well-being which those principles develop, and thereby to promote the adoption of these principles the world over. This is a great material as well as a great moral interest. In comparison with this large interest, the interest of the United States in its coastwise vessels sinks into insignificance. By securing the repeal of that part of the act of Congress on the Panama Canal which provided for the exemption of American coastwise vessels from the payment of tolls, the American people would embrace a precious opportunity to prove that they understand their highest interest, and recognize their duty to promote it for the benefit of mankind.

Many besides ourselves must have noticed the resemblance between Cardinal Bourne and President Wilson. They would seem to be of a like type of mind also. Each expresses himself with something of the same simplicity, clearness, and forcefulness. The striking note of the President's first message to Congress and of the English Cardinal's Easter sermon, from which the following is an extract, is directness, — a note which is often missing in the utterances of public speakers. One may feel sure that they have something to say to which it is especially worth while to listen, but one is sometimes uncertain as to whether they themselves fully realize its importance. Not so with Cardinal Bourne:

In accepting Christianity in its completeness—in other words, in giving our adhesion to the Holy Catholic Church,—we must never forget that we are receiving a revelation of God's teaching and power, which, starting from a stupendous miracle, will continue to be marked by mystery and miracle until the end.

And, on this account, we must be prepared to find ourselves surrounded by superhuman agencies and influences at every step in the development of our Christian lives. A Christianity which rejects the miraculous and the supernatural ceases to be Christianity in any true sense. A Christian life which is surprised and startled at contact with the supernatural, or that withdraws itself as much as possible from the action of the supernatural, is maimed and stunted, and may not be far from perishing. For the supernatural is the very life and breath of Christianity. Thus in the schisms and heresies which have afflicted the Church, where the sense of the supernatural, and the realization of the world of grace and of the sacramental system, and the consciousness of divine guidance have grown weak, little by little belief in the Resurrection has given place to rationalistic interpretations, until, finally, belief in Our Lord's divinity has disappeared, and all divine manifestations have been explained away.

With Catholics, on the contrary, in proportion to their understanding of the meaning of the mysterious fact of our Saviour's rising from the dead, there is a full acceptance of that supernatural life which is given to every soul in baptism, and renewed, strengthened, and made perfect by all the other sources of sacramental grace. They are conscious, too, that, when it so pleases God, it is possible — nay, indeed, likely — that He will manifest His power in the world, either by enriching with special supernatural gifts those of His creatures who are His chosen friends, or by granting miracles of spiritual or bodily healing to those who invoke Him, through the intercession of the Blessed Mother of the Word Incarnate or of the saints, with strong and trusting hope. The existence of a religion based for the proof of its divine origin on the miracle of the Resurrection carries with it the certainty that it will be accompanied by, and encircled round by, other outpourings of Almighty Power, and leaves us unsurprised and undismayed when in the course of ages we find that religion marked at every stage by fresh evidences of mystery and miracle.

As an unconscious tribute to The Church, the editor of the *New World* quotes the following paragraph from an article on "The Divorce Problem" appearing in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, which is Methodist:

A hundred thousand divorces were granted in this country in 1912. In 1900, twenty European countries and Australia, New Zealand,

and Canada, contributed to the marriage tragedies of the world 27,000 divorces. In the same period this country had 56,000 divorces. Yet this nation had only 76,000,000 population, while the other nations cited contained 267,000,000 people. The time has come to stop playing and come face to face with the fact that what we are deluded into calling American civilization could with more appropriateness be paraded under some other less edifying but more designative term. The foundations of the family are being shaken, the very moral structure of the nation is endangered, and it is high time, indeed, that all citizens combine for sheer national safety, if for no higher, more moral end, and stem this terrific tide of iniquity.

Why can not our separated brethren see, comments the Catholic editor, that the only practical and absolutely effectual way in which 'all citizens can combine to stem this terrific tide of iniquity' is to accept the teachings and follow the discipline of The Church?

Apropos of the heroic deed of Captain Oates, who, in the unfortunate Scott expedition to the South Pole, left his companions rather than delay them in their journey to safety, and died in consequence, the *Month* condemns the characterization of his action as suicide, and makes a moral distinction which it is well to bear in mind:

To commit suicide is to compass one's own death directly and designedly, which is as morally wrong as to kill another in the same way. In order, then, to constitute the crime of self-murder two things must coincide: the object sought must be self-destruction, the means chosen must be directly productive of that object. Now, the main intention of Captain Oates was to relieve his companions of a burden. His death, though it would have had that effect, was in no ways essential to it: had he by some miraculous chance managed to save himself apart, his aim would have been equally well attained. And he took no positive means to kill himself, — as, for instance, shooting himself with a revolver: he gave up his life rather than took it. A few illustrations will make the case still clearer.

That man, then, is a hero like Captain Oates, and not a suicide, who in a shipwreck gives his life-belt to another and allows himself to drown, or who leaps from a sledge closely pursued by

wolves so that its other occupants may escape, or who cuts the rope above his head which would otherwise drag his companion-climbers with him into the abyss. In none of these cases is the means chosen of its own nature productive of death, although in the circumstances death may be inevitable; in none is the death of the hero a necessity for the accomplishment of his object, although he knows, as a matter of fact, that such is the price he will have to pay. It is the highest act of charity to give your life for your friend; it is an offence against God to take your own life for whatever object.

The principles embodied in the foregoing passages are among the commonplaces of Catholic theology, but are not perhaps familiar to the ordinary reader; although common-sense tells everyone that the morality or immorality of a given act is dependent in no small measure on the motive which prompts it.

We are not alone in thinking that the world is in far greater need at present of more Christian example than of further enlightenment as to Christian doctrine. A great many persons outside the Church are not drawn to it by simply learning more about it. The knowledge of truth is one thing, putting it into practice is quite another. It is not often that we find ourselves at agreement with a Presbyterian person; however, we heartily agree with the editor of the *Presbyterian Examiner* when he says:

We have need in this century, more than ever before, of the Franciscan ideal,—an ideal of simplicity and poverty, a heart fixed on the realities of life. These are strange days, when men will fast for the good of their stomachs who would never do it for the good of their souls; when men will lead the "simple life" for a whim, and spend what they save thereby on fresh luxuries when the whim is over. We have need, now more than ever, of object-lessons in the true "simple life," led with the single, burning aspiration for the true, full life of eternity, and sustained by an abounding faith in the glorious abundant life after death. The nearer we come to bare necessities, the nearer we come to true beauty; for true beauty is serviceableness. A cottage kitchen, with its unpretentious furniture, its pewter and plain crockery, is a far more beautiful place than a modern drawing-room. In such surroundings

life is life, to be faced willingly, with the knowledge that the day's work brings the day's wages, and that moth and rust will find little to corrupt of all the treasure we leave behind us when we go.

We have frequently submitted that, as a general rule, the most suitable present for a school graduate is a good book. The reasons for this contention need not here be gone over again. It is a gratification to notice that our idea has been taken up by the Alumnae Association of St. Mary's College, Monroe, Michigan, an official of which, in a recent communication to her fellow-associates, writes thus:

One of the objects of our organization, as you already know, is to keep ourselves informed about Catholic literature, and to use the influences of this Association to promote its circulation. The time is near when this question again presents itself to our friends and to ourselves, "What is a suitable graduating gift?" Thousands of dollars will pass from the pockets of Catholics for such purposes by the end of June. Flowers, jewelry, bonbons—can you not recall the nondescript array you helped to buy in Junes gone by? And you knew some of these things lasted but a day. Let us, with better judgment, now make a real effort to the end that Catholic books and magazines shall have the places they deserve in the affections of our young people.

This communication is made further helpful by the inclusion of a list of standard (and up-to-date) Catholic publications. For wide-awake, practical efficiency, commend us to alumnae rather than to alumni organizations.

The paper in this week's AVE MARIA commemorating the centenary of the birth of Frederic Ozanam is a high tribute to the memory of that great Catholic champion. Incidentally, the article will have done an excellent service to the cause if it send readers to Kathleen O'Meara's matchless biography of the man. No branch of the St. Vincent de Paul Society should be without that book on its library shelves; and, indeed, there are few Catholic homes where its presence would not be an inspiration and a blessing to the members.



Mary's Child.

BY FRANCIS G. TILFORD.

WHEN mother said good-bye to me,
I did not understand
The quiver in her soft, sweet voice,
The coldness in her hand;
I did not know what she could mean
When she so bravely smiled
And said that while she was away
I should be Mary's child.

But now I know why mother dear
Gave up her little boy,
And went away so cheerfully,
With eyes so full of joy.
For when I say my evening prayers—
Wherever I may be—
With one hand Mary holds mamma,
And with the other me.

White Eagle.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN, AUTHOR OF
"BILLY-BOY," ETC.

XVI.—A DESPERATE FLIGHT.

IT had been a long climb up the San Miguel,—a climb that had steadied even Tony, who took the last stretch without a buck or a frisk. But it had been a pleasant climb for the two "partners." Spring seemed to have made this south ridge of the great mountain already her own; shy blossoms were peeping in the shelter of the great rocks; the air was loaded with spicy fragrance from new-leaved pines; and snow-fed brooks were laughing joyously. Out of the fulness of his boyish heart, Don chatted as freely as the twittering birds or the prattling streams. Pappy, who had never before established such frank and friendly relations with a boy, not even with the Don

of long ago, found this new experience so pleasant that he urged his partner on to further confidences.

He learned all about the *fiestas* that had been the red-letter days of Don's life; of the processions around the ruined walls of the Mission, when Don always carried the white banner of Our Lady, whose bearer Padre Francisco said must be without sin in thought or deed. He heard of the games that followed on the *plaza* when the Indians came from their scattered homes in the mountain passes and the valleys, and there were races and wrestlings as of old, and shooting at a mark with bow and arrows.

"Three times I have won the prize," said Don; "but it is not because I can shoot better than the others, I know. It is because Lopez and Diego send their arrows wrong, so that White Eagle may have honor above them, and his name be great in the valley still. You know my mother's father was the War Eagle, whose memory, Nokola says, will live in the hearts of his people forever."

And the speaker's eyes flashed with an honest pride that no longer roused Pappy's ire. He was learning that "my mother's people" had a family history not to be despised, that the blood of the War Eagle was no ignoble stream, that a name written in the hearts of a people was a boast even beyond all the proud claims of the Carruthers.

Pappy found he was taking an altogether different view of things as he rode up the rugged steepes of San Miguel to-day, at his grandson's side, listening to the boyish confidences that would never have reached Mr. Stephen Carruther's ear in a dozen lifetimes.

Suddenly Don paused, drew Tony's rein, and bent his ear to the breeze.

"There is some one coming!" he said.

"Some one is galloping fast on our trail, Pappy! We had better wait. Maybe Lone Jack or Batty wants to join us."

"I hear nothing," answered Pappy, as he, too, paused in the forest silence.

"You don't know how to listen," said Don, with a little laugh. "My father did not know how to listen either; but I do, Pappy. I can hear the hoof-beats of an Indian pony that has never been shod. He is coming swift as the wind up the rocks, through the pines. Now—now! Why, why, it is Lopez!" as the long, lean Indian boy swept into sight on his flying pony.

He reared up with a cry of triumph at Don's side, and burst into quick, eager speech in his own tongue.

"Well, what does he want?" asked Pappy, as he saw his young partner's look of blank dismay.

"He says—he says—we must fly, hide!" was the breathless answer. "He says—O Pappy,—poor Pappy—" Don's voice broke. "The men are coming up from the valley to hunt you down, whether to kill or lock you up he does not know. He says there is a paper fastened to Joel Pratt's door, telling all the bad things you have done."

"A paper fastened to Joel Pratt's door, telling all the bad things I have done!" echoed Pappy, fiercely. "Why, the boy is a liar or a fool, sonny! He doesn't know what he is talking about."

"Oh, yes, Pappy, he does,—he does!" answered Don, in a shaking voice. "Lopez has a good head, a good heart; he is my friend. It is for my sake he has come to save, to help you. Dick Pratt has told that I was taking you away through the San Miguel Pass, and they are hunting you down. They will pay him much money, Lopez says, if they find you. They would sell their souls for money, those Pratts," added Don, the fire of the Eagle flashing into his eye.

Lopez, who had been sitting his pony like a statue of bronze, burst again into excited speech; while Pappy stared at

the evidently well-intentioned messenger, with dawning comprehension. A paper telling all the bad things he had done! Reward for his capture! The Pratts, father and son, on his trail!

Mr. Stephen Carruther, who knew something of the ways and methods of the wild West, realized the situation. He had evidently been mistaken for some evil-doer fleeing from justice; and, as he recalled the various stages of his present adventure, he felt he was certainly open to suspicion that it might be difficult to explain away.

And when it was explained! The proud, reserved old gentleman grew hot and cold at the thought of how the story would be flashed East; of the "scoop" it would be to reporters through the length and breadth of the land; how the fashionable and financial world would ring with jests and laughter at his plight, and gossip would run wild over the cause. As Mr. Stephen Carruther realized all this, great beads of sweat started out on his brow. He felt he was in a predicament that he would cheerfully give half his fortune to escape.

"Here, take the horse," he said, leaping from Nick's back. "Turn them off my track, if you can, sonny. I can't be caught like this." There was a desperate gleam in Pappy's eyes. "I *won't* be caught! I'll bolt off in these woods somewhere until—until—"

"No, no!" interrupted Don, laying his hand on the old man's arm. "You can't—not alone, Pappy. You'd get lost, you'd get killed. O Pappy, listen! Lopez says we must turn the horses loose. They'll find the way home, and he knows a place where we can all hide together, where no 'pale face' can ever find us, Pappy. They will follow the horses' trail and will not know. Come!"

Don and Lopez leaped from their ponies together, but it was wise, steady old Nick whom Don struck lightly with a pine twig.

"Home, Nick!" he said sharply. "Off—home—home!"

Nick shook his head, as if wondering why he was riderless.

"My, I forgot!" said Don, catching at the loosened rein. "The saddlebags, Lopez! We'll need some supper."

Lopez snatched off the saddlebags and flung them upon his own shoulders. Don shouted a parting "Get up!" to Nick, who seemed to understand his orders, and in a moment was off down the mountain, the two ponies galloping after him in high glee at such unusual freedom; while Don caught Pappy's hand and drew him hurriedly along the wild way on which Lopez was bounding like a forest deer.

"We must get off the horses' trail as quick as we can. It's a tough climb over these rocks, but they won't be able to track us here."

It was a tough climb, indeed, for Pappy. San Miguel deserved his warrior name. Never had he been conquered. Soaring high above the other mountains, crowned rather than cowed with glittering snow, he had kept his own secrets, guarded his solitudes by mighty barriers from careless approach. Though scarcely fifteen miles from Big Seth's camp, none of the men but Lone Jack had ever ventured to scale the rugged heights up which Pappy was panting, with the desperate strength of a hunted creature at bay.

Don had not grown up on these rough outposts of law and order without learning something of the danger that seemed threatening his partner now. Pappy was not the first suspicious character that, without question, had been sheltered in the camp, and set safely on his way with the rough kindness of men who felt it was not their part to judge or condemn.

Grieved and dismayed as Don was in his secret heart at finding his old partner a "hunted down" evil-doer, his loyal affection for him was not shaken a whit; indeed, it seemed to gain a sudden new strength. Some strange, tender depths in the boyish heart were stirred by the old man's peril. He must shield and save

his poor old partner at any cost. Dick Pratt and his money-grabbing crowd should not hunt him down. And at that thought all the spirit of the old War-Eagle grandfather who had fought to his death in the mountain pass woke in Don's breast. He resolved to guard, to defend the poor old man clinging to his strong young arm; and the boyish voice took on a new tone of tenderness as Don cheered Pappy on his climb.

"We'll be there pretty soon, Pappy. Hold on to me tight! Look out for that rock! It's slippery with dead leaves. I tell you, Lopez is a brick, Pappy! He knows just where to go. They will never hit our trail up here."

Higher and higher Lopez led, through thickets of pine, up jagged ledges of rock, that mounted like stairs, across the trickling water of snow-fed brooks; around curves where the great mountain of the Archangel went down like the sweep of a brooding wing to the valley.

Pappy panted on feeling the full weight of his threescore years; but, at a thought of those man-made cliffs two thousand miles away, he rallied his failing strength. How the story of his adventures would ring through bank, club, stock market! How the morning and evening journals would depict under black headlines "A Millionaire's Masquerade"! How the joke of the grim Stephen A. Carruther's figuring as a fugitive outlaw would appeal to all the Bulls and Bears on 'Change!

And there was another (though, in his present mood, a scarcely darker) side to the picture. He might explain in vain. He had no proof of innocence, of identity. Swift, unquestioning vengeance was often dealt in these wild regions, as he knew. He might be strung up to a tree for another's crime, with no chance either for justice or mercy. Who would believe in his bare word that he was Stephen Carruther, millionaire magnate and mine-owner, disguised as the old mountain tramp, Pappy Carr? How could Don even credit the wild assertion that his "partner"

was the "old cuss of a grandfather with a heart of stone"! And as these various views of his position presented themselves to the breathless old gentleman, panting up San Miguel's Mount, Mr. Stephen Carruther felt fiercely disposed to curse the folly that had led him into such straits. Folly? Nay, it was madness, he thought bitterly,—the very height of madness. He ought to be in a lunatic asylum, in a straitjacket. To go off on a wild adventure like this, at his time of life! A man of sixty-five to—to—

"Oh, look, Pappy!" the boyish voice, with its new tone of pitying tenderness, broke in upon his fierce self-reproach. "You came very near falling then! Now hold on to me tight. I am strong enough for both of us. I'm standing by you, Pappy. You're my partner, you know, and I'm going to stand by you whatever happens."

The last crumbling crust of the old, world-hardened heart gave way at this boyish pledge. Pappy found himself choking with a rush of feeling to which he could give no words. Folly? Madness? No, no, it had not been folly and madness that had brought him faith and trust and tender, unselfish thought like this. It had not been folly and madness for lonely, loveless old Stephen Carruther to risk all things, even life itself, to win the loyal, loving heart of his Donald's, his own boy. And, hunted, desperate, in peril of death as he felt himself, Pappy's old heart leaped with glad triumph. He had "struck it" at last,—struck the treasure that all the wealth and power of the Carruthers could neither buy nor command.

"Here we are, Pappy!" cheered Don, as they plunged after Lopez into a clump of dwarf pines that hid an opening in the rocks. "Now," he cried triumphantly, as, pressing for a moment through close, choking darkness, they emerged into a high vaulted cavern,—"*now* let Dick Pratt and his money-grabbers catch us, if they can!"

(To be continued.)

About Crosses.

A cross is defined as being a structure consisting essentially of an upright and a crosspiece, or transverse beam. There are many varieties of the instrument, and the principal forms, reducible to four, are distinguished, one from another, as follows:

The one with which we are most familiar, the Latin cross, is that in which the upright is longer than the transverse beam, and is crossed by it near the top. The Greek cross differs from the Latin in having the crosspiece placed lower down, so as to form four equal, or nearly equal, arms. This is the form of the Cross of St. George, and was the national ensign of England before the union of that country with Scotland. When the crosspiece is fastened at right angles across the top of the upright, like a capital T, we have what is called the *Crux Commissa*, or St. Anthony's Cross; and when the upright and the transverse beam cross each other obliquely as in the letter X, we have the *Crux Decussata*, or St. Andrew's Cross, that being the form of the instrument on which the national saint of Scotland suffered martyrdom.

As to other forms, among the most common is the Maltese Cross, with its eight-forked ends. It was used by the Knights of Malta, and was supposed to be made of four barbed arrow-heads meeting at their points. The Cross of St. James is a Latin cross, the longest arm of which represents the blade of a sword, the opposite one the hilt, and the two others the cross-guard, the last three being decorated with floral ornament. The Cross of Jerusalem is one in which the four arms are each capped with a crossbar; it may be considered a cross made of four St. Anthony's Crosses. The Cross of Lorraine has two transverse beams, the upper one being shorter than the lower; and, finally, the Papal Cross has three transverse beams, or crosspieces.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Irish Texts Society will soon publish the second volume of the poems of David O'Bruidair, edited by the Rev. John McErlean, S. J.

—One of the very best catalogues of Catholic authors whose books are to be found in public libraries is that which lists the works of this class included in the Enoch Pratt Free Library of Baltimore. It is compiled by Miss Catherine E. Codd, and published by the Catholic Benevolent Legion of that city.

—The "Collected Poems" of Francis Thompson has just been issued in two volumes by Messrs. Burns & Oates. Entirely new material will be found in them, also hitherto unpublished portraits. The same publishers announce a uniform volume of Thompson's prose, including a selection of essays not hitherto put into print.

—Translated from the Italian of Father Castanzo Frigerio, S. J., by F. Loughnan, the "Practical Manual for the Superiors of Religious Houses" has a word missing from its title,— "of Nuns" should have been added. The chapters treat of "The Spirit of Prayer," "Good Example," "Vigilance," "Prudence," "Charity," and "Firmness." The little book is replete with good advice and practical piety. It is exceptionally well bound as it deserved to be. P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

—"A Hundredfold," by the author of "From a Garden Jungle," etc. (R. & T. Washbourne, Benzigers), is an interesting story of Honora Errington-Todcastle's vocation to the religious life, and her final transformation into Sœur Marie Etienne. It is an English tale, with excursive incidents laid in Bruges, and contains the conventional amount of artistic Bohemianism, upper-class English country-life, family jars (Honora is the sole Catholic of her household), religious guidance, decorous love-making, a renounced fortune, and a thoroughly satisfactory winding up of the narrative's correlated strands.

—Wide reading and much reflection have gone into the making of "The Gospel of Pain," by the Rev. J. M. Lelen. This little book—a sequel to "The Duty of Happiness," by the same author—is given a brief foreword by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Covington. Father Lelen first considers pain as a preserving and purifying power, then as a means of progress, and finally as a means of holiness. There are many quotations from the works both of secular and of

spiritual writers. Of these citations the most memorable one, and at the same time the one best epitomizing the author's thesis, is that of St. Bernard: "Our woes are wings that carry us to God." Published by the *Christian Year Publishing Co.*

—An interesting lecture by Kuno Meyer delivered last year before the School of Irish Learning, Dublin, has just been published. It deals with the way in which letters first reached Ireland, and the causes which led to the remarkable outburst of classical learning at the end of the sixth century.

—We wish to congratulate our contributor, the Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J., upon his excellent brochure, "Father Carson Explains." What Fr. Carson explains is the yet recent decree on the First Holy Communion of children. In the person of the well-meaning Mrs. Mary, the popular objections to the new practice are candidly expressed, and in the explanation of Father Carson every mountain is levelled. The unction and urbanity of the whole make profitable and pleasant reading. Not all the literature on this subject has so happy a combination of qualities. Published by the *Sentinel Press*.

—"Lincoln, the Man of the People," is the latest addition to the Little Lives of Great Men series, published by Rand McNally & Co. The biographer, William H. Mace, has told the wonderful story of Lincoln's life in a simple way that accords well with the facts set forth. An excellent little book to put into the hands of boys and girls. From the same firm comes "The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin," in the Canterbury Classics series. It is edited by George B. Alton—whose notes, though few, are helpful,—and copiously illustrated by Homer W. Colby. A good text-book for school use.

—That indefatigable promoter of frequent and daily Communion, Father Zulueta, S. J., has brought out yet another volume on his favorite subject. It is published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, and has for main title "The Divine Educator." The sub-title shows its specific purpose—"Guide to the Promotion of Frequent and Daily Communion in Educational Establishments." The work is an adaptation from Father Lintelo's "Directoire," and can be unreservedly recommended to the prefects of religion in all Catholic universities, colleges, convent schools, and academies. It appeals, indeed, to a still wider circle of readers,—to all those who are in any way connected with the training of the

young. Two chapters of special interest are "Communion and the Crisis of Youth" and "Frequent Communion and Vocations." We are glad to see that the author reproduces in an appendix Pope Leo XIII.'s beautiful Encyclical *Miræ Caritatis*.

—That Gen. John C. Frémont, the Republican candidate for the presidency in 1856, was bitterly attacked by the "Know-Nothings" as a Catholic; that he refused to deny the charge, although, as a matter of fact, he was a lifelong member of the Episcopal Church and in early life had been trained for its ministry; and that the relations of his wife, Jessie Benton Frémont, and his daughter, Elizabeth Benton Frémont, with Catholic prelates, priests, and nuns were friendly and cordial,—these are some bits of the information one acquires in reading the daughter's "Recollections," compiled by I. T. Martin, and published by F. H. Hitchcock, New York. The book contains the narrative, in simple style, of what a venerable old lady, the daughter of the "Pathfinder," remembers of a life of travel, adventure, politics, pioneer experiences, and social activities on both sides of the Atlantic. Though without literary distinction, it nevertheless possesses something of the charm with which we listen to an aged actor in the scenes of the long ago.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"A Hundredfold." Author of "From a Garden Jungle." 75 cts.

"The Gospel of Pain." Rev. J. M. Lelen. 25 cts.

"Practical Manual for the Superiors of Religious Houses." Fr. Castanzo Frigerio, S. J. 44 cts.

"Father Carson Explains." Rev. E. F. Garesché, S. J. 10 cts.

"Lincoln, the Man of the People." William H. Mace. 35 cts.

"The Divine Educator." Fr. Zulueta, S. J. 50 cts.

"Their Choice." Henrietta Dana Skinner. \$1.

"The Names of God and Meditative Summaries of the Divine Perfections." Ven. Father Lessius, S. J. \$1.08.

"Mediæval University Life." Brother Azarias. 20 cts.

"The Loretto Centenary." 75 cts.

"The Cult of Mary." Rev. Thomas Gerrard. 40 cts.

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Obituary.

Remember, them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. James Carroll, D. D., of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. John Lee, diocese of Springfield; Rev. Patrick Dolan, O. S. B.; and Rev. John Giraud, S. J.

Mother M. Gertrude and Sister M. Teresa, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Bernarda, Sisters of the B. V. M.; and Sister M. Aloysius, Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. James Auld, Mr. Frank Grawer, Mr. James F. Sadlier, Mrs. Francis Carney, Mrs. Samuel Hannaford, Mrs. Mary Cashin, Mr. Valentine Lambert, Mrs. Anne Stuart Fitz Gerald, Mrs. Anna Jordan, Mr. Jeremiah Donovan, Mr. J. S. Fulton, Miss Catherine Mahoney, Mr. John Hart, Mrs. Bridget Quinn, Mr. William Hawe, Mary Ann Curry, Mr. Bernard Lampe, Mrs. Alice Conroy, Mr. John Lorenz, Mrs. Bridget Glauheen, Mr. Aloysius Richert, Mr. Patrick Reynolds, Mr. James McFadden, Mrs. Rose Morrison, Mrs. John Hellstein, Mrs. Bridget Duffy, Mr. Henry Weinzettel, Mrs. Sarah Collins, Mrs. Grace Hefner, Mr. Terence Kenney, Miss Ellen Warren, Mr. Edward Boyle, Miss Agnes Campbell, Mrs. Ellen D. Shea, Mrs. Mary Evans, and Mr. Herman Rechten.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace. (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the sufferers from the recent flood:

T. B. R., \$5; a priest, \$50; Mrs. K. B., \$10;

In honor of the Sacred Heart, \$20.

The cyclone and famine sufferers in China:

Mrs. M. C., \$5; F. J. B., \$1.



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Come Home with Me!

BY MARY KENNEDY.

COME home with me! The evening's near,
Grey-tinged the golden West;
Come home with me! The Master's here,
And Mary's way is best.

Come home with me! I once did hold
Your God close to my heart.
Come home with me! With me be bold,—
From me you must not part.

Come home with me! Ah, short the way,
And long the dark, dark night!
Come home with me! Be mine to-day!
I lead to love and light.

Come home with me! You did not fear
To call on me in youth.
Come home with me! I still am here,—
Oh, seek again the Truth!

Come home with me! You loved to go
To Mary's feet in prayer.
Come home with me! I now will show
The power you oft sought there.

Come home with me! The dark is near,
Grey-tinged the golden West.
Come home with me! The Master's here,
And Mary's way is best.

THE teaching of Christian wisdom consists not in the abundance of words, not in the art of reasoning, not in seeking celebrity, but in a true and voluntary humility, which Jesus Christ chose and inculcated from His Crib to His death on the Cross.—*St. Leo.*

Our Lady of Good Counsel.

BY M. N.



IN the Gradual of the Mass for the feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel we find the following words, which have been, in truth, most appropriately applied to the Holy Mother of Him in whom dwell all wisdom and knowledge: "Blessed is the man that heareth me, and that watcheth daily at my gates, and waiteth at the posts of my doors."

These sentences of the inspired writer bear a singular significance when considered in connection with the sacred sanctuary of Genazzano, which is visited by crowds of pious pilgrims on the 26th of April and on the 8th of September, the birthday of the ever-blessed Virgin Mary. Not alone from every part of Italy, but from all quarters of the globe, the faithful wend their way to that little town in Latium, to offer their petitions before the remarkable picture, or fresco; and wonderful, without doubt, are the graces and favors conferred upon those who pray there in a fervent spirit of devout and humble confidence; for "never yet," as we say in the sweet familiar words of the *Memorare*, "has it been known that any one who fled to Mary's protection has been left unaided." And, though it may well be that sometimes our petitions remain apparently ungranted, because—

"We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harm, which the wise Powers
Deny us for our good;"

we are not, however, justified on that account in thinking that such prayers have been offered in vain; for surely, prayer, like affection, never was wasted.

"If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters,
returning

Back to their springs like the rain, shall fill
them full of refreshment;

That which the fountain sends forth, returns
again to the fountain."

Copies of the wonderful picture at Genazzano are familiar to all; to many, too, its history is well known; yet we venture to think that a brief description of it may not here be out of place.

The town of Genazzano, which contains one of the most celebrated shrines of Italy, stands upon the site of a famous rose garden. Protected by lofty ridges, it looks out upon the rich and varied valley of the Sacco,—a valley bounded, after a sweep of several miles, by the Volscian Heights on the one side, and the Alban Hills on the other. A passage between them shows, in the far blue distance, the sapphire gleam of the sea; and pleasant breezes from the Mediterranean steal softly inland, tempering the heat of summer and the cold mountain air of winter. In truth, no more beautiful situation could be found, even in Latium, so noted for its exquisite scenery, than this favored spot, which, ever since April 25, 1467, the date when the sacred picture was first seen upon the still unfinished wall of the chapel of St. Biagio, in the church of Santa Maria, has become a renowned place of pilgrimage. The chapel and also the new church were first begun by a pious woman named Petruccia, the wife of John di Nocera, and a Tertiary of St. Augustine, who generously spent all her means for the furtherance of this devout project.

It is scarcely necessary to state that the rough, unfinished wall of the little chapel where the sacred picture appeared was soon hidden from sight by a rich altar and costly coverings of stone and marble. Handsome pillars supported the

canopy, and twenty solid silver lamps burned perpetually—as, in fact, they still burn—before the shrine, which, since that April afternoon so many, many years ago, has never ceased to attract almost countless multitudes of pious pilgrims. Hearts tortured by doubt, disappointment, failure, or despair; sinners weary of the world, and more weary still perhaps of the sin which looked so different in the days that are gone forever; humble penitents; souls stainless as the lilies that blossom in Florentine meadows, or wrung by suffering, sorrow, and silent desolation,—with the eye of the mind, we seem to see them drifting down the stream of Time. We seem to hear the cry, "*Eviva Maria! Eviva la Madre de Buon Consiglio!*" ringing through the centuries, as it rings in our ears to-day, if we visit the sanctuary at Genazzano on Our Lady's Birthday or the feast specially dedicated to her under her title of Good Counsel.

With regard to the picture itself, as it appears in the shrine, it is not more than eighteen inches square, and the most inexperienced eye can tell that it is a very ancient fresco, the brilliant, yet peculiarly delicate, coloring of which is still fresh and unsullied; though when painted, and in what country, even competent judges are quite unable to determine.

During twelve generations, beautiful copies have been executed at different periods and by eminent artists; yet not a single one amongst their number has succeeded in painting an exact reproduction. Works of the greatest masters have been copied in a manner sufficiently accurate to defy the detection of the ordinary purchaser; but not so the celebrated Madonna of Genazzano. In truth, more than one painter has noted the elusive beauty of both figures and coloring, and experienced, when endeavoring to reproduce the same on his own canvas, an abundant sense of failure and disappointment. Copies which, to those engaged upon them, have appeared practically exact, when compared with the

venerable original show differences so essential that only an approximate idea of it can be gained. Inadequate, however, as these representations seem to be, it is none the less a fact that they are the source of graces and blessings wheresoever they are placed.

The fresco, as we are all aware, represents the Virgin Mother holding her Divine Son in her arms. The Holy Child is dressed in red; Our Lady in green, of a singularly lovely shade, and a mantle of blue covers both; while behind is an exquisite arc, or rainbow. The head of the Mother leans tenderly toward the Child; the features of each possess a charm no words can give, as well as the likeness we should naturally expect, and which tradition certainly appears to warrant. Amongst others, Nicephorus, an author of the eighth century, and also the great and learned St. Thomas of Villanova, enlarge upon this fact. "Jesus Christ," writes the latter, "most perfectly resembled His Mother. Those who saw them both in life assure us that never had a son so great a resemblance to a mother, in aspect, manner, and conversation."

Of the extraordinary manifestations, the miraculous restorations of mind and body, etc., which reputable witnesses affirm to have taken place at the shrine, it is not necessary to speak: they are too well known to require repetition. But there is one circumstance not perchance so constantly insisted upon, though it is assuredly well worthy of notice. We refer to the remarkable preservation of the town of Genazzano from pestilence of every description. During the seventeenth century, as we learn from the Life of St. Charles Borromeo and other sources, a terrible plague ravaged Italy; yet Genazzano was wonderfully spared. Again, in the eighteenth century, so well known was the protection extended to this favored spot that Pope Urban VII. is said to have made his famous pilgrimage to the shrine principally with a view to obtain from the Virgin Mother of Good

Counsel a cessation of the pestilence then threatening Rome.

But perhaps the most noteworthy exemption of all was remarked in the last century, when that truly awful scourge, Asiatic cholera, swept again and again over the nations of Europe. In the years 1832, 1857, and 1867, Italy was practically devastated, no city or town throughout the length and breadth of the land completely escaping, save Genazzano; though, strange to say, no part of the country suffered more severely from the disease than Latium. Can we doubt that the prayers of the Mother of Mercy brought immunity to the place so closely associated with her name?

Great, however, as was this amongst other favors, there are spiritual blessings, not less remarkable, to be obtained through the intercession of Our Lady of Good Counsel. It has been well said: "Darkness shows us worlds of light we never saw by day." Those countless stars, "the forget-me-nots of the angels," which strew the fields of heaven when the crimson sun has set, are fitting emblems, in their glowing brightness, of the luminous rays that flash across the thick gloom of the soul in its hours of mental darkness,—darkness so overwhelming and so agonizing that we are fain to echo the cry of one of the greatest minds the world has ever known:

"Pray for me, who can not pray,
Whose faith is but despair!"

Yes, indeed, there are moments in the lives of many of us when our faith does actually seem little better than despair; when truth and honor look like clouds scattered by the wind; when trust fails, hope dies, and friendship—the one fact, the one reality, in a shifting world of illusions—appears nothing more than an empty dream. In our misery, we stretch out eager hands to hold it; but others snatch it from our grasp,—others who know so little how to value it that they fling it carelessly aside as soon as won. The bitterness, the (to our finite intelli-

gence) uselessness of it all, weighs us down. We tell ourselves that somehow and somewhere wrong will be made right, joy triumph over sadness, peace over pain; because the human soul was created for happiness, and that of an enduring kind. But happiness is, for the most part, transient here below. We may recall days, perhaps weeks, or even months, when "Care had cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream"; yet the way of our pilgrimage from this world to that which is to come is often enough strewn with thorns.

In these times, as in the past, men follow phantom fires. Tired of old opinions, ever eager for something new, impatient of all restraint, they "sink their thoughts as lead into the deep, to grope for that abyss whence evil grew"; and, after spending the best years of their lives, the noblest efforts of their intellects in a fruitless search, they allow themselves to be led away by will-o'-the-wisps of modern thought and modern scepticism. "Pride rules the will"; and, sinking deeper and deeper into the morass, they find themselves eventually engulfed in a quagmire of doubt and difficulty, from which there seems small hope of escape.

It is an experience which may befall any one of us, either on account of our own carelessness in reading books avowedly inimical to faith; or owing to a certain bent of mind or character; or because, perchance, the thing we longed for has been denied at what seemed the very moment of its attainment. Lost in the starless night of intellectual and spiritual desolation, with the infidel's cry, *Ubi est Deus tuus?* ("Where is thy God?") ringing persistently in our ears, we know not how to retrace our steps; and then it is that we should most strenuously implore the aid of Our Lady, that Virgin Mother of Good Counsel, whose help and tenderness will never fail.

Even amongst those where there is no open falling away from the faith, do we not find the spirit of the age exemplified

in that phase of philanthropy which gives such special prominence to the relief of physical suffering? Bodily pains are often terrible enough, God knows; and all honor to those who so generously spend their time and their means in trying to alleviate them. But sometimes, impressed by the importance of this good work, are we not a little inclined to lose sight of the spiritual miseries that surround us,—miseries which we should do well to recommend to the tender care of the Mother of Good Counsel, who can and will aid us; for is she not, like her Divine Son, touched with the feeling of our infirmities?

Suffering is, for the most part, our portion here below. "This life of ours is a wild Æolian harp of many a joyous strain; but under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail as of souls in pain. Faith alone can interpret life; and the heart that aches and bleeds with the stigma of pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ, and can comprehend its dark enigma."

Therefore, when the riddle of existence becomes too hard to read, when the storm-clouds of doubt or sorrow or despair gather round us, let us ask Our Lady of Good Counsel to keep our faith firm and pure; let us implore her to cure this sickness of spirit, lest perchance it should be "unto death"; let us cry to her in the beautiful words of the great St. Bonaventure: "Despise not our petitions in our necessities, but deliver us always from all dangers, O ever glorious and Blessed Virgin!"

ALL those who are saved eternally will be saved by the sovereign grace of God and by the free co-operation of their own will; and all those who are lost eternally will be lost because, by the free resistance of their will, they have refused to co-operate with the grace of God. The predestination of God in no way violates or takes away the perfect liberty of the human will.—*Cardinal Manning.*

A Far-Away Princess.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XVIII.

THE old garden of the Manor was quite as beautiful as Moira had imagined that it would be, in the floods of silver light which poured over it from the full moon, and made a place of enchantment of it, when she went out with Lyndon after dinner to see the lilies. She had been disappointed that Governor Harcourt himself did not accompany her, since she had looked forward to this occasion as possibly affording an opportunity for the revelation which she was now anxious to make to him; but, with a smiling remark about the privileges of youth, he had turned her over to Lyndon, and she could not refuse to go with him.

She was very silent, however, as they walked down the box-hedged avenues, through the dew-drenched, perfume-breathing garden, all stillness and beauty, toward the spot where the lilies bloomed. And Lyndon, too, was silent, possessed by an emotion which the influences of the time and scene combined to render almost overwhelming. For in the unearthly radiance, which gave a strange note of spirituality to her loveliness, Moira seemed to him more than ever like a Lady of Dreams, as she moved beside him, as he caught the jewel-like glance of her brilliant eyes, and marked the delicate pale curve of brow and cheek under the soft, silken masses of her dark hair. Every hour of his late association with her had made him more sensible of her charm, more aware of the depth and intensity of his own feeling—that feeling which since their first meeting had been steadily rising, like a tide, within him,—but the moment had now come when passion demanded utterance and would no longer be denied.

So, each absorbed in thought and feeling of which the other was unaware, they paced together silently along the garden

paths, until they finally emerged into the cloistral space where, flooded with moonlight, the lilies stood, rank upon rank, in their white beauty,—such a fair and stately company that Moira exclaimed:

"It is as I thought it would be. In this wonderful light they are more than ever like the souls of the saints!"

"They are like you!" Lyndon said, turning suddenly toward her. "Didn't I tell you, the day I saw you here before, that Royall must have dreamed of you when he planted these flowers? They seem to have been waiting for you; and I—I have been waiting also. I didn't know it any more than the lilies possibly knew, but I know it now. Does this sound to you absurdly fanciful?" (She had drawn back a few steps, and was looking at him with apprehension and something like dawning terror in her eyes.) "But, you see, even a man like me grows fanciful when he loves. And I love you more than I can say."

"*Mon Dieu!*" Moira gasped, unconsciously falling back upon her own language for the Name upon which to call in this moment when the world seemed tumbling about her ears. She had thought of a bomb when he unexpectedly mentioned Royall's name as they stood here before; but what was that to this explosion which seemed to shatter all her dreams and leave her face to face with a terrible reality! She grew so white that, involuntarily, Lyndon put out his hand as if to support her; but she drew still farther away from him, with eyes wide and startled. "Are you mad?" she asked in a vibrating voice. "You surely must be mad to venture to speak like this to—a woman who has given you no right to do so."

"You have given me no right to think that you return, or that there is even hope of your returning, the love I feel for you," Lyndon answered. "But unless I tell you of it how can you ever begin to think of caring—"

She lifted her hand quickly, with a

gesture such as (it occurred to him) she might have used to stop a blasphemy.

"You don't know what you are saying!" she cried. "And it is my fault that you don't know. If I could have foreseen! Oh, what have I done! And how can I ever forgive myself!"

Clasping her hands together in a grief that seemed to him altogether inexplicable, she leaned back against the sundial that stood in the midst of the tall, white lilies, and looked before her with a gaze which, in its tragic sorrow, went beyond him into some distant region.

"You have done nothing, and you have absolutely nothing for which to forgive yourself," he told her. "I am sure that no man has ever fallen in love with less encouragement than I have had from you. You have never given me a word or a glance in which it was possible to find a gleam of hope. I have known this all the time; and, strangely enough, it has been one of the charms which has most strongly attracted me. You have been, as it were, set apart from all other women I have ever known,—remote and exquisite as a star. And I, whom even those who know me best think hard and practical,—I am in reality an intense idealist, and unconsciously I have been waiting all my life for a woman like a star. It is the story of the Princess Far-Away over again. I have found my ideal in you, and I would cross any ocean, dare any danger, to lay even a hopeless love at your feet."

"Oh, *mon Dieu!*—*mon Dieu!*" she cried again. "What can I say? What can I do? It is I who should be at your feet in penitence,—only you don't understand it."

"No, I don't understand in the least why you should feel such exaggerated self-reproach," he said. "I wish you would believe that there is no need for it. No man who loves a woman has any right to blame her if that love is hopeless, unless he has been led on by coquetry. But I have never seen, I have never imagined a woman as free from coquetry

as you are. The saints to whom you have likened these lilies could not, I think, be more free from it."

She lifted her hands to her face, and he saw that his words had touched such deep sources of emotion that she was weeping. "Thank God!" he heard her say. And wonder kept him silent; for, in truth, he had no idea for what she was thanking God.

And so several minutes passed, in which they stood in the white moonlight among the fragrant flowers,—these two who had been brought together from such remote distance only, as it seemed, to cause each other keenest pain, yet who were destined, perhaps, to learn from each other something of the deep mysteries that underlie both human love and human pain. Presently, since Moira appeared incapable of speaking, Lyndon spoke again.

"Try to forgive me for distressing you so much," he said gently. "I can hardly forgive myself. Yet I couldn't have guessed that you would be so deeply distressed, and I can not imagine why you should be. It is not your fault that I have loved you. How could one know you and not love you?"

She dropped her hands, and looked at him with a face pale as the lilies around her, and eyes dark with pain.

"You are wholly mistaken," she said. "It is altogether my fault that you feel toward me in this way. It is as if I had stolen your love—a great gift to which I had no right, no claim; and I have nothing to give you in return—"

"You have already given me more than I ever had before in the knowledge of yourself," he interrupted. "Don't you remember?—"

How many sink exhausted by the road,
And never see their Princess Far-Away!
I have seen her."

"If you don't want to kill me with self-reproach, you will not say another word," she told him desperately. "You will despise me when you know the truth

about me; and I shall deserve to be despised. For what I have done is indefensible,—I see it now. I have been wrapped in self-centred egotism, and never thought—but there is no excuse in lack of thought.”

“You are talking in enigmas,” he said,—but he, too, had grown very pale. “Will you not tell me plainly what you mean, what you have done that you believe indefensible?”

“Not now,” she answered, with an heroic effort at self-control. “There is some one else to whom I must speak—to whom I owe an explanation first. You will know very soon all that there is to know; and then you will find it hard to forgive me, instead of asking my forgiveness. No” (as he began to speak), “I beg you to be very kind and say nothing more. Let us go back to the house.”

And then, as they moved away together, he heard her murmur something as inexplicable as her other utterances.

“The tide has turned,” she said.

XIX.

Moira had been so stunned by Lyndon's startling and (to her) overwhelming declaration that she felt incapable of forming any immediate decision about the best course of action to pursue in the situation in which she so unexpectedly found herself. Instinct told her, even in the moment of surprise and shock, that she owed the first revelation of her true identity to her husband's father; and she also felt that at the present time this revelation had been made impossible; but beyond these two points her thoughts did not go. She was only conscious, as she went back to the house, of an intense desire to get away, and in solitude and quietness look her position in the face.

But, young as she was, the experiences and training of her life had given her a remarkable power of self-control,—of putting aside even an absorbing personal emotion when called upon to meet the demands of some outside duty. And so

no one divined that anything out of the ordinary had occurred among the lilies in the moonlit garden; not even Mrs. Lyndon, whose maternal perceptions were very much on the alert. She had looked for something to happen when she saw the two young people go away together into the fragrant beauty of the summer night; and it was a relief to her mind (for she had a vague distrust of this beautiful stranger, whose power of fascination was as evident as her haunting loveliness) when they returned without undue delay, and with a quietness of manner and bearing which seemed to indicate that nothing of a disturbing nature had taken place.

Only Mrs. Granger was aware of a subtle deepening of the remoteness which, despite her charming courtesy, so often seemed to wrap Moira like an atmosphere; and she was hardly surprised that the girl made no effort to find an opportunity for the revelation concerning herself which she had declared her intention of making that evening. Clearly she had changed her mind. Something had occurred to make her feel that conditions were not propitious; and, fancying that her silence, when a little later they drove home together, proceeded from disappointment, Mrs. Granger made no attempt to sustain conversation and asked no questions.

For this Moira was very grateful. After the efforts she had been forced to make before leaving the Manor, it was restful to lie back silently in the smoothly rolling car, and be borne swiftly through the magical beauty and stillness of the night. And the wind that came in such delightful freshness, laden with a hundred wild scents of forest and stream; the stars shining with tranquil radiance out of the immeasurable distances of space; the moon riding high in the violet sky, and flinging her silver light far and wide over the quiet land, were all influences which helped to soothe her nerves, to clear her brain, and to tranquillize her spirit. So, when at length she found herself safe in

the seclusion of her own room, she was ready to kneel down quietly at the foot of her crucifix, to say her *mea culpa*, and to beg for the light and counsel of which she felt so grievously in need.

And the light and counsel came, as they never fail to come to those who seek them with an humble heart and an open mind. Not immediately indeed: there were many hours before her of painful doubt, irresolution, and struggle of conflicting thought. But when she rose the next morning, after a sleepless night, she saw clearly that only one of two courses of action was open to her: she must either reveal her true identity at once, or she must leave the neighborhood of Harcourt Manor without delay.

From the first course she now shrank with an extreme reluctance, knowing that it would bring her into unavoidably close contact with Lyndon, and place him in a very trying position. For what would he think, how could he act, when he learned that the woman whom he had not hesitated to brand as a scheming adventuress was the woman in whom he had found the realization of the ideal which had always haunted his dreams, and to whom he had uttered words which it would be impossible for either of them to forget? Could he ever forgive her when he knew the truth, ever understand how she had been led to play such a part, ever cease to resent having been (as he would be likely to feel) "made a fool of" by her deception? For that it *was* deception she now recognized plainly. All romantic glamour, borrowed from stage-play, was torn away, as by a lightning stroke, and she saw her conduct as Lyndon would see it when he learned who she really was. A scheming adventuress! Yes, he might think that she had fully proved the truth of his characterization, by coming among Royall's people under a false name, and leading himself (for he might think even that) to fall in love with her, fancying her free, who was in truth his cousin's wife.

She wrung her hands as these thoughts pelted her like missiles. How right her husband had been in disapproving this plan of hers, and how inexcusably mad and foolish her own conduct now seemed to her! She had gained nothing: on the contrary, she had lost much, for she felt sure that if she had followed her first impulse and met Lyndon in London under her own name; or if, when they were on the ship together, she had told him who she was, all would have been well. He would have taken up her cause, and fought her battles for her; his word, as she had been told, and had herself perceived, was all powerful with his uncle; and he would have been able to open the door of the Manor to her, not merely as an attractive stranger, but as Royall's wife. In point of fact, he *had* opened that door; but as it was his hand that opened, so she felt that it was his hand which now closed it to her. There was in her mind not a doubt of that, — not a question but that she must, for the present at least, give up all idea of revealing herself and go away.

But how was she to go away without an explanation with Mrs. Granger, which she intensely desired to avoid? For she felt bound to silence with regard to what had occurred, not only on Lyndon's account, but also on Royall's and on her own. She could not bear that even the friend who had entered so closely into her life should know that her folly had made it possible for Royall's cousin to speak of love to her. That this was no fault of her own, except as far as her deception was fault, hardly made it seem less intolerable; and she was determined that, if it lay in her power to prevent, Mrs. Granger should never learn how mistaken she had been in her opinion of Paul Lyndon's insensibility, and should never be able to wonder at any time of their future association how much either of them remembered of this unfortunate episode. Yet how was the knowledge to be kept from her? How was she, Moira, to find an excuse for suddenly forsaking the

adventure on which they had embarked, and which appeared so near a happy ending? The first intimation of a desire to do so would bring a storm of questions upon her, and how was she to answer them without betraying what she was determined not to betray?

It was difficult to see a way out of the *impasse*; but, quite determined that a way must be found, she went down to breakfast, conscious of looking almost as badly as she felt, after her sleepless night. Leila's keen eyes at once perceived that something was amiss with her.

"Have you a headache, Miss Fortescue?" she asked. "You look so pale and your eyes are so heavy."

Moira replied quite truthfully that her head ached, and that she had not slept well.

"Perhaps I shall feel better presently," she said. "Has the mail arrived?"

"Not yet," Mrs. Granger answered. "You *are* very pale," she added sympathetically. "What has given you a headache? We were certainly not very dissipated yesterday evening. I hope you are not worrying about anything. The news has been good from the—er—other side, hasn't it?"

"Oh, yes, fairly good!" Moira said. "But the situation grows almost unbearable on both sides," she went on a little desperately. "I think I shall have to go back to France."

"Go back to France!" Mrs. Granger echoed in a tone of extreme surprise. "But I thought that, on the contrary, you hoped and expected—"

She broke off abruptly as the sound of a horse's hoof-strokes fell on the ear, and looked toward the window, past which at this moment a mounted messenger rode. Leila jumped up.

"That's a telegram!" she exclaimed. "I know the boy: he's been here before." And she dashed out of the window, which opened on the veranda, before any one could interfere.

The two left at the table looked at

each other with that unspoken sense of apprehension which, even in this age of telegraphing, an unexpected message is apt to cause in the feminine mind. But Mrs. Granger spoke carelessly enough.

"No doubt it's a dispatch from Robert," she said. "He would rather telegraph than write any day, and he thinks I'm far beyond being startled. Yes, of course" (as Leila came back, holding up the yellow envelope, and crying, "It's for you, mummy!"). "I suppose he is telegraphing to inquire how much longer I am going to remain down here, or something equally important."

She tore open the envelope and drew out its enclosure, with a smile, which faded, however, when she began to read the lines of writing within. And there were an unusual number of these lines; for it was a telegraphed letter, rather than a dispatch of ordinary brevity, which was in her hand. The gravity deepened on her face as she read, and after a minute she looked up quickly.

"The messenger is waiting, isn't he?" she asked, with a thrill of restrained excitement in her voice. "Give me a blank—quick!"

Leila handed her a blank, which the messenger had sent in with his book.

"He was told that there'd be an answer," she said. "What is the message about, mummy?"

Mrs. Granger did not reply until she had hastily written a few lines on the blank, and sent it out by the servant, who was now in the room. Then she turned a grave countenance on her companions, and answered Leila's question.

"The message," she said, "is from Dr. Severn, 'and is to tell me that your father has been taken to a hospital for an operation for appendicitis. The doctor says that he hopes the case is not bad, but thought it best to avoid delay. That means that it's serious at least. I have telegraphed that I am starting to Baltimore immediately. I shall rush into Washington for the first fast train north,

and send the car back for you two, who will get ready and follow this afternoon. I am sorry" (she looked at Moira) "to drag you away in this manner; but, you see, I have no choice."

"Don't speak of it,—don't think of me!" the girl cried eagerly. "You don't know how glad I shall be if I can help you in any way. What can I do now—at once?"

"There is really nothing you can do for me, for I shall be gone in a few minutes—Oscar, order the car around without delay,—but it is a comfort to have you here to take charge of this child, and bring her and yourself, and all our belongings, into Baltimore this afternoon. You see, although I am not uneasy—an operation for appendicitis in these days hardly amounts to more than having a tooth extracted,—I feel that the sooner I can get there the better; for I know that Robert will be more satisfied if I am at hand. Heavens! how unexpectedly things can happen, can't they?"

With heartfelt emphasis Moira agreed that they could; and when she stood at the door a little later, and saw Mrs. Granger whirled away by a chauffeur, who was bidden to pay no heed to the speed laws in getting her into Washington as soon as possible, she was hardly able to realize with what truly unexpected and extraordinary rapidity her difficulty had been solved, and the way of escape opened to her.

The days which followed in the spacious, handsome house in Baltimore, where Moira had already spent some time on her first arrival in the country, were, in a certain sense, dreamlike to her, so filled were they with anxiety for the absent master of the house, who lay between life and death in a hospital on the other side of the city. For it seemed doubtful whether the operation, which was at last performed so hastily, had not been delayed too long, so serious were the conditions which attended and followed it. The shadow of death

hung almost visibly during these days over the hushed dwelling, where life resolved itself into waiting for news from the hospital, and trembling when the telephone bell rang; and Moira, absorbed in the trouble of her friend, was hardly able to give any thought to her own affairs.

To Mrs. Granger she was at this time a very tower of strength, a help and comfort beyond words during the dark hours of anxiety. The energetic, capable woman was for once stricken into helplessness, and leaned for everything, but especially for the sustaining of her spirit, upon the girl whose service was so unwearied, and whose faith was so serene and assured. They came very close together at this time, the two whose lives had lain so far apart; for in such hours soul speaks to soul in a manner not to be mistaken or forgotten. The trivial and surface things of life, which ordinarily absorb so much of our time and attention, recede into their proper place; and the great things, the issues which stretch beyond time into eternity, step forward and show themselves for what they truly are—the only things which really matter.

"How strange and terrible it is to be suddenly brought to the realization of the dark gulf on the brink of which we are always standing!" Mrs. Granger cried one day, while pacing up and down the floor, waiting for news from the hospital. "It is always there, and we forget it so utterly. We are like children running after flowers and butterflies on the verge of a bottomless chasm. Surely the Power who made us must sometimes pity our childishness."

"I am quite sure that He always pities it," Moira said softly. "And if we did not sometimes forget the chasm that lies across our way—the certainty of danger, death, and separation,—how could we have eyes for the flowers and butterflies? But the good God has put them about our path to brighten it for us, and to speak to our hearts of—

a happier home, far, far away."

"But I don't want a happier home far away!" the other exclaimed. "I want my own home,—the dear familiar home of earth. I want to have it and hold it; and that is what is so terrible—that I can't have any certainty of holding it for an hour. O Moira, your 'good God' is cruel rather than good!"

Moira shook her head, smiling a little, as one smiles at a child.

"No, dear friend," she said, "our good God is not cruel, but very kind when He opens our eyes to the uncertainty of life, and reminds us that it is foolish to set our hearts on the things which we can not hold. You see, you had forgotten that you could not hold them, life has been going so smoothly and so well with you."

"Yes, I had forgotten," Mrs. Granger acknowledged. "Of course, in the background of my mind, I knew that terrible things might happen to me, as they happen to others, and that one unavoidable Terror stood at the end. But to know and to realize are two different things. I am *realizing* now what I only *knew* before, and I feel that I can never again have any sense of security in life."

"Security from suffering, from loss, and from death we can never have," Moira said gently; "but security in the wisdom and the goodness of God, which is the only true security, may be ours for the asking. You don't need for me to tell you that."

"Oh, I do need all that you can tell me!" the other cried wildly. "You speak as if it meant so much to you, your faith in the wisdom and goodness of God; and I see now that I have never really had any such faith."

"You will have it after this, I am sure."

"If Robert is spared to me—"

"No, no!" Involuntarily Moira held up an imploring hand. "Don't try to make a bargain with God. You will gain nothing by that. We are all inclined to make bargains with Him. But it is not so that we find peace of soul."

"How do we find it?"

"Only by submitting our will to His,—there is no other way."

"Tell me" (Mrs. Granger paused suddenly in front of her), "could you feel like this, could you submit your will to the will of God, with certainty that His was best, if you heard some terrible news of Royall? Oh," she broke off quickly, as she saw the girl shrink back and grow pale, "I am a wretch to say such things to you! But I can't help wondering,—it is so easy to preach, you know."

"Very easy," Moira agreed. "But I haven't meant to preach, only to suggest thoughts that might help you."

"Yes, I understand, and I am very grateful; but I want to know *could* you do it?"

They faced each other silently for a moment;—the woman writhing under the unaccustomed touch of suffering, and the girl who had gone down into the dark depths, and learned what flowers bloom there for those who love God. But even the bravest spirit quails at some suggestions, and Moira's eyes grew dark, as with a vision of unutterable pain, as they met the gaze so searchingly fastened on her. Yet, after an instant, her soul rose to meet the challenge.

"If I could not do it," she said quietly, "my faith would have no value; for that is the supreme test of faith—to accept the will of God."

"Even though it broke your heart?"

"Do you not know the saying of a saint, 'Blessed are the hearts that bend, for they shall never break'?"

"I don't know it, but you make me understand it—a little. Go and pray for me, that my heart may learn how to bend in order not to break, if—if the worst happens."

But God was merciful, and the worst did not happen. The news they were even then waiting, and dreading, to hear came with a note of encouragement which had been absent from the reports before; and this note strengthened steadily until at last the patient was declared out of

danger, and Mrs. Granger's spirits rose as high as they had fallen low during the time of anxiety. It was possible that she might not forget altogether what she had suffered,—the salutary reminder of the insecure tenure with which all earthly happiness is held, that she had received; but, seeing the rebound of her spirit as the pressure of suffering was removed, Moira inclined to doubt this.

But her doubt did not make her less sympathetic in the joy of her friend than she had been in her grief. It was a great happiness to see the cloud of threatening bereavement lifted, and to know that sunshine was to return to one who had been so kind to herself. And it was part of this overflowing sunshine that no sooner was Mrs. Granger's mind thoroughly relieved about her husband, and while she was awaiting the point of convalescence when he could be removed from the hospital, than she turned her attention again to Moira's affairs.

"It was most unfortunate," she said, "that Robert's appendix should have demanded removal just when it did, and interfered with, or at least deferred, the success of our plans. Everything was going so beautifully when I had to drag you away!"

Having no intention of revealing how far from beautifully things were going, and how much she was obliged to Mr. Granger's troublesome organ for the diversion it had effected, Moira answered that she did not regret having been dragged away.

"It gave me time for consideration," she said, "and for obtaining counsel, of which I felt much in need."

"And from whom have you obtained counsel?"

"From a very wise and kind French priest. Of course his nationality makes no difference, except that one likes to speak in one's own tongue, especially when it is about delicate and difficult things that one must speak."

"And what counsel did this wise and

kind French priest give you, if I may be permitted to ask?"

"Oh, but certainly you may be permitted!" Moira replied eagerly. "I have only been waiting until you were relieved of your anxiety about Mr. Granger to tell you. He says that I made a great mistake—that is, that I was guilty of a great folly—in coming over here under an assumed name, with a romantic plan in my head, and that I must certainly do one of two things immediately: let Governor Harcourt know who I am, or go back to France."

"And which do you intend to do?"

"I have not yet decided. I am making a novena,—do you know what that is?"

"I have an idea that it is some kind of a prayer."

"It is a nine days' prayer for a particular intention, and my intention is to ask Our Lady of Good Counsel what I shall do."

"And do you expect to be answered?"

"I am," Moira said serenely, "quite sure of being answered."

There was a finality in the tone of the reply which made further questioning as unnecessary as it would have seemed ill-bred, so Mrs. Granger was silent. But into her mind there flashed a remembrance of certain words which divine lips had once spoken: "O woman, great is thy faith! Be it done to thee as thou wilt." And it seemed to her, who knew as little of faith as the majority of men and women of the modern world, that here was faith great enough to merit a similar answer.

"I suppose, then," she said, after a pause of some duration, "that you will make no move of any kind until the end of your novena?"

"Not of any kind at all," Moira assented. "I shall stay here quietly with you, and I shall be glad if you will excuse me from seeing any one who may ask for me."

Mrs. Granger looked a little surprised.

"Nobody is likely to ask for you," she said, "unless it were some one from the Manor. Paul Lyndon is back in town. I

met him on the street yesterday, and he said he intended to call very soon. Do you mean that you don't wish to see *him?*'

"I mean just that," Moira answered. "I am still bearing a—a false name, and I could not explain to him what I have not explained to Royall's father; so I would rather not see him. When my novena is finished I shall know what to do."

(To be continued.)

Killybegs.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

THE harbor lights of Killybegs

Look out to an open sea,
Where powder and wine in Spanish kegs
Came over in 'ninety-three.

Red Hugh he was the chieftain bold,
And high his word in Spain,
Where never a don his beads that told
But cursed the English main.

Grandee and Irish chief were one
To hate the apostate foe,
And all they did was justly done
To answer woe with woe.

For every Irish lass's eyes
Downcast for English shame,
Beneath the accusing Irish skies
Goes down an English name.

For every bairn sadly born,
For old men wanton killed,
An English heart is fitly torn
And the wild blood fairly spilled.

A cross, I know, no sword was raised
There by the man of God,
But Patrick's dead eyes must have blazed
Under the outraged sod.

I am a man of peaceful palm,
The leaves of a book I turn:
Think you these old tales leave me calm?
I blush, I weep, I burn.

My mother was born in Killybegs,
Long after 'ninety-three;
And I bless the bursting Spanish kegs,
The harbor and the sea.

Thame: A Resurrection.

BY AGNES EVANS.

THAME is a clean and pleasant market town lying on the south bank of the River Thame,"—thus the invaluable guide-book, speaking with brief veracity, leaving the curious to find out for themselves how clean and pleasant a place is this same market town in North Oxfordshire, England. It is all this, but it is very much more. Thame has an immense history behind it. Things happened here which stir the imagination of those who read of them; and here since the thirteenth century has existed a prebendal house, with a private chapel attached to it, where Mass was continuously said up to the time of the Revolution. Gaps, of course, come within those years, and worse gaps came afterward; but the object of this paper is to tell how once more the old place has come into Catholic hands, how the ancient chapel has been adapted for service, and how once again a Catholic centre is being established in Thame.

It was market-day when I went over to see the change and the restoration of the deserted ruin, where a jockey once used the chapel as a bedroom, and the "dormitory" was a granary and general storehouse. The chief country towns in Oxfordshire are more or less on a pattern; they are often traversed by a good high road, for their marts demanded a means of transit. Along this big high street—in reality, a wide country road—the little town straggles, with its shops, its offices, the doctor's and lawyer's houses, and the bank. Somewhere about the centre of the town, in the middle of the street, dividing the traffic and making a small island, stands the market hall. In some cases the old hall has been preserved, as in Watlington and Witney; but in Thame it was unfortunately pulled down, when a more commodious market hall was built

in 1887. At one end of the town lies the railway station; and quite a mile from it, at the other end, where the River Thame winds through green meadows, are the parish church and the old prebendal house, with its chapel and dormitory and part of the refectory still standing. The original thirteenth-century house was enlarged in the fifteenth century, when part of the great hall was cut in two by floors and partitions; and round this again modern buildings have been added, making it commodious and comfortable.

Harman Grisewood, Esq., into whose hands it has now come, has enriched and adorned the chapel; and is restoring, so far as may be, the old dormitory for use as a literary workroom; and one of the kindest things he has done is to throw the place open to visitors. Hitherto there had always been a great difficulty in seeing it at one's leisure. A hurried visit, under the guidance of a gardener or some workman, gave one no opportunity to enjoy the antiquarian flavor of the place, and certainly not time to gather up the far more subtle influences of the spiritual life which once so abounded.

The change is great to-day. At the very entrance gate it is apparent. There, upon a blackboard, in big white letters, is the announcement that this Chapel of the Holy Family is open to the public from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. daily; with an added list of the various services, and the name of the priest in charge, Father Traill, who resides in the house. Here is the true Catholic spirit,—the generous sharing of anything that will deepen the religious life of the community; the good faith in the inherent reverence of visitors who may very likely not be Catholics; the large-mindedness which accepts such a place as a trust, and has no care either to shut out other people, or to feel annoyed when strangers can be seen from the windows of the house wandering about the ruins. All this stands for much, and that Protestants have gradually learned to keep their churches open may be laid

at the door of the example continually and steadily set them by Catholics.

Naturally, such circumstances prepare one for the utter peace which falls on one as the steps to the chapel are climbed, and one finds oneself in a beautiful sanctuary, with everything around so obviously for the glory of God. It is indeed a pity that the whole height of the early English window can not be fully displayed; but this is inevitable for the present. The shafts and capitals are so fine that they fill the mind with intense pleasure,—having that particular quality of soaring which is always so symbolic of the spiritual life. At right angles to the chapel is a gable of the old refectory with a fine perpendicular window. It seems possible that a doorway now in the northwest corner of the chapel may have led from the refectory; and on the other side of the refectory is the old dormitory, or guest house, which is now being—the upper floor at least—transformed into a dignified and spacious workroom, filled with wonderful furniture, and lit by amazingly large ecclesiastical bracket candle-sconces.

The parish church was built much about the same date as the prebendal house; for, of course, the priests who served it always resided in the latter. Not many traces of the original church remain. The aisles were rebuilt in the fourteenth century, and the transepts in the fifteenth. Thame is fortunate in having the churchwardens' account intact, going back to the fifteenth century; and set out in it are many items connected with the rebuilding and repairs, thus: "Payment to a painter of Buckingham for a picture of the Blessed Mary (1480): £1 os. od." A note also tells us that the neighboring priory of Notley rebound the old psalters and manuals and supplied defective leaves at 1s. 10d. each.

Notley (sometimes spelled "Nutley") is a place where the well-known antiquary, Anthony Wood, used to go and gather nuts as a boy; for he was a scholar at the

grammar school of Thame,—a celebrated school in its day. It had been built by Lord Williams of Thame, partly to ease his conscience, it is said, burdened as it was by the knowledge that he owned no less than twenty-eight church properties, obtained at the dissolution of the religious houses. It was a free grammar school, where, according to the founder's wishes, any Thame boy who wished to learn Greek and Latin might present himself. This was the same man who, in his office of high sheriff, was present at the martyrdom of Ridley and Latimer in 1555, and again in the following year at the scene of Cranmer's martyrdom. On the first occasion the bench where the high sheriff and vice-chancellor sat was close to the stake, and to them Bishop Ridley turned and begged leave to say a few words "for Christ's sake." It was Lord Williams who, later, listened to his plea about certain leases, the poor tenants of which were much in Ridley's mind. Lord Williams promised to remember; and indeed, later, he made suit to the Queen on the matter. His grammar school had amongst its scholars quite a number of names that afterward became famous. Sir George Croke (one of the first pupils), Edward Pocock, Dr. Fell, Shakerly Marmion, and Anthony Wood, are but some of them.

This old grammar school, long since deserted for a red brick school farther out of the town, Mr. Grisewood has also purchased; but it is not yet evident to what purpose he will turn it.

A word must be said about one great scene in Thame,—the closing scene of John Hampden's life after the battle of Chalgrove Field. He had made his way hither in great agony, "his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck." He arrived at Thame nearly fainting, and reached the house of Ezekiel Browne in the main street. Heroic to the last, he spent some time in dictating letters of counsel to Parliament; but reserved his remaining strength for a prepa-

ration to meet his Maker. He lingered for six days; and then, without pain, departed, as if he fell into a deep sleep.

Thame saw a great deal of the fighting in the Civil War. Troopers came and went at the "vicaridge house." Parliamentarians and Cavaliers swaggered through the streets and caroused at the old inns. And there is a tale that even Lord Williams was not left to sleep in peace within the church, but that his lead coffin was dragged out to be converted into bullets. Of all these many happenings quiet old Thame lies and dreams in the sunny summer days. No one going there to-day would suspect the stirring life she once led; but she has, at any rate, lived long enough to see the restoration of the ancient Faith and the dry bones quicken again into life.

The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

April 27, Fifth Sunday after Easter.

THE forty days during which we have been in spirit with the Apostles and disciples are drawing to an end. Those who have been privileged to spend these days in company with their beloved Master, listening to His teaching and treasuring His words of wisdom, know that His sojourn among them is drawing to a close. We, too, if we have kept ourselves in union with the liturgy of the Church, can not help sympathizing with them in their approaching bereavement. We, in a sense, have been living with Our Lord, from His birth at Christmas to His bitter Passion and subsequent victory. We, therefore, like them, can not help feeling the pain of impending parting.

The liturgy of this Sunday is dominated by this sense of coming separation; yet throughout there is still a note of Easter joy. It resounds with thrilling effect in the Introit: "Declare it with the voice of joy; make this to be heard. Alleluia.

Publish to the utmost bounds of the earth that the Lord hath redeemed His people. Alleluia. Shout with joy to God, all the earth. Sing a psalm to His Name; give glory to His praise." The Church calls upon the whole world to celebrate the victory won by our Redeemer over sin and death, since that victory has purchased the deliverance of all mankind.

The Collect seems to foreshadow the loss of the bodily presence of Jesus. It directs our minds to heaven, whither He is going and whither we hope to follow Him. But we can not win that blessedness except by the constant help of grace. His grace must go before and accompany our every action if we are to acquire merit and gain a reward. Therefore, the Collect prays: "O God, from whom all that is good proceeds; grant to Thy suppliants that, by Thy inspiration, we may resolve on what is right, and with Thy guidance may put it in practice."

St. James, in the Epistle, exhorts to watchfulness in faithfully carrying out the truths we have been taught by Our Lord. "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only," he says. It is not enough for us to have received the grace attaching to the Easter mysteries: we must persevere in our service of Christ, and in the renunciation of the maxims of a sinful world. St. James is the Apostle of good works; it is he who speaks with such authority against a dead and fruitless faith which can not save us. His words come with all the more force that he brings his Easter message straight, as it were, from his Divine Master, who regarded him with a special love, and honored him with a special visit after the Resurrection.

The first Alleluia verse celebrates with joy the victory of Our Lord: "Alleluia. Christ is risen, and hath shone upon us, whom He redeemed with His Blood." But immediately there follows Our Lord's reminder of His approaching departure: "I came forth from the Father and came into the world; again I leave the

world and go to the Father. Alleluia."

Offertory and Communion verses are both joyful, calling upon men to praise and glorify Him who has so bountifully blessed His creatures in the redemption He has won for them.

It is the Gospel which gives character to the whole of this day's liturgy. It expresses the deep love of Our Lord for His own, — a love ever-increasing, now that His hours on earth are numbered. He bestows upon His children His parting gift — the precious gift of prayer. "Hitherto you have not asked anything in My Name. Ask and you shall receive, that your joy may be full." "Amen, amen, I say to you," He solemnly declares, "if you ask the Father anything in My Name, He will give it you."

What a wonderful legacy is this! He could hardly do more than leave them this immense boon, this unfailing source of blessings—prayer. Though He Himself will no longer tread this earth with them, He will be ever near. They can commune with Him; they can tell Him of their love for Him; they can cry out for help in need, for comfort in distress, for relief in pain and weariness. And because they love Him the Eternal Father loves them, and His ear is ever open to their cry. Anything they ask in Christ's Name—i. e., in intimate union with Him by faith and love, for something which He Himself would pray for—the Father will give for love of His Son.

We can understand the glowing words of the saints regarding prayer. St. Augustine calls it the "key of heaven," since by its means man may lay hold of heaven's choicest treasures. St. Alphonsus, in a later age, says confidently that the man who prays will most certainly be saved, while he who never prays will just as certainly lose his soul.

In the light of the Gospel, we understand why, in spite of coming loss, the Church is full of joy: the gift of prayer was intended to bring joy. "Ask and you shall receive, that your joy may be full,"

says Our Lord. In the light of the Gospel, we understand better the earnest petition of the Collect. Prayer brings grace; prayer obtains from God "all that is good." We pray that even in our petitions God will direct us, as well as in every other action of our lives. It will be well for us if we realize how precious a treasure we possess in prayer; for, realizing its power, we shall make more fervent use of it toward salvation.

A Modern Instance.

"AND so, George, you disbelieve that there's anything diabolical about Spiritism?"

"Disbelieve! I should say so. The whole thing has been shown up time and time again as sheer humbug. It doesn't need the cunning and astuteness of the fallen angels to fool the credulous crowds who attend the séances of spiritistic mediums. If you, Henderson, take any stock in the genuineness of these 'manifestations,' you are considerably more simple than I have credited you with being."

"Well, I don't know that I should regret very much that I'm as simple as the Church."

"The Church! What has her condemnation of communication with evil spirits got to do with this modern system of sublimated quackery, I'd like to know?"

"I'm happy to be in a position to inform you. If you look up the decrees of the second Council of Baltimore, you will find that fairly authoritative representative of the Teaching Church declaring that some at least of the 'manifestations' of our up-to-date Spiritualism, or Spiritism, are clearly diabolical. It stands to reason that the Fathers of the Council, before making their declaration, had probably studied and investigated Spiritism as fully, to say the least, as either I or—youself."

"No doubt. But since the date of that Council, the most celebrated, or notorious,

mediums throughout the world have been exposed as mere fakirs, clever tricksters, finally detected by investigators still more clever than themselves. I question whether a Council held to-day would commit itself to any such statement."

"I don't agree with you. Leo XIII. wrote, a good many years after the Baltimore statement, that it is unlawful to consult these mediums, or to take part in these séances, even when one excludes from one's mind the intention of dealing with the devil. And, as late as 1898, when this last point was put forward in a question asked of the Congregation of the Holy Office, the answer was: 'It is not lawful.' All of which means, I suppose that, whether or not you believe in the devil's connection with Spiritism, the connection, all the same, exists."

"Possibly it does; but, nevertheless, I'm a Thomas on this particular subject; you'll have to 'show me.'"

"Perhaps I can. Will you accept the word of a priest-author as to the reality of the facts in a story, for the truth of which he vouches in a book approved by the late Cardinal Vaughan?"

"Of course I will."

"Very well. Father Miller, O. S. C., a few years ago—four or five, if I remember well,—published a volume, 'Sermons on Modern Spiritism.' Emphasizing the point that dabbling in spiritistic practices not infrequently leads to genuine demoniacal possession, he gives an instance which he personally vouches for. I think I can recall the principal facts.

"About nine years ago a gentleman from Australia went to England for a surgical operation, and entered a nursing home. It was kept by a Catholic nurse, and was often visited by charitable Catholic ladies. The Australian was a man of pleasing manners, and showed himself grateful for any kindness done to him. It was soon noticed, however, that there was something queer, not to say uncanny, about his behavior. He would never answer a question until he had consulted

some unseen person who was apparently always with him, and would then repeat as his own the answer suggested to him. Being asked about this habit, he frankly stated that for years he had been consulting the spirits, and that there was one spirit habitually with him, without whose advice he did nothing of any consequence. The people at the home were somewhat alarmed, and suggested that he should have an interview with a Catholic gentleman who had had considerable experience with Spiritualism. The Australian consented, and at an appointed time the Catholic gentleman (whom I shall call Mr. R——) went to the home. No sooner had he entered the Australian's room than he was thrown violently to the ground, not by the occupant of the room, but by some unseen force. The patient at once apologized, saying that it was years since his 'control' (his familiar spirit) had acted like that. Mr. R—— was not disconcerted; he had had similar experiences before. He began talking to the Australian, pointing out to him that it was not only unworthy of a man but decidedly wrong to give himself up to the control of an agent of whom he knew nothing. In reply the patient said that he got on very well under this guidance, had made money by adopting his 'control's' suggestion, and was now prosperous. The 'control' was good enough for him.

"Several interviews took place between the two, and finally Mr. R—— proposed that the patient should have a talk with Cardinal Vaughan, at that time Archbishop of Westminster. At first the controlling spirit fiercely opposed this action; but when the invitation was repeated several times, it at last told the Australian he might go, but the proposed talk would be to no purpose. An appointment was made, and on the day fixed Mr. R—— took the patient in a carriage to the Cardinal's residence. The Cardinal was in the reception room with five or six priests when the Australian was shown in. And then a startling thing happened. No sooner was

the visitor introduced into the Cardinal's presence than his 'control' seemed to be moved with utter rage, which vented itself on the body of the unfortunate man. An extraordinary change came over him. His own personality, which was uniformly courteous and refined, disappeared; and another personality, entirely foreign to himself—coarse, violent, demoniacal,—took possession of him. His whole appearance was altered: he seemed to shrink into a withered old man; his face showed a very frenzy of rage; his eyes started from his head; he literally foamed at the mouth; and there came from him a torrent of foul, disgusting, and obscene language,—of terribly blasphemous insults to God, and of coarse abuse of religion, Church, and priesthood. Such ideas were quite foreign to the patient, for his normal self was simply ignorant of them. All present were horror-stricken at the scene and appeared paralyzed.

"Then the furious paroxysm passed off; the man's own personality once more asserted itself, and he became conscious of his surroundings. Perceiving the look of horror on the faces of all present, he suspected there was something wrong, and, in his naturally courteous manner, expressed a hope that nothing unpleasant had occurred. He was told that his 'control' had been there, and had been behaving in a very unseemly manner. The Australian was genuinely distressed and expressed deep regret. The Cardinal then entered into conversation with him, and spoke very seriously of the danger he was in. The patient grew thoroughly alarmed, and was evidently desirous of withdrawing from the spirit intercourse that had resulted in his being used as an instrument for displaying such demoniacal frenzy and hatred.

"Cardinal Vaughan asked him to call on him again in a week's time, and he readily consented. He also agreed to recite daily two prayers which the Cardinal gave him,—one to St. Joseph, the other to St. Michael. This he did; and during

that week the man was left in perfect peace, no spirit seeming to be present. The day came round for the second visit, when early in the morning the spirit, the 'control,' communicated, and told his victim that his affairs in Australia were in a most critical state, requiring his immediate presence; and that, unless he took the boat leaving England that very day for Australia, he would be a ruined man. He at once left London and took the boat.

"What do you think of that experience, George?"

"It looks as if the devil got the better of the Cardinal, at least for the time being; but I'll see to it that he doesn't any longer get the better of *me* in this particular matter. There probably is something diabolical about Spiritism,—when it deserves to be called Spiritism."

Rogation Days.

THE word "Rogations," from the Latin, like the term "Litanies," from the Greek, means prayer, supplication, invocation. Although the second of these words is nowadays most commonly used in the specific sense in which it designates a series of brief invocations addressed to God, the Blessed Virgin, and the saints, it still retains in liturgy and hortology its broader, more comprehensive significance, in which it is synonymous with Rogations. "Litanies," says Kellner, "is the name given to solemn processions of clergy and people, accompanied by prayer, at which processions sacred pictures and emblems are carried."

Rogation Days, in our liturgy, are accordingly days of prayer instituted by the Church to appease God's anger at man's transgressions, to ask His protection in calamities, and to obtain a good and bountiful harvest. There are two separate Rogations,—the Major, which coincides with the feast of St. Mark, on the 25th of April; and the Minor, which occurs on

the three days immediately preceding the festival of Our Lord's Ascension. The apparent incongruity of calling *major* the Rogation which lasts only one day, and *minor* the one which continues for three days, is explained by their origin. The Major Rogation, or the Major Litany, was established at Rome by a Sovereign Pontiff; the Minor Rogations were introduced by St. Mamertus, Bishop of Vienne (France), and were approved for the Church at large only in the ninth century by Pope Leo III. Until such approval, these Litanies were naturally called "the Lesser," to distinguish them from "the Greater" ones in vogue at Rome, and the name has survived.

The Roman Pontiff to whom we are indebted for the Major Rogation, that of April 25, was St. Gregory the Great; and the occasion of its institution was a plague, or pest, which devastated Rome during his pontificate. In the autumn of the year 589, when Pope Pelagius was the reigning Pontiff, the Eternal City was swept by a tidal wave, or an inundation, so great that the water rose almost to the top of Nero's temple; and when it subsided it left a slime so infected that a disastrous plague resulted. Pope Pelagius himself was one of its victims; and thousands of men, women, and children soon succumbed to its ravages. So virulent was the epidemic that death followed almost immediately on its attack, especially when one sneezed. Thence, by the way, came the custom, still prevalent among the Irish and other Catholic peoples, of saying to those who sneeze, "God bless you!"

St. Gregory, who succeeded Pope Pelagius, ordered a solemn procession with the view of appeasing the wrath of God. In the course of several days the pestilence ceased its ravages; and, in thanksgiving therefor, the Pope ordained that every year, on April 25, the procession should be renewed. The selection of that particular date was probably due to the fact that on the same day, April 25, the ancient Romans had held their proces-

sions and supplications to the heathen gods; and, as in many other matters, the Church simply Christianized existing pagan customs, substituting faith for superstition. It should be mentioned that, while St. Gregory fixed the Major Rogation on its present date, similar processions are said by some authors — Rupert of Deutz and Beleth, for instance, — to have been held in Christian Rome at a much earlier date. The appointing of April 25 for the celebration of the feast of St. Mark occurred at a much later date, and that festival has no other connection than coincidence of time with the Major Rogation.

As for the Minor Litanies, or the three Rogation Days that precede Ascension Thursday, St. Avitus, who occupied the episcopal Chair of Vienne some years after St. Mamertus, in the third quarter of the fifth century, has left us, in his "Homily on Rogation Days," an explicit as well as an authoritative account.

"This solemnity," he says, "which began in France, soon spread over all Europe. The province of Vienne was afflicted with divers plagues: there were frequent conflagrations and earthquakes, apparently threatening the whole world with speedy destruction. The sole explanation of these calamities was that they were the vengeance of an angry God. It began to be feared that the catastrophe of Sodom would be repeated. It was Paschal time. On Easter Eve, the great church, occupying the highest site in the city, was surrounded by a furious conflagration while the faithful were assembled within it. Every member of the congregation, fearing that his own dwelling would become a prey to the flames, fled from the building. Alone, the Bishop, St. Mamertus, remained intrepidly at the foot of the altar; and by the fervor of his prayers, accompanied with tears, obtained from Heaven the cessation of the fire and the preservation of the church. At this news the faithful hurried back to the sacred edifice, and found no

other flame than that of the holy candles. That same night the saintly Bishop conceived the design of establishing the Rogations, to thank God and to prevent similar misfortunes in the future. He fixed the first celebration for the days preceding the feast of the Ascension. They took the form of processions lasting three days."

From France, the observance of the Rogation Days spread to England, where they became known as "Gang Days" (probably from the provincial word *gang*, to go or walk), and "Cross Week," so designated, very likely, from the custom of carrying the cross at the head of the procession. One of King Alfred's laws considered a theft committed on a Rogation Day as grievous as one committed on a Sunday or a holyday of obligation. Even after the Reformation, while the recitation of the Litanies was discontinued in England, the Rogation Days remained days of abstinence and prayer, to avert calamities and to obtain God's blessing upon the fruits of the earth.

BEEs will never settle down in unclean vessels; and therefore those who are skilled in these matters sprinkle the wicker baskets in which they will settle, as soon as they come out of the old hives, with fragrant wines, that there may be no unpleasant smell to annoy or drive them away again. So, in truth, is it also with the Holy Spirit. Our soul is a sort of vessel or basket, capable of receiving the swarms of spiritual gifts; but if there shall be within it any gall, the swarms will fly away. To prevent this, the blessed Paul exhorts the Ephesians: "Let all bitterness and wrath and anger and clamor and evil-speaking be put away from you, with all malice." Thus he cleanses the heart well and thoroughly, and prepares to receive blessings from the Holy Spirit worth more than a thousand worlds, and pure as the heaven whence they came.—*St. Chrysostom.*

The Background of a Moral Problem.

THE present rather general investigation of the condition of women industrially employed has brought out some interesting and painful facts. Interest has centred on the most painful of them all: the relation between low wages and infamy. Two points in this matter have been made plain: first, that there is some such relation; and, secondly, the impossibility of determining the closeness or the inevitableness of that connection. Not the least notable feature of the whole affair is the discussion which it has caused in the various magazines and newspapers, in the latter of which the "voice of the people" has been freely heard frankly speaking the popular or the individual mind.

As is usual in such cases, it is the extremist who speaks first. We have been told, on the one hand, that low wages were a sufficient if not a sole cause why girls "go wrong," as the phrase is; again, we are informed that the low wage has nothing to do with it.

The fact of the matter is there seems to be a lack of perspective in viewing the whole problem. To find the causes of the woeful effects in question one must look far as well as near,—as far back as the Reformation; and farther back still: to that movement, similarly reformatory, which began in the Garden of Eden; and one must look as close at hand as the latest fashion-plate.

The problem is not primarily an industrial issue: it is a moral problem. It is not solely a woman's problem: it is quite as much a man's question, too. It is an aspect of the problem of evil in the world. It is part of the great battle of human life, in which the wounded nature of man, assailed by the world, the flesh, and the devil, falls defeated or rises to immortal glory. More directly and appropriately for an American or English-speaking world, this gigantic degeneration is an offshoot

of the false principles of the ill-named Reformation, which first did away with moral wrong by denying imputability; and then, by standing out against authority, sowed the seeds of a disintegration which was first felt in the origin of the sects, and under which the sects themselves are now melting away,—a disintegration which struck at the root of home and family life in championing the dissolubility of the marriage tie, and which has given us now the sad spectacle of childless homes and homeless children; homes childless by unspeakable, yet "respectable" immorality; and children homeless by reason of the social cover of another source of immorality—divorce. Nay, even in homes that somehow hold together, authority has become so grotesquely weakened and cheapened that the natural order is reversed and children govern parents.

Surely all this is giving the problem of woman's industrial and moral welfare sufficient background. But we insist this is necessary: the case can not be isolated and understood. By all means let us better material conditions, at the same time increasing spiritual vigilance; for, while poverty and hardship may go hand in hand with the highest virtue, as the lives of thousands of our Catholic girls and women attest, mere material betterment can never be an ultimate and safe solution of a moral issue. If we call it by its true name, *sin*, we shall see it among rich and poor alike. There may be sin with or without poverty; there is never sin without Satan. Let conditions be improved, yes; but let the individual remember that vigilance and prayer are the safeguards of virtue. These, with the sacraments, are old, old means; but it would be eternally mischievous to let our people suppose that boards or commissions had discovered any that are more efficacious. And, for the Catholic priest or pastor, concern for the social uplift can take one safe outlet, and let us call it by the old name of zeal for souls.

Notes and Remarks.

The Church ought to look upon the State as a partner with herself in the task of handling the problems of poverty; and to recognize in the widening of its [the State's] activity, not a usurpation of her functions, but a means of releasing her from extraneous duties, and setting her free to devote herself to her own distinctive work of moral and spiritual redemption.

In quoting this "admirable opinion," expressed in a recent pamphlet by an Anglican parson, entitled "Poor Relief and the Church," the *Athenæum* goes on to remark: "We may well hope now that the underlying evils of poverty will be studied rather than their superficial aspects; and such study must lead to the discovery and criticism of those who, whatever donations they give in so-called charity, are responsible for poverty if they refuse either to pay properly for what they obtain, or to make proper use of what they possess. The bringing home of such truths to the laity, as well as the condemnation of employers who arrange work under conditions inimical to the workers, can be more adequately done by laymen who have been inspired by their spiritual teachers."

Whatever pessimists and the class called "calamity-howlers" may assert to the contrary, the facts remain that the coming generation show no unwillingness, in their search after truth, to face facts, no matter how unpleasant those facts may be; and that a greater cognizance and discussion about evil on the part of all who can contribute to its lessening is no ground for contending that evil is on the increase. To our mind, it is a sign of better times coming, when men like Alfred Russel Wallace express thoughts like the following, feeling sure of being heeded and quoted:

If it were taught to every child, and in every school and college, that it is morally wrong for any one to live upon the combined labor of his fellowmen without contributing, in return, an approximately equal amount of useful labor, whether physical or mental, all

kinds of gambling, as well as many other kinds of useless occupation, would be seen to be of the same nature as direct dishonesty or fraud, and, therefore, would soon come to be considered disgraceful as well as immoral.

From a private letter we learn that no fewer than 204 members of the crew of the U. S. S. *Tennessee* "went to their duties," as the writer expresses it, on Easter Sunday at Smyrna. This "field day in the matter of care of the soul" was "pulled off" by a sub-officer who is described as "the Knight of Our Lady in the United States Navy,"—"a big, brave, manly fellow," whose influence over his comrades was felt from the first day he went among them, and whose example in every respect has won their unbounded admiration. His official record during and since the Spanish-American war is a superb one. We are not sure about being free to name him, but we may say that he hails from Nebraska, by which State he was publicly honored after the battle of Manila Bay.

The strongest are said to be the gentlest, and doubtless it is no less true that the bravest are the most religious. Father Reaney, the beloved "sky-pilot" of our Navy, could doubtless tell of many a mariner man from whom he has received deep edification. It was Ernest Hello who said that those who go down to the sea in ships are reminded by the most material of all dangers of the most spiritual, the most mystical of all necessities—the necessity of prayer. "And so the sailor may be brought into complete harmony with a Carmelite monk praying a thousand miles away."

The appointment of Mr. John R. Mott to represent the United States in China is subjecting President Wilson to a good deal of criticism from those who have no desire to be acridly censorious of a new executive so palpably honest and efficient as thus far Mr. Wilson has shown himself. Mr. Mott, says the *Catholic*

Standard and Times, represents the most objectionable kind of Y. M. C. A. aggressiveness; and readers of these columns have had frequent opportunities of inferring that Mr. Mott must in that case be a *very* objectionable aggressionist indeed. "The Y. M. C. A.," continues our contemporary, "has been in a sort of unofficial partnership with successive Administrations, getting the use of the army and navy machinery for the promotion of its ambitions all over the globe; getting free transportation for its agents, and the use of things provided for the transport vessels, we may assume, as long as these agents are on board."

That criticism of the appointment in question is not confined to Catholics, although Catholicism will probably suffer the greatest injustice therefrom, is evident from this ironic comment of the *New York Herald*:

The propriety of making our diplomatic service an adjunct to the foreign mission movement may be doubted. Inasmuch, however, as President Wilson has declared himself in favor of thus combining Church and State by his selection of Mr. John R. Mott, the Young Men's Christian Association leader, for the post of Minister to China, we rise to nominate for ambassadorships the eminent Rabbi Stephen Wise and the Rt. Rev. Mgr. John J. Dunn, head of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. There should be a fair division. The high character and ability of our nominees must be universally conceded. But it would be questionable whether they would have the bad taste to accept.

Let us hope that this mistake of judgment on the part of our new President is not significant of his matured conviction of "the thing which is not,"—that this is, and by right ought to be, a Protestant country.

The Balkan War has resuscitated many half-forgotten legends relative to the Turkish invasion. One of those much cherished by the Balkan peasants relates to the sacrilegious entry of Mahomet II. into the Cathedral of St. Sofia. A priest was celebrating Mass when the proud

Sultan and his suite, on horseback and fully armed, made irruption into the sacred edifice. Claspings the Holy Species to his breast, the priest turned to fly, and in his confusion ran straight toward a blank wall. The wall opened to receive him and his sacred Treasure, instantly closing behind him. He was not seen again alive, but is supposed to be waiting until St. Sofia becomes once more a Christian temple, when he will appear to complete the interrupted service and lift the chalice to bless the deliverers of Constantinople.

Unjaundiced eyes and a truthful pen are desirable possessions for any traveller in a foreign land who gives his impressions to the world at large; and it must be said that they have very generally in the past been possessions conspicuously absent from the outfit of non-Catholic travellers in foreign lands that chanced to be Catholic. One has read so many and so outrageous descriptions of doctrines and practices in Italy, Spain, and Southern France, that it is not a little refreshing to peruse testimony of an entirely opposite character, from the pen of a Protestant, and a Protestant clergyman at that. The Rev. R. J. Campbell, pastor of the City Temple, London, has been travelling recently in Spain, and he is manly enough to testify as follows:

Religion is a very real thing to these people. They have the habit of worship,—a sort of habitual religious temper; . . . they seem to be looking always at the unseen. It is at least very real to them,—more real, I am afraid, than it is to many of us; and they do not apparently feel the need for the material comforts and conveniences of a more advanced civilization—or what we call "advanced."

Crossing the frontier, this clear-visioned traveller had some experience in the South of France, and he says:

From what I saw and from the inquiries I made, I drew the conclusion that there is a sort of reaction going on against the irreligion of a generation ago. There is something like a real revival of religion taking place. I do not mean, of course, a revival in the ordinary evangelical

sense of the word, but a genuine quickening of interest in religion, an increased passion and vitality and power in religion; and there is also more attention to the observances of worship. It is frequently said that men do not attend the churches in the Latin countries. That was not my experience during my tour.

This non-Catholic minister is to be congratulated on his preferring truthful comment to sectarian denunciation. Would there were more of him!

Enumerating the causes of "leakage" in the Church—a defection which he showed was more than made up by Catholic gains,—Fr. Herbert Vaughan, at a recent meeting in England of the Catholic Women's League, spoke of the sudden emancipation of the boy and girl from home and school influences in our present economic conditions as a contributing factor. He said:

A second cause, hardly less disastrous in its effects, is the sudden liberty of the boy or girl who leaves school at the age of fourteen. Such liberty, unless safeguarded, has undoubtedly a tendency to degenerate into license. Boys or girls leaving school at fourteen become wage-earners. Out of their wages a few shillings are handed over to their parents, the rest they retain for themselves. This gives them an air of independence. They can then choose their own amusements and their own companions. Careless parents are concerned only that their children should bring home a certain number of shillings every week. Beyond that they do not care. They acquiesce in late hours, bad company, doubtful amusements. They remonstrate feebly—if at all. Indeed, they have lost (or never had) moral influence over their children; and so, without home influence and without school influence, they drift farther and farther till they lose the faith altogether.

That this "liberty" is enjoyed by our own youth will not be denied by any one who knows conditions in the United States. Another phase of it, on the mental side, is pointed out in a recent editorial article in the *Century*, as follows:

There is no lack of natural healthy robustness in the tone of the young folk of to-day, and no danger that they will become prudes. The danger is altogether in the opposite direction. . . . It is enough to make angels weep to see what is set forth in the form of fiction, under guise

of truth, freedom, and public education, without delicacy, tone or discrimination; and—alas! with little or no protest—circulated in newspapers and magazines in the best families. The more headway this tendency makes, the more vigorous must be the fight for one's standard and for one's right not to be dragged through the slums. Many people are awakening to the dangers of adulterated mental food, and bracing themselves against mercenary sensationalism. They begin to realize that one book is not about as good as another, that poor things are not about as good as good things; that there is a knowledge that may bless and a knowledge that may blast; that, in the division of moral labor, one must give some attention to the salvation of his own soul as well as to the souls of others; in short, that something must be conceded to those who feel that the progress of the world can be accelerated not only by retrieving the erring, but by building up, in the quiet and security of the home, those ideals of purity and high-mindedness which are the anchorage and defence of the spiritual life.

The following extract, which forms the conclusion of an article entitled "Anglican Points of View," by A. H. Nankivell, in the April number of the *Month*, suggests a reflection pertinent to our own country:

All along the Strand sweeps the roaring tide of London traffic; and the crowds of rich and poor, busy and idle, noble and vile, throng the steps and precincts of St. Paul's. It stands there, massive and venerable, in the calm dignity of apparent strength, fit symbol of the National Church whose sanctuary it is. But it is built on a bed of sand, and the advancing outworks of the Temple of Mammon ever and anon threaten the security of its foundations.

All along Victoria Street hasten carriage and taxi and motor; but aloof and lofty and still is the great Cathedral of Westminster, the home and shrine of the King of kings. Men pass from Station to Parliament and see it not as they pass; it stands to them for a backwater that has no concern with their lives. Here a weary politician may come to hear the unearthly music of a bygone civilization. Here a student may ponder the vacillating fortunes of the Eternal City. Here an artist may seek inspiration. Here a convert may whisper a prayer. But the wave of life and adventure and business and sport rolls on unheeding; and God is there, and men know it not.

With us there is no central, representative cathedral; yet by every Catholic

church or chapel, however lowly or obscure, in the land, the living Faith is evinced and the dead works of infidelity disowned. And the American Protestant Episcopal Church has now about made up its mind that, after all, there is only one Catholic Church.

A teacher of small children, in a country said to be civilized and supposed to be Christianized, relates a significant experience. He required his pupils to write eight headlines, giving them "Mother" as a subject. By far the greater number wrote: "Mother is good. Mother is always working. Mother smiles at me. Mother made my dress. Mother sings to the baby. Mother loves me. Mother gets up first. Mother prays." Next day the subject was "Father," and the lines most frequently written were: "Father is strong. Father brings home money. Father is cross. Father has a big appetite. Father scolds us. Father smokes his pipe. Father talks loud. Father swears." Only one child wrote: "Father plays with me." That teacher would have done well to pass on these significant sentences to the heads of the families, with the sufficient comment, "Out of the mouths of babes."

Reckless criticism of our judiciary as a whole, and unbridled denunciation of particular judges, have become so common that a needed reaction seems to be setting in. A few months ago, the *Philadelphia Press* sounded a warning of the danger to which the Republic is exposed in consequence of such depreciation of public functionaries; and its action has elicited words of cordial approval from some of the most eminent of our citizens, Cardinals Gibbons and O'Connell among them. Says his Eminence of Baltimore:

It is incumbent upon the newspaper and the magazine press of America, and upon our leading public speakers, to show examples of repression, right-speaking, and tolerance. To arouse a storm of resentment by bitter invective is to create a condition that may work

lifelong, irreparable injury, and even lead to tragic violence. It takes only a spark to start a conflagration. Unbridled license of speech and pen may well incite weak minds to crime. It was a great pity that the last Presidential campaign set a bad example for the entire nation in this particular.

And the Boston prelate seems to discern in the criticism of the judiciary only one step in a predetermined war on all authority. He declares:

The widespread attempt to vilify and malign all men holding public office or those aspiring to serve the public in any official capacity is no mere accident. Any one who studies the situation will easily comprehend that it is a malicious attempt to weaken all respect for government and the order which law upholds. It is only a part of the general plan of those whose avowed purpose is to plant the banner *Ni Dieu, ni maître*, upon these shores.

Whether or not the vilification be part of a general plan, there is no doubt of its being an evil that ought to be suppressed, even if the suppression leads to the incidental conviction for criminal libel of prominent citizens.

An opponent of female suffrage having asserted that, with the suffragette, home duties count for nothing in comparison with the importance of casting a vote, "a New Zealand woman," who has had and used the franchise for some time, writes in the *London Tablet* of recent date:

"M. W." evidently thinks that to record a vote takes so much time that home duties must be neglected. Quite the contrary. Polling-booths are numerous and quickly reached, and one's vote is registered in a very short time. . . . I know many a home made happier and man made better by the reduction of licenses in certain districts, brought about by the women's vote. No division in families is caused. I know of many cases where husband and wife, father and daughter, walk to the poll together and record their votes, one for a Government, one for an Opposition candidate, amicably discussing the chances of each as they go.

Nuns and Children of Mary are supposed among all women to copy Our Lady most closely in their lives. These two classes vote regularly without losing any resemblance to their exquisite model. And—a woman's vote can never be bought!



A Pair.

BY E. BECK.

IN kingly hall and cottage home,
In city street and square,
Two very busy urchins roam
In weather foul and fair;
And broken toys of girls and boys
In every house we see,
All shattered by this pair so sly—
"Someone" and "Nobody."

They scratch the walls, they soil the floors
With dust or mud each day;
They widely open fling the doors,
They caps and coats mislay;
And in a flash they windows smash,
And many a tart and sweet,
Unknown to all, and far from call,
With eagerness they eat.

The ink is spilled on linen white,
And books are torn and tossed,
While vanish tacks and nails from sight,
And knives and forks are lost;
And rifled soon, in May or June,
Is many a blooming tree,
Afar and nigh, and always by
"Someone" or "Nobody."

An Ambitious Chinaman.

IN all countries are to be found people who want to know everything. Here is a true story of a certain Chinese workman who had that ambition, and of what came of his foolishness.

He was an ordinary laborer from the south of the Celestial Empire, and spoke only the language of the common people; but he took it into his head that he would like to learn the language of the mandarins, a learned and difficult tongue used only by men of letters. Accordingly, Lem-Yu—let us call him by this name—

quitted his native village and made his way to a city in the north, famous for its learned men.

He walked about the streets for a day or two, and nobody paid any attention to him. To whom should he address himself in order to learn the mandarin language? He was a good deal bothered, and afraid, too; and very probably would have turned about and gone home again, were it not that he had told his friends and acquaintances that he would never come back till he could speak like a mandarin. He knew they would laugh at him if he returned before that, so he stayed.

On the second evening after his arrival in the northern city, he entered a tavern where some low rascals were gambling.

"What do you want here?" asked one of them.

"I want to learn the mandarin language," replied Lem-Yu.

The gamblers winked at one another and chuckled.

"He's a simpleton," remarked the one who had already spoken. "Let's have some fun with him." Then, turning to Lem-Yu, he went on: "You have done well to come to us. Here we all speak the mandarin tongue, and if you will stand a supper for the crowd of us we'll teach it to you."

The would-be linguist joyfully accepted the proposal and paid for the supper. At the close of the meal one of the band said:

"Now we will give you the promised lesson. Repeat after me the following words: 'Me.' 'Just for fun.' 'Perfectly.'"

And Lem-Yu repeated them: "Me." "Just for fun." "Perfectly."

"Splendid!" said his instructor. "Now, when you are addressed repeat those words in the order in which I have given them to you, and you will be named an interpreter of the mandarin tongue."

[Lem-Yu, quite happy, went home; and,

arriving at his house at night, rapped at the door.

"Who's that?" asked his wife and father in the same breath.

"Me."

"What did you knock so loud for?"

"Just for fun."

They recognized his voice and let him in, saying:

"So you can speak the mandarin language, can you?"

"Perfectly."

The village was quite proud of its new *savant*, and Lem-Yu received much consideration. Some days after his return, however, a new face was put on the matter. A murdered man's body having been found in the village, the mandarin from the neighboring city came to hold the inquest. But there was no one who understood his tongue. Impatiently, he cried out, in their own dialect:

"So there's nobody here who can speak the mandarin language?"

"Oh, yes, we have an interpreter, a *savant*!" And Lem-Yu was sent for.

"Do you know who killed this man?" asked the mandarin.

"Me," replied the famous interpreter.

"What did you kill him for?"

"Just for fun."

"And do you understand that you'll be hanged for the crime?"

"Perfectly," said Lem-Yu, who did not understand a single word the mandarin had spoken. But he was hanged all the same,—a victim of the desire to know too much and to show off his supposed learning.

It is only in comparatively recent times that tea has been in use in the Western Hemisphere. When any one shows you a teapot brought over in the *Mayflower*, he makes a mistake; for tea was not a beverage in England at that time. Afterward, however, English-speaking people became very fond of it; and many a good housewife must have regretted the precious cargo that went overboard at the famous Boston Tea Party.

White Eagle.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN, AUTHOR OF
"BILLY-BOY," ETC.

XVII.—IN THE NEST OF THE EAGLE.

SAFE indeed! It would have been difficult to find a safer shelter than this cave, to which Lopez had guided White Eagle and his partner in their hour of need. The narrow opening by which they had entered could have been held against a host of enemies by a single man; but the cave itself widened into the light of an archway, cleft in its western walls, from which the cliff of San Miguel went down—a sheer descent of three hundred feet—to a wild, untrodden gorge below.

Pappy sank down exhausted upon a flat, jutting rock; while Lopez burst into voluble explanation, to which Don listened with wide-opening eyes.

"He says," translated Don, "that this is the Nest of the Eagle; that here in the old times the chiefs, with their slings of stones and their bows and arrows, guarded the pass below, so that the wigwams in the valley could stand safe among the ripening corn. To no one else would Lopez dare to show the Nest of the Eagle; but I am the last of the chiefs, and the cave is mine. We can hide here just as long as we like. No pale face could find us in a hundred years,—though we won't have to stay for that time, of course," added Don, cheerily. "We need only to throw Dick Pratt and his crew off our trail. So don't scare, Pappy!" (Don laid his hand on his old partner's shoulder.) "You're safe now. I am standing by you, and Lopez will do anything I say. We're standing by you. You're my friend, Pappy; and my father told me that I must always stand by a friend, no matter what happens,—stand by him straight through."

Pappy did not answer for a moment. Perhaps he could not. There was such a

rush of emotion sweeping through the breaking crusts of his heart that speech, almost breath, failed. All the world seemed narrowed down to that archway of light through which the sunset blazed in golden radiance upon the two boys: Lopez, silent and motionless as a bronze figure, awaiting his young chief's command; and Don, with his eager eye, his glowing cheek—his own brave, bold, fearless, faithful Don,—“standing by” his old, nameless, hunted, friendless, perhaps guilty, partner, through all shame and danger,—standing by him “straight through.”

“Sure of that?” asked Pappy at last. “Sure you’d stand by me whatever happens, little partner? Sure that you wouldn’t turn against me if you heard things that you didn’t like,—if you found your friend to be an old fraud and a cheat? For that’s what I am, little partner,—that’s what I am!”

“O Pappy, I’m sorry,—I’m sorry!” said Don, sadly. “You didn’t look like it. But—but I’m standing by you all the same. I—I won’t go back on you, Pappy, no matter what you are.”

“Will you hold to that?” asked Pappy, with sudden eagerness. “Will you stick to that promise, little partner? You won’t go back on the old man? No matter what there is to forgive, to forget, we’ll be friends, partners still?”

“O Pappy, yes, yes!” said Don, his boyish heart strangely stirred by the old man’s look and tone. “I’ll stick by you, Pappy. I’ll do all I can. I can’t do much, I know.”

“O my boy, my boy,—yes, you have done all things for me!” was Pappy’s hoarse, broken cry. “You have given me back life and hope, love,—all that I believed I had lost forever. For I am your father’s father, Don! I am the hard, loveless old grandfather, with the heart of stone.”

“My grandfather!” gasped Don,—“my grandfather, you—you, Pappy, my grandfather? O Pappy, no! You’re dream-

ing things!” (the young voice trembled.) “You’re just my old partner, my old friend Pappy.”

“Yes, your old partner, your old friend; but—but your old grandfather—your father’s father. Listen, my boy,—my dear, brave boy! Try to understand. I learned that you were here—here among the rough, kind friends to whom your father left you; and—and, cold, hard, suspicious old man that I was, something in my heart of stone stirred, woke, at the thought of my son’s boy. But pride, prejudice, a whole host of dark, evil things ruled me. I had learned to doubt, distrust, to suspect all around me. I feared to let you know me,—to give you any claim upon my fortune, my care; and so I came out here under a false name, in a false dress, to see you,—to learn something of the grandson that was my one close tie on earth. I came a cold, hard old man, who believed all things could be bought with gold; and I found a world where my money did not count, where my name stood for nothing; I found a grandson who was ready to be friend and partner to poor old Pappy Carr, no matter what or who he was. Will you keep to that word, my boy,—my Don’s boy? Shall we be friends, companions, and partners still?”

The old voice trembled, the old eyes softened into wistful yearning, the hard lines of the old mouth melted into tender appeal.

“O Pappy, yes, yes!” (Don flung his arms about his old partner’s neck with the hug of a young bear)—“I mean *grandfather*—yes, yes! Oh, I know you now! I know the look of my own dear father in your eyes, your face,—the look that I saw from the first and did not understand. O Pappy, my own dear grandpappy! It was so good of you to come and make me your friend, your partner, your own boy forever—like this—like this!”

It was a wonderful evening that followed this revelation,—a wonderful, beautiful evening, that neither Don nor his grand-

father, friend and partner, could ever forget.

The blaze of the western skies faded into violet, and the first stars looked down into the arch of the Eagle's Nest, and still Don sat with Pappy's arm about him, listening, talking with unchanged confidence and trust.

"And they are hunting you down for some one else," said Don, when at last he fully comprehended the situation. "O Pappy—I mean grandfather—"

"Keep to the old name yet, little partner. It sounds more natural to us both," interrupted Pappy, softly. "Yes, hunting me down, Don; and as there is no one but you to speak for me, my boy, I am in a tight place yet; for I don't want this story of ours to be blown to the winds. I don't want the whole gabbling, gossiping world to learn how old Stephen Carruther lost his head to find his heart. We'll have to stick it out together for a while in your Eagle's Nest,—stick it out as best we can."

So they had supper out of the saddlebags, that, when emptied, Don made into a pillow for Pappy's head. Lopez stretched himself on guard near the shadowy entrance. Don curled himself up on the soft sand by his old partner's side, and soon the two boys, tired out by their day's experience, were sound asleep.

But Pappy's weary eyes, shining with a new light, were slow to close; for long hours he lay, his hand resting on the curly head nestling so trustfully, so confidently beside him, his weary heart filled with a strange, sweet peace.

The moon rose over the mountains, and filled the gorge below with silver radiance; the archway of the Eagle's Nest was a gate of light. And, looking up into its glory, the last scales of worldly blindness fell from Stephen Carruther's eyes.

"I have lived in the dark," he whispered to himself. "The boy—my boy—has been given Light that I never knew. It must never darken for him. God helping me, I will keep him what he is,—what the old

man in the valley has taught him to be."

And Pappy kept to that vow through all the years to come.

Meantime Nick and Tony galloped home, and roused the camp into excitement, that was not allayed by the story Batty brought up from the valley, of the hunt for the old fugitive supposed to be hiding somewhere in the mountains.

"That durned old sinner we've took in here seems to fill the bill sure!" declared Batty to his breathless listeners. "I mistrusted him from the first. And what he's done to our kid now no one can tell."

"I don't believe it!" burst in Seth, roughly. "I don't believe there's a man on earth devil enough to hurt a boy like that. And, if he hez" (a fierce oath burst from the speaker's lips), "thar ain't a place too high or deep to hide that devil from Seth Brown's vengeance. No, Don ain't hurt. He's just standing by his old partner, like the man he is, and trying to turn off the trail. And he is Injun enough to do it. Them thar rocks of San Miguel hez hiding-places whar no white man hez ever set foot, and the boy hez got his old rascal of a partner up thar."

For a while this explanation seemed satisfactory, and the camp rested on it, though somewhat uneasily. And little Winona, who was never given to tears, cried all night for her lost "brother." Old Nokola sat up, wide-eyed and silent, watching the stars. Big Seth, Batty, Old Grizzle,—all kept anxious vigil; while Lone Jack, with Pup at his heels, tramped off in the darkness no one knew where.

In the first dawn of the morning he reappeared, grim and haggard, his face set in stern, hard lines.

"They've caught the old chap they were looking for down at San Alfonso," he said briefly; "and he is not Pappy Carr,—nothing like him. So there's something else wrong. I'm off to San Miguel to find out what it is. Give Pup the boy's cap or jacket, and he'll trail him if he's on top of earth. I never knew his nose to fail yet."

"I'm with you!" said Seth, rising. "We'll take the horses as far as we can, and then climb. Here, Tobe, Tad!" he called to his own dogs, "Between us all we'll beat San Miguel from foot to peak to find our boy."

And in the glow of the sunrise they were off—dogs, horses, men,—through the Pass where Dick Pratt had met his overthrow, up the steepes that Don and Pappy had climbed so pleasantly, to the ridge where they had taken to the rocks that rose in fierce strength against the morning sky.

"They stopped here," said Lone Jack, springing from his horse, and, with a practised eye, inspecting the footmarks tramped into the fallen pine needles. "Here the horses turned home; and there were more than two,—there was a third. The scoundrels, what have they done with the boy?"

So saying, he caught Don's cap and jacket from his saddlebow and flung them down to Pup.

"Strike it, Pup,—strike it, if you can."

Pup nosed and tossed the jacket doubtfully; while Tobe caught up the little cap with a short, sharp bark.

"After him, lads,—after your little master,—after our boy!" called Seth, leaping from Nick's back.

For a moment the dogs ran to and fro, doubtfully; while Seth and Jack, flinging their horses' reins on the pine boughs near by, cheered them on.

It was sharp-nosed Pup that first struck the trail, and dashed up the rocks in full cry, Tobe and Tad, Seth and Jack following hard and fast behind. It was a mad scramble; for the dogs did not pause on their upward way. Seth, with the stiffer joints of his fifty odd years, was left behind; but Lone Jack went leaping up the wild steepes like a mountain roe.

The boy must be found,—the boy who seemed to stand for all that he had lost, all that he had flung away; the brave, pure, white-souled boy, whom he

had tried to help, to uplift into a wider, nobler life; the boy whom this lonely, nameless man had learned to love. Something very dire and strange must have befallen Don, Lone Jack felt with a sickening heart, as the trail led up steepes higher and wilder than he, bold huntsman as he was, had ever dared. Some fierce, wild thing of the woods must have dragged the boy up these heights to its lair. And even as this dreadful thought chilled his blood, the dogs plunged into the thick undergrowth around a beetling rock, and vanished from Lone Jack's sight.

(Conclusion next week.)

When You Go to England.

If one of our young American readers went to live for a time in England, he would probably, after a period of confusion, get to understand the "nice points" of the English language as it is spoken over there; and he might sum up his lessons to one at home in this way:

You go to the "chemist's shop," and not the "drug store." You say "boots" when you really mean "shoes." The man stares when you ask for a "spool of thread": you must say a "reel of cotton." There are no "fresh" eggs over here: they are "new laid." You don't "catch up to me," but you "catch me up." "I'm sorry" goes for our "Excuse me." A "bun shop" is a "bakery." Your "vest" would be called a "waistcoat." No one in England would say "water faucet": it is always a "tap." The "dry goods store" is the "linen draper's," and a "trolley" is a "hay wagon." Our freight trains are known as "luggage" or "goods" trains, while the "baggage coach" is a "van." The doctor's "silk hat" is a "top-hat," "derby" is a "bowler," "railroad" is "railway," "street car" is "tram," "automobile" is "motor." Uncle Sam's "mail box" is the Englishman's "pillar box." He "goes in" for things we usually "do."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A revised and enlarged edition (the ninth) of Arnold and Scannell's "Catholic Dictionary" is announced by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

—The same publishers have just issued the first volume of an authorized translation of Fr. Hartmann Grisar's great work on Martin Luther.

—Alfred Noyes' somewhat esoteric lyric, "The Carol of the Fir Tree," is beautifully printed in booklet form, with a handsome frontispiece (a Madonna by Botticelli) and decorative initials, by Burns & Oates.

—New and forthcoming publications of Smith, Elder & Co. include a novel by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture (Lady Clifford), author of "Peter's Mother," "Erica," "Master Christopher," and other popular stories. It is entitled "Michael Ferrys."

—We learn that Mr. Everard Meynell has nearly finished the "Life of Francis Thompson," upon which he has been engaged for several years. It is based on unpublished letters, fragments of diaries, the reminiscences of friends, and other trustworthy sources of information.

—"In the Service of the King," by Geneviève Irons (English Catholic Truth Society), is a logically worked out tale of the vocations of four young women, each gifted in a notable and different way. In the course of the story one is treated to the vision of a beautifully unfolding character in the person of "Honour." A well-written, bright, readable story. For sale in this country by B. Herder.

—The Sisters of Mercy, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., have compiled a beautiful book of selections from Canon Sheehan's work, "Parerga," as found in "Cedar Chips." With fine paper, clear type, heavy paper cover with color decoration and silk paper over-covering, tied with silk ribbon and enclosed in a box, this little volume makes a suitable gift book, seasonable at any time. It is published by the Sisters.

—The delay in issuing the "Official Catholic Directory" (P. J. Kenedy & Sons) will not be regretted when this useful reference book for 1913 has been carefully examined. In several respects, it is a decided improvement over former issues; and future ones are likely to be still better. The publishers and editor are confident of overcoming the obstacles which have hitherto prevented them from securing more reliable statistics, as well as fuller information on points for which the Directory is

naturally consulted. Anything in their own power to do in order to render the work more acceptable and more deserving of the title "Official" will be done, without regard to trouble or expense. As it is, the Directory is a highly creditable production, no less satisfactory as to externals than valuable and useful as to contents.

—The object—a most praiseworthy one—of Mr. Samuel E. Stokes' new book, "The Gospel according to the Jews and Pagans" (Longmans, Green & Co.), is to demonstrate from other than Christian sources the credibility of early Church history, and the historical reality of Christ Himself. The sources used are the writings of famous Roman government officials, a Greek satirist, and a Jewish historian who was a Pharisee. The author was formerly a missionary in India.

—"Old China and Young America," by Mrs. Sarah Pike Conger, author of "Letters from China," is a book whose exterior charm is matched with an inner spirit that is both wholesome and refreshing. For many years a resident of China, Mrs. Conger has had rare opportunities of knowing the Chinese intimately, as her anecdotes and reminiscences attest; while her stories for young Americans grow out of a deep sympathy for children. An intimate book, with the attractiveness of personal conversation. It is admirably gotten out by F. G. Brown & Co., of Chicago, whose publications mark a distinct advance in tasteful bookmaking.

—From Mr. J. Schaefer, publisher and importer, New York, we have received Albertype pictures of the famous Bishop Ketteler, of Mayence, and "Little Windhorst," as the immortal leader of the German Centre Party was affectionately called. Both will be recognized at a glance. It is enough to say of these pictures that they are suitable for framing and well worthy of being framed. We should be glad to see portraits in the same style of Columbus, Ozanam, Brownson, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, etc., and to know that they were adorning the walls of our Catholic reading rooms and clubs, all over the land. The frames and glass of pictures of political worthies, athletic celebrities, and the like, might be utilized for the more appropriate portraits.

—"Five Centuries of English Poetry" (from Chaucer to De Vere), by the Rev. George O'Neill, S. J., M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.), has this to commend it—that it is an intel-

lectual and withal virile study of a subject frequently spoilt by rhapsodic or sentimental methods of approach. The book has a "scholastic intention": "it aims," says the author, "at illustrating successive types of English poetry." One could judge of Fr. O'Neill's success better had he defined just what he means by "types"; for, despite his disclaimer, the book is practically an anthology of lyrics. His aim does not seem to have been steadfastly clear to himself, as there is manifest confusion on this point on page nine of the Preface. In passing, let it be said that familiarity with "the best" in English poetry has not made the author a master of pure style, and also that his "remarks on reading poetry aloud" are too general and too vague to be of much service. In the essential work of selection, however, Fr. O'Neill has shown a cultivated, if uncommon, taste. Our chief quarrel would be with the space he has given the unpoetic Queen Anne poets,—to Pope, twenty pages of text and fourteen of notes; to Dr. Johnson (poet!), twelve pages in both sections. In fact, the notes in general seem too liberal, being spread over 138 of the 368 pages which the volume contains. The book is well printed, but not so durably bound as a text-book should be. We hope to welcome soon an improved edition of this work, which, as we have said, has strong points in its favor.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Old China and Young America." Mrs. Sarah Conger. 82 cts.

"The Carol of the Fir Tree." Alfred Noyes. 25 cts.

"In the Service of the King." Geneviève Irons. 60 cts.

"Cedar Chips." 50 cts.

"Five Centuries of English Poetry." Rev. George O'Neill, S. J., M. A. \$1.25.

"A Hundredfold." Author of "From a Garden Jungle." 75 cts.

"Practical Manual for the Superiors of Religious Houses." Fr. Castanzo Frigerio, S. J. 44 cts.

"The Gospel of Pain." Rev. J. M. Lelen. 25 cts.

"Father Carson Explains." Rev. E. F. Garesché, S. J. 10 cts.

"Lincoln, the Man of the People." William H. Mace. 35 cts.

"The Divine Educator." Fr. Zulueta, S. J. 50 cts.

"Mediæval University Life." Brother Azarias. 20 cts.

"The Names of God and Meditative Summaries of the Divine Perfections." Ven. Father Lessius, S. J. \$1.08.

"The Loretto Centenary." 75 cts.

"The Cult of Mary." Rev. Thomas Gerrard. 40 cts.

"Elements of Logic." Cardinal Mercier. 60 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Edward Saunders, of the archdiocese of Boston; Rev. Joseph Hoey and Rev. Michael Considine, archdiocese of New York; Rev. J. F. Burns, archdiocese of St. Paul; Rev. Peter Matthews, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. Andrew O'Donnell, diocese of Sacramento; Rev. Leo Kwasniewski, diocese of Springfield.

Brother Timothy Feely, S. J.; and Brother John of God, C. S. C.

Sister Aloysius, of the Sisters of Notre Dame; Sister M. Gabriel, Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister M. Emiliana, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. John Oliver, Leo Zahm, Jr., Mr. William F. Dolan, Mrs. J. S. Fragua, Mr. W. J. Kinsella, Mr. James Cox, Mrs. Ann Noran, Mrs. Pauline Kerber, Mr. James McBride, Miss Mary Murphy, Mrs. Samuel Janisse, Mr. William Roth, Mrs. James Williams, Mr. M. D. Curley, Mr. Peter Maloney, Mr. W. V. Moynes, Miss Cecilia Gavan, Mr. Thomas Ouellette, Mrs. Louise Kessler, Miss Margaret Fogarty, Miss Katherine Fogarty, Mr. Edward Brown, Mr. J. A. Burton, Mr. Miles Walsh, Mr. Frank Chott, Mrs. Bridget Nealon, Mr. Jacob Herman, and Mr. John Landers.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the sufferers from the recent flood:
Through a priest, \$25.

The famine and cyclone sufferers in China:
T. M. G., \$20.



SANCTA DEI GENITRIX MATER DNI NRI IESU XPI



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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At Mother's Grave.

(Translated from a Song by Grieg.)

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

LITTLE mother, sweetly keep
Thy repose, and rest so soundly,
While we stand and weep profoundly
As they lay thee soft to sleep.
Darkened now thy eyes' clear light;
Thy mild voice, beyond our hearing—
That mild voice that calmed all fearing,—
We remember day and night.
God ne'er better heart did make,
Nor a better ceased its living—
Mother, thou wert always giving!—
His to give and His to take.
Sleep, then, little mother,—peace!
Thanks for all thy kindly caring!
E'er unselfish, with us sharing
Love that never knew decrease.

The Blessed Virgin in Dante's "Paradise."*

THOU art all fair, O my love,
and there is no spot in thee!"
These words, from the Cantic
of Canticles, form a fragment
of that divine poem which had woven a
crown of unfading glory for Mary long
ere she came into the world. God alone
knew her spotless purity, but He showed
the Prophets something of her beauty in
the distance; so that, bedazzled, they
sang in obscure words of the branch from
the root of Jesse,—of the wonderful

Virgin Mother. But when the Lord caused
the Lily amongst thorns to bloom into
beauty such as a fallen world could never
have imagined, then earth and heaven
broke forth into hymns of jubilation,
which continue to echo down through the
ages. Since that time many a fervent,
poetic heart has uttered, in word and song,
the praises of her whose glories were first
sung by the Holy Ghost Himself.

Amongst those singers one stands forth
prominently, whose utterances charmed
the world of his own day, as they have
won the admiration of all succeeding
ages—Dante, the great Florentine. In
his "Paradise" he paints a picture of
the Blessed Virgin in her heavenly glory,
which amply repays the closest attention
of the student.

No name occurs more frequently than
Mary's in the Divine Comedy. She meets
us in the very beginning of the poem, as
the Lady who in high heaven mourns
with such effectual grief—

That God's stern judgment to her will inclines.*
And she sends a guide who shall lead
the poet—he represents sinful mankind—
out of the perilous forest into a place of
safety. On the journey through hell we
hear nought of her; for her name, like
that of her Divine Son, must not be
uttered in those darksome vales. But in
purgatory the sweet name greets the
wanderer at every step; and, in various
ways, the example of the Holy Virgin is
set before us as a model of virtue. But
it is only in Paradise that the Queen of
Heaven appears in person; and thither

* Aug. Wibbelt in *Der Katholik*. Translated for *THE AVE MARIA* by J. M. T.

* Hell, ii, 96.

let us follow the poet in spirit, even to her throne of glory.

A mighty vault, with nine others stretching out still farther and brighter, corresponding to the greater degrees of happiness enjoyed by their inhabitants; and above them all the empyrean, the highest, the fiery heaven, where God actually dwells. All this, stretching out into the boundless world of light, through which millions of shining souls dart, like so many gleams of flame, — this is, in its essential features, the magnificent picture presented by the "Paradise." The poet has wandered through the realms of woe in hell, has felt by sympathy the pains of purgatory; and now, with his glorified conductor, Beatrice, he is drawn up from star to star. The splendor of heaven is ever unfolding more and more gloriously before him; and his view is ever expanding, his knowledge growing deeper, and his heart more enlarged. Now he enters the eighth circle, the heaven of the fixed stars, which spreads over the seven circles of the planets.

The track our venturesome keel must furrow, brooks
No unribb'd pinnacle, no self-sparing pilot.*

Even in the seventh circle Dante could not understand the song of the blessed spirits, and could not bear Beatrice's smile; here he is so dazzled with light that Christ, the sun of the angels, must needs strengthen him by a brief vision. Whilst he is now hanging with rapturous gaze on the wondrous beauty of his guide, she challenges him to turn—

Unto the beautiful garden, blossoming
Beneath the rays of Christ. Here is the Rose
Wherein the Word Divine was made incarnate.†

He renews the struggle with his aching vision to look upon the wonders of this world; then he sees the blessed multitudes who have dropped down from the empyrean; and so great is their glory that he sees them indistinctly, like blossoms of light. But among these his eyes fix themselves on one that surpasses all the others in size and brilliancy,—

In heaven excelling, as once here on earth,*—
the most beautiful of the stars, Mary. On earth she outshone all others through her plenitude of grace and her holiness; above, she outshines all by her glory and splendor. The poet's eye still rests on her with respectful wonder, when—

Lo! from within the sky a cresset fell,
Circling in fashion of a diadem;
And girt the Star; and, hovering, round it
wheeled.†

This is Gabriel the Angel of the Annunciation, who offers her his homage. All the crowd of saints—

Took up the strain, and echoed Mary's name.‡
And she, shining like the blue sapphire, and still encircled by the crown of fire, rises up towering to her Son, and plunges as it were into the light of God; whereupon all the other lights flame up in love, as children reach out their arms to their mother; and the glorious *Regina Cæli* resounds through the heavenly spheres.

This first appearance of Mary is rather symbolical, but the symbolism is striking as well as simple and clear. Dante sees her as a Star of rare brilliance. Fire signifies purity and charity, and surpasses in brilliancy all the other lights of heaven. Gabriel, who once announced her high dignity to the lowly Maiden in the silent chamber of Nazareth, here pays homage to the Queen of Heaven, gloriously crowned in the fulness of her dignity; and as she then humbly bowed down and spoke the golden words, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord," so she here hides herself in the light of the sapphire—the blue mantle of humility. This is her third characteristic.

The pure, the loving, the humble Queen of Heaven,—thus the Blessed Virgin appears to the poet; but only in figure, for he is not yet able to endure her entire beauty. This is revealed to him only in the highest sphere, after he has lost his natural sight, and has been endowed with a new and wonderful power of vision.

* "Paradise," xxiii, 66.

† *Ib.* 70.

* *Ib.*, 89.

† *Ib.*, 92.

‡ *Ib.*, 109.

In the ninth circle, the heaven of crystal, he sees the world of angels, and now at last enters the empyrean. This is the true dwelling-place of God and of all the blessed—heaven, which, without limit of time or space, is—

Light intellectual, replete with love;
Love of true happiness, replete with joy;
Joy that transcends all sweetness of delight.*

Even his supernatural powers of vision are threatened with failure in presence of these waves of light, until his eyes are wondrously strengthened; and yet he sees at first only a likeness of glory, though it is a glorious likeness.

I looked;

And in the likeness of a river, saw
Light flowing, from whose amber-seeming waves
Flash'd up effulgence, as they glided on
'Twixt banks, on either side, painted with spring,
Incredible how fair; and, from the tide,
There ever and anon, outstarting, flew
Sparkles instinct with life; and in the flowers
Did set them, like to rubies set in gold.†

The stream is the light of God; the flowers are the saints; the sparkles, the angels. He sees only a likeness. At Beatrice's command, he drinks of the waves of light: the veil is removed, and the highest heaven is revealed to his sight.

Around a circle of light are ranged the seats of the blessed in a thousand rows, each towering above the next, and broadening out, like the calyx of an immense rose, above which hovers the brightness of the Most High, as a sun, whose reflection is that circle of light at the bottom of the rose, and who drops down peace and delight into its thousand leaves. This is the City of God, the Heavenly Jerusalem.

Whilst the poet is plunged in rapture, Beatrice leaves him, and a venerable ancient stands at his side.

Joy benign

Glow'd in his eye, and o'er his cheek diffused.‡
It is St. Bernard, the inspired panegyrist of Mary,—“her own faithful Bernard.” He invites Dante to raise his eyes aloft.

Search around

The circles, to the farthest, till thou spy

Seated in state, the Queen that of this realm
Is sovereign.*

Dante looks upward and sees Mary enthroned on the highest seat, the rosy dawn of heaven glowing over her, and her head encircled by golden light, as if the sun were rising at her back. She herself is truly the morning dawn, from whom the Sun of truth and grace came forth. Her beauty is the delight of all the inhabitants of the City of God, and—

At their glee

And carol, smiled the Lovely One of heaven,
That joy was in the eyes of all the blest.
Had I a tongue in eloquence as rich
As is the coloring in fancy's loom,
'Twere all too poor to utter the least part
Of that enchantment.†

St. Bernard says to the poet: •

Now raise thy eyes

Unto the visage most resembling Christ;
For in her splendor only shalt thou win
The power to look on Him.‡

The poet can not paint her more faithfully; for in the countenance of the Divine Redeemer we figure to ourselves the realization of the highest ideal of human beauty and dignity. Thousands of angels hover around the Queen, forming her heavenly court and singing sweetly. Faces they had of flame and wings of gold, The rest was whiter than the driven snow.§ But their brightness pales before that of Mary.

Again the Archangel Gabriel approaches, spreads out his wings before her, and addresses her with that sweetest of greetings: *Ave Maria, gratia plena!* All the heavenly court join in the anthem, and—

That holier joy

Brooded the deep serene.||

Thus the Holy Virgin is saluted by the angels and the saints—*Regina Angelorum, Regina Sanctorum Omnium*. Could the poet give a more glorious picture of her? And yet he does surpass this in what follows, and he sets the crown upon his song of praise to Mary. It is in the prayer of St. Bernard, unquestionably the most

* Ib., 106.

† Ib., 123.

‡ Ib., xxxii, 74.

§ Ib., xxxi, 12.

|| Ib., xxxii, 87.

* Ib., xxx, 41.

† Ib., 59.

‡ Ib., xxxi, 56.

beautiful lyrical passage of the whole poem,—a real gem in this rich treasury of lofty song.

St. Bernard, enraptured by the contemplation of Mary and kindling with love—

Whom Mary's charms
Embellish'd, as the sun the morning star,*—
raises up his voice to her and prays:

O Virgin Mother, Daughter of thy Son!
Created beings all in lowliness
Surpassing, as in height above them all;
Term by the Eternal Counsel preordain'd;
Ennobler of thy nature, so advanced
In thee that its great Maker did not scorn
To make Himself His own creation;
For in thy womb rekindling shone the love
Reveal'd, whose genial influence makes now
This flower to germin in eternal peace:
Here thou to us, of charity and love,
Art as the noonday torch; and art, beneath,
To mortal men, of hope a living spring.
So mighty art thou, Lady, and so great,
That he who grace desireth, and comes not
To thee for aidance, fain would have desire
Fly without wings. Not only him who asks
Thy bounty succors, but doth freely oft
Forerun the asking. Whatso'er may be
Of excellence in creature—pity mild,
Relenting mercy, large munificence,—
Are all combined in thee.†

Here is a prayer of childlike simplicity, yet great and deep in thought. These are words true to the spirit of the saint,—words in which the deepest glow of feeling harmoniously blends with loftiness of thought.

And what a mine of thought is in each simple word! Its two leading themes are like blossoms composed of hundreds of leaves, which the poet only half opens before our eyes; so that we half perceive, half guess, their fragrant depths. The Incarnation raised Mary to the loftiest relationship with the Blessed Trinity, as Daughter, Spouse, and Mother; and the words, "Daughter of thy Son," remind us of the infinite depth of the mystery. She has had a share in the work of the Redemption, in the building of the Heavenly Jerusalem; therefore is she glorified in the first throne; and as she is so near to God, therefore do men look up to her

so trustingly; and she again looks down lovingly on them, and often even anticipates the sinner's prayer.

Such is St. Bernard's hymn, which at a first glance might seem to be the simple outpouring of a pious child's heart; but which, on closer inspection, is found to contain an unexpected treasury of deep thought. It is a prayer that wells forth from a great, broad mind and simple, loving heart. This homage from her truest and most ardent admirer is surely the brightest crown that the poet could lay at the feet of the Holy Virgin.

In answer to the prayer, Mary turns her eyes graciously on the petitioner, smiling her consent to two extraordinary favors which the saint begs for the poet: that he may look upon God; and, as he must return amongst the living, that he may have the grace of final perseverance. It is very significant, and is thoroughly in keeping with St. Bernard's spirit, that he does not apply directly to God, but begs Mary to intercede. Indeed, he himself says that Mary's intercession is the ladder by which we come to God; for the Son will hear the Mother, and the Father the Son.* Yes, all the saints of the City of God raise their hands to the Blessed Virgin in united prayer; and thus she appears as the chief intercessor, who can obtain more from God than all the other saints together.

"Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God," says our Divine Lord in the Sermon on the Mount. It is the army of those that are clothed in white,—the virgins, who, according to the Apocalypse, approach nearest to God, following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. Purity is a virtue that raises man above the angels, who are by nature pure; the virtue that makes man most nearly resemble God, a pure Spirit, and which best fits man for that mystical union with God, the fruit of intuition. If Mary, therefore, like the eagle which gazes steadfastly on the sun, looks upon the resplendent

* *Ib.*, 95.

† *Ib.*, xxxiii, 1.

* *In Nat. B. M. V.*, *Serm. de Aquæd.*

majesty of God with unwavering eye, the reason is that she is supereminently clean of heart,—she is the Virgin of virgins. Thus our view is again finally directed to the pre-eminence of Mary; thus the glorious Queen of Heaven and humble Maiden, the gentle and mighty intercessor, appears once more in her most charming light as the Virgin Immaculate.

Glancing backward now, we recognize that the position assigned by Dante to the Blessed Virgin is a noble one—the only true, genuinely Catholic one; because, as a recent commentator of the poet says, she is at the same time *in* the Church and *above* the Church. Together with the other saints, she has her throne in the Heavenly Jerusalem—in the Church triumphant,—since her bliss, like theirs, rests upon the Redemption. But she was not, like the rest of mankind, made dependent on those lifegiving Sacraments which the grace of Redemption established; for, by the direct and wonderful intervention of God, she was from the first moment of her existence preserved from the slightest taint of sin, and was raised to an incomprehensibly high dignity, to an inexpressibly intimate union with God. Therefore she stands so high that the angelic world, which by nature is far above the human in perfection, bows down before her; she stands higher still than even the highest angel in the Heavenly Jerusalem. And so the poet shows her to us in the glory of her royal power and dignity, raised high above all other creatures, so that there is only One more glorious than she—the Fountain of all light, the Triune God.

As miners look up a long shaft and see a little piece of sky which they call heaven, so there are men who look through a punched-elder, very long and very slim, and they discern through the other end of it a spot, and call it a world. . . . It is the eclipse of God's great heavens in favor of our tallow candle.

—David Swing.

A Far-Away Princess.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XX.

IT did not, however, prove altogether easy for Moira to avoid seeing Paul Lyndon again. For when he called to inquire about Mr. Granger, and to offer his congratulations on that gentleman's recovery, he asked for her with a directness which made evasion impossible, and Mrs. Granger was obliged to reply that Miss Fortescue had begged to be excused from seeing any one. There was a moment's pause; and then that happened which Moira had not foreseen, and could not have provided against if she had foreseen it.

"That means *me!*" Lyndon said, with a certain setting of the jaw and tightening of the lips which his companion knew well. "The last time I saw Miss Fortescue I told her that I loved her, and it is for this reason that she refuses to see me now."

"You—told her—"

Words failed Mrs. Granger, and she sat staring at him, with eyes so startled and a face grown so pale that he, in turn, looked at her in astonishment.

"Is there anything very remarkable in that?" he asked. "Why are you so much surprised? You must know that she is a woman with an extraordinary power of fascination, and I—am a man like other men."

"That is what I forgot," Mrs. Granger gasped,—“or, rather, what I didn't believe—that you were a man like other men. I thought you were entirely different. I never dreamed of your losing your head like this—"

"I beg you to believe that I haven't lost my head in the least," Lyndon interrupted in a distinctly crisp tone. "If there is any reason why I should not love Miss Fortescue—"

"Oh, there is!" Mrs. Granger wailed,—“my poor, dear man, there *is!*"

"Then I should be told what it is," the man declared. "I have a right to know."

But here Mrs. Granger pulled herself sharply, and grasped the situation.

"There's where you are mistaken," she said. "You *haven't* a right to know. Unless a woman has treated a man as I'm perfectly sure Miss Fortescue hasn't treated you—in other words, unless she has led him to believe that she would accept his love—he has no right to demand any reason for her refusal beyond the fact that she doesn't want what he offers."

"That would be enough," Lyndon assented, "if one were quite certain that there was not something else—some mystery, some reason which could perhaps be removed—behind her refusal. But from what she and you have said, I believe that this is so; and, therefore, I feel that I have a right to an explanation."

"You have no such right," Mrs. Granger repeated. "She owes no explanation of her refusal to you; and if you are wise—O Paul, if you are wise, you will never mention the subject to her again!"

"Why shouldn't I mention it? Why shouldn't I endeavor to win her love—"

"O good Heavens!" Mrs. Granger broke in wildly. "You don't know what you are saying. You don't understand how impossible—listen, Paul! Can't you trust my judgment in this matter? Can't you take my word for it that the sooner you put Moira Fortescue out of your mind and your heart, the better?"

He shook his head.

"I can take no word but her own for that," he said firmly.

"And haven't you had her word? I'm sure that you *must* have had it."

"You seem very sure of a good many things," he replied; "which proves that you could if you would tell me why you are so particularly sure that there is no hope for me."

"Would you expect me to tell you when I should violate confidence in doing so?"

"No, I should neither expect nor desire

you to do that," he answered. "But the fact that there is a confidence which it would be possible to violate proves again—you see I am not a lawyer for nothing—that something beside her indifference to me stands between us."

"But if you are assured of her indifference—and I know that she must have assured you of it,—why should it matter to you whether anything else stands between you or not?"

She thought that she had never before perceived so clearly the force of character in his face as when he looked at her now.

"Because," he replied, "if it is only her indifference which stands between us, I shall never give up the hope of changing that indifference to love. I am not impatient and I am very resolute. When I see an end before me, I spare no effort, and I can wait any length of time, to gain that end. The only assurance I want is *that the road is clear*."

Mrs. Granger said "Good Heavens!" again (this time under her breath), while she fell back in her chair, and gazed at him with eyes full of dismay. And as she gazed she was asking herself why she had not foreseen this, why she had been so blind, why she had not known that it would be the inevitable result of association with Moira Deschanel for any man who was not safeguarded by a knowledge of her true position? She had been foolish enough, as she now acknowledged, to think that Paul Lyndon was unlike other men; she had thrust him into overwhelming danger, which he had not known to be danger; and, now that all the fire and force of his nature were awakened, he only asked to be assured that his road was clear! She could have wept over him, only weeping would but poorly have expressed her intense self-reproach.

After a few moments of silence, it was he who spoke again:

"Perhaps you are wondering why I should trouble you with my feelings in this manner; but you are very close to

Miss Fortescue: you are her friend, and the only person who knows anything about her—"

Here Mrs. Granger suddenly broke in:

"It is true that *you* know nothing about her—about her past life or her antecedents," she said. "Haven't you thought of that?"

"Yes, I have thought of it," he answered quietly. "But to know her is enough to make one certain that there can be nothing in her life which, in any serious sense, one would wish otherwise."

"And you can say this, —you!" she cried, "when you remember what you have thought, how you have spoken of Royall for trusting a woman as you are ready to trust Moira Fortescue!"

The unexpected intrusion of a name and a subject so far from his mind made Lyndon stare for a moment; then the blood mounted to his face.

"The circumstances are different," he said hastily. "It is not possible to compare the two cases—"

"No," she interrupted, "it is *not* possible to compare them, because, as a matter of fact, Royall knew everything which it was essential for a man to know about the woman he married, while you know absolutely nothing of the woman you are anxious to marry. Isn't there any lesson for you in that?"

Again he stared at her.

"What lesson should there be?" he asked.

"The lesson perhaps of distrust of your own judgment, and of penitence for the position you have taken toward your cousin and your cousin's wife," she replied a little dryly. "If you don't see this—"

She paused abruptly, conscious that her tongue was about to betray her into making a revelation which she had no right to make; and as she paused Lyndon rose.

"I see that we have touched upon a subject which there is no good in discussing," he said a little stiffly; "so I will not intrude upon you longer. Pray

understand that in making my position toward Miss Fortescue clear to you, I've had no intention of begging your help—"

"My poor boy!" she said, laying her hand on his arm, as she, too, rose. "The only help which it is in my power to give you, I will give without your asking. Be assured of that."

He was so well assured of it from the warm, almost tearful sympathy of her tone that he went away unconsciously comforted, though without any knowledge of the form which the help she pledged him would take. And the door had hardly closed upon his figure when Mrs. Granger, with a mouth set in resolute lines, went in search of Moira.

She found the latter in her own room, writing at a desk which stood near one of the windows; and she wasted no time in preliminaries before opening the attack she had come to make.

"Moira," she said, so sharply that Moira started as she turned around, "why didn't you tell me that Paul Lyndon had fallen in love with you?"

Moira's eyes opened widely, and the eloquent blood rose to her face in a vivid blush; but she answered promptly enough:

"Because it seemed to me a dreadful thing, one of which I was deeply ashamed; and I hoped that neither you nor any one else need ever know of it."

"You were an idiot to think that possible," Mrs. Granger told her. "You should not have endeavored to manage such a situation as this alone. You should have come to me, if only because I was as much or more to blame than you were in allowing it to come to pass."

"Oh, I don't feel that in the least!" Moira declared quickly.

"Whether you feel it or not, it is a fact," Mrs. Granger returned. "I am a good deal older than you are, and I'm a woman of the world if I'm anything at all; so I should have recognized the danger of the game I led you into playing. For I led you into it,—you must remember that."

Moira made a gesture which was unconsciously dramatic and extremely French.

"I remember only your kindness," she said.

"Well, that's very kind of you," Mrs. Granger said; "but I think you must remember a little more. You can't have forgotten that I put the idea of coming to America into your head, that I induced Royall to consent to your coming, that I advised you against meeting Paul Lyndon in your true character in London, and also against telling him who you were when you were thrown together on the *Mauretania*. Oh, there's no doubt whatever about my responsibility in the matter! And I was keenly conscious of it when I had to sit and hear that poor man talk of his love for you."

"I hoped you would never know of it," Moira said, in a tone of distress. "I couldn't bear the thought of the knowledge being in your mind. *Why* did he tell you?"

"My dear, for all your cleverness, you don't know much about men in love, if you ask that question. They can't help talking of what possesses them so strongly, especially if they are sure of a sympathetic listener; and of course Paul knew he was sure of that in me. He would have been very far from opening his heart as he did, however, if he had guessed how much I had to do with the trick which has been played upon him."

"Ah, don't call it a trick!"

"I don't really see what else I can call it; for it *was* a trick, and a well deserved one, so far as he was concerned. But I doubt if he'll ever forgive it."

"I'm afraid he never will," Moira agreed sadly. "He will feel that his love has been stolen. And so it has been, only not by intention; though he may not believe that."

"It's more than likely that he won't believe it; for he is self-assured and obstinate to the last degree, as you've discovered. And his pride will be terribly hurt."

"Oh, I know it,—I know it! And I am to blame for the hurt."

"If you were to blame for nothing worse than hurting his pride and self-esteem, I think you might support the burden very well," Mrs. Granger remarked. "But there's his heart! Angry as I have been with him, I could have wept over him when he let me see how deeply he has learned to love you."

"I have wept tears beyond counting," Moira said simply; and in her beautiful eyes some of those tears stood as she spoke. "It has nearly broken my heart to know—to feel—"

Mrs. Granger nodded comprehendingly, as the voice faltered and ceased.

"I can understand *that* very well," she said. "What I can't understand is how you could have allowed matters to go so far without realizing that it was necessary that he should know the truth about you; how you could have let him declare himself—"

But here Moira interrupted.

"I did not let him: he declared himself before I had the least idea what he was going to say," she exclaimed. "How could I have had an idea? You had told me—"

"I remember very well what I told you, which only goes to prove what a fool I can be occasionally. But there must surely have been some signs to warn you."

"Perhaps" (dejectedly); "but, if so, they didn't warn me. You see, I was very self-absorbed."

"And, if I may ask, when and where was this declaration made?"

"At Harcourt Manor, the last evening we were there."

"Ah,—out in the garden, under the moonlight, among the lilies! O Paul, poor Paul, what a trap was laid for you, and how you fell into it!"

"Why do you speak of a trap, when you know that we never dreamed—"

"My dear, I'm afraid that lack of dreaming—that is, of foreseeing consequences—doesn't excuse us."

Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as by want of heart;

and we must plead guilty of want of thought to an extraordinary degree. Of course we are sorry; but contrition amounts to nothing without—what do you call it?"

"Restitution?"

"Yes, restitution. It's rather difficult in this case, because I'm afraid it's beyond your power to restore the heart you've stolen. But at least you can give the man the truth to which he is entitled. Why didn't you tell him who you were that night in the garden?"

"How could I, when I had not yet told Governor Harcourt? It was due to him, as the head of the family, to be told first."

"From the Old-World point of view, I suppose it appeared so. But, in your place, I should have forgotten Governor Harcourt, and thought only of helping Paul Lyndon."

"But it was difficult to see how the truth would help him—then. Things had suddenly become complicated. It seemed too late to help him with the truth, but very possible to hurt him by telling it. Don't you see in what a painful and embarrassing position he would have been placed if I had revealed my true identity after—after he had made that declaration in the garden?"

"Oh, yes, I see that clearly enough! It would have been a very trying position for him, and also for you."

"I didn't think of myself: I would have been willing to suffer anything, since it was all my fault. But I felt bound to think of *him*, to spare him pain and embarrassment as far as possible. And so it seemed best to go away quietly."

"Did you mean to go away altogether? Was that your intention when we left the Manor that night?"

"I had no clearly defined intention then, but I came down to breakfast the next morning intending to tell you that I wanted to go into Baltimore to seek

counsel; and—you know what happened, to carry us all unexpectedly away."

"How very odd!" Mrs. Granger sat staring at her. "I suppose it was only a coincidence that Robert's appendicitis developed just then; but it seems almost like an intervention."

"I fancy it was only a coincidence," Moira said; "but it was one for which I was very grateful, if you won't misunderstand my saying so. I don't mean, of course, that I would have wished Mr. Granger to develop appendicitis."

"I am quite sure of that. You mean only that, since he was to develop it, the development came at an opportune time for you. And I never suspected—you never allowed me to suspect anything! You let me lean on you for everything during all that time of trial and danger, you met every demand on your time and strength and sympathy, and never said a word of your own difficulties. Moira, you are wonderful!"

Moira shook her head.

"Not wonderful at all," she said. "I was glad to forget my own troubles in yours; and more than glad to be of use and help to you, who have been so good to me. But I have known all the time that as soon as Mr. Granger was well again I must face a decision."

"But I thought that your wise, kind priest told you—"

"That I should either make myself known to Governor Harcourt or go back to France, yes. But he strongly advised me to go back to France even if I did make myself known; so the doubt in my mind—a doubt altogether on account of Paul Lyndon—has been whether to go without revealing myself, and from the other side write a letter acknowledging the truth, or whether I should tell Governor Harcourt who I am before I go. It was to solve that doubt I made the novena of which I spoke to you, and to-day—"

"Yes, to-day?"

"To-day it ends; and Paul Lyndon has himself come and told you what I never

meant you to know; and you think—"

"No," Mrs. Granger interrupted emphatically, "I don't think, in the sense of being in doubt: I am absolutely sure that you owe the truth to him, and that you have no right to delay longer in letting Governor Harcourt know who you are. The only question to be settled is, how will you tell him? If you wish me to do it, I'll beard the lion for you; I will tell him. It is only right that I should do so, since I am accountable for your being here."

"How very good you are!" Moira said gratefully. "But I can not let you do this for me. It would be too cowardly; and, besides, I am not at all afraid of the lion. He has been too kind a lion to me. I am afraid only of doing what Royall would disapprove, or what might do him harm. But it is too late for hesitation now, and what is to be done should be done at once. Didn't you tell me that Governor Harcourt had written, saying that he wanted to come and see Mr. Granger as soon as he was allowed to receive visitors?"

"Yes: he asked to be told when Robert would be able to see him; and, since he is able now, I will write and ask him to come. I shall tell him that I shall expect him to lunch day after to-morrow, and then you can make your revelation to him."

"And after it is made, however he receives it, I shall immediately return to France," Moira said. "Our beautiful dream of sending for Royall is impossible of fulfilment at present, under any circumstances; for a letter which I have just received from him—one which I was answering when you came in, though God only knows when my answer will reach him—tells me that he is going with M. Lemontier farther even than Fez, from which this letter was written, and sent by a courier bearing official dispatches from the army to the coast."

"Where on earth is M. Lemontier going? Fez sounds like the end of all possibilities of adventure."

"Ah, there is even more beyond! There is Marrakesh; and, failing that, he intends to strike for the French Sahara. It is a terribly dangerous undertaking, and I am filled with anxiety and misery in thinking of it."

"I can see that you are," Mrs. Granger said, as she met the eyes which were such transparent windows of the soul within, and from which indeed acute anxiety and misery looked at her. "And I have taken this moment to come and trouble you about Paul Lyndon; and about telling Governor Harcourt who you are! I can't forgive myself."

Moira put out her hand and touched her gently.

"You have nothing with which to blame yourself," she said; "for it is right that I should be troubled about both matters, and I am glad that you came to me. I am glad to know that you understand the situation exactly as I understand it, and that you will help me to do what is right in it."

"It's only just that I should help you," Mrs. Granger declared, with something between a laugh and a sob; "for I am more accountable for the situation than you are, and almost as much interested in it. I will go and write to Governor Harcourt at once. Even if there were no other reason for telling him at this time what he ought to be told, the news from Royall would be sufficient cause. He should know something of his son's danger."

"I think," Moira assented gravely, "that he should."

(To be continued.)

"My principal instruction to you," said a king to one of his court whom he was sending as ambassador to another prince, "is that your procedure will be just the opposite of your predecessor's."—"I shall strive, sire," replied the new ambassador, "so to act that your Majesty will not give similar instructions to my successor."

Mother of Our Redeemer.

BY HENRY C. MCLEAN.

THOU art the stalk of Jesse's root,
The stainless stem whose blessed fruit
Was Jesus, God's all-holy Son,
Begotten ere the world begun.
A Person of the Trinity
Fit habitation found in thee!

When from on high God's Angel came,
And 'round thee shone the heavenly flame
Of Gabriel in white array,
O wondrous Maid, thou didst obey!
The Handmaid of the Lord wert thou,—
A lowliness that crowns thee now.

Virgin of virgins undefiled,
Chaste Mother of the sinless Child,
In thee most wondrously are blent
The gifts of God omnipotent,
Which, great bestowed, in thee increase,
Who bare the Lamb of whitest fleece.

Mother of Christ Immaculate,
Long ere was closed our Eden's gate,
Long ere was laid the Father's curse
Upon a guilty universe,
The God of heaven and earth foresaw
The breaking of His holy law.

And He all powerful decreed
That thou shouldst bear a blessed Seed.
Long ere had flowed the crimson Tide,
Its merits were to thee applied;
And thus, of Adam's fallen race,
Thou wert alone preserved by grace.

Fair Vestal of the Paraclete,
Thou art forever chaste and sweet.
Thou art the Maid most wonderful,
Who bare the Lamb of whitest wool.
Thou art the precious House of Gold,
With wealth of virtues manifold.

Mother of Jesus, Ivory Tower,
Forsake us not at that dread hour
When death shall close our weary eyes,—
Plead with thy Son in Paradise.
Be then, O Queen Immaculate,
Our all-persuasive Advocate!

A Roman Pilgrimage.

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.

III.—SANTA BIBIANA.



FROM Santa Croce in Gerusalemme there is a long, straight road leading to an unsightly modern square, whence another road leads to the out-of-the-way, lonely church of Santa Bibiana. This church is a monument of the fact, not always remembered, that there were martyrs in Rome during the recrudescence of paganism under the Emperor Julian. That the persecution was brief is merely due to the very brief reign of the melancholy apostate.

By Julian, the heathen Apronianus was made city prefect; and on his way to Rome, the governor, we are told, lost the sight of one eye; and this misfortune he ascribed to magic, which helped to embitter him against the Christians, whom he regarded as specially potent magicians,—not knowing how else to explain the many miracles he had heard reported of the Founder and saints of that exotic cult.

In Rome there was a certain official of equestrian rank, called Flavian; and the knight, his wife Dafrosa, and their daughters Bibiana and Demetria, were all Christians. Flavian was arrested, and called upon to renounce his faith in Christ. Refusing, he was degraded from his office, burned in the face with hot irons, and exiled to Aquæ Taurinæ, the modern Acquapendente, near Orvieto. There he presently died, some say of starvation, others of the horrible injuries he had suffered.

His widow, Dafrosa, was at first imprisoned in her own house; but, remaining, like her husband, constant in her faith, she was beheaded outside the walls. The two girls, Bibiana and Demetria, now orphans, were reduced to beggary by the confiscation of all the goods of their martyred parents. By continual prayer and fasting they pre-

pared themselves for the inevitable end. It is heartrending to picture the five months they spent thus waiting for the death that was so certain. Apronianus hoped that sorrow and fear, lonely misfortune and helpless poverty, would break the spirit of the delicately nurtured girls, used hitherto to nothing but tenderness and love. Months dragged on, however, and they seemed no nearer to compliance: in their own desolate and empty home they still worshipped the Poor Man of Nazareth.

They were brought before the pitiless Prefect of Rome; and Demetria, still proclaiming her belief in Jesus as God, died at the foot of the tribunal, under torture, as it is asserted. Bibiana was now quite alone in the hands of her enemies; and Apronianus gave her in charge of a wicked woman called Rufina, who made sure of bringing the helpless girl to compliance with the evil desires of the Prefect. What arts and cajoleries she used we know not; but we know they failed, as did the ill treatment and blows to which the woman's disappointed spite had recourse, when allurements proved of no avail. Bibiana had only one shield—that of prayer; but it covered her, and her faith remained unshaken and loyal. She belonged already by a triple tie to the Court of the King of Martyrs; and by the fourth and last she daily prepared to bind herself there forever.

Foiled and furious, Apronianus condemned the maiden to death, choosing the manner of her punishment himself. She was tied to a pillar, and flogged to death with scourges loaded at the ends with leaden plummets. To the last Bibiana was sustained in courage and cheerfulness. The poor mangled body was left exposed in the Forum Boarium, that the dogs might devour it; but after two days the Christians stole it away by night, and it was buried, where her church now stands, by "John the priest."

The martyrdom of St. Bibiana took place A. D. 363; and, by the death of

Julian, the Christian Church very soon had peace again. An oratory was forthwith raised over the saint's grave; and, a century later (A. D. 465), Pope St. Simplicius dedicated there the present church, which was the gift of a Roman lady named Olympia. Seven centuries and a half afterward, under Honorius III. (A. D. 1216-27), the church of Santa Bibiana was restored; and finally rebuilt, in 1628, by Urban VIII., who employed Bernini on the work, by whom it was, unfortunately, modernized. The relics of her mother, St. Dafrosa, and of her sister, St. Demetria, now rest here near those of Bibiana herself.

The walls of the church are beautified by frescoes, by Agostino Ciampelli and Pietro da Cortona (born 1596, died 1669). Those on the Epistle side were by Ciampelli, and those on the Gospel side by Berretini. The frescoes by Pietro da Cortona are held by Lanzi to be his best works. In the first fresco is shown Bibiana refusing to offer sacrifice; in the second is given the death of Demetria; in the third, the martyrdom of Bibiana; in the fourth is seen the body of the saint guarded by one of the dogs meant to have devoured it; and in the last, the foundation of the church by Olympia, and its dedication by Pope St. Simplicius.


Over the high altar is a lovely statue of Bibiana by Bernini, much simpler and nobler than his later productions. As an old man, rich and famous, he visited this church when he returned to Rome from France; and at sight of his work a cry of admiration escaped him. He had wandered far from its simple truth and restraint. "But I should have been a beggar," he said, "had I worked on forever in this style." Whence it has been concluded that, perhaps, his own native taste would have been for truthful simplicity, but that he truckled, for the sake of popularity, to the decadent and corrupt fashion of his age. Under the high altar the relics of the saint repose in a noble sarcophagus of Oriental alabaster. Hard by is shown the pillar of her martyrdom,

On December 2 the Roman Church honors together Bibiana and her martyred mother and sister. On that day it used to be the custom (I do not know if it is so still) for the whole Chapter of the Liberian Basilica to come hither in procession to honor the two virgin martyrs and their mother.

Not far from the place where "John the priest" buried the body of St. Bibiana, the victim of a very different tragedy had been hurriedly buried long before her time; for it was in the adjacent Horti Lamiani that the wretched Caligula was at first buried after his assassination on Jan. 24, A. D. 41. Later on his sisters had the body disinterred and burned, and the ashes placed in the Mausoleum of Augustus. In these gardens several of the most famous statues now in the Vatican were discovered.

The Touch of Fame.

BY PATRICIA MANLEY.

EAR SISTER AGNES:—We arrived in San Francisco on Monday of last week; and the following day we resumed our journey on the quaintest of crafts—a lumber schooner, which crept up the coast through alternate fog and sunshine, bringing us safely to our destination on Friday morning. Both Paul and I found the trip all too short; for we thoroughly enjoyed our novel surroundings, and were loath to leave our strange craft—but that was before we entered Greenbrae.

If you were not so saintly and so content in your "cloistered solitude" (I am sure you will smile at this; for, of course, you will read it at recreation hour, in the midst of a hundred mischievous little boys), I should hesitate to describe for you this paradise on earth to which we have retired for one long peaceful summer. Our cottage stands a little apart from the village, on an eminence that commands a glorious

view of the tumbling waters of the Pacific on the west; while to the eastward lie vast stretches of woodland, laced with silvery streams, and interspersed with farms and orchards. And bear in mind that these are farms, not ranches such as have brought agriculture into disrepute in many of California's out-of-the-way places.

A fairer spot than this one could not find, when all the fields are white and purple with clover; when the locust trees are flinging out their snowy pennants to the breeze; when every home—for all the houses of Greenbrae are *homes* in the truest sense of the word—is embowered in tender leafage of vines and trees, and every garden is ablaze with roses and sweet with the fragrance of tall, white lilies.

But the crowning charm of the place is not its beauty or its fruitfulness, but its peace. After those terrible months in Paris, when I watched over Paul, in fear for his safety, while he worked out his life under the fever of inspiration, it seems to me that we have found here a haven of rest, a serpentless Eden. Paul says that those months of weary toil seem to him as an evil dream that is past, and that it matters nothing that Paul Beresford the artist won first place in the Salon, since Paul Beresford the man is free to bask in the blessed seclusion of this lovely spot.

Just at first I feared that the beauty of the place might tempt him to take up his discarded brushes; but, after the severest test, he assures me that my fears are unfounded. The test came in this wise, and scarce an hour ago, as we sat together beneath this tree where I am seated now. You must know that our cottage faces a shaded road that winds up the hill from some remote little valley (Paul and I mean to explore it one of these days when he grows stronger), and winds down again to the dot of a village that nestles on the strand below.

Along this road has just passed the incarnation of youth and purity. I held

my breath as she went, and the magic of her presence is all about me. How can I describe her, save to say that she is as sweet and fair and slender as the lilies in the sheaf she carried, with hair as golden as their hearts, and eyes as clear and brown and limpid as a woodland pool? There is scarcely a spot of the habitable globe that Paul and I have not visited, yet nowhere have I met a girl to compare with this, whom for want of a name I have christened my "lily maiden."

Paul looked upon her as she passed, and mingled with the artist's appreciation in his eyes was such a look of reverence that I was emboldened to ask if his resolution could stand this test. "I know my limitations," he told me. "There is an elusive quality in her beauty that defies reproduction. If I tried once and failed, I should never touch a brush again."

Now, do not scent a romance, as of course you will, not knowing this wonderful brother of mine. He is a lover of beauty in every form, but so impersonal is his interest that I have never feared to lose him in that way. No doubt you will wrinkle your brow and shake your head dolefully at this evidence of my selfishness. But if you had been orphaned in infancy and left to the companionship of an only brother as lovable as mine, you would not censure me so severely.

We have been such close comrades that neither cares to form other ties, and it is a joy to us both to have this quiet summer away from the din of the world. Lest my cup of happiness become too full, I have been heeding the admonitions you used to give us in the class-room long ago, and have been doing penance by studying punctuation. You know I always detested it, perhaps because I seemed unable to master it; but to-day I have brought to that disagreeable study a zest hitherto unknown,—my "Allardyce" lies unheeded beside me, while my heart is learning the significance of the dots of flame and dashes of gold with which linnet and oriole are punctuating the poesy of this perfect day.

From my point of vantage I have just beheld my lily maiden emerge from the gray stone church, and by this I know that I shall have the pleasure of seeing her to-morrow at Mass. Now she is mounting the hill with the grace and poise of a bird on the wing; and now she has passed on her homeward way, and in her face I have seen reflected the peace of this charmed spot. God grant it may never vanish! Dear Sister, join your prayers with mine.

Lovingly,

PETRA BERESFORD.

DEAR SISTER AGNES:—My days have been so full that I fear you will think me shamefully neglectful. But now I mean to unburden myself of another of my appallingly long missives; and, like all my letters, it is likely to concern itself chiefly with events that are full of interest to me. I am aware that this is only another proof of my egotism; and I am grateful to you for the patience you display in not correcting the tendency in my correspondence, as you would surely have done in my schooldays.

To begin at the beginning of my story (Paul says it is a thing I rarely do, but I am sure you will agree that he is maligning me), I was not disappointed in my surmise that I should meet the maid of the lilies on the Sunday following my first glimpse of her. Paul and I arrived at the church quite early; and, after saying the Rosary, we sat awaiting the beginning of Mass. I had noted the restful simplicity of the little church—with its massive stone walls, and deep-set windows, through which the light filtered in patches of gold and violet and crimson; the chaste beauty of the marble statues, and the snowy altars on which gleamed scores of slender, stately lilies,—when into the pew before the Lady altar, and just across the aisle from our seat, glided the exquisite creature who had occupied so large a share of my thoughts since she passed me with her flowers the previous day.

Paul was unconscious of her presence until the beginning of Mass, when her

voice rang out in the *Kyrie* pure and sweet above the blended voices of the congregation. And Paul and I had ears for no voice save hers, so exquisite it is, so entirely in keeping with her spiritual type of loveliness, thrilling with an indescribable timbre that goes straight to one's heart and stirs it to its depths.

Perhaps you will think that this new discovery will add to my enjoyment of Greenbrae. But if so you have not considered Paul's attitude. He is not alone a worshipper of beauty, but he holds that it is a divine gift whereby the world is brightened and purified, and that the possessor of great talents is in duty bound to share them with mankind. In this he is mainly right, yet I fear the present case is an exceptional one. I can not picture this sweet young girl in the glare of the footlights, her beauty a target for unholy eyes, bidding for public favor. Because Paul is so strong in his faith, so pure in his ideals, because his attitude toward fame is like his attitude toward beauty — entirely impersonal, — ambition has never touched his soul. He despises the plaudits of the world, and thinks only of the good to be accomplished through the agency of his genius. But will this untried soul prove as strong to resist the allurements of fame and pleasure as his own? Will not her voice lose its marvelous purity as her heart fastens itself upon sordid things, — for wealth and fame *are* sordid save when held in a loose grasp? These are the questions that have arisen to disturb my peace; for, although Paul has spoken but little on the subject, I can read in his face the determination to give this newly discovered gift to the world.

Save for this one cloud, my happiness would be unshadowed; for we are constantly together in a spot whose beauty would never pall upon us. And Margaret is with us, as she has been since our first wail fell upon the air. Paul and I take our daily rambles together, increasing the distance as he grows stronger until we

have explored every nook of coast and hill and valley for miles on every side. First we wandered into the valley, where we met with most knightly hospitality from the farmers; then farther afield, ascending the gentler slopes of the foothills; and later climbing to the crests of the rugged peaks that stand sentinel-wise above the valley. Last of all we journeyed northward, along the road that winds past our cottage down into the farm lands, with all their wealth of fruits and flowers; then onward, through a tree-roofed cañon, deep and dusky even at midday, where a stream as clear as crystal mirrors in its pools the airy maidenhair and the fragile snowdrops that fringe its sheltered banks.

So accustomed had our eyes become to the gloom about us that we were fairly dazzled by the light of the little sun-bathed valley in which we presently found ourselves. It was a fit setting for the vine-wreathed cottage which nestled in its heart. On every side were giant trees, and the garden was a mass of fragrant lilies. We paused at the gate, undecided whether to intrude or go our way, when from the shelter of an old apple tree at the foot of the garden Muriel Carleton's voice was raised in a burst of melody, pure and tender and exultant as the matin song of a lark. We were no longer undecided, but unfortunately our decisions conflicted. I was determined to pass on and Paul insisted upon remaining. Just how the controversy would have ended is a matter for conjecture, for Fate in the person of my lily maiden decided that we should remain. She had glimpsed us from her shady retreat, and hushing her song she hastened forward to greet us and urge us to come in and rest on the veranda that stretched wide and cool across the front of the cottage.

There we met Muriel's parents. Her mother was a woman of Muriel's type, whose beauty age had mellowed but not dimmed; whose voice, save when stirred by emotions to which the girl was yet a

stranger, was a replica of Muriel's own. Her father was a courtly, handsome old Southerner, whose failing health had caused the family to leave their old home in Maryland shortly after Muriel's birth. They seemed to take us to their hearts at once, and I have never felt so entirely at home in the house of strangers as they contrived to make me feel. Yet I was not happy; for all the while the knowledge of Paul's designs made me feel like a traitor, since Muriel is their only child and their hearts are centred upon her. In the course of our conversation I learned that Mrs. Carleton was at one time the leading vocal teacher of Baltimore; that she had studied abroad, and had bestowed on her daughter's voice the same thorough training her own had received.

Muriel conducted me about the farm, with its patches of sun and shade, its flower-strewn meadows and willow-fringed brook, its vineyards and orchards and gardens. At last we paused to rest in the shade of the gigantic apple tree beneath which she sat when the sound of her voice was borne out to us as we paused at the gate. She sank into a swing that hung from an outstretched bough; and, ignoring the garden seat near by, I sat on the grass and watched the play of sunlight and shadow through the tender green leaves overhead and drank in the fragrance of myriads of lilies that swayed on their slender stalks all about us. This, she told me, was her favorite retreat; and here she loved to sit in the gathering dusk of the summer evenings, swaying like the lilies, and dreaming dreams too wondrously sweet for words.

I listened reverently—for her innocence inspires reverence,—to her artless confidences; and in my heart I registered a vow that, if words of mine could influence Paul, she should be left to her dreams. As well might one hope to purify a gutter by casting a snowflake into its vile depths as to attempt to purify the modern stage by sacrificing to it a creature so pure and frail as she. I have not dared to broach

the subject to Paul since our visit. So much depends upon the success or failure of my attempt to influence him that I am loath to speak; for I feel instinctively that I shall fail.

Please forgive me, dear Sister, if I have bored you by writing on a subject so vitally interesting to me; and let me hear from you as soon as you can spare from your manifold duties the time to write. I am very grateful to Reverend Mother for the permission she has accorded me of writing to you at will; for, although I know that your replies must of necessity be few and short; this is, nevertheless, one of my most valued privileges.

Lovingly,

PETRA BERESFORD.

DEAR SISTER AGNES:—For the first time in our twenty-eight years of life a shadow of restraint has dimmed the brightness of our comradeship. Paul has spoken to Muriel's parents, and they have consented to allow her to complete her studies, and make her stage début under Madame Candide's guardianship. I have besought Paul to reconsider his decision, and I have remonstrated with Muriel, but to no avail. She is all eagerness to try the new life; yet, happily, she has no thought of self: her whole desire is to use in the service of humanity the great gift that has been intrusted to her. Of her professional success I have not the slightest doubt; I fear only for its effect upon her. And yet I hope that the unselfishness of her motives may save her from the scathing touch that Fame so often lays upon the souls of her votaries.

It hurts Paul to think that I, of all the world, should oppose him in what is so near his heart. He thinks that I misconstrue his motives, but in this he is wrong. I know they are of the purest; and I agree with him that Madame Candide and Signor Craviotti, both of whom owe their position in the musical world to Paul, have stood well the test of fame and fortune; but they were of the world when he discovered them, and

Muriel is not. If she wishes to serve God, has she not abundant scope for the exercise of her talents here, where her presence is a source of pleasure to her parents and friends? I know that she was formed for higher ends than the praise and admiration of worldlings; and I can no more believe that she will escape unscathed from contact with the world than that one of her own shining lilies could emerge unsullied from the grasp of grimy fingers.

Paul insists that I am nervous and fanciful. I hope that he is right. I have never before questioned the wisdom of his decisions; for he is the sanest and most practical of men when not under the spell of an inspiration. But, whether he be right or wrong in the present instance, my word bears no weight. Within the week Colonel Warrington's yacht will arrive, bearing Madame Candide, who comes to test Muriel's voice, and to carry the child away to the new life that has opened for her.

Paul and I shall remain in Greenbrae for the remainder of the summer; and I hope to see him quite strong before we leave, for he is gaining every day. I received the *Academy Annual* not long ago, and it made me homesick for the dear old place.

Paul bids me send you the enclosed check, hoping that you may find a use for it in supplying the needs of your orphan boys. He laughs at me for bewailing your present hard life; and tells me that you are to be congratulated upon the change, as boys are more tractable than girls, and especially such spoiled girls as it fell to your lot to teach in San Francisco. He also tells me that I am wasting my sympathy, since any one can read between the lines of your letter that you are supremely happy in your chosen life.

Both Paul and I send every good wish for the success of your work.

Lovingly,

PETRA BERESFORD.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

May 4, Sunday within the Octave of the Ascension.

THE joy with which we celebrate the triumphant Ascension of our Redeemer and His enthronement at the right hand of the Eternal Father, after the humiliations and sorrows of His earthly exile, is tempered by the sense of the loss of His beloved presence in the flesh. Nevertheless, joy is the predominating spirit of the liturgy of this Sunday. Our ancestors gave expression to it by the custom of strewing with roses the pavements of their churches on this day,—a custom which procured for it in the Middle Ages the title of "The Sunday of Roses." The celebration of the festival at a season of the year when, as a rule, in more southern countries, and sometimes at least in colder northern lands, those fragrant blossoms were abundant, suggested this graceful means of showing forth befitting gladness.

In the Introit the Church gives voice to a longing desire to behold once more the face of her Lord and Spouse. The like desire ought to animate each faithful soul. "Hear, O Lord, my voice with which I have cried to thee. Alleluia! My heart hath said to Thee, I have sought Thy face. Thy face, O Lord, I will seek. Turn not away Thy face from me. Alleluia, Alleluia! The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?" Jesus, the Sun of Justice, has withdrawn the sunshine of His bodily presence. "A cloud received Him" out of the sight of His Apostles on the day of His Ascension; and that face, so beloved, will appear no more on earth until the day on which He will return as Judge of all. Yet, as the material sun spreads his rays from the far-off heavens and warms; cheers and enlightens all, so from His throne above will the Lord, who is our light and

our salvation, send down His Spirit, according to promise, to fill His place, and supply the graces needed to keep us faithful to duty. It is that fidelity which will enable us to stand before His face, when He shall summon us to meet Him, animated with confidence in His mercy, rather than overwhelmed by the fear of His justice.

The like teaching is apparent in the Collect: "Almighty and everlasting God, make us to bear unto Thee always a devout will, and to serve Thy Majesty with a sincere heart." A will devoted to God's service, and a heart animated with true love for our Redeemer, must ensure for us the sight of His face unveiled in heaven when our day on earth has come to an end.

The Epistle also, in the words of the chief Pastor whom Christ has left as His representative, the Apostle Peter, exhorts to watchfulness in prayers, constant fraternal charity, and unfailing union with God, that He may be in all things "honored through Jesus Christ, our Lord." Though Christ has returned to the glory of heaven, it seems to say, we must never lose sight of the fact that He is still present with us by His grace. We are but awaiting His summons to join Him above and share His glory.

One Alleluia verse reminds us of that glory; the other renews His promise of continual succor. "Alleluia! The Lord hath reigned over all the nations; God sitteth on His holy throne." "Alleluia! I will not leave you orphans; I go and I come to you, and your hearts shall rejoice. Alleluia!"

The Gospel is part of the discourse addressed to His disciples by Our Lord at the Last Supper. It is appropriate for this season of expectation, when the assembled Apostles and disciples, with Mary at their head, await the fulfilment of the promise of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. It recounts in Our Lord's words the effects which the coming of the Paraclete will produce in the souls of those who receive Him. That Divine

Spirit was to instruct the Apostles in all necessary knowledge, teaching them to be faithful even unto death, and instilling courage to enable them to resist and to endure. Our Lord warns them to expect persecution. "The hour cometh that whosoever killeth you will think that he doth a service to God. And these things will they do to you, because they have not known the Father nor Me."

The Church has chosen these words of admonition for our instruction at this time; for they apply equally to Christians in these days, when, like the first disciples of Christ, we are surrounded by those who do not understand, and do not therefore reverence our belief. We are not likely to have to lay down our lives for the Faith, it is true; unbelieving men in these days regard our religion with contempt rather than with hostility, and will not trouble to make martyrs. Still, we must look for opposition, and, it may be, for persecution at the hands of those who think that thereby they do "a service to God." It will help us to endure bravely if we recall, under trial or ridicule or positive oppression, that the enemies of the Faith come under the reproof spoken by Our Lord: "They have not known the Father nor Me." What they do is done in ignorance of God's law, and this should move us to pity their blindness and to pray for their enlightenment.

At the impressive moment of Communion, the words of Our Lord, from His solemn prayer after the institution of the Holy Eucharist, form a striking Communion verse: "Father, while I was with them, I kept them whom Thou gavest Me. I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from evil." For us as well as for the Apostles was that prayer offered. It must be our consolation that, surrounded by obstacles to salvation in a world which knows not God, we may be sure of help from Heaven if only we strive to preserve that "devout will" for which the Church bids us pray.

A Non-Catholic's Rosary.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY, best known perhaps as the inventor of the safety-lamp, called "Davy lamp," "Davy's lamp," or simply "davy," which has been well said to be one of the most useful presents ever made by science to humanity, was the proud possessor of a rosary which he valued very highly, although he was not a Catholic. The reason for this is given by himself in his "Consolations in Travel; or, The Last Days of a Philosopher," which appeared in 1831, two years after Sir Humphrey's death. The passage will doubtless be new to most of our readers.

"The rosary which you see suspended around my neck is a memorial of sympathy and respect for an illustrious man. I was passing through France, in the reign of Napoleon, by the peculiar privilege granted to a savant, on my road to Italy. I had just returned from the Holy Land, and had in my possession two or three of the rosaries which are sold to pilgrims at Jerusalem, as having been suspended in the Holy Sepulchre. Pius VII. was then a prisoner at Fontainebleau. By a special favor, on the plea of my return from the Holy Land, I obtained permission to see this venerable and illustrious Pontiff. I carried with me one of my rosaries.

"He received me with great kindness. I tendered my services to execute any commissions, not political ones, he might think fit to intrust me with, in Italy, informing him that I was an Englishman. He expressed his thanks, but declined troubling me. I told him that I was just returned from the Holy Land; and, bowing with great humility, offered him my rosary from the Holy Sepulchre.

"He received it with a smile, touched it with his lips, gave his benediction over it, and returned it into my hands,—supposing, of course, that I was a Roman Catholic. I had meant to present it to his Holiness; but the blessing he had bestowed upon it and the touch of his lips made it

a precious relic to me; and I restored it to my neck, round which it has ever since been suspended. . . . 'We shall meet again. Adieu!' And he gave me his paternal blessing.

"It was eighteen months after this interview that I went out, with almost the whole population of Rome, to witness and welcome the triumphal entry of this illustrious Father of the Church into his capital. He was borne on the shoulders of the most distinguished artists, headed by Canova; and never shall I forget the enthusiasm with which he was received; it is impossible to describe the shouts of triumph and of rapture sent up to Heaven by every voice. And when he gave his benediction to the people, there was a universal prostration, a sobbing, and marks of emotion and joy, almost like the bursting of the heart. I heard everywhere around me cries of 'The Holy Father! His restoration is the work of God!'

"I saw tears streaming from the eyes of almost all the women about me, many of whom were sobbing hysterically; and old men were weeping as if they were children. I pressed my rosary to my breast on this occasion, and repeatedly touched with my lips that part of it which had received the kiss of the most venerable Pontiff. I preserve it with a kind of hallowed feeling, as the memorial of a man whose sanctity, firmness, meekness, and benevolence, are an honor to his Church and to human nature. And it has not only been useful to me, by its influence on my own mind, but it has enabled me to give pleasure to others; and has, I believe, been sometimes beneficial in insuring my personal safety.

"I have often gratified the peasants of Apulia and Calabria by presenting them, to kiss, a rosary from the Holy Sepulchre, which had been hallowed by the touch of the lips and the benediction of the Pope; and it has even been respected by, and procured me a safe passage through, a party of brigands who once stopped me in the passes of the Apennines."

One reflection, incidental to the perusal of the foregoing, is that genuine scientists—those whose fame rests on achievements, as contradistinguished from pseudo-scientists attaining ephemeral notoriety through promises and hypotheses—have not been, either in the mass or in the majority of cases, enemies of religion or religious sentiment.

The Crowning Festival of Our Lord.

THE mystery of the Ascension is the visible manifestation of God the Father's acceptance of God the Son's sacrifice, and is accordingly the indispensable crowning of Christ's mission among men. The feast of Ascension Thursday, therefore, celebrates the completion of the work of our salvation, the consummation of our Saviour's triumph, and His entrance into heaven as man not less than God. The festival occurs forty days after Easter, and, with the Passion and Death, the Resurrection, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost, ranks among the most solemn as well as the most ancient in the ecclesiastical calendar. St. Augustine seems to say that it was instituted as early as A. D. 68, and homilies upon it are found in the works of St. Athanasius and St. John Chrysostom.

The fact of Christ's self-elevation into heaven in presence of His disciples is narrated in the sixteenth chapter of St. Mark, in the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Luke, and in the opening chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. It is also referred to in the sixth chapter of St. John, where Christ asks the Jews: "If, then, you shall see the Son of Man ascend up where He was before?" And again in the twentieth chapter, where He says to Mary Magdalen: "Do not touch Me, for I am not yet ascended to My Father; but go to My brethren, and say to them: I ascend to My Father and to your Father, to My God and to your God." In St. Paul's Epistles to the Ephesians

and to Timothy reference is made to the Ascension as to an accepted fact, about which there could be no question.

While in none of the above-mentioned Scriptural passages is the place of the Ascension specifically mentioned, the universal belief that it was Mount Olivet appears abundantly justified from the statement in the Acts, i, 12, where, immediately after narrating the circumstances of the Ascension, it is said of the disciples: "Then they returned to Jerusalem, from the mount that is called Olivet, which is nigh Jerusalem, within a Sabbath day's journey." The belief is corroborated by the traditional pilgrimages of the early Christians to Mount Olivet, and their kissing the footprints left by Christ on the rock at its summit. For the genuineness of these miraculous footprints, Lerosey cites the authority of St. Jerome and St. Paulinus of Nola.

Josephus, in his "Wars of the Jews," declares that all the passing to and fro of the Roman armies failed to obliterate them. Generation after generation of pilgrims took back with them some of the earth on which the Master had trod, yet still the marks remained; and when an attempt was made, under the direction of the Empress Helena, to build a church above them, the paving-stones the workmen placed over them are said to have been flung aside again and again, until it was resolved to erect a chapel round them. The stone from which the actual Ascension took place was, according to one version of the legend, cut out and used as a buttress for one of the gates of the Temple and destroyed with it; but, as related by the Venerable Bede in his book on the sacred sites, the memory of the great event that took place on the Mount of Olives was kept alive by a most extraordinary phenomenon: a mighty rushing wind, that levelled all before it, sweeping down from the Mount on every anniversary, spreading consternation far and near, and compelling even the most sceptical to recognize its supernatural character,

A Point Well Taken.

WRITING on a question upon which Catholic opinion is divided, the Arch-bishop of Hobart, Tasmania, observes: "History is well acquainted with the zealous efforts of very learned men who showed themselves too wise in their day,—wiser, in fact, than Church and reality." How great the evil sometimes resulting from such efforts may be is shown by the experience of an oldtime convert to the Church,—an eminent parson of the Church of England, who became a priest of the Order of St. Benedict, in the first half of the seventeenth century. In a description of the thorny path which led him at last to the one True Fold, he writes (we modernize the spelling):

I could not but observe the strange effects of education and prejudice, which made me believe myself to be separated in my belief from the Catholic Church at a distance immeasurable, when indeed I was even at the doors. And I am certain I had been much sooner a Catholic if I had thought—or, rather, if I had considered (for if I had considered it well I might have found sufficient ground to think so)—that the belief of the Church's doctrines nakedly as she proposeth them, and in the latitude allowed by her, had been sufficient to have gained that title. But I took those to be the necessary doctrines of the Church which were only the private opinions and expressions of particular Doctors....

How few among them are there who, in disputing, will allow that latitude which the Church apparently does! There is scarce any point of controversy which is not severally interpreted, straitened or enlarged, by several Catholics of several orders and education. And most of them, in confuting the Protestants, seem very earnest, and make it almost their whole design to impose their particular interpretations and expressions for Catholic doctrines; but with very little or no success. For a Protestant will be very ready, and may with good reason say, "Though by being persuaded by you I shall become a Roman Catholic, yet I might deny all that you maintain and yet be a Roman Catholic too; for I can produce authors, which you dare not deny to be good Catholics, that will not receive nor subscribe to your expression and stating of this point. Therefore, seek to convert them

first, and then come and dispute with me...."

The truth is, by these means disputations are endless, Catholics themselves affording answers and objections to Protestants against Catholics. Whereas if particular controvertists were as indulgent as the Church is, and would be content to think that the terms wherein she expressed her mind were the most proper, their adversaries would quickly be silenced, controversies abated, and, by God's assistance, union in a short time happily restored.

The great harm which I received by judging of the Church's Faith by particular new expressions of it, puts me into this fit of liberty in censuring thus far the method of those men by whom I have been so long a time so far from being persuaded that I was rather hindered from my reunion to the Church. And, on the contrary, this happy success in following the direction of some few Catholic authors who, separating particular opinions of Doctors from necessary Catholic doctrines, and urging upon me nothing save what I must assent to if I would be a Catholic, makes me judge, by mine own experience as well as reason, that that which healed me of my errors and schism would not, by God's blessing, want the same effect in others also, especially among English Protestants; and the rather if (following the advice of the Most Reverend the Lord Archbishop of Rouen) Protestants, instead of wearying themselves with particular debates, would resolve this in the first place, why they made the schism at first, and continue in it still: what dispensation they have from the authority and unity of the Church, so unanimously and affectionately revered and obeyed by the ancient Fathers.

The point is well taken, and can not be too carefully considered by those polemics who are so quick to condemn as non-Catholic opinions on open questions which do not happen to coincide with their own. As for heresy-hunting, it is an unfortunate circumstance that those who indulge in it can not always be classed as either open-minded or charitably disposed. The occupation is not, of course, a reprehensible one; and, for those who like it, we should think it would be just the sort of occupation they would like. In following it, however, the least scrupulous need to be reminded that the stiletto is not a legitimate weapon, and that Black Hand methods are in no circumstances permissible.

Notes and Remarks.

Although Pius X. has rendered many and great services to the Church—conferred numerous benefits which will continue to accrue, and introduced numerous reforms which can not be retarded,—it was hard to believe, even when the reports of his recent illness seemed most alarming, that the end of his beneficent career had come. In the case of such true friends of God as he, there is generally some realization of the fact when the hour of dissolution is at hand. The good and faithful servant knows by intuition when his allotted task is accomplished and the Master is about to give him his recompense. The Holy Father has grown old in God's service, and, like St. Paul, must often long to be dissolved and to be with Christ. Not the least of his consolations must be that, when the time comes to choose a successor to him, the cardinals will be perfectly free. Never again, thanks to Pius X., can any government interpose in a Papal election. May it be a long time before there is occasion for one!

The opening article in the *Nineteenth Century* for April is "How Can England be Prepared for Defence against Possible Attack?" and its author, many will be surprised to learn, is Francis Cardinal Bourne. Few churchmen in our time, perhaps, have grown so rapidly as this English prelate, who, only five years ago, first challenged the admiration of the world by his action during the Eucharistic Congress in London. The Cardinal's paper is interesting throughout; but we particularly admire his clear-cut distinction between unworthy and worthy "militarism." To quote:

If by militarism is meant the love of fighting for fighting's sake, or the desire of war because war is in its own nature to be desired, or an aggressive lust after the goods of other nations, then am I the first to condemn it, and the most eager that our country

should be forever preserved from so unrighteous a taint. But if it means that, in the face of the vast armies that may one day encounter us, we feel our unpreparedness; and realize that it is only the strong man armed who, at the present day, can hope to build his house in peace; and resolve, by preparation, to make sure of that peace, then must both word and thing be blessed, for it is the condition of security. The idea of aggression on other nations is not, I am convinced, in the mind or purpose of Englishmen to-day. But they do desire, and most rightly, to hand on untouched to those that shall come after them, their native land and all the other nations that together form the Empire of our King.

Few readers, be they American or English, will quarrel with such doctrine as the foregoing. It is not militarism so much as ordinary, genuinely sound patriotism.

The most ancient quarter of Constantinople is the seraglio at the extremity of the Golden Horn, where it touches the Sea of Marmora. Wide, massive walls surround the old residence of the Sultans, which no "Christian dog" may enter. The Sultan himself visits it once a year, in order to kiss the mantle of Mahomet. There also is preserved the famous green banner, awaiting the moment to be unfurled for the "Holy War" waged against all unbelievers in the Prophet. Why, it has often been asked, was not this banner flung to the breeze in the present Balkan War? For many centuries the Ottoman Empire has not been so hard pressed, and yet the *hodjas* (Moslem priests) have not dared to sound the call for Islam.

The truth is that the old enthusiasm is dead. Turkey is now governed on modern lines, and faith in the Prophet has not survived new knowledge and changed conditions. Besides, it would not be possible to find the traditional six hundred leaders pledged to die in the first battle. Again, the "sacred banner" has never been beheld by the eye of an unbeliever. It is supposed to be kept in the midst of an empire uncontaminated

by the presence of foreigners; and to-day Constantinople is a cosmopolitan city, where dwell colonies of various creeds. Not only would the green banner be profaned by exhibition in such an atmosphere, but it would probably draw down destruction on the city; for there is still enough fanaticism left to incite murder of unbelieving strangers; and any outburst would be followed by severe reprisals on the part of the Powers. Therefore, in the interests of Turkey, Mahomet's banner remains undisturbed.

Mr. Chesterton writes, in the *Illustrated London News*, on "New Thought"; and everyone who knows Mr. Chesterton knows what to expect. But the New Thinkers will probably think (if they really do think) that Mr. Chesterton believes they are usurping a privilege peculiarly his own in the endeavor to be "new," and consequently will brush his judgment aside as an expression of downright jealousy. The rest of the world, however, will know that G. K. C. is but expressing the common-sense of mankind. "Who thought the New Thought?" he asks, and "What is the New Thought?" Then, tenet by tenet, he goes through their obscure creed, convicting their "doctrines" of old age, and often of imbecility as well. But here are his words:

What is the New Thought? And who thought it? This is a very mysterious matter, which has exhausted all my slender talents as an amateur detective. I know I am laying no light burden on myself and my local postman in asking such a question; for the people in movements such as this always assume that you know nothing about the movement, and proceed to tell you all about it on reams and reams of letter-paper. But this is not my difficulty. My difficulty is that I have read what is said about the New Thought; I have read columns and columns about it: it is the thought I can not find.

Then follows his analysis of the prophetess' claims, after which this conclusion:

The prophetess proceeds to claim that she can restore to the Church the old power of

tongues, healings, and prophecies, which were the marvels of its first days. This is not the New Thought: it is not only old, but it is repeated in all lands and ages. I should say that if there is one thing common to all the fierce and mystical sects that seceded between the age of the Gnostics and the age of the Agnostics, it was precisely this claim to renew the supernatural life of the Apostolic time. Lastly, the prophetess concludes by stating that Mrs. Eddy is quite wrong, — which is far from being a New Thought, so far as I am concerned.

The Church in England has suffered a notable loss in the death of the venerable Viscount Llandaff, known previous to 1905 as the Rt. Hon. Henry Matthews. In speaking of his passing, the *Catholic Times* says that "he kept Catholic principles steadily before him throughout life. No one adopts such a practice without having his character ennobled; and, no matter how much people might differ from the late Viscount, everyone who knew him respected him. He was all the more entitled to this respect because of the atmosphere into which he was sometimes brought by his studies and his work in Paris and London. But he enjoyed the advantage of a knowledge of the Church much larger than that possessed by the ordinary layman. He was a close student of her doctrines and her history, and appreciated the wealth of the treasures she offers to the believer." During his term in the House of Lords, Lord Llandaff was a vigilant defender of Catholic interests; attempting, among other measures, the amendment of the Declaration at Coronations and an Education Bill that threatened Catholic rights. He was also one of the founders of Westminster Cathedral. *R. I. P.*

"What are we going to do with the Hoosier Sage and Vice-President?" is a question which friends of the present Administration are said to be now asking themselves. The truth is that Mr. Marshall's outspoken criticisms of "the selfish rich" and the divorce court, etc.,

have made him bitter enemies, some of whom are trying to "get even" by ridicule and misrepresentation. Speaking at a banquet of the George Washington University Law School, he is reported as saying:

"I recall the day when a man came into the lawyer's office and asked: 'Am I right?' To-day he asks: 'Can I win?' They simply want to know how close they can shave the penitentiary doors. The divorce court," added Mr. Marshall, "is a matter of temptation in the way of a young lawyer. When the system of allowing attorney's fees in advance in divorce cases has been abolished, we shall have stopped one-half of the divorces in the United States. In many cases the applicant for divorce consults the lawyer in the heat of anger; and he, seeing the opportunity to pocket about \$50 in advance fees, encourages the suit."

Some lawyers resent being talked to in this way. Hence the opposition to and ridicule of Vice-President Marshall in certain quarters.

The general and almost complete indifference to the infamies of which the Portuguese Government continues to be guilty shows the need of a Catholic daily newspaper in the English language. If a few Jews in Russia were now suffering from such inhuman treatment as that to which hundreds of men and women of all sorts and conditions are being subjected in the prisons of Portugal, the whole world would quickly be informed of the fact, and steps would be taken to check the barbarous tyranny. As it is, however, were it not for an occasional communication like that of the Duchess of Bedford to a recent issue of the *London Times*, the vast majority of people would be in utter ignorance of the persecution going on in Portugal. It is not surprising, therefore, that protests against it have not been forthcoming, and that no pressure has been brought to bear upon that country's infamous rulers.

We can't expect to make the world hear or heed in such circumstances until we have adequate means to such an end. English-speaking Catholics possess a great many things, and are striving to acquire a great many more, that are far less needed than a daily newspaper.

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The object of the secret societies, to whom the establishment of the Republic in Portugal is due, is plainly to uproot the Christian religion. By Government decree, shopkeepers were forced to do business on Good Friday—"now that the Christian myth is forever exploded"; a strict censorship of all newspapers is still maintained, and they dare not tell of the infamies that are practised in the name of liberty; informers are everywhere on the alert to arrest any one suspected of attachment to the Church or of sympathy for the cause of the monarchy. Hundreds of such persons have been arrested and thrown into the common prisons with the vilest of criminals, there to remain until the authorities shall be pleased to try them. Of her visit to the Penitenciaría, a prison for criminals of the worst type in Lisbon, where she found a son of the Countess of Ficalho, the Marques Belmont, and Don José Mascarenas, all arrested on the suspicion of Royalist sympathies, the Duchess of Bedford writes:

Although not actively concerned in any attempt to embarrass the Government, they were seized by a body of Carbonarios, treated with violence and indignity, sustaining injuries which might have proved fatal. Their trial was conducted by the usual system of false witness. There is no doubt that the jury received an intimation that, should the verdict be an acquittal, both prisoners and jury would be shot on leaving the court. They were promptly sentenced for life. The saddest scene was yet to come. Two of the prisoners were brought to the grilles of the *parlatorio*, which are so low that the prisoner is forced to kneel on one side and the visitor to stoop or kneel on the other. . . . Through the heavy gratings I could scarcely hear their whispered words, but their eyes implored help with an indescribable pathos. Even the consolations of religion are denied them. It is well known that the Republic has

abolished every sign of the Christian faith from all its institutions, and consequently the chapel has been dismantled and closed.

This in the twentieth century! Such a government recognized by the nations of the civilized world! If English-speaking Catholics have as yet done nothing toward ameliorating the sad condition of their coreligionists in Portugal, at least they have the excuse—most of them—of want of knowledge.

In a thoughtful article on the Catholic layman, the London *Universe* discusses the actual and the desirable activities of lay English Catholics. We quote the concluding paragraph:

They are in a transition period between the days when every Catholic was strong because he had to fight like a pioneer on the frontiers of civilization, and the period of maturity, when they will be not only individually strong, but collectively conscious. For the Catholic laity the present is the period of collective adolescence. Organized work is progressing. Machinery is not wanting; but the men, the best men, are needed to play men's parts in the new era that has dawned. The day is past when a certain dictum defined the whole duty of the Catholic layman to be on his knees before the altar and in his seat before the pulpit. The clergy are calling for a larger measure of lay help,—a fuller, closer and larger organization; and the time has arrived for the best brains and the best men among the laity to be enlisted in the active service of Catholic interests.

Much of the foregoing is more or less applicable to the Catholic layman of our own country. In this connection it is permissible to hope that the well-meant efforts of our laity in both England and America may not be unduly hampered by injudicious attempts to erect a pulpit in every society room, and transform every "spiritual director" into a universal dictator.

When the London *Standard* asserts that the recent outrages of the suffragettes in England have been directed by men, and in many cases committed by men, it is probably treading hard on the heels of truth.—*New York Sun*.

Most probably. Yet the women have got all the blame—as usual.

Notable New Books.

Our Lady in the Liturgy. Considerations on Certain Feasts of the Mother of God. By Dom Michael Barrett, O. S. B. Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

Among recent reprints of AVE MARIA articles by houses of international repute, few will be more genuinely welcomed than Dom Barrett's solid and luminous essays on the Blessed Virgin in the Liturgy. For, subject-matter apart, Dom Barrett unites in rare proportions the merits of searching analysis and easy exposition, and in the present volume their combination is more than usually happy. In an introductory chapter he explains that it is impossible to consider all the feasts of Our Lady, but that those considered will be treated from the viewpoint both of the Breviary and the Missal. He then briefly explains the meaning of terms recurring in his exposition, such as "antiphon," "versicle," "collect," etc.; and he concludes this chapter with a statement which we most heartily endorse — namely: "Catholics will find their knowledge of the various festivals increased and their devotion nourished by the use at Mass of an English Missal in which all these portions are clearly set forth."

As for the treatment of the feasts considered, this book has caught the gravity, the essentialness, the firm spirituality of the Liturgy itself. One can not give it higher praise nor better emphasize its reason to be.

Levia Pondera. An Essay Book. By John Ayscough. Longmans, Green & Co.

This book is as much like a novel as a volume of essays can be. The theme is varied human life as a novelist sees it. The characters are Sir Walter Scott; Galt, the overlooked story-teller; Charles II.; the clever writers of modern English letters, and the present-day populace. The incidents are salient details of their career; and the atmosphere is the roseate Catholic Faith, in which some shine like mountain peaks in the morning, and others cast deep, sad shadows of failure and shame. One reads each page with delight, and turns to the next with the eagerness usually generated only by romance; and all the time one smiles and smiles. How can one help it, meeting everywhere remarks like this, "It certainly would not matter much to a lion if an explorer took him for a leveret; but it might affect the future of the explorer!"

Grave readers expect that an essayist shall do very well in an essay on Sir Walter, but they are puzzled to know what he may do with

so airy a topic as *Sitting Still*. And right there you put your finger on the delicate skill of John Ayscough, who shows the wit and wisdom of the sage on subjects in which most of us see only the commonplace. Little as he has thought of himself in these essays—absorbed as he is in their wise and witty themes,—he has opened a window which gives us a clear and satisfying glimpse into his own genial personality.

Confessions of a Convert. By Robert Hugh Benson. Longmans, Green & Co.

Monsignor Benson has written with fine candor and remarkable brevity this story of his approach to The Church. It is an old story for Catholics, and yet always new, as an illustration of one road to Rome. How a son of an archbishop of Canterbury could find his way to the full faith of Christ is as thrilling a tale as that of a pagan courtier's conversion in the palace of Cæsar. His original attitude in religion is thus described: "The Roman Catholics, I thought, were obviously corrupt and decayed; the Ritualists were tainted; and the extreme Protestants were noisy, extravagant, and vulgar. Plainly, there was only one religious life possible: that of a quiet country clergyman, with a beautiful garden, an exquisite choir, and a sober bachelor existence."

Out of this placid condition he was lifted by the preaching of Father Maturin, by a study of the general unimportance of the Anglican communion, and by the impossibility of believing that for a thousand years The Church had been a failure,—that is, from the sixth century to Luther. Then did his painful struggle begin, nor did it end until the truth stood revealed to him.

The simplicity and directness of these confessions are very appealing. They were first published in *THE AVE MARIA*, whose readers will all be glad to see them in book form.

Pioneers of the Cross in Canada. By Dean Harris. B. Herder.

In the estimation of the reverend author of this historical essay, the "Jesuit Relations," admirably done into English by Thwaites, is a work too expensive and voluminous for the average reader; while Parkman's brilliant narratives are partisan. Although no mention is made, either in preface or bibliography, of Father Campbell's "Pioneer Priests in North America," we presume that it, too, is considered rather unsuitable for the man in the street.

In any case, Dean Harris considers it useful and opportune to record in partial fulness and popular form the lives and missionary work of the brave and saintly men who first planted

the Cross in the New France of the long ago. And the narrative, in twenty-five chapters, covering two hundred and forty pages, is related with a power and insight, and withal a literary grace, that render it a singularly interesting work. The pioneers whose deeds are chronicled were Récollets, or Franciscans, Jesuits, and Sulpicians; and the story ends with the voyage of Dollier de Casson and Galiné.

The Book of the Foundations of St. Teresa of Jesus. With the Visitation of Nunneries, the Rule and Constitutions. Written by Herself. Translated from the Spanish by David Lewis. New and Revised Edition, with Introduction by the Very Rev. Benedict Zimmerman, O. C. D. Benziger Brothers.

If the supply is no greater than the demand in the matter of English Lives of St. Teresa, then there is a widespread desire on the part of the English-speaking, or English-reading, world to become familiar with the career and the writings of the great Carmelite mystic and reformer. Within the past year or two some four or five goodly-sized volumes, biographical and autobiographical, of Teresian literature have reached our table.

The present volume, a revised edition of the classic Lewis translation, calls for no lengthy commendation. It is a well-printed and adequately bound octavo of 564 pages, fifty-three of which are taken up with Father Zimmerman's excellent Introduction, and fifteen with a chronological summary of the saint's life and activities. The story of St. Teresa's foundations, and the incidental lessons in profound and always sane spirituality which accompany it, hold a perennial charm.

Consumers and Wage-Earners. By J. Elliot Ross, Ph. D. Devin-Adair Co.

Undoubtedly, here is one of the best books of the year, from every point of view. It is simple, forcible, eloquent, and interesting in style, and a plain necessity for every citizen that can read and understand. Its sub-title indicates its scope and purpose: "The Ethics of Buying Cheap." A large number of easy-going people will be surprised to learn that modern economics and modern ethics hold the consumer to part of the responsibility of the employer.

Emphatically, this little book should be read by every clergyman, every employer, every buyer, every citizen with any sense of duty; and its lessons conned until they sink into mind and heart and action. For industrial misery has become so bitter, so acute, so universal, that only the keen conscience and vigorous action of millions can relieve it.



The Month of May.

BY RUTH L. SKEEN.

LIKE Our Lady's Month the best,
Because in white her altar's dressed,
With roses scattered everywhere,
Their sweetness filling all the air;
And she seems nearer then, some way,
Because it is her Month of May.

I like her month, because we learn
So many hymns; and candles burn
At night before her pretty shrine,
Decked out with garlands,—one is mine.
When I behave as children should—
It seems in May I'm always good.

In May our lessons don't seem hard.
Sometimes we study in the yard;
And if the moon is full and bright,
We say our prayers outdoors at night,
Before our own dear Mother's shrine,—
That's why the Month of May is fine.

White Eagle.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN, AUTHOR OF
"BILLY-BOY," ETC.

XVIII.—GRANDFATHER'S BOY.

FOR a moment Lone Jack stood bewildered at the disappearance of the dogs; then, as a chorus of muffled barks sounded from some unseen beyond, he made a sudden rush forward, through the undergrowth that hid the opening in the rocks, plunged recklessly into its close black gloom, the yelp of the dogs still leading him on. His heart sickened at the thought of what they might be trailing in these dark, hideous depths. Then suddenly the narrow, vaulted way lifted into space, into light; and, dizzy and dazzled, Lone Jack staggered forward into

the Nest of the Eagle, where the dogs were leaping and barking joyously about a laughing, shouting boy, whose voice rang like music in his listener's ears.

"Pup! Tad! Tobe! Good old fellows,—fine old dogs! How did you ever find us here?"

In spite of his glad relief at seeing Don safe and sound, Lone Jack started forward, his eye blazing fiercely at the old man at Don's side.

"You confounded old scoundrel!" he muttered, furious at the apparent cause of his agonizing anxiety. "Fool! madman! What do you mean by dragging the boy to a hole like this? Who are you,—*what* are you?"

"O Jack, Jack, don't hurt Pappy!" cried Don, catching Jack's arm. "He is my grandfather,—my real, dear, true grandfather!"

"Your—your grandfather!" exclaimed Jack, fairly staggering back in his amazement. "This consarned old fool you—"

"Grandfather," Pappy concluded the sentence, with a friendly nod. "Fool and madman perhaps, as you say, my friend; but his grandfather, Stephen J. Carruther, for all that,—Don's grandfather, ready to show his hand at last, as you asked him to do some time ago. Maybe you remember this."

And, with the twinkle of old in his eyes, Pappy drew from his pocket a bit of rough paper and handed it to Jack, who stared at it in dumb amazement. *His* letter,—the letter he and Pup had worked up by the dim light of the dugout two months ago,—the letter to Mr. James Waring, telling him that Donald Carruther had left a son!

"That brought me here," explained Pappy. "It struck the first blow on a proud, cold heart of stone. It was just the 'straight-from-the-shoulder knock' I

needed. It brought me out here to see for myself what sort of a boy my son had left behind him,—to see him as he was, without any shams or fears. And, because I had learned to doubt and distrust and suspect everyone around me,—because I had found that even a boy can truckle and deceive for gain and gold,—I came not as the millionaire grandfather, but as poor old Pappy Carr. In short, I came, as I said, prospecting—and I struck it.” Again the old eyes twinkled as Mr. Stephen Carruther laid his hand upon Don’s shoulder. “I struck it rich,—I struck a grandson beyond all my hopes or dreams.”

“You did for sure!” said Jack, to whom the look in the old face, the tone of the old voice, were convincing proofs of Pappy’s story. “But—but what set you all bolting off up here?”

Then Don explained how Dick Pratt had put the searchers on Pappy’s track, and how difficult it would be to explain the situation if he were hunted down. And Jack told how the real Jasper Cobb had been captured, and there was nothing more to fear. Then they all went out of the Eagle’s Nest to find Seth, who was blundering hopelessly up the trail in fierce bewilderment at the disappearance of his comrades.

It took a great deal of time and talk to convince Don’s guardian of Pappy’s claim. At first he could only glare in savage doubt, that vanished slowly and reluctantly as he realized what Lone Jack’s keener wits had quickly grasped,—how a world-weary, suspicious old man, distrustful of young and old alike, should come prospecting for simple love and truth, as “Pappy Carr.”

“I don’t stand for no such tricking in general,” declared Seth roughly, as he at last grasped the truth; “but, considering the bad sort of name you had with us, I don’t see how you could have played your cards to win any other way. As a money-grubbing millionaire of a grandfather, you’d never have had any chance, sure; though the kid took to you mightily

from the first, I must say. And, come to see close, you have a sort of look of his father. It’s all nature, I suppose,” added Big Seth, a little huskily, for the thought of losing his kid was very bitter to him; “and we plain folks in the wilds here larn you can’t go agin nature, try all you may. So I reckon thar ain’t nothing to do but give him up.”

“Not a bit of it!” answered Pappy, heartily. “We don’t mean you to give us up, — do we, Don? We’ve been talking it all over here in this Eagle’s Nest of his; and, while he is ready to take me for a grandfather, I can’t make up to him for everything, as I plainly see. All my millions wouldn’t buy what he has here, so we both would like to stay.”

“In that thar old shack of mine!” said Seth, staring; for Pappy’s voice and bearing had changed now. “Mr. Stephen Carruther” was beginning to show plainly through his rough disguise.

“Well, not exactly there,” was the smiling answer. “We thought of building a shack of our own. There’s a pine-shaded ridge by the Eagle Spring that seems to me a first-rate place; and when Don and I were prospecting there the other day, I saw a chance, with a little engineering, to run a good road down to the valley. There will be a railroad cutting through there in a couple of years, as I happen to know. Not that we care for railroads, as Don says; only they come in rather handy when you want to make a quick move. Of course we can’t stay here always. We must do a little studying and money-making somewhere else. But wherever we go, here in God’s free air and sunshine, here where I struck treasures all my gold can not buy, here with my boy’s true and faithful friends, will be his real home.”

And Grandfather Carruther kept to his word. In another year a new “shack” had risen on San Pedro,—a shack with wide-stretching porches and low broad rooms, and a generally delightful air of freedom and cheer, that was the wonder

and pride of the old camp. The wild steepes around the Eagle Spring were graded into gentler beauty; the new road around it sloping its way to the valley, where the smoke of the steam engine arose lightly in the cloudless sky; and San Pedro was again on the tourist's map. "In grateful memory of Padre Francisco," as a white marble tablet declares, the old mission church has been restored to its olden beauty; the lamp of the Spanish king burns before the altar, and another gentle Padre keeps alight the blessed flame.

And up at White Eagle, as the new shack is known far and near, Don's old friends and new foregather in the simple, kindly fashion no millions can change. Here "grandfather's boy," growing into wisdom and strength every year, comes to spend his happy holidays; and grandfather throws off the stiff dignity of Mr. Stephen Carruther, and wanders around his wide mountain domain as kindly old Pappy again. Here comes Mr. James Waring, rosy and stout as of yore, full of joy and pride in "Don's boy." Here Aunt Helen brings little Lilian, "to hop and skip" blithely over rock and ridge the long bright summer through.

Algie and Muriel do not come, though Uncle Steve is still very good to them. They do not like the wild West. All his golden hopes of future fortune dashed to the ground, Algie can not altogether hide his jealousy of Cousin Don; and Muriel prefers to spread her butterfly wings in gayer scenes than San Pedro.

But to happy little Lilian it is the loveliest place on earth. Old Nokola, Bonita, and above all little Winona are her fast friends. Tony, tamed with the passing years, has been broken for her riding; Tobe and Tad rouse from their heaviest sleeps at her call; she rules camp and shack like a fairy queen.

Though the wild charm of the place draws many a guest of high degree to "Carruther's shack," Big Seth strolls over to smoke on the pillared porch, with the "bulls and bears" of the stock

market. Batty Bob discusses his pipe-dreams, unabashed by millionaire speculators. Old Grizzle is an unfailing authority on baits and traps. Only Lone Jack stands off from the strangers that come and go; he takes to his dugout with Pup when the shack is full of guests, and all Don's pleadings can not coax him there.

"Don't ask me, kid," he answers, with assumed gruffness. "I'm better here. You and me are friends forever. The one good thing I ever did was helping you along to what you are,—to what you are going to be. That's what I think of, dream of, as me and Pup sit out here on the rocks beneath the stars. Lone Jack, good for nothing as he is, sort of started you on the climb. Just you keep on, and I'll ask for nothing more. Don't you stumble and fall, like I hev. Keep on climbing straight and steady. You've got the head and heart,—the Light to reach the stars, my White Eagle,—to reach the stars!"

(The End.)

Our Lady's Tree.

ANY beautiful legends are told in connection with the almond tree which is a favorite in Eastern countries, especially in Palestine, where it is often designated as Our Lady's Tree. One of the most charming of these legends is of a young monk who lived among a community of hermits whose home was in the Syrian desert, far from an oasis, and exposed to the scorching Orient sun. No hint of vegetation rested the eye, wearied with the endless stretch of the dun-colored sands. Even the water which the hermits drank had to be brought from a distant spring. Brother Basil, who was humble and amiable, performed his simple tasks with eager zest, and the superior often smiled upon him and blessed him.

To test his obedience and humility, Brother Basil was required to water a dead branch of almond which had been stuck into the barren sand. For this he

went twice daily to a spring three miles away. For two long weary years, without a murmur, he carried the heavy water-jar across the arid sands and watered the leafless stalk. But each day he said this prayer to Christ's Mother: "Sweet Lady Mary, to whom the almond is dedicated, pray for me, that the waters of heavenly grace may fall upon my heart, as this cooling water falls upon the almond." One day, as he poured the water, the branch suddenly blossomed into life, with flowers of radiant beauty; and a voice of wondrous sweetness spoke to the young hermit, saying: "Thy prayers are heard: thy heart is purified. Persevere in prayer, and paradise shall soon be thy portion."

Brother Basil built a little hut beside the almond tree, and there he lived so pure and wise and holy that those in sore trouble of sin came from far and wide to receive his wise and lofty counsels. And there one day the monks found him dead, a smile upon his face, a branch of almond, fairer than man had ever seen before, resting upon his breast.

They buried him beneath the flowering tree, and ever after it bloomed in rosy loveliness above his grave; and from the spring whence he had daily toiled with water for the barren stalk there trickled a streamlet of purest water, until the land about the almond became an oasis, fair and fertile. And ever in that arid zone the loveliest of all spots was the "Oasis of the Almond of Our Lady."

A Precious Bible.

The most famous and most creditable specimen of block-printing is the *Biblia Pauperum*, or Bible of the Poor, of which six different editions are known. It was printed both in Latin and German, the first edition being in Latin, and produced before the invention of typography. The Germans claim the honor of producing the first edition. The *Biblia Pauperum*, once common, is now very rare.

Night-Guards of Royalty.

In one of Shakespeare's historical dramas, King Henry IV. is represented as soliloquizing about sleep, and saying:

Then, happy low, lie down!

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Kings nowadays are not much more at ease apparently, when retiring to rest, than were the monarchs of other days. Every night, we are told, regular guards walk up and down the corridors of King George V.'s palace, inspecting doors and windows. They wear felt slippers to deaden the sound of their footsteps, and they have been specially instructed how to act in case of fire. Besides this regular patrol, there is always an armed sentinel posted at the door of the King's bed-chamber.

The King of Spain is guarded at night by a group of picked soldiers, to whom are entrusted the keys of the palace. These soldiers are sworn not to open the doors before daylight, and no one has the right to enter or leave the palace before the night is over.

At Brussels, as soon as night falls, soldiers begin to patrol the corridors of the royal residence; and the King's special valet locks himself in the ante-chamber of the royal bedchamber, allowing nobody to enter.

Of all monarchs actually reigning, however, the Czar of Russia is the most carefully guarded by day and night. While he is sleeping—or trying to sleep—he is protected by several companies of armed soldiers, by members of the secret police, and in addition by a troop of Cossacks.

On the whole, perhaps we are just as well off in belonging to the "happy low," or ordinary, everyday people, whose heads don't wear any crowns, and who can lie down in their beds at night with no other anxiety than the thought that they shall have to get up too early in the morning.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A volume of essays by Coventry Patmore, and a new book by R. B. Cunninghame Grahame entitled "Faith," have been added to Duckworth & Co.'s Readers' Library.

—At least three ladies—Countess de Courson, Miss L. I. Guiney, and Lady Acton—contribute to the current number of the *Dublin Review*, which is one of more than usual interest.

—The Catholic Truth Society of Pittsburgh has published in pamphlet form two articles of economic value: "State Aid to Private Charitable Institutions," by J. A. Beck Esq.; and "Advantages and Disadvantages of Institutions for Dependent Children," by the Rev. T. F. Coakley, D. D.

—The annual report of the English Catholic Truth Society shows a steady increase in the output of useful literature in various departments. No fewer than 199,000 copies in all of the Gospels, have now been issued by the Society. Its membership during the year has been increased by 177 new members.

—The Angelus Series, now well known and widely welcomed, continues with "Jesus and the Soul," being "colloquies for those who wish to love and serve Him more fervently," by Minnie Mortimer (*E. de M.*); and "On Holy Communion," from the French of Mgr. de Ségur, by a Benedictine of Princethorpe Priory. Though not, perhaps, the most valuable additions to the series, the present volumes will make their proper appeal. The publishers are R. & T. Washbourne. Price, 50 cts.

—The children and many grown-ups will find a great amount of interesting information attractively set forth in "Our Neighbors: the Japanese," by Joseph King Goodrich. (F. G. Brown & Co.) This, we learn from the advertisement, is the first volume of a series to be known as "Our Neighbors Series." The author of the present volume and of the projected series was at one time a professor in the Imperial College, Kyoto, and has travelled extensively. The object of these books is to present such simple knowledge as will lead to a true understanding of foreign peoples. Well printed, tastefully bound, and illustrated from good photographs, "Our Neighbors: the Japanese," is a credit to the publishers.

—The *Dublin Weekly Freeman* is publishing, in instalments, a Gaelic translation of Sallust's "Catalina," by the Rev. Canon O'Leary. With becoming modesty we suppress our personal

opinion of the merits of the translation, substituting therefor the statement of a distinguished Irish-speaking cleric, who declares that the scholarly Canon's work "is easy and free without being free and easy."

—The reverend clergy will welcome Pustet & Co.'s new edition of the Psalter (*editio amplificata, in qua Ordinarium cum Psalterio cujusque diei est contextum.*) It is of convenient size, excellently printed, and may be had in two styles of flexible binding. A most desirable book. Price, \$1.50 and \$1.75.

—"St. Gertrude the Great," with seven interesting illustrations, forms a new volume of the excellent "Notre Dame" Series of Lives of the Saints, published by Sands & Co., and for sale in the United States by B. Herder. D. Gilbert Dolan, O. S. B., contributes a valuable preface, in which the devotion to Our Lord's Divine Heart, as the seat and symbol of His love and compassion, is traced from the days of the early Church to our own time. To St. Gertrude belongs the glory of being to the Church the mouthpiece of the abundant mercies of the Sacred Heart of Jesus to us poor sinners.

—"Interlocking Directorates: The Problem and Its Solution," a lecture by Mr. Max Pam before the law school of Harvard University, has been reprinted as a pamphlet from the *Harvard Law Review*, in which it originally appeared. There has doubtless been a general demand for this able lecture, in which a subject of great interest is discussed with admirable ability and exceptional thoroughness. Mr. Pam maintains that "the surest remedy for combating and overcoming the abuse of the fiduciary relation of directors, whether through the power and influence of interlocking interests represented by common and dual directorships, or otherwise, lies in publicity and in public vigilance."

—Mr. Joseph F. Wagner is publishing a series of "Manuals of Visual Instruction," to be used in connection with stereopticon views. The publication has been undertaken "upon the suggestion of the foremost Catholic educators," and the motto chosen is, "Teach through the eye." The three manuals that have come to our table—"Pictorial Catechism," "Pictorial Bible History," and "Pictorial Church History"—are both succinct and comprehensive, and should prove effective for the purpose intended. The same publishers have issued a prospectus of "Lantern Slides" to be used with the brief lectures furnished in the manuals.

The price of these plain pamphlets, we must say, seems somewhat excessive.

—"Bodily Health and Spiritual Vigor," by the Rev. W. J. Lockington, S. J. (Longmans, Green & Co.), is called by its author "a book for preachers and teachers"; but there appears to be no good reason for thus circumscribing its usefulness. The copious theory and suggested practice (with diagrams) contained in its one hundred and thirty pages are safe to prove interesting to readers of every class, and beneficial to such as have the moral courage to live up to their convictions. Father Lockington believes—and gives excellent reasons for the belief—that a sound body has much to do with soundness, not only of mind, but of soul as well. That very many will take up, or at least keep up, his elaborate series of exercises we are inclined to question, but the whole spirit and tenor of the little volume enforces a lesson which some exceptionally good people need to learn: that there is no incompatibility whatever between the most spirited health and the healthiest spirituality.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Our Lady in the Liturgy." Dom Michael Barrett, O. S. B. \$1.10.
- "Confessions of a Convert." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.25.
- "Levia Pondera." John Ayscough. \$1.75.
- "Pioneers of the Cross in Canada." Dean Harris. \$1.50.
- "Consumers and Wage-Earners." J. Elliot Ross, Ph. D. \$1.
- "St. Gertrude the Great." Notre Dame Series. \$1.25.
- "Bodily Health and Spiritual Vigor." Rev. W. J. Lockington, S. J. 90 cts.
- "Our Neighbors: the Japanese." Joseph King Goodrich. \$1.25.
- "The Book of the Foundations of St. Teresa of Jesus." New and Revised Edition. \$2.25.
- "Old China and Young America." Mrs. Sarah Conger. 82 cts.

- "The Carol of the Fir Tree." Alfred Noyes. 25 cts.
- "In the Service of the King." Geneviève Irons. 60 cts.
- "Cedar Chips." 50 cts.
- "Five Centuries of English Poetry." Rev. George O'Neill, S. J., M. A. \$1.25.
- "A Hundredfold." Author of "From a Garden Jungle." 75 cts.
- "Practical Manual for the Superiors of Religious Houses." Fr. Castanzo Frigerio, S. J. 44 cts.
- "The Gospel of Pain." Rev. J. M. Lelen. 25 cts.
- "Father Carson Explains." Rev. E. F. Garesché, S. J. 10 cts.
- "Lincoln, the Man of the People." William H. Mace. 35 cts.
- "The Divine Educator." Fr. Zulueta, S. J. 50 cts.
- "Mediaeval University Life." Brother Azarias. 20 cts.
- "The Names of God and Meditative Summaries of the Divine Perfections." Ven. Father Lessius, S. J. \$1.08.
- "The Loretto Centenary." 75 cts.
- "The Cult of Mary." Rev. Thomas Gerrard. 40 cts.
- "Elements of Logic." Cardinal Mercier. 60 cts., net.
- "Papal Program of Social Reform: An Analysis." Dr. August Breig. 25 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Monsignor Decker, of the diocese of Erie; Rev. Denis McCartie, diocese of Newark; Rev. Charles Rautert, diocese of Paderborn; and Rev. Joseph Rigge, S. J.

Mother M. Joseph, of the Sisters of the Precious Blood; and Sister M. Elizabeth, Sisters of Charity.

Mr. Joseph F. Thornton, Mr. John J. Smith, Mrs. Sarah Cryan, Mr. Matthew Murray, Mr. Abraham Johnson, Mrs. R. B. McNally, Mr. G. F. Citre, Mr. William Blakeley, Mr. Joseph Cadieux, Miss Amelia Foley, Master Thomas O'Brien, Mr. Louis Berwanger, Miss Mary Cuff, Mr. A. J. Beehler, Mr. Patrick Jordan, Mr. John Bowe, Miss Laura Duggan, Mr. William F. Brown, Mr. Anthony O'Boyle, Mr. Thomas Bumberry, Mr. Patrick Mahon, Mr. Albert Dockler, Mrs. Helen Kelly, Mr. R. F. Drohman, and Mrs. Anna A. Simpers.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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To the Blessed Virgin on Pentecost Morning.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S. J.

MY AID and Mother, pure and kind,
'Tis the Whitsun morning;

May hath wearied sun and wind
For the world's adorning,—
Earth is blossomed like a bride
For the blessed Whitsuntide.

Thrice the mighty Spirit wrought
For thy soul's completing:
First, thy stainless self He brought
To the world's entreating;
Next, to work thy "Fiat" came;
Last, He crowns thy brow with flame.

'Tis Elijah's olden rite,
Slow the sign preparing:
First, God built thee, altar bright,—
Christ, the Victim, bearing;
Last, from Heaven, at thy desire
Flashed the Lord's consuming fire.

The Balkan War: A Triumph of the Cross.

BY BEN HURST.

ALL Christendom has triumphed in the latest victory of the small States of Southeastern Europe over their old enemy, the Turk. But all Christendom does not recognize the fact, and we have the sorry spectacle of some interested factors seeking to belittle the success of the Christian armies; others, wresting from the victors the natural reward of their valor; still others, frankly regretting

changed conditions and the collapse of the Moslem Empire in Europe. None, however, can withhold admiration from the brave combatants who undertook so valiantly to right the wrongs viewed calmly, by greater, stronger Powers.

Once again the truth was proved of the old adage: "Nothing succeeds like success." When the four pygmies, great of heart, confident in God's justice, flung themselves on the monster that still oppressed their kin, a cry of consternation arose in many quarters, and the daring were called the foolhardy. A group of the self-appointed tutors of Europe warned the Balkan States that they had nothing to gain and everything to lose by their "ill-advised" action. "Not a jot of territory should be wrested from Turkey in the improbable event of the Allies getting the upper hand in the unequal struggle." Nevertheless, they moved forward, and, lo! the miracle took place. The God of the Christians did not abandon His people, striving under such fearful odds. Incredible feats marked the first passage over the sacred soil watered by Christian blood in the past, and held so long by the spoliator. After the determined rush to victory or death there was no question of a repulse. The Asiatic hordes fled before the Christians, or locked themselves up in citadels. Within a few weeks Servia got as far south as Monastir, as far west as Durazzo, and sent help in men, money, and armament material to Bulgaria and Montenegro. Greece advanced to Yanina and the important port of Salonica

in the Ægean Sea. Bulgaria reached Chataldja, holding the mass of the Ottoman army in check. Montenegro marched triumphantly through the Sanjak of Novi Bazar, pausing only outside Scutari, which has now fallen. Never in the history of wars was there a more rapid and brilliant campaign; and the world, convinced by the success of the Christian armies that their cause was just, broke forth in belated praise.

But the reckoning is not finished. The Moslems still hold Saint Sophia; for when the Allies paused, breathless, to parley with the conquered, Western Europe, albeit shamefaced and bewildered, came forward to dictate the terms. With an abundance of polite procedure and involved formalities, she invited the belligerents to agree on what she herself had decided would best suit her interests. And the secular foe of Christianity took heart again. Without her—without cynical, pharisaical Europe, steeped in the atheism of senility,—the young nations who are still believers would already have crowned the struggle of six centuries by the restoration to Christendom of the city of Constantine.

The States which had themselves escaped the curse of Moslem invasion by relinquishing the peoples on their borders to all the horrors of religious persecution and of general misgovernment, now wish to share the spoils of the vanquished with the factors who have practically rid Europe of the incubus. Although they took no part in the recent warfare, they are hackling over the peace conditions, ready to bolster up Turkey as in the past, if they can thereby secure to themselves a probable future gain.

The young kingdoms, pressed between their quondam masters and their self-styled "Protectors," know that they can count but on themselves. Too long they have felt the heavy hand of Europe forcing on them passivity under oppression, to hope for generosity or fair-dealing from the Great Powers at the present moment.

They have writhed too long in the chains refastened by the iniquitous Treaty of Berlin, to expect justice from the nations that signed it and thrust them back to slavery. This Treaty, which (according to the Jew, Disraeli, its instigator) gave England "Peace, with Honor," refused to Eastern Christians the partial freedom they had won with their blood, and delivered them anew to the mercies of England's ally, the Sultan.

Since the great stand at Kossovo (1389), when the Servian race, almost alone, faced the Mohammedan invasion, and lost, there have been perennial risings that excited little or no interest in countries removed from the sphere of action. The most successful rebellion took place in the beginning of the last century, and the little vassal principalities then formed bore within themselves the seeds of future liberty and development. Russia assisted them in their frequent struggles to throw off the yoke; but, as in the Crimean War, all Europe ranged itself on the side of Turkey against Russia. In 1878 the Treaty of San Stefano, forced on Turkey by victorious Russia, recognized the independence of Montenegro and of Servia, as well as the autonomy of Bulgaria, with a territory extending from the Ægean to the Black Sea. It meant the disappearance of the Ottoman Empire from its prominent place in European politics, and Western and Central Europe were moved to protest. Turkey, with its anarchy—a precious excuse for intervention and the possibilities accruing therefrom,—was too useful to be removed or suppressed for the sake of a few million Christians that refused to be Moslemized. So the San Stefano agreement was cancelled, Bulgaria was divided into three parts, Servia was given smaller boundaries, and Macedonia was restored to the Porte.

These were the conditions of the Berlin Treaty, which could not, by its very nature, be considered as a treaty conducive to peace. Nevertheless, its name was the fetish used by statesmen to

condone disorder and spoliation in the Balkan Peninsula. It gave Bosnia to Austria as the price of her consent to its many objectionable features,—but only for a specified term. The occupation of the fertile Servian province was, however, destined to be changed into definite possession at the first opportunity. In the crisis of the Young Turk upheaval (1907), Austria annexed Bosnia, to the great grief of the entire Slav world. The Treaty of Berlin settled nothing, and only saved Turkey for a few decades longer. It kept Montenegro restless with incessant trouble on her borders. It drove Servia and Bulgaria to found organizations for the assistance of their kin harassed by Turkish misrule. The inhabitants of Macedonia looked to these organizations (the famous “bands,” or *komitajis*) for the measures of justice and defence they could not get from the Ottoman Government. Rumelia finally broke away and united with Bulgaria. The Grecian islands were in a continual state of revolt.

Europe looked on with equanimity at the chaos in Turkey. She showed displeasure only when an insurrection grew too keen, and she was ever ready to advise and assist the Sultan in keeping his “discontented and rebellious” Christian subjects within bounds. When churches were profaned and towns pillaged, due protest was made by the Powers, who profited of the occasion to obtain facilities for financial undertakings of all kinds. The economical concessions wrested from Turkey during the last quarter of a century were a mine of wealth to numerous companies. For the sake of the Bagdad railway alone, Germany condoned atrocities in Armenia and Macedonia, where the Christians were being systematically exterminated.

France, once the militant defender of the Catholic populations of the Orient, makes to-day but a faint show of interest in them; and during the last twenty years she has never gone so far as to impede in the slightest those profitable loan

negotiations which are her chief pre-occupation in Turkey. Austria and England can boast of nothing but intermittent protests when outrages grew too glaring to be ignored. It is sad to recall that every complaint of the Balkan States with regard to ill treatment of their co-nationalists in Turkey aroused irritation among European statesmen that such “unfortunate incidents” be brought to light, endangering peace and harmony in Europe. Even Russia, particularly after her disastrous war with Japan, fell into line, and found it safer to let sleeping dogs lie.

Left to themselves, the Balkan States, among whom perfidiously fomented rivalries and dissensions had reigned too long, obeyed a noble, common impulse toward union, and resolved to free their brethren. When the news of the Alliance burst upon Europe last autumn, it caused bitter resentment. It was, indeed, an act of insubordination toward the “Protectors” who allowed these States to exist, but did not find it expedient that they should develop nor join forces. Moreover, Turkey’s integrity, that sacred trust the Powers had sworn to keep, was evidently to be violated, and their claims to the succession imperilled. Like unruly children, the little Balkan kingdoms had thrown off their swaddling-clothes too soon, and would have no more of the Powers’ tutelage. The Alliance was at once an act of defiance and a taunt of reproach to their natural guardians and advisers. But the “blessings of civilization”—i. e., the lucrative returns of certain international banking concerns and syndicates—must not be sacrificed for the sake of these unruly spirits. The chanceries of Europe pronounced unanimously in favor of Turkey and the old shibboleth: “Reforms in Macedonia.”

Nothing daunted, the Balkan kingdoms started on their crusade of justice. “We knew God would not turn His back on us,” a wounded Servian soldier said to me in a Belgrade hospital. “After all, it

was for His Son we were fighting." And indeed, apart from the rescue of the oppressed, a good work for liberty of conscience has been done by the Balkan armies in giving back to worship temples that had been desecrated, and proving to Turk and Jew alike that all religions would, under Christian rule, be tolerated.

The rank and file who bore the brunt of battle, who chased the Turks at Kumanovo, stood knee-deep in the marshes at Monastir, and fell in thousands under the walls of Adrianople, were men who clung to the creed of their forefathers as to a pearl of great price. National sentiment was indeed strong, but it was not nationality that bound four separate races together. Greek, Slav, and Bulgar (half Slav, half Tatar) were bound by a common faith, their best inheritance. The "intelligent" classes, who had assimilated new doctrines in the Masonic circles of Paris, Berlin, or Geneva, whither the youth of the Balkans go in quest of modern knowledge, kept these out of sight during the solemn marshalling for the fray.

Not one was ashamed, on crossing the Turkish frontier, to make solemnly in public the Sign of the Cross. It was impossible to find standing-room in churches that are usually empty. A wave of fervor fanned a faith that had slept. The Cross was the rallying symbol for the Allies on the field of battle. Christians, pressed into the Turkish ranks, and deserting at every opportunity, ran toward the allied troops, holding before them sticks or branches crudely put together in the hallowed form, or signing themselves continually, so as to insure recognition as a brother, and escape being shot. Among the prisoners whom I saw passing in the streets of Belgrade were many with rough crosses of white paper stuck on their caps. The persecuted symbol stood them at last in good stead. These men, mostly Greeks, were given free fare to their homes. It was everywhere, among the Allies, the triumph of the Cross.

A Far-Away Princess.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXI.

MRS. GRANGER'S note was promptly dispatched to Governor Harcourt, but again the Fates intervened to delay the revelation which Moira was now so anxious to make to him. Mrs. Lyndon replied to the note, saying that her brother was not at home: that he was at that time with some friends at the Hot Springs of Virginia; but that she was sure he would take pleasure in paying a visit to Mr. Granger as soon as possible after his return. And meanwhile she begged to offer her own warm congratulations, etc., etc.

Mrs. Granger handed the letter to Moira.

"You see, we have no choice but to wait a little longer," she said, "unless you could make up your mind to speak to Paul Lyndon—"

But Moira shrank from this suggestion.

"I would rather not come into contact with Paul Lyndon again," she answered. "And I think, as I have always thought, that it is due to Governor Harcourt that I should tell him first."

"Then there's nothing to do but to wait," Mrs. Granger repeated. "And meanwhile the doctors say that it will be well for Robert to go to the seaside after he leaves the hospital; so we have decided to spend a few weeks at Atlantic City, and of course you will go with us. You know that, apart from the pleasure of your society, you are the greatest help possible so far as Leila is concerned."

"I am very glad to be of use," Moira said; "and of course I will go with you. But what and where is Atlantic City?"

"It is a seaside resort on the Jersey coast, which, being very near to three large cities, is immensely popular with the million. Consequently it is without any claim to social distinction. But there are times when places of this kind

are desirable. Just now, for example, it is better for Robert than Newport or Bar Harbor would be; for he will have no temptation to social dissipation, and can simply devote himself to getting well; while you will be able to find amusement in observing the ways, manners, and customs of the great middle class of America."

So, as soon as Mr. Granger was permitted to leave the hospital, the Granger household moved to Atlantic City; and, established there in luxurious quarters in one of the large hotels overlooking the ocean, the invalid began speedily to regain health and vigor; while Moira, as Mrs. Granger had prophesied, found much to interest as well as to amuse her, in the tide of strange humanity which moved in continuous stream along the board walk, and disported itself, in a fashion amazing beyond words to French eyes, on the magnificent beach, where the great Atlantic waves rolled ceaselessly.

But, although she was interested and amused, although the September sunshine was like dissolved gold, and the September air full of stimulating freshness, as it came borne from the wide expanse of the great liquid plain that stretched away to the eastern horizon, toward which Moira's eyes so often and so wistfully turned, Mrs. Granger perceived that, as the days went on, she grew paler and more silent, and it was clear that some trouble was preying on her mind and heart. Mr. Granger presently perceived and commented upon this.

"Miss Fortescue isn't looking well of late," he said. "She has the appearance of one who is suffering from anxiety. Isn't it possible that this might be relieved?"

"I'm afraid not," Mrs. Granger replied. "You see, her anxiety is about some one who is—er—very far away."

Mr. Granger nodded.

"Of course I understand," he said. "She is anxious about Royall Harcourt's safety."

Mrs. Granger almost jumped out of her seat.

"Robert!" she gasped. "How did you guess—?"

Mr. Granger smiled quietly.

"My dear," he said, "I am really not quite a fool. I guessed as long ago as when we were in London. But since it pleased you to maintain a mystery, and since you didn't ask my advice with regard to the wisdom of this mystery, I respected my promise not to interfere and kept silent about what didn't concern me."

"Robert, you astonish me! I couldn't have imagined you capable of such conduct."

"I could hardly have imagined it myself," Mr. Granger replied, in a tone of conscious virtue; "but I do think that my conduct has been exemplary."

"That isn't at all what I mean,—you know it isn't! I couldn't have imagined that you would have played such a part to me: pretended to believe what you didn't believe—"

She broke off as she met her husband's quizzical glance.

"And who was pretending to *me*?" he inquired. "You didn't think me worthy of your confidence, and yet you are aggrieved that I held my tongue like a gentleman when I saw—couldn't help seeing, you know—what I was distinctly asked not to see."

Mrs. Granger gazed at him in silence for a moment, with eyes full of frankest amazement.

"And you've known all the time!" she ejaculated. "And not only held your tongue, but seemed to accept what you were told! I'd no idea you could play a part so well."

"I've often told you that you didn't appreciate my capabilities at their true value," Mr. Granger said complacently.

"I'll never doubt your capability of acting again," she answered. "But I don't understand why you didn't tell me when you guessed who Miss Fortescue really was."

"Why should I have done so? As I've said, you didn't give me your confidence."

"I thought you would disapprove of what I was doing, and be discouraging about the result."

"You were right. I did disapprove of what you were doing; but I saw that you had set your heart upon doing it, so I thought I would let you carry out your plan in your own way. You see, by not interfering, I incurred no responsibility—and, then, I confess I was amused. It was like watching the development of a play on the stage, especially when Lyndon came on the scene."

"Robert, do you mean to tell me that you saw—"

"My dear, I should have been blind if I hadn't seen that our friend Paul was—er—deeply impressed."

"You saw *that*, and didn't warn me!"

Mr. Granger lifted his brows in honest surprise.

"It never occurred to me that you wouldn't see it as plainly as I did," he said. "Why should I have insulted your intelligence by supposing that you didn't? I took it for granted that it was your way of punishing Lyndon for the conduct over which you were so indignant when we met him in London. I thought it a slightly cruel and rather dangerous way, but still—"

"Still it amused you, and so you said nothing! I couldn't have believed that you would have acted in such a manner. If you had only warned me!"

"But how could I imagine that you needed warning? There were the old familiar facts of human nature staring you in the face."

"They weren't staring me in the face; or, if they were, I didn't recognize them. Robert, I have been an absolute fool in this matter."

"Well, not exactly that," Robert kindly disagreed; "but you have acted foolishly beyond doubt, and I shouldn't be surprised if you had led Miss—er—Fortescue into a very awkward position. When I

heard that Lyndon had gone to Harcourt Manor—and I didn't hear it until some time after he had left the city,—I decided that it was time for me to interfere; so I meant to go down to Covertdale and tell you that the mystery or masquerade, or whatever you choose to call it, had better be ended, when my confounded appendix asserted itself in a way that put all thought of anything else out of my mind. Of late, however, I've been wondering what happened, and what your final intentions are?"

"It will be a relief to tell you all about it," Mrs. Granger replied. "I only wish I had told you before."

Then she proceeded to open her mind and heart, and to lay the whole matter in detail before the man whose shrewdness and reticence had so much surprised her, and also inspired a respect for his power of judgment, in which she had been rather lacking before. He listened in silence, smoking the while, and watching the long waves breaking one after another on the beach before which they sat; until at length, having brought her recital down to date, she paused, when he said, without hesitation:

"The sooner the masquerade is ended, the better. To maintain it longer isn't fair to Lyndon. Governor Harcourt should be told at once."

"He will be told as soon as Moira can see him. But meanwhile she is, as you've perceived, very anxious and unhappy about Royall. She has had no news of him since she received some time ago a letter from Fez, telling her that he was going into a remote and dangerous part of the country. If anything happens to him in those wild, desperate places, I don't see how the Governor can ever forgive himself."

"The Governor will probably feel that it was Roy's own fault that carried him into those places. But, all the same, I think he should be told—"

"He will be told," Mrs. Granger repeated, "when we return to Baltimore, and

an interview with him can be arranged. Moira wishes to tell him herself who she is; and it's her intention then to go back to France, where she will be better able to hear news of Royall."

Mr. Granger nodded approval.

"It is the best place for her," he said.

But when, a short time after this, Mrs. Granger sought Moira in order to inform her that Mr. Granger had at last been admitted into their confidence, she found her with a face so altered in expression, with eyes so bright and glowing, that she cried at once:

"You have had good news! You have heard from Royall!"

"I have heard from him, yes," Moira answered. "But whether it is good news or not—further than that any news from him is good—I can not say. His letter is written from Oran. Thank Heaven he is at least safely out of Morocco! But he says that M. Lemontier was on his way—and he, of course, with him—to Tripoli."

"Why on earth?"

"Because of mysterious and urgent directions to go there, where, Royall says, it is hinted that events of importance will soon take place. 'This,' he writes" (she opened his letter and began to read), "'can mean only that, since the French occupation of Morocco is now an accomplished fact, Italy will lose no time in seizing Tripoli, lest France or some other power should extend her influence in that direction. If any such step is in prospect, we are anxious to be on the spot in advance of it, and so we shall lose no time in getting there. I am delighted at the prospect; for there may not only be adventures ahead, but Tripoli is another last stronghold of mystery and picturesqueness, as my Far-Away Princess will remember.'"

Moira looked up from the letter with shining eyes.

"He remembers that Tripoli was the home of the Far-Away Princess," she said. "It seems a good omen that he

should go there, as if, in some subtle fashion, we were being brought together again. Oh, I must return to France at once! For if he can not come to me, I may perhaps go to him—in Tripoli."

"Well, you shall return to France; but you must take with you the assurance, that his home is open to him, and that you have won his father's heart; and, in order to do this, you must make your long-delayed revelation to Governor Harcourt."

"When can I see him to make it?"

"In a few days we shall go back home, and I will then write and ask the Governor to come to see us. Of course he will come; and I don't know how it may be with you, but it seems to me that the fall of the curtain on a happy ending is clearly in sight."

"Do you think so?" Moira's tone was as wistful as it was eager. "I hope the happy ending may be in sight; but a fear—a premonition of misfortune—has been with me for many days, and I can not throw it off."

"It is the result of your long anxiety. But you will be able to throw it off when you get news from Tripoli,—strange, unknown byway of the world, and fit home for a Far-Away Princess, that it is."

But the next day brought news which lifted Tripoli from forgotten obscurity into a foremost place in the world's attention,—news that the Italian fleet had sailed into the harbor, and bombarded and taken the city from the feeble grasp of the Turks, who had held it since the Knights of St. John surrendered it to them in the sixteenth century.

Those who recall the events of contemporary history (of which, as a rule, people know less than of any other kind of history) will remember that, following the sudden descent of the Italian forces upon Tripoli, and the surrender of the city, there was an interval in which little news reached the outer world other than accounts of the host of distracted

fugitives who fled by every ship available, and the complaints of the correspondents who were ingloriously held in durance in Malta on their way toward the seat of war.

It amused and gratified Moira to consider the immense advantage over these last which M. Lemontier had secured by the inside information which had placed him on the ground before events happened; and she awaited with utmost eagerness the news which she was sure must very soon reach her from Royall. "I shall have a cable message from him at once. He will know that I want to be assured of his safety," she said, as soon as the news of the fall of the city had been flashed around the world. But the message so confidently expected did not come. Days went on; and then there was news of renewed fighting, of Arab resistance to the Italian occupation, but still no word from Royall broke the silence; and Moira began to grow anxious again, wondering whether he had indeed been in Tripoli, or what had become of him.

"It seems foolish to be uneasy," she said to Mrs. Granger; "but in a country so unsettled, among a people so wild, *anything* may happen; and I am certain that he would not fail to send me a message if he were within reach of a telegraph."

"But in times of war," Mrs. Granger suggested, "messages are often censored—'held up.'"

"There would be nothing to censor in an assurance of his safety."

"But, my dear, I don't suppose that he thinks there is any occasion to send you such an assurance. He knows that you know that foreigners are not in danger in fighting of this kind."

"Bullets and shells are not respecters of foreigners," Moira observed. "No doubt I *am* foolish, and a letter from him is probably on the way; but if I were only in Paris I could learn something."

"How could you learn anything more if you were there?"

"Why, from the journals that sent M. Lemontier on his expedition, of course."

"Then why not cable for news to the office of those journals?"

Moira sprung up, and flung her arms impulsively around the speaker.

"What a happy inspiration!" she cried. "And what an idiot I have been not to think of it before! I will send a cable at once to *L'Illustration*, and sign the message with my own name. I am sure they haven't forgotten Moira Deschanel in Paris yet."

So the cable carried a message from Moira Deschanel to the office of *L'Illustration* in Paris, inquiring for news of the artist, Royall Harcourt, with M. Lemontier in Africa; and the sender of the message schooled herself to patience while waiting for an answer.

Before this time the Granger household had transferred itself back to Baltimore; and immediately on her return Mrs. Granger had written to Governor Harcourt asking him to come to see them. To this invitation no reply had been received up to the time that the cable message to Paris was sent; and it was on the day following the sending of this message that Moira said:

"If Governor Harcourt is not heard from, or if he does not come soon, I shall have to go away without seeing him; for I *must* return to France."

"I can't understand why he does not let us hear from him," Mrs. Granger said,—“except that, of course, he doesn't know that we have any special reason for wanting to see him; and he's aware that he can now see Robert at any time. But he will certainly answer my note soon; and if you get good news from Paris, there's no reason for your hurrying away."

"There's every reason. I want to be where I can obtain news of Royall. This suspense is too hard to bear."

"But the suspense is not going to last; and I really think you are foolish to be so anxious. I'm sure Royall is quite safe, and you'll get a message very soon telling

you so. Ah," (as a servant entered at the moment bearing a telegram on a tray) "there it is no doubt! What! The message is for me?"

She took the envelope presented, hurriedly tore it open, and read aloud:

Shall be in Baltimore to-day. Will call to see you at four o'clock.

GILBERT HARCOURT.

"Well," she looked up at Moira, smiling, "could anything be better arranged? He will come this afternoon, you shall receive him alone, and make your disclosure before he sees any one else,—that is, unless you would like me to be present, to take my share of blame for our plot."

But Moira shook her head, though she had grown perceptibly paler.

"I think that I would rather see him alone," she said, "and take alone whatever blame there may be."

"I don't believe that there will be any. I am sure he will be delighted to welcome you to his house and heart. Don't allow yourself to expect anything else. I shall give orders that he is to be shown at once up to my sitting-room, where you will be ready to give him a cup of tea, as well as news that ought to make him the happiest old gentleman imaginable; for he will be able to say, 'My son that was lost is found again.'"

But Moira raised her hand with a silencing gesture.

"Don't!" she said. "It is not well to be too confident. We can't tell what he will say, and we don't know whether his son that was lost can be—found again."

It was a few hours later that Governor Harcourt was shown into Mrs. Granger's private sitting-room—a charming apartment, which opened out of her chamber on the second floor,—where he found Moira waiting for him beside a tea table attractively set out with china and silver, and an urn softly murmuring over its spirit-lamp. He met her with the utmost cordiality; and was impressed afresh by the exquisite grace of her manner and bearing, as she came forward to greet him;

and the beauty of her face, with its complexion of delicate pallor, and its wonderful eyes, of the blue of gloaming seas, shining like jewels under their dark lashes.

"Mrs. Granger will be here in a short time," she told him. "Meanwhile you will let me give you a cup of tea? And perhaps you will not mind talking to me a little."

"Nothing could give me more pleasure," the Governor gallantly assured her, as he sat down and watched her, with the sense of pleasure which a beautiful and harmonious object always inspires, as she made and handed him his cup of tea. Then, when she herself sat down, he asked about Mr. Granger; and a few minutes were spent in talking of his recovery, and the happy effect which the stay at Atlantic City seemed to have had in restoring his health and strength.

But Moira was too highly keyed for the ordeal before her, and too nervously aware of the danger of possible interruption, to allow the conversation to follow this line very long; and, therefore, she made presently a sudden and, to her companion, very unexpected diversion.

"Have you been noticing the late news from Tripoli?" she asked him abruptly.

Governor Harcourt stared a little. There seemed no reason for the intrusion of Tripoli into the conversation; but he replied that he had noticed the news, and thought the conduct of the Italians thoroughly indefensible.

"Bad enough to have seized the country, on a flimsy pretext, from the Turks," he said; "but simply outrageous to massacre the Arabs as they are doing. What has occurred seems to have been not so much fighting as murder. My sympathies are all with the Arabs. How are yours?"

"Mine are with the Arabs, too," she answered; "though I'm afraid I haven't thought a great deal about them. You see, I have a—a personal interest in the situation."

"Oh, have you?" His tone became

more interested, though he also looked a little surprised; for in all their intercourse up to this time Miss Fortescue had carefully avoided any personal allusions, and now she brought one into the conversation without any apparent necessity for doing so. "I hope," he added courteously, "that it is not an interest so—er—close as to cause you anxiety?"

"It has caused and still causes me *great* anxiety," she replied, while he saw a flood of color rise to her clear, pale cheeks, and then as quickly recede again. "Wherever there are conditions of war, there is danger even for those who are not immediately connected with the conflicting forces; and—and there is some one who may be in Tripoli—"

"Some one who has evidently been fortunate enough to inspire a very deep interest in you," the Governor said, as she hesitated and paused. "But if, as you seem to imply, he is neither an Italian nor an Arab, there doesn't appear to be much reason for anxiety."

"He is certainly neither an Italian nor an Arab," she said. "He is—an American. He is the—artist who accompanied M. Lemontier into Morocco, two or three months ago."

There was a moment's silence,—a moment which was required for Governor Harcourt to take in the meaning of what he had heard, and fully comprehend it. Then the blood mounted to his face, as if he had received a blow; and every line of his features seemed to harden, as he looked with eyes full of sudden suspicion at the girl before him.

"I suppose," he said at length, very coldly, "that you are speaking of my son, who went into Morocco at the time you mention, with the person whom you have named. Having gone there, I do not understand how he can be in Tripoli."

"He is in Tripoli, or at least there is reason to believe that he is there," Moira answered, "because M. Lemontier had a hint in advance of what was about to

occur, and hastened from French Africa in order to be in the city before the Italians attacked it; and of course Roy—your son went with him."

"How do you know all this?" Governor Harcourt demanded, his gaze fixed on her with increasing suspicion.

"I know it," she replied, "because I—"

And then she paused abruptly; for at this moment the door opened and a servant entered, bearing on a silver card-tray a telegraphic dispatch, which he brought up to her, saying, in the low, respectful voice of a well-bred servant, that Mrs. Granger had directed him to bring it in, and that she had signed for it.

"Very well," Moira answered, taking the dispatch from the tray; but she did not open it until the door had closed behind the man's retreating figure. Then, tearing the envelope quickly across, she drew out and read the message within; while Governor Harcourt, watching her, remained silent, with a cold sense of deepening apprehension at his heart.

It became something more than apprehension, however, when after a minute she looked up and met his eyes, her own filled with a look of anguish there was no mistaking. Instinctively he rose to his feet, as a man rises to face calamity.

"What is it?" he asked sharply. "Does that" (he pointed to the message with a shaking hand) "contain news of my son?"

"Yes," she answered, with a quietness which surprised herself, "it contains news of him. It is from Paris, from the office of the journal that sent him to Africa, and it says—it says—"

"Yes, what does it say?"

"That he has disappeared, that no one knows where he is, or what has become of him,—that he is—O my God!—that he is—*lost!*"

With that last word, which was a piercing cry of anguish, her head fell forward upon her arms, extended on the tea table, and she lay motionless, as if fainting.

Governor Harcourt stood, equally motionless for another minute, looking down

at the lovely dark head, over which some rays of sunshine streamed and danced as if in mockery of its grief. Then he said in a tone so stern and authoritative that it commanded reply:

"Miss Fortescue, what is my son to you?"

His question rang out on the stillness of the room like a challenge, and as a challenge Moira answered it. Lifting her head, she also rose, and, standing—tall, slender, and white as a lily,—faced him proudly.

"When I tell you who I am," she said in her thrilling voice, "you will know what your son is to me. I am not Miss Fortescue. I am Moira Deschanel,—Moira Harcourt,—I am your son's wife."

(To be continued.)

Early Mass in Ireland.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

THE sloe is on the thorn
 This holy Sunday morn,
 The corncrake is hidin' in the grass.
 There's the bell within the steeple,
 Sends a message to the people
 To be kneelin' when the priest begins the Mass.

The scythe is put away,
 An' the sun in heaven this day
 Is gildin' all the meadows that you pass.
 Hurry through the chapel gates!
 Sure 'tis God Himself who waits
 For the people when the priest begins the Mass!

The dew is on the corn
 This blessed Sunday morn,
 The daisies dance before me on the grass.
 How my old heart beats with feelin',
 'Tis so full of joy when kneelin'
 Near the railin' when the priest begins the Mass!

Rockin' gently to and fro,
 Sayin' sweet old prayers I know,
 On the beads that through my tremblin' fingers
 pass.
 Don't ye smile at me, my dears,
 If I can't keep back the tears,
 Near the railin' when the priest begins the Mass.

The Touch of Fame.

BY PATRICIA MANLEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

DEAR SISTER AGNES:—It is almost a year since I wrote you a letter (my communications during that time could scarcely be dignified by that title); and, with my usual egotism, I fancy you must be longing to hear what that year has held for us.

As you know, we left our summer paradise in Greenbrae much sooner than we expected, and sailed for Rome, where Paul executed a commission for some frescoes in the chapel of the English College. It was an anxious time for me; for, as usual, he worked to the point of exhaustion. And really, Sister, I am beginning to feel jealous of his work,—not on my own behalf, but on the score of his health. He puts so much of himself, of his own scant store of vitality, into his pictures that at times I fear for his life. After months of feverish work on his part, and a grave anxiety on mine, the frescoes were finished; and I am sure you will agree that I could give them no higher praise than to say that they are worthy of Rome. We had thought to spend the late winter and early spring in Southern Europe; but, on the advice of an eminent physician, we repaired instead to the Scotch Highlands, where the cold, bracing air worked wonders toward Paul's recovery.

We interrupted our journey in London to hear Muriel in her first engagement at Covent Garden. She was a tremendous success in Vienna, Berlin, and Paris, but we doubted her ability to evoke much enthusiasm from her phlegmatic British audience. Technically, her voice has improved immensely; yet to me it seems to have lost ever so little of its wonderful freshness and purity; just as Muriel herself has gained in poise, and yet has lost something of her girlish charm. Paul insists that the change—which to him

is not so apparent as it is to me—is inevitable, and that Muriel of Greenbrae would be out of place on a London stage. However that may be, it is certain that she was quite at her ease in that fashionable throng, and no Continental audience could have received her numbers more enthusiastically than did those usually stolid Britishers.

After the performance, Paul and I called at the stage door and drove her in our motor to the Café la Bohème, a quaint little foreign restaurant tucked away among the towering structures of the Strand, and known only to the denizens of the artistic world. As we had waited for Muriel to make the necessary change of costume, it was some time before we reached the café; and eager crowds, surmising our destination, had preceded us. When Muriel entered, they thronged about her and gave her such an ovation as they rarely tender the celebrities who frequent the place. Smiling her gratitude, she threw back the filmy veil that enshrouded her lovely head, and sang to them,—not an aria such as had charmed them an hour ago, but a simple ballad, sweet with the breath of fields and woodlands, redolent of showers and sunshine, of singing birds and bourgeoning flowers.

The heavy, perfume-laden atmosphere about us seemed to vanish, and the pure, sweet air of morning swept over our fevered faces and weary hearts. Eyes long unused to tears were wet that night as the doors of Memory swung back beneath the magic of her voice, and those hardened worldlings walked again the dewy lanes of childhood. When she ceased singing, that *blasé* throng sprang up with one accord and shouted itself hoarse. Muriel turned and smiled into Paul's eyes, and he smiled proudly back. Perhaps, after all, my fears were unfounded. God grant it may be so!

Forgive my neglect, dear Sister, and write to me soon.

Yours lovingly, PETRA BERESFORD.

DEAR SISTER AGNES:—We are at present located in Glengariff, where we hope Paul will regain his health. He was anxious to revisit the place, which is full of happy memories for us all. It was here we brought him to recuperate from the ravages of his first great success, and we spent here one of the pleasantest winters of our lives. Just now, however, Paul's heart, like my own, is in Greenbrae; but the physicians say that he is too weak to withstand the fatigue of so long a journey.

I sent you clippings of the furore his new painting created in Paris; but I did not write, as I was deeply concerned about his health, and could think of nothing but providing for his comfort, and aiding him in my small way. He will allow no one else to enter his studio when he is painting; and, as he often works to the limit of his strength, I feel it my duty to remain with him as much as possible. It is no small honor to be allowed to clean the brushes that work such miracles of beauty. No sooner was his painting for the Salon completed than he began another—something he has never before attempted. Despite his frail health, he completed it, and won high honors in the London Exhibition.

We remained in London only a few weeks, and Paul was confined to his room the greater part of the time. The very first evening he came down to the dining-room he met a friend of former days,—a fellow-student who had failed in his artistic career, and had saved, from his meager income as a teacher of drawing, a sum sufficient to take his wife and himself on a long-coveted trip through the British Isles. They were as happy as children on a holiday, though I strongly suspect they will return to New York penniless. With his usual chivalry, Paul insisted that they should be our guests during the few days they were to remain in town, and he deputed me to show them the principal points of interest about the city.

The following day we motored over so

many streets and visited so many famous places that it makes me dizzy to think of it even now. In the evening we had seats for the opera, and afterward dined at the little Bohemian café, just as Paul and I had done on the night of Muriel's triumph. In fact, we found ourselves seated at the very table we had occupied on that memorable night. It was all so familiar that I half expected to see Muriel—nor was I disappointed. The orchestra had played an overture, to which I listened abstractedly (for my thoughts were all of the past), when one of the professional entertainers came out to sing. And—oh, the tragedy of it!—the café singer was Muriel; but, alas, how changed, how hardened the face that was once so pure!

In a high metallic voice, that had gained in power what it had lost in sweetness, she sang a music hall ballad,—nothing intrinsically evil: one of those nonsensical popular songs, that it shamed me to hear from her lips. Her hearers, many of whom were old habitués of the place, and who had joined in the ovation she received when she first sang there, listened tolerantly until her glance fell upon me, and her voice quavered ludicrously, while a slow tear coursed down her rouged cheek, leaving a streak of white in its wake. Then they laughed and jeered and hissed her from the stage. It was they, with their homage, that had made her what she was, and now they repudiated her! Why is it that the world is not content until it rubs the bloom from all virginal beauty, and then turns in contempt from what it has despoiled?

As soon as I recovered my faculties, I excused myself and went to seek her; but she had gone, no one knew where. I dared not tell Paul, for the knowledge would have killed him; and I hastened our departure, lest he should hear it from others. My hardest task now is to assume a cheerfulness I can not feel; for my heart is heavy with the thought of Muriel's downfall. Do not misconstrue my words. She has never been guilty of gross sins.

Her fall has been spiritual: she has lost her childish faith, her high ideals; and I measure the tragedy of her life not by the depths to which she has descended, but by the heights from which she fell. To many she is still an object of envy; for she has handsome gowns and jewels, and her income even as a café singer is not to be despised. But to me it is a terrible thing that this worldly woman, with the sordid soul, was the lily maiden I used to know.

It is good of you to be always interested in me and my troubles; and I dare not speak of Muriel to any one but you, lest Paul should hear what I am trying to keep from him. His recovery is slow,—one day stronger, the next so weak as to discourage us; but we still hope for the best. He enjoys your letters quite as much as I do. They are always so bright and cheerful that they dispel our gloom, so please write as soon as you can.

Paul needs me now, so I can write no more.

Yours lovingly,

PETRA.

DEAR SISTER AGNES:—I cabled you from Glengariff the sad news of Paul's death, and again from New York of our safe arrival there; but I had not the heart to write even to you. Now, however, I feel that it will help me to bear my sorrow if I tell you of it.

As was to be expected in one of Paul's sturdy faith, he welcomed the change when he knew that recovery was impossible; but to me the thought of the approaching separation was appalling. For his sake I concealed my feelings, and devoted my time to making his last hours happy. And—thank God!—they were as peaceful as his childhood days; but he has taken the peace with him, and left me to such bitter, rebellious grief as frightens me. I tell myself over and over that I am sinful and ungrateful, that I should be giving thanks for the years of blessed comradeship that we spent together; but it is no use. He has been

all in all to me; and now I do not want pleasant memories; arguments can not comfort me: it is Paul I want.

He was kind and thoughtful until the end; and his last request was that he should be buried in Greenbrae, — not, I feel sure, because he cared where his body should rest, but because he hoped that I might draw comfort from the dear spot where our hearts have turned since that happy summer five years ago. Our friends in San Francisco urged me to bury him in the family plot at Holy Cross, and to have the Requiem Mass at the cathedral. The members of the opera company, among whom were Madame Candide and Signor Craviotti, offered to sing the Mass; but I knew that, as Paul had shunned publicity in life, so now he would not wish the pageantry of a public funeral, to which many would come, drawn by curiosity to view the pomp of a famous man's obsequies; so I carried out Paul's wishes.

Here in the quiet little church, fragrant with the incense of many Benedictions and holy with the echo of many prayers, the village children sang his Requiem; and good Father Barry spoke, not of his artistic achievements and the fame they had won for him, but of the purity of his heart and the beauty of his life, of the shortness of time and the length of eternity. It was all very simple and sweet and consoling, and quite as Paul would have wished it to be. And I am alone, — no, not alone; for Margaret is with me. Dear, faithful Margaret! She helped to soothe Paul's passage into eternity, and I hope she will be near to soothe my own.

Pray for me, Sister, that I may be resigned to my loss. And above all pray for my brother's soul.

Lovingly yours,

PETRA.

DEAR SISTER AGNES: — How tender you were with me! How kind you have always been! I know it was wicked of me to grieve as I did over my loss, but

how can I thank you enough for not reminding me of my wickedness! Your letter was full of consolation, as I knew it would be; and I am very grateful for your sympathy, and most of all for the prayers you are offering for my dear brother's soul. Something has happened since I wrote you that makes me thankful that Paul is gone. Not for worlds would I have him back to see the fruit of his unintentional fault, — to witness as I have done poor Muriel's sufferings and the grief of her parents. Thank God, he died with his faith in the girl unshaken, secure in the belief that her talents were being used for the uplift of the world!

One day, perhaps a fortnight after we buried Paul, Margaret came to the door and told me that Mrs. Carleton was waiting in the living room to see me. I shrank from the interview, and I mentally resolved that I should guard Muriel's secret from her mother as I had done from Paul. But, alas! her knowledge of the girl's failure was more complete than mine. Muriel had returned home, penniless, discredited, and sick unto death; and her mother had come, in response to her entreaties, to ask me to visit her. I went of course, and the tragedy of what I saw will haunt me always. Five years ago I met her, the incarnation of youth: to-day I found a woman aged, hardened, and rebellious facing death with no thought save of the world that had used her so ill, no desire but to return to its deceptive pleasures.

She told me of her life since we last met, and I read between the lines the confirmation of all my fears,—how, gradually, she had lost her high ideals, and in their place had nursed a new-found pride and love of flattery; and how, by imperceptible degrees, her voice had lost its purity and her face its charm. Then the public that had worshipped at her shrine turned to new idols, leaving her to the necessity of singing in cafés and cheap music halls; until at last even this failed her, and, forced to acknowl-

edge defeat, she had turned to the one refuge that awaited her—her home.

I tried, as her mother had done, to awaken her faith, but it seemed dead within her. I visited her every day for a week; and she seemed to take pleasure in my society, though all her thoughts were of earthly things, and not once did she mention her approaching death, or make any preparation for it. At last one morning I was gladdened by the news that Father Barry had broken down the barriers of worldliness and pride, and had just administered the last Sacraments. It was a new Muriel that greeted me that day, —so quiet and resigned, her face eloquent with regret that was not for the world she was leaving.

I remained with her until evening, and then I left her resting on her couch on the broad porch that overlooks the garden. The tawdry glare of the city streets had passed from her life, and the fragrant dusk of the warm spring night poured its peace into her heart. All about her were the familiar scents and sounds of the tranquil valley, —the fragrance of lilies; the spicy odors of moist earth and growing things; the rustle of leaves; the chirp of a cricket in the crevices of the terrace; the frogs' happy chorus in the pond far down at the foot of the meadow; the whisper of the breeze that caressed her face; and, above the eastern hilltops, the flash of stars through wind-swept pines. I left her to the memory of other evenings, when a slip of a girl, as pure as the lilies that perfumed the dusk, had swayed to and fro in the old swing, dreaming those radiant dreams of youth that come but once, then vanish forever.

That night was Muriel's last upon earth, and her mother's wonderful resignation shamed me from my rebellious grief. I wondered that Mrs. Carleton had no word of reproach for Paul, and I thought in my heart she must blame him for the wreck of Muriel's life. Yesterday, as I entered the cemetery by

the eastern entrance, I saw her leaving by the southern gate. I planned to overtake her on her homeward way, and ask her to pardon the wrong he had unwittingly done her. For a moment I knelt in prayer at Muriel's grave, and found it banked with fresh flowers. Then I passed on to Paul's; and there at the foot of the cross gleamed a sheaf of fragrant lilies, mute token of that bereaved mother's forgiveness for his unintentional fault. Then I found perfect resignation, and more — I found happiness. I used to think that happiness meant something joyful, ecstatic; but now I know that it means peace.

Margaret and I are remaining in Greenbrae permanently, so address your letters here. And please write as often as your duties will permit; for I am very lonely and your letters will be thrice welcome now. What should I do but for you and dear, faithful Margaret! Again I ask your prayers for Paul and Muriel.

Lovingly,

PETRA BERESFORD.

Some Catholics in the Far East.

BY CARMEN MACKINNON.

FOREIGNERS in China know very little of the people by whom they are surrounded, whether pagan or Christian. The generality of Europeans are not in sympathy with missionary enterprise; and, as a rule, think little of the convert Chinaman, Catholic or Protestant. Indeed, they often frankly prefer the pagan, perhaps because they feel that it is easier to keep in his place a man who can not make religious grounds a claim to equality with the white race.

I have often heard it said that it takes three generations to make a Catholic even in Europe or America; it is, therefore, not surprising that the convert Chinaman should find it still harder to shake off the influence of his pagan surroundings, or to free himself from the

traditions and customs which are the very essence of Chinese life. After a short stay of eighteen months in China, I do not pretend to give any authoritative opinion concerning the value of Chinese Catholicity as compared with our own standards: I can but give my impressions for what they are worth.

Once, when I was speaking on this subject with a missionary "up country," he expressed himself most hopefully as to the poorer Chinese converts, especially in the interior, where they do not come in contact with foreigners. It is far more difficult to gain converts in the great cities and centres of foreign influence. Nevertheless, in Shanghai particularly, there is an ancient Catholicity, which, though it seems to have made but little progress in numbers for three hundred years, yet gives the impression of being thoroughly genuine.

The Chinese converts have an ardent faith and spirit of prayer, which might well put many of us to shame. The greater part seem to be always in their first fervor,—that happy state which converts experience on their deliverance "from the land of Egypt and the house of bondage." That first enthusiasm rarely lasts for very long with us. Another characteristic of their faith and piety is its simplicity, owing in a measure to the fact that the majority belong to the poorer classes. They resemble the primitive Christians. "For there are not many wise according to the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble."

In the French church of Shanghai, the men and women are on different sides. In numbers, strange as it may seem to us, the men frequently predominate. The seven-o'clock daily Mass is very well attended, and on Sunday the church is as full as any in London or New York. The Chinese sing their prayers in a weird, monotonous chant, which, though at first somewhat disagreeable, becomes in time even attractive, perhaps because it is inspired by true devotion.

The men have their own confessional, and the women theirs. The custom of the Chinese is always to prostrate themselves before the priest before going in. They seemed to think it rather strange that we Europeans did not do the like, and eyed us somewhat suspiciously as we went in our usual way. The men are not put out if a foreign woman goes to confession on their side; nor do the women resent a foreign man intruding on their territory; but they never permit it from one another. They are quite as tenacious of their turn for confession as we are. The women stand outside in ranks twenty or thirty deep. Some of the foreigners had an unpleasant way of pushing ahead of the Chinese, and going in out of their turn, and many were the looks of annoyance cast at the intruders.

In general, they regard the foreigner as outside the pale, and are not bound by their rules of decorum. They are very pleased, however, to see a goodly number of foreigners in their church; and I well remember, as we crowded out from Mass one Whit-Sunday morning, hearing one Chinaman say to another in his own tongue: "Foreign doctrine-brethren not a few!"

There are in Shanghai some better-class Chinese Catholics. It was a pretty sight to see the dainty little ladies stepping with their tiny feet from small carriages. They were arrayed in rich silks and satins, blue and black, sometimes accompanied by their children. One baby boy of two or three was especially fascinating. He was fat, round and plump, and with bright black eyes he surveyed all around him, never deviating from the strictest propriety of baby behavior. His dress was of all colors of the rainbow. On his round head was a little black cap somewhat like a biretta, only it had a glass ball on the top.

One woman all in white, presumably a widow, came every morning with a number of youngsters. She went daily to Communion with the elder children. She

had a homely, genial, good-humored way with her, which was very attractive. The daughters, pretty little girls, in the intervals of saying their Rosaries, looked about them, very much after the manner of their small English sisters. This woman, in common with many other Christians, had bound feet; the majority, however, have them unbound; still, there are those who like to adhere to the old established custom.

At Wei-hai-wei, one of the few English priests to be found in China was in charge of the mission. He had gone there four or five years before. In 1910 he had about fifty catechumens and some thirty baptized converts. When he first went there, he had to get a learned teacher to read the language with him. He had great difficulty in persuading him to come, as the priests are in most cases regarded with fear and suspicion by the pagans. The good Father was almost in despair of making converts. He set this man to read the great truths of religion, thus hoping to kill two birds with one stone. It was a long time before any impression was made. One day, when reading the story of the Passion, the Chinaman looked up and said to the priest: "Can these things be true?" No sooner was he persuaded of the truth of these facts than he became converted. The Passion and atonement, and, strangely enough, the doctrine of eternal punishment, impressed him most. He became a very ardent Catholic. The good Father described him as a saint. He was fiercely persecuted by his family; but in the end his wife and children became Catholics, and made their home near the mission.

The greatest hope for Catholicity in China appears to be the native Chinese priests. It is true that the Chinaman looks up most to the European Father; but, on the other hand, a priesthood of their own has naturally a different kind of influence, which is as much needed as the other. The few native priests whom we came to know appeared to be constantly

engrossed in prayer and meditation. They had a most supernatural expression, but this may have been more noticeable owing to the marked absence of anything supernatural in the ordinary Chinaman.

The English Father at Wei-hai-wei and his Chinese confrère used from time to time to travel through the province. They took with them large pictures representing the life of Christ; thus they instructed the people in the villages, and prepared the way for conversions. There are in China over 312,000,000 of inhabitants. The conversion of the country is indeed a stupendous task. But we are apt to forget nowadays that it took over a thousand years to evangelize Europe.

In the island of Hainan, thirty hours' steam from Hong Kong, there were not more than ten Chinese Catholics at the time of which I write. The priest, a holy French missionary, lived on a wretched pittance (twopence a day, for rice). He had no church, no buildings of any kind. It was hard to see the Protestant missions there so rich and flourishing. He often said that, with slightly larger resources for the work, he could bring hundreds into the Church. There was a reason for this. Hoihow had been an old Jesuit mission. The seed, though hidden deep, is not wholly dead. Several of the Fathers of the mission were martyrs for the Faith in China. They lie buried in the old cemetery, where their graves are still to be seen. With just a little help, many descendants of those old Christians might be awakened to the Truth. Would that these few words might inspire some zealous Catholics to help forward that noble mission! More than one missionary assured us that circumstances were never more favorable.

It will indeed be a happy day when the ascendancy of party principles and the attainment of wholesome administration will be universally regarded as sufficient rewards of individual and legitimate party service.—*Grover Cleveland.*

The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

May 11, Whit-Sunday.

PENTECOST has dawned,—the solemn festival of the "Fiftieth Day," commemorating the giving of the Law to Moses on Mount Sinai, amid thunder and lightning, and circumstances inspiring terror of God's majesty. But this, the fiftieth day since Christ arose from the dead, is a still greater Pentecost. Upon it is to be promulgated the law of love in place of that of fear; it is to be for all time the complete fulfilment of the type and promise of the ancient Pentecost, the consummation of the Christian Pasch, since on this day the Holy Ghost takes possession of man redeemed by Christ.

The Apostles and disciples are sharing with Mary the upper room, already so greatly hallowed; they are awaiting the coming of Him for whom they long. A rushing, mighty wind fills the whole house; tongues of fire descend upon each one there, and the Spirit takes possession of His own. A scene of thrilling awe, yet devoid of the terrors of old, because it is the Spirit of Love who comes to spread abroad His gracious gifts.

This, the "Birthday" of the Church, has always been held most sacred, ranking next to Easter, the Christian Pasch, even as the Jewish Pentecost shared a solemnity of celebration with the Passover. No feast can displace it; for a whole Octave it reigns supreme, each day with its own special liturgy. In the early ages its Vigil, too, was observed just-as that of Easter; but in later times its rites have been curtailed.

The liturgy of to-day is an outpouring of joyful thanks for the precious Gift bestowed upon the Church. The Introit is an enthusiastic declaration of the results of His coming: "The Spirit of the Lord hath filled the whole world, and that which contained all things hath knowledge

of the voice." The words are a prophecy from the Book of Wisdom of the great event of this day, and tell of the diffusion of the Spirit of God throughout the world; and at the same time refer to the miracle of the gift of tongues bestowed upon the Apostles, of which the tongues of fire were an emblem. "Let God arise," cries the psalm, "and let His enemies be scattered, and let them that hate Him flee from before His face!" God, indeed, has arisen in might. No longer timid and distrustful, but bold and fearless, the Apostles spread abroad the knowledge of the Gospel. God's enemies have no power to hinder the working of His grace. At Peter's fervent preaching three thousand souls are won to the Church.

Our Lord has been true to His promise, and His servants are rewarded for their perfect obedience to His directions. "Stay you in the city till you be endued with power from on high," is His parting injunction. "And they, adoring, go back to Jerusalem with great joy." In the spirit of perfect trust they give themselves to unceasing prayer and contemplation of the things of God; and, according to their Lord's promise, they now rejoice beyond measure, and their joy 'no man shall take from them.'

It is for this abundant joy that we pray in the Collect,—a joy which is one of the fruits of the Holy Ghost. It is to be our consolation in the difficulties which surround us in this world, and it will be ours in greater or less measure as we submit ourselves to that Holy Spirit's working. And so we pray also that the light which filled the minds of the Apostles and disciples may fill us too, and enable us to see God's leading, and to follow on the way He points out. Then that joy will be ours, and no man can take it from us. "O God," the Church bids us pray, "who, by the light of the Holy Ghost, didst this day instruct the hearts of the faithful, grant that, by the same Spirit, we may relish what is right, and ever rejoice in His consolation."

Nor are we to be satisfied with once or twice invoking the descent of that Holy Spirit into our hearts: again and again during this day's liturgy does the Church put into our mouths the fervent cry of invitation, "Come, Holy Ghost!" He is to fill us with His gifts, and He would have us desire Him with all our heart. So we find the Alleluia verses both entreating for His presence. "Alleluia! Send forth Thy Spirit, and they shall be created; and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth." They are the words of the Psalmist, pointing out the new creation which was to be the result of that sending forth of the Spirit. The second Alleluia verse is a more solemn invocation. During the singing of it the celebrant and ministers kneel, with the rest of the faithful, in lowly supplication: "Come, O Holy Spirit, fill the hearts of Thy faithful, and kindle within them the fire of Thy love." Then follows that beautiful Sequence, *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*. It is a hymn of tenderest love, addressed to the Divine Spirit, begging Him to establish His reign in our inmost hearts. It was written in the twelfth century, and its author is thought, with good reason, to have been the great Pope Innocent III. Perhaps of all the hymns to the Holy Ghost this is the most attractive. Our prayer-books have different versions of it in English. One of the most familiar is that beginning:

Come, Holy Ghost, send down those beams.

The thankful joy which filled the Apostles, and which continues to fill the whole Church on this day, must find an echo in us. Innumerable are the blessings we owe Him, — the Church, equipped with all the means of salvation; Christian life, Christian laws, Christian morals, and Christian virtues. The whole world would be "renewed" did it but accept the graces offered by the Spirit. We, at least, can open our hearts to Him, that the fire of love may burn brightly therein, never to suffer extinction.

Whit-Sunday Customs.

MANY of the customs that used to mark, in the early ages of the Church, the celebration of the greater festivals of the ecclesiastical year have fallen into desuetude in most countries, although some of them still survive in lands where the Faith has ever remained vigorous and lively. Thus, in Messina, Sicily, during the singing of the Sequence, *Veni, Sancte Spiritus* ("Come, O Holy Spirit—come!"), there still takes place the rain of roses, a vast quantity of these flowers being thrown down from the vaulted ceiling of the church. These roses took the place, in Rome and elsewhere in Italy, of the lighted torches that were dropped from the ceilings of some churches, as graphic symbols of the tongues of fire which, on the first Whit-Sunday, or Pentecost, came down from heaven and "sat upon every one of them" (the Apostles). A still prettier and more closely symbolic custom that prevailed in other churches was the setting free in the church of a number of doves.

In some parts of France, it was the fashion in old times to symbolize another circumstance mentioned in the Bible account of the descent of the Holy Ghost: "And suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a mighty wind, and it filled the whole house where they were sitting." The noise of the mighty wind was imitated by the vigorous blowing of trumpets in the course of the Whit-Sunday Mass.

In "Merrie England" of the olden time, when that country rejoiced in the name of "Our Lady's Dowry," the great church festivals synchronized with secular merrymakings as well as religious devotions. The particular sport to which the English gentry were addicted during Whitsuntide was horse-racing. One meaning, now obsolete, of the word "ale" used to be, festival or merrymaking; and so we read that "at the Whitsun Ales special plays were performed."

Low Wages and White Slavery.

WHEN Macaulay stated that he knew "no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality," he was satirizing the tendency of most other peoples, as well as the British, to indulge in overstatement, exaggeration, hyperbole, whenever they become worked up to actual participation in any new form of moral crusade. This habit of unduly emphasizing the influence and importance of the particular subject in which one is personally interested is natural enough, but it can not be called judicious.

The current agitation in several of our States over the question of establishing by law a minimum wage for young women and girls employed in factories, department stores, and other spheres of feminine labor, has evoked a number of extravagant statements as to the connection between low wages and "white slavery."

It need hardly be said that we are in hearty sympathy with any well-regulated plan for giving all laborers, male or female, the full wage to which they are entitled. Our view of the matter is identical with that of Pope Leo XIII., as given in his Encyclical "On the Condition of Labor": "The preservation of life is the bounden duty of each and all, and to fail therein is a crime. It follows that each one has a right to procure what is required in order to live; and the poor can procure it in no other way than by work and wages. Let it be granted, then, that as a rule workmen and employer should make agreements, and in particular should freely agree as to wages; nevertheless, there is a dictate of nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, that the remuneration must be enough to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort. If, through necessity or fear of a worse evil, the workman accepts harder

conditions because an employer or contractor will give him no better, he is the victim of fraud and injustice."

Whether such injustice may best be redressed by the enactment of laws specifying the minimum wage to be paid to the workers in different fields of industry, is an economic question about which there may well be honest difference of opinion. Even the best friends of the underpaid women and girls in whose behalf the present agitation has been started may do well to reflect on this declaration of an employer of some six thousand such workers—Mr. Henry Siegel, of New York and Boston: "There is one thing sure. If the proposed minimum wage of \$9 for women becomes a law, tens of thousands of women will lose their positions. In such case it can then well be said that industry has driven some of them to the streets. The average man at \$12 a week is more valuable to an employer than is a woman at \$9 or even at \$7."

It is an inadequate view of the matter to consider it in connection only with such girls as live by themselves and have to be entirely self-supporting. There are unquestionably thousands of young female workers who live at home and whose wages, relatively small as they are, nevertheless help considerably to swell the weekly fund earned by father, brothers, and sisters. With the moral rectitude or turpitude of such young women, judicious parental control has a great deal more to do than has the number of dollars they earn per week. The mother who keeps her young daughter from walking the streets at night with questionable companions of either sex is fighting white slavery much more effectively than will any legislative enactments.

Even as regards the workers who are forced to become entirely self-supporting, there is presumably some rhetorical exaggeration in this statement of a high official of Illinois: "Our investigation into the causes and effect of white slavery in

this State has shown conclusively that thousands of good girls are going wrong every year merely because they can not live upon the wages paid them by employers." As against this declaration—in which, be it noted, low wages are said to be the sole cause of moral delinquency—we have the following statement of a New York Catholic pastor thoroughly competent to discuss the question—Father Curry, rector of St. James' Church: "To assert that a girl receiving, say, a salary of \$8 a week can not live on this amount, even though she does not live at home, and still lead a clean, honest life, is both untrue and ridiculous."

On the other hand, it is quite possible that a wage insufficient to provide a young woman with what she considers a "reasonable and frugal comfort" may be not indeed the sole, or even the principal, cause of her moral downfall, but a contributory cause thereof. While it is doubtless true, as Father Curry has said, that "if a girl or a woman wishes to go wrong, she will do so no matter if she is working for \$3, \$30 or \$300 a week," it is also true that a temptation easily conquerable by a woman enjoying a competence may take on additional strength in the case of one less fortunately conditioned.

Primarily, of course, the question is one of religious education, proper home training, and, as has been said, parental control judiciously exerted. The underworld holds denizens by the thousand who never received a weekly wage, high or low. It was all too numerous populated before women became wage-earners at all; and there will doubtless be Magdalens to be wept over even if the feminine workers in factory or store receive as full a compensation as their fathers and brothers. At the same time if wise legislation, by increasing the normal comfort of these working girls and women, can lessen the force of the temptations to which in our day they are especially exposed, then Godspeed the legislators in their beneficent work!

Notes and Remarks.

Apropos of a recent short article on Syndicalism that appeared in our columns, it may interest some of our readers to hear what a trade-unionist thinks of that proposed solution of economic difficulties. Mr. A. J. Portenar, in a recently published book—"Organized Labor,"—speaks of Syndicalism's "declaration of unceasing war; its program of strike, misery, destruction, and death; its assumption that only through this valley of the shadow can we attain the sunlit mountains of peace and contentment." Referring to the capitalists, or some of them, he says: "On the other hand, there is the brutal determination to abate not one jot of profitable injustice." Then Mr. Portenar proceeds to paint—too luridly, some readers may think—a picture of society dominated by the general strike:

And if through these two policies the conception of the general strike should ever be realized, it would not be war with which we would be confronted. War is too mild a term to describe such a state. Imagine every human activity in a condition of immobility. Then visualize, if you can, the demons that would be loose,—darkness, terror, famine, rapine, carnage, with pestilence to crown the cataclysm. Our world would be an inferno, and we the damned souls in it. No, that is not the road to redemption. There must be a *modus vivendi*—a way to live—while we work out our destiny; and we must find that way.

Syndicalism, then, can not commend itself to any Christian workingman, certainly not to the Catholic laborer. Its principles are immoral in essence, and, carried into action, would be utterly abominable.

The Belgium correspondent of the London *Universe*, writing on the eve of the great strike, predicted its failure for these reasons—

namely, that it is a strike engineered by Vandevelde, Huysmans, and other Socialist leaders, simply and solely for a political object; that it has been too long promised, so that it has not caught the country napping; that the syndicates of Christian workmen have grown

sufficiently strong to make a successful general strike impossible while they refrain from striking; and, lastly, that those who would revolutionize the country by such a strike have to deal with M. de Broqueville's strong Government, which, however much the Socialists may deny it, has the fullest confidence both of the Crown and the country. That Government has now taken all necessary precautions to prevent disorder and to ensure full liberty to work to those who will not strike.

I see that the daily English press, while much of its Belgian correspondence about this strike is fair enough, has here and there allowed its columns, even those in Conservative organs, to be opened to communications inspired by persons who are responsible for exciting the Belgian working classes to strike, ostensibly for manhood suffrage, but in reality that they may turn out of office the Catholic party, which Belgium has kept in power for the last twenty-eight years. Readers of these communications must discount their alarmist tendencies. We in Belgium do not look for either a Socialist upheaval or for a racial and civil war.

Notwithstanding this prediction, however, the strike would seem to have been successful, at least in part, if one may accept the reports of our own newspapers; though, as everyone knows, they are notoriously unreliable in matters involving precision of statement or nice balance of judgment. Accordingly, one must wait for fuller details as to the nature of the "compromise" arrived at by the strikers and the Government before venturing an opinion of the ultimate effect for good or ill of this unique movement.

M. Charles Morice, French poet and symbolist, whose reported conversion last year seemed to some of his readers a recognition of Catholic truth rather than his whole-hearted acceptance thereof, is at present, according to *La Semaine Littéraire*, a genuinely practical Catholic. It is interesting, in this connection, to find another French poet, M. Paul Claudel, writing to M. Morice: "When I became a convert, about twenty-five years ago, I was practically the only Christian poet of my generation. To-day I see on all sides the light of Christ reappearing in noble souls. Everywhere, as in the most

sombre days, of barbarism, religion appears to be the only assured refuge for those who lead a life other than the purely sensual one." The movement indicated in the foregoing is recognized not less by the Church's adversaries than by her friends. One such adversary, M. Marcel Sembat, makes this avowal: "There are literary periods during which the wind is against the Church; the eighteenth century was the most famous, and, nearer to our own times, the end of the second empire. There are other periods, however, when the wind is with the Church; and it looks as if we are drawing very near to such a one." As corroborative of all this, it would seem that the leaders among the younger French Catholic *littérateurs* are frequently consulted by other young writers who are disgusted with unbelief, and drawn toward the happiness radiating from the Cross of Christ.

We notice that both Premier Romanones in Spain and Premier Giolitti in Italy have awakened to the fact that the great mass of the people in their respective countries will have to be reckoned with in the matter of divorcing education and religion. Count de Romanones has receded from the position recently taken by the Spanish Government on the optional teaching of catechism in the primary schools. In a newspaper interview he has stated: "It is not at all my intention to enter on such a campaign as the Catholics fear. I have been much pained by telegrams which I have received attributing to me the design of de-Catholicizing the country and banishing Christianity from the schools. I am well aware that Spain is Catholic, and that nothing so moves Spaniards as religious questions."

Premier Romanones did not say—though it is probably a fact—that it was the storm of opposition raised by his proposed measure, and the protest made to himself personally by a deputation of

Catholic ladies, that made him "well aware" of—several considerations he seemed inclined to ignore.

As for Signor Giolitti, he apparently does not care to get into hot water with either the Italian Radicals or the Italian people as a whole. The former wished to commit him to an anti-religious policy, and thought they discovered an encouraging sign in the treatment meted out to the Archbishop of Genoa. The Premier, however, declines. He says that he has no desire or intention of making war on the Church. At the same time, whilst desirous of avoiding a quarrel with the Catholics, he declines to make any improvement in the present situation. He would have them believe that things could not really be better in Italy than they are. "The Communes," said he, "wish to impart religious instruction; let them give it. The masters wish to teach it; let them do so. The pupils want to learn it; let them learn it. Where all are agreed, why should the State intervene to create discord?"

In a word, Signor Giolitti is doing what in this country would be called "straddling" the religious-educational question,—a policy that of necessity can be only temporary.

Sinning against the light is an old offence of the Jewish race; but in modern times it has brought its own peculiar curse, according to the view of Mr. Jacques Bahar, himself a Jew, writing in the periodical *Judaism Tunisien*. The curse is their own scorn of themselves. Mr. Bahar's words are frank and full of significance. He writes:

The great political mistake of the modern Jew is to have enlisted among the enemies of the Roman Catholic Church—anti-clericals, Protestants, and Freemasons. By contracting an alliance with Protestantism, the Jews have made a compact with their worst enemies—namely, pagans emancipated from Rome. They have attached themselves, not to a religious or philosophic doctrine, but to a race interest,—that is, the German race against the Latin races,—to a nationalistic, material interest...

By fraternizing with Freemasonry and Protestantism, which are deniers of our faith, we have scorned our faith. What have we received in exchange? The permission to make money.

The Masons, anti-clericals, and Socialists do not intend to give us up. They have need of us against the Church. We have sold ourselves: we have no longer the right to take ourselves back. . . . They know that corruption, superstition, barbarity are not the Church, though all the clergy should be superstitious, barbarous, and corrupt. But the Church, with her doctrinal virtues and her ethics, is what they are after. They know that it is not true that she persecuted Galileo; that never has Rome seen an *auto da fé*; that the Church had absolutely nothing to do with the St. Bartholomew Massacre, in which not a single ecclesiastic can be found; that it was not she who armed Jacques Clément or Ravailiac, nor who caused Chevalier de la Barre to be burned. They know this, and still they teach the contrary. They have not one real crime to impute to the Church, therefore they invent them. They do nothing but deny, therefore they can not last.

A remarkably clear and forceful expression of judgment on a matter at present commanding much attention is an editorial, copied by the *Pilot* from the *Boston Herald*, on the subject of public morality. Speaking of the adage, "Evil to him who evil thinks," the writer says:

Beelzebub has no trustier tool than a good maxim ill applied. Let an obnoxious play be staged in fullest picturing, or let some tense opera scene, unfit for the public to watch, be carried through without reserve, remonstrance is at once met by saying that the evil is not in the presentation, but in the censor's thought. Let a salacious book appear, . . . condemnation is at once laughed off with: "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*. The book in itself is innocent enough; not meant perhaps for children, but harmless for right-minded men and women."

Let social dancing revert to the rhythms of the tom-tom and to the interlockings that even Goths and Scythians would not admit to their ancient forest glooms, straightway the hesitating parent, the solicitous minister, the troubled school physician are silenced with the ready answer: "It's all right; don't spoil it with your bad suggestions."

This popular opinion, that everything is good till darkened with some one's evil thought, is easy and convenient, but it never yet has brought much comfort to the victim of a drug or of deliberate seduction. Facts are facts.

Things, of course, are partly what we think them; mostly they are what they are. Whether censors have their say or not, the physiological processes have theirs.

Define right and wrong, decent and indecent, as artificially as we may, our boys and girls in achieving self-control have to reckon with natural nerve and natural brain, with the deep instinct, the swift impulse, the craving recollection. And whether, as parents and teachers and social guides, we know insidious evil as the thing it is, or cheat ourselves by calling it a matter of prurient or prudish judgment, we may still be sure that, for mind as for body, fire burns and pitch defiles.

In this connection it is important to recall that St. Paul's apparent endorsement of the adage in question is *only* apparent. The Apostle of the Gentiles had in mind, not the matter of sex morality, but the question of the licitness of eating flesh meats in given circumstances, when he wrote: "All things are clean to the clean."

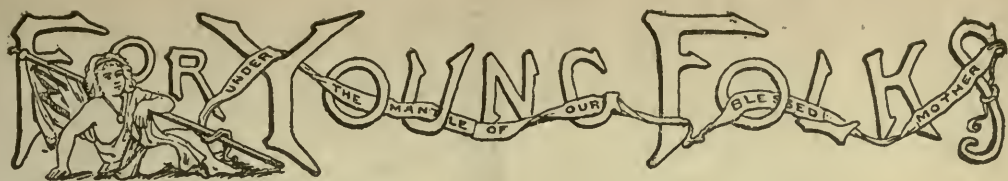
When the Rev. Robert H. Murray published, in the *Nineteenth Century* for December last, a reply to an article by Mr. J. B. Williams, "Fresh Light on Cromwell at Drogheda," appearing in the same periodical three months previously, he was guilty of what was originally an indiscretion and now takes on the color of an impertinence. Mr. Williams' rejoinder to Dr. Murray, in the current number of that review, is as effective as Macaulay's criticism of Robert Montgomery's poems. The attempt to whitewash Cromwell, and to minimize the cold-blooded massacre that followed a surrender brought about by a promise of quarter, is a miserable failure. Recently discovered documents only confirm Lord Clarendon's account that the Irish soldiers threw down their arms upon a general offer of quarter, so that the enemy entered the work without resistance and put every man—governor, officer, and soldier—to the sword; and the whole army being entered the town, they executed all manner of cruelty, and put every man that related to the garrison, and all the citizens who were Irish, man, woman, and child, to the sword; and there being three or four officers of name and of good families (*e. g.*,

Verney and Boyle) who had found some way, by the humanity of some soldiers of the enemy, to conceal themselves for four or five days, being afterward discovered, they were butchered in cold blood.

Clarendon's is the most authoritative of seventeenth-century English histories, and its final summing up of Cromwell's character still withstands the attacks of modern historical criticism: "In a word, as he had all the wickedness against which damnation is denounced and for which hell fire is prepared, so he had some virtues which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated; and he will be looked upon by posterity as a brave bad man."

The death, at the age of eighty-two, of the venerable Brother Paulian has removed from this world's stage perhaps the best-known and most generally esteemed member of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. A simple, pious, and uniformly gentle personality, he was both an exemplary religious and an effective worker in all the activities that constitute the glory of his Order in this country and in other lands. Throughout the greater portion of his lengthy career, his lot was cast in the most difficult sphere of religious life—that of authority; but the unerring wisdom with which he guided the destinies of the houses or the provinces entrusted to his care amply justified his frequent election as superior. A long day well spent and fitly crowned with the golden sunset of an edifying death. May he rest in peace!

If the Irish Census Returns prove anything, they prove that Ireland is not a priest-ridden country, as ultra Protestants contend: it is rather a parson-ridden country. It seems that, whereas there is in Ireland only one priest to every 1000 Catholics, there is a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopalian Church to every 340 members of his creed, one to every 600 Presbyterians, and one to every 290 Methodists.



The May Bloom.

BY THOMAS E. BURKE.

DEAR Mother, I am but a flow'r
That blossoms for a day,
And piercing winds may shortly take
My loveliness away;
But while my petals are so fair,
All moistened with the dew,
I give, dear Queen, my fragrance sweet
And beauty all to you.

I care not when the autumn winds
Shall break me from the tree,
Nor when the winter snows shall form
A winding-sheet for me;
If in the Maytime I have glowed
Before thy shrine each day,
I know that I shall bloom again
Where it is always May.

The Little Florentine.

BY H. DE CHARLIEU.*

I.

BAPTISTE!"

"Yes, father."

"I knew you were there. A person
would have to be deaf not to hear
your infernal music."

The boy addressed smiled compassionately, and slightly shrugged his shoulders.

"Have you put the pin in the mill
wheel?"

"Yes, father."

"And shut up the chickens?"

"A quarter of an hour ago."

"Well, then, come in to supper."

"In just a minute, father."

"Don't wait a minute! Come *now*, or
I'll go out and smash that violin!"

At this threat, the boy grew pale and

hugged his beloved instrument tightly to his breast. He was sitting on a mossy bank which overhung the mill stream. The wheel of the mill was attached to the cottage, and it was from the attic window that the father was calling.

The boy, who was not yet fifteen, was poorly clad and his feet were bare. His brow was noble and pure, his eyes dark and soft, and his black hair hung in tangled locks over his shoulders. Roused by his father's ire, he reluctantly left his seat and walked slowly toward the cottage. He entered the large, dimly-lighted room, which was used for all purposes, just as his father was descending the ladder leading from the loft. The miller was a short, thickset, red-faced man, having no resemblance to his son.

"Aha! here you are! It's well for you that you came in! Rosita, bring the supper."

An old servant emerged from the chimney corner, bringing a dish of smoking haricots. The miller served his son, and both ate in silence. When they had finished their frugal meal, the father said:

"To-morrow morning at sunrise I want you to start for Florence. You are to take two sacks of flour to Fioretti, the baker; then carry the money you will get to your Uncle Serta's inn. With your everlasting dreaming, I wouldn't trust you to bring it back. You would let yourself get robbed on the way."

"I'll be ready, father. I'll take the money to Uncle Serta, and I shall be glad to see Fenella."

"Your cousin Fenella is much more sensible than you are. She keeps house for Serta like a little woman. It's a great pity she has to go away."

"Is she going away?" exclaimed Baptiste in dismay.

"Yes: her father, your dead mother's

* Adapted for THE AVE MARIA by H. Twitchell.

brother, has sent for her to go to Paris, where he is doing well, it seems."

"To Paris!" murmured the boy, as if he, too, longed for the city of artists. "I shall miss her very much!"

"Nonsense! You'll have your music to console you. What a queer idea it was of your uncle's to give you that violin!"

"This is a poor one. He has promised me a better one some day."

"While he's about it, he might furnish you with another teacher to take the place of the one I chased away."

"I owe much to Dom Ambrosio, father. He taught me to read, write, and cipher, you know. And, besides, he taught Fenella and me to speak French."

"French!" said the miller in disgust. "He might better have taught you how to run a mill. The mill makes sensible music; if it should cease, famine and misery would follow."

"I suppose you are right, father," sighed the boy. "But I think it would be a grand thing to be a musician—"

"Enough said!" interrupted the miller, striking the table with his fist. "Listen! When my grandfather Paolo was ruined by the wars, he laid aside his gentleman's sword and became a miller. He built this mill. My father Julio was a miller, I am a miller, and you are to be a miller. There's no one else to keep up the name."

"If you wish it, I will be a miller, father," replied the boy, resignedly.

"Well spoken! Now go to bed, and be up at sunrise. I'll have the mule ready."

The next morning Baptiste started out. The sacks were fastened across Roussote's back, and the boy, his violin slung over his shoulder, perched between them. The miller led the mule a distance up the road, then left the two to manage for themselves.

It soon became evident that the mount had no wish to be guided. It halted whenever it chose, paying no attention to the urging of its rider; and soon it lay down to roll, throwing sacks and boy and violin off on the dusty highway.

Here was a predicament. What to do Baptiste did not know. It was certain that he could not load up the flour unaided. Then, remembering that it was market day in the city, he consoled himself with the thought that some one would soon come along and give him a helping hand.

Reassured, the little fellow sat down on one of the sacks and began to sing a favorite melody. Soon, lost in ecstasy, he forgot all about the baker, his uncle, and even his cousin Fenella, who was so soon to start on her long* journey. He was suddenly roused to the reality of things by hearing shouts of laughter. Looking up, he saw that three horsemen had halted beside him, and were laughing merrily at the figure he cut. One of the men, the oldest, who was mounted on a richly caparisoned charger, was stern and haughty of mien. He wore a grey cloth riding-cloak lined with blue satin, and a black felt hat adorned with a long, sweeping plume. His stirrups were of chased silver, and his spurs of gold. His whole appearance was that of a grand seigneur, a man born to command. His companion, who was younger, was also richly attired. The third of the party was a liveried servant, who kept at a respectful distance.

"By my faith, Nogent," exclaimed the oldest of the men, "I never before beheld such a comical sight! Let's find out who the little chap is. What's your name?" he asked, addressing the boy.

"Jean-Baptiste."

"Say, Monsieur!" cried Nogent, angrily. "Take off your cap. You are talking to Henry of Lorraine, Duke of Guise."

"Not so fast, Count!" remarked the Duke. "You mustn't look for the manners of a courtier in this little rustic."

He then asked Baptiste many questions, and soon knew the whole story of the mishap.

* At the date of this story a trip from Florence to Paris was a long, dangerous journey. The roads were poor, and brigands were plentiful.

"The song you were singing when we came up was very pretty. Will you repeat it for us?"

"Certainly, Monsieur."

Without further urging, the boy tuned his violin and began to sing.

"Excellent!" applauded the Duke. "Do you know, Nogent, the boy has real genius!" Then to Baptiste: "Whose composition is that?"

"My own, Monsieur," replied Baptiste, modestly.

"I can't believe you."

"I never tell lies," answered the boy, with dignity.

"My compliments, then. You may ride in our company to Florence."

Thereupon he ordered his servant to load the sacks on the mule's back. Baptiste was perched between them as before, and the cavalcade started off. On the way the little musician told his new-found friends of his father's dislike of music and of his wish to make a miller of him. On reaching the gates of Florence, the Duke took from his purse two gold pieces and gave them to the boy, saying:

"This is the reward for the pleasure you have given us."

Then, leaving Baptiste dazzled by the sight of the gold, he and his suite rode up a narrow street leading to the palace of the sovereign of Tuscany.

"Do you know what I have a mind to do, Nogent?" said the Duke, after a long silence.

"What, Duke?"

"Take that little chap to Paris and give him as a present to my not too amiable relative, the Princess of Orleans."

"Music sometimes has a softening influence," remarked Nogent. "Perhaps it may mellow Mademoiselle's humor."

II.

As it was market day, the inn kept by Antonio Serta, Baptiste's uncle, was full of peasants. The host bustled about, eager to serve his hungry guests.

"Fenella!" he called suddenly.

Immediately a door leading into another

room opened and a young girl appeared. She was a blonde of the type Titian loved to paint; but her eyes were blue and soft, her profile perfect, and her expression as calm as a placid lake. She wore the picturesque costume of an Italian peasant, and her golden hair hung in a heavy braid below her waist.

"Here I am, uncle," she said.

"Why, you've been crying!" said her uncle kindly, noticing her tear-stained face. "Because you are going away? I suppose. I'm sorry, too; but I can't help it. Your father has sent for you."

Glancing out of the window, Fenella saw Baptiste leading his mule up to the stable.

"Why, there's Baptiste!" she exclaimed.

"And he's welcome," said Serta.

The boy soon came in, and spread out on the table the money he had received for the flour, his two gold pieces with the rest. He hastily took these up and said:

"These are mine. The Duke of Guise gave them to me."

"What did you do for him?" asked Serta, with some anxiety.

"I just sang a little piece."

"Ah! And to think that my brother-in-law wants to make a miller of that boy!" grumbled Serta, going off in the direction of the kitchen.

Fenella and Baptiste now went out into the garden. The girl confided to her cousin her grief and fear at being obliged to leave the home of her childhood. He comforted her as best he could, even offering her his gold pieces.

"Who is going with you?" asked Baptiste.

"Spavento, the old soldier; he is going to join his regiment in Paris."

"Aren't you afraid to go with him?"

"No: he's a friend of my uncle and of your father. He looks fierce, but he has the kindest heart."

The two talked on and on until Aunt Martha appeared, and all returned to the house. There they found Spavento, with his sword, his fierce mustaches, and his loud, boastful voice. Just as they were about

to sit down to the table a servant rushed in, exclaiming:

"Signor! O Signor! A man—an officer with shining epaulettes—is inquiring for Signor Baptiste!"

"For me?" asked the little musician, in astonishment.

"Yes, for you."

"Show the officer in," commanded the innkeeper.

A moment later, a captain of the Guards of the Duke of Tuscany entered the room. After saluting the company, he said:

"Which one of you is named Jean-Baptiste?"

"I," said the boy, turning pale.

"I have come for you."

Fenella had never seen an officer at the inn excepting those who had come to arrest culprits, so she thought they were going to take her cousin to prison. She rushed forward with clasped hands, and cried:

"O Monsieur, don't take Baptiste away! He has never harmed anybody."

"Let me cut off that fellow's ears!" roared Spavento.

"You forget that you are addressing an officer of his Serene Highness the Duke of Tuscany," remarked the captain, half serious and half laughing at the figure cut by the burly soldier. "I can assure the young lady that her friend has reason to congratulate himself." Then, turning to Baptiste, he said: "I have orders to tell you not to forget your violin."

"May I ask where I am to be taken?" inquired Baptiste, timidly.

"Certainly. To the Ducal Palace."

"*Santa Maria!*" exclaimed Sertá.

"Are you ready?" asked the officer.

"I am," replied Baptiste.

The two now left the inn, while the rest watched them from the doorway.

"To the Ducal Palace!" murmured Sertá.

"May the Lord watch over him!" said Aunt Martha, piously.

"I'd like to see any one hurt a hair of his head!" said Spavento, brandishing his sword.

(To be continued.)

King Ramira's Justice.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

THE northwestern part of Spain, from the Pyrenees to the River Ebro, used to be called the Kingdom of Aragon. Its reigning monarch about eight hundred years ago was King Ramira. He was a good sovereign, very fair-minded and scrupulously just. He dispensed justice in a large covered courtyard of his palace at Huesca. Lords, knights, shopkeepers peasants—everyone had the right to relate his grievances to the King, and to ask of him his help, his protection, or indemnity for some damage incurred.

One day as good King Ramira, attended by his chancellor, or chief justice, and some officers of his palace, was holding open court, he saw two strangers approaching his tribunal. One was a knight wearing a suit of armor; the other, a peasant clad in a smockfrock belted around the waist, and a cloak reaching halfway down his legs, the hood of which cloak served him for hat or cap. Behind the two men came one of the King's squires leading a horse by the bridle.

"What new business is this?" asked Ramira, a little impatiently. He had spent the whole afternoon in listening to the complaints and recriminations of a score of people, and had just been congratulating himself on the fact that the day's work was about done.

"Your Majesty," replied the squire, "these two men dispute the ownership of this horse."

"Who *does* own the horse?" asked Ramira.

"I do," answered the knight, with some heat.

"This noble is not telling the truth," said the peasant. "The horse is mine."

"It appears to me," remarked the King, "that, for a man-at-arms' steed, the horse is rather poorly caparisoned."

"True, sire," rejoined the knight; "but I was just coming to the city to see about his proper equipment."

"What have you to say to that?" demanded the King of the peasant.

"I say that the knight is claiming property that doesn't belong to him. He attacked me near the gate of the city and forced me at his sword's point to dismount."

The air of truthfulness that marked this speech impressed the King; but how was he to decide what to do? An inquiry would have to be made. The matter could not be settled offhand,—that was evident.

"Come back here in eight days," he said to the two plaintiffs. "Until then the horse shall be taken care of in my stables."

Six of the allotted eight days passed without anything's having been accomplished by the investigation which the King had set on foot. On the seventh day, as Ramira and his chancellor were enjoying a walk along one of the quieter streets, they came upon a group of boys engaged in very lively conversation.

"There's lots of time yet," said one of the group. "Let's have another game of 'the King who gives justice.'"

"Yes, let's," said three or four.

"Is it a hard game?" asked a little fellow.

"Hard, nothin'. And, say, as you haven't been in the game yet, you can be the knight."

"And who'll be King Ramira?"

"Me—me!" sang out a dozen voices.

"It seems that my dignity excites their envy," remarked Ramira to the chancellor. "But let us listen. Who knows but that this boys' game may give us an idea."

At last the lads agreed that the King's part should be taken by a certain Giles Lopez, who appeared to be something of a leader among them. The peasant's rôle was assigned without any difficulty; but there remained another prominent character—the horse.

"'Tis just the time that Manuel brings home the miller's old donkey," said Giles, "and he usually comes this way."

The boys kept on walking slowly forward, and the King and his minister followed them just as slowly. Two or three of the lads looked round when they heard some steps behind them, but paid no further attention to the promenaders. Presently they reached a stone bench.

"Here's the tribunal, the justice-seat," said Giles.

At the same moment Manuel appeared, leading the donkey.

"Here's our horse just in time!" was their joyous cry. "Now let's begin."

Giles, personating Ramira, seated himself gravely on the bench, having an assistant on either side. The boys who represented the knight and the peasant took their places, standing in front of the tribunal.

"And now," remarked Manuel, who had doubtless seen the game before, "we must blindfold the donkey."

"The *donkey*?" said Giles, severely. "You mean the horse."

"That's right, your Majesty. I forgot that the donkey was promoted."

"Well, Sir Knight," began Giles, turning to the little fellow to whom he had assigned that part, "what do you demand?"

"I demand—I demand—"

"Stupid! You demand the horse, which you say is yours, and you accuse the peasant of having stolen it from you."

The knight got over his bashfulness and repeated the words with some vigor.

In the meantime Manuel had taken off his coat and tied it by the sleeves around the head of the donkey, who took the matter very quietly, as though he were used to it.

"Now you, peasant, will answer in your turn, but not before," said the young king to the other claimant. "Sir Knight," he continued, "this horse is blind in one eye. Tell me which eye it is."

"But I don't know."

"O pshaw! You've got to answer some-

thing. Is it the right eye or the left?"

"How can I tell?"

"Go on, I tell you. Say something."

"Well, then, 'tis the right eye."

"You hear, Mr. Chancellor, and all present? This man says that the horse belongs to him, and he gives as proof that 'tis blind in the right eye."

"Yes, yes, he has said so!"

"Very well. Now, peasant, 'tis your turn. This horse is blind in one eye. Is it the right eye or the left?"

"Neither one," replied the peasant.

"The donkey — the horse, I mean — is mine. He isn't blind now, and never *was*, blind, either."

"Uncover the horse's head," commanded the pretended king. Then, having examined the animal's eyes, he continued: "Peasant, you have spoken truly: the horse is yours. As for this lying knight, let my guards bear him away to Huesca prison."

The real Ramira and his minister had been interested observers of the whole game; and at its conclusion the King remarked:

"In default of any other plan for discovering the truth, I'm half resolved to try the subterfuge of Master Giles.

The following day the knight and peasant presented themselves before the tribunal. The King was surrounded with his officers, and the courtyard was filled with a crowd curious to see the solution of the much talked about case. The horse was brought forward, and, to the great surprise of both claimants, the King ordered the animal to be blindfolded.

"To-day," said Ramira, "I am going to give my decision, — at least, I hope so. Knight, I shall question you first. As for you" (turning to the peasant), "I forbid you not only to interrupt the proceedings, but to show your feelings in any way. Now, Sir Knight, you still maintain, I believe, that this horse is yours, and you declare that this peasant desires to defraud you of it. Is that correct?"

"It is," replied the knight.

"The horse being yours, you are of course familiar with his good qualities as also with his defects?"

"Certainly," replied the knight, though a little uneasily; for he evidently did not like these preliminary questions.

"The horse," continued the King, "is blind in one eye. Which eye is it?"

"The left eye," said the knight, trusting to luck.

"What do *you* say, peasant?" inquired Ramira, turning to the other claimant, who had been keeping quite silent, though his eyes expressed considerable amazement at the questions asked by the King.

"Why, your Majesty, except for a slight spavin on his off hind leg, my horse is perfectly sound, and his eyes are, both of them, as good as mine."

"Yes, by St. James! And I know it well!" exclaimed the King. "You are unquestionably the horse's owner. Take it; and, since you have come to settle down in Aragon, you may enter my own service. I may not be a great king, but I try always to be a good one. As for this rascal," he continued, turning to the discomfited knight, "throw him into a dungeon until, in the presence of the whole people, we degrade him from his knighthood as a robber and a felon."

Now, if Ramira had been like a good many great people, wanting to take all possible credit to himself, this would be the end of the story. But he *wasn't* that kind of a man at all; so he sent for young Giles Lopez and had a long talk with him. Finding the boy to be shrewd and intelligent, he sent him to Montpellier to study law. Giles gave a good account of himself at the law school, and not a great many years later he became Chief Justice of Aragon.

IN Palestine the crocus is known as "seraj esh-shinga," which means "lamp of courage"; and it is thus called because it is the first flower of the season to brave the rigors of the Syrian spring.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new and cheaper edition of "An Autobiography" by Sir William Butler is announced by Constable & Co.

—The Angel Guardian press will soon issue a new volume of poems by Henry Coyle, author of "The Promise of Morning," which was favorably received by the critics and the public.

—An English translation of another book by Dr. Albert Von Ruville, author of "Back to Holy Church," is announced by Simpkin, Marshall & Co., London. The title is "In Search of Truth Humility the True Talisman: A Study of Catholicism."

—A brochure of forty pages, "Outlines for Conferences to Young Women" (Joseph F. Wagner), is calculated to minimize the difficulty experienced by pastors and curates in selecting appropriate subjects on which to address Children of Mary and similar societies. It is a translation from the French of the Abbé M. F. Blanchard.

—"Confusion or Certainty in Faith and Practice" (R. & T. Washbourne) is an interesting pamphlet of twenty pages, in which J. L. Wharton Hewison, B. A., a former Anglican curate, discusses some of the reasons which have led him to become a convert. In doing so he leaves the objections of Protestantism pure and simple to one side, and considers only such points as appeal to the "High Church," "Ritualistic," or "Advanced" section of the Church of England.

—The permission granted by Leo XIII. to historical students to search the archives of the Vatican was keenly appreciated by responsible scholars. The records of the Holy Office are at present being arranged; and when the work is completed, permission, says *Rome*, will be given to competent scholars to examine any documents that may be useful for their special studies; and thus the Holy See will give the world another example of its liberality in promoting historical knowledge.

—"The Ghosts of Bigotry," by the Rev. P. C. Yorke (the Text Book Publishing Co.), is the second edition (cloth bound) of six lectures issued in pamphlet form some years ago by the Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco. The book purports to give in popular form the main features of the treatment meted out to The Church in England and America by English Protestantism. Of especial interest is the concluding lecture, "Anti-Catholic Movements in

North America"; though it merely refers to the history of the A. P. A. as being too familiar to need recounting, and says nothing of the latest "ghost," the Guardians of Liberty. The style of the author is direct and virile, and his criticism of men and movements is not less trenchant than just.

—The Catholic *littérateurs* of France are utilizing every form of the printed word for the furtherance of religion and morality. Abbé Charles Grimaud, for instance, has seized upon the short story as a vehicle for conveying salutary truths to minds to which other methods might prove unavailing. His brochure, "Défendons-Nous!" (Paris: Pierre Téqui), contains a score and a half of narratives whose frankly religious nature in no way detracts from their interest and charm.

—"The Epitome Theologiæ Moralis," which the Rev. Dr. Telch, professor of Moral Theology at the Josephinum, Columbus, Ohio, has arranged according to the text of Father Noldin's well-known work, presents the quintessence of moral sciences in well arranged, clear-cut paragraphs. There is nothing wanting, there is nothing superfluous. By the use of different type, the question under consideration, with its divisions, stands out clearly on the page. For daily use in solving vexatious questions, as well as for a complete outline so helpful in preparing for examinations, this little book, it is safe to predict, will become the *vade mecum* of priests both young and old. An unusually complete index makes all references easy. Pustet & Co., publishers. Price, 95 cents.

—"Three Years in the Libyan Desert," by J. C. Ewald Falls, translated (presumably from the German) by Elizabeth Lee (B. Herder), is a handsomely bound demy octavo of 568 pages, averaging about 230 words to the page. It is an account of the "travels, discoveries, and excavations of the Menas Expedition," otherwise the Kaufmann Expedition, which resulted a few years ago in the discovery of the sanctuary of St. Menas, the Egyptian national saint and patron of the Libyan Desert in Northern Africa. The primary object of the expedition organized by Monsignor Kaufmann of Frankfort, and participated in by his cousin, the author of the present volume, was the examination of the early Christian ruins of Cyrenaica, in the Turkish Wilayet Barca. Political upheavals and the events at Tripoli frustrated this primary plan, and the substitute project of searching for the lost tomb of St. Menas was adopted

instead. The story of the search is told in simple style; there are many excellent illustrations to assist in visualizing the different monuments; and the book as a whole contains much to interest even those whose fondness for archaeology is not especially pronounced. The volume is equipped with a good table of contents and a fairly complete index.

—Students of Dante should be interested in the following letter, addressed to the *Saturday Review* by Prof. J. S. Phillimore, of Glasgow:

One is slow to suppose that in a matter so highly specialized as the study of Dante any discoveries can be left for the casual reader to make; and yet none of the commentators that I have been able to consult appear to make any mention of the Scripture text from which Dante's opening verse is translated, or of its aptness for the "dramatic" (and probably the actual) date of the poem taking shape. *Inferno* xxi, 112-114, gives 7 a. m. on Holy Saturday as the exact time. In the Office for Holy Saturday at Lauds, among the psalms, comes the *Canticum Ezechiae* (Isaias, xxxviii), which begins: *Ego dixi: in dimidio dierum meorum vadam ad portas inferi*. Surely this text is as significant as the passage in the "Convito" (iv, 23) about the climacteric of 35, which I find usually alleged as an interpretation. The "Divina Commedia" began in a meditation at Tenebrae! Commentators in general do not keep good enough watch for literary echoes from the Offices of the Church. Why do not the Shakespearians tell us that the original of Sonnet xciv—

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,—

is in the lesson in the *Commune Confessorum non Pontificum* in the Roman Missal? *Qui potuit transgredi et non est transgressus; facere mala et non fecit.*

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.*

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Three Years in the Libyan Desert." J. C. Ewald Falls. \$4.50.

"Outlines for Conferences to Young Women." Abbé M. F. Blanchard. 40 cts.

"Our Lady in the Liturgy." Dom Michael Barrett, O. S. B. \$1.10.

"Confessions of a Convert." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.25.

"Levia Pondera." John Ayscough. \$1.75.

"Pioneers of the Cross in Canada." Dean Harris. \$1.50.

"Consumers and Wage-Earners." J. Elliot Ross, Ph. D. \$1.

"St. Gertrude the Great." Notre Dame Series. \$1.25.

"Cedar Chips." 50 cts.

"Bodily Health and Spiritual Vigor." Rev. W. J. Lockington, S. J. 90 cts.

"Our Neighbors: the Japanese." Joseph King Goodrich. \$1.25.

"The Book of the Foundations of St. Teresa of Jesus." New and Revised Edition. \$2.25.

"Old China and Young America." Mrs. Sarah Conger. 82 cts.

"The Carol of the Fir Tree." Alfred Noyes. 25 cts.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Jacob Zigrang, of the archdiocese of Dubuque; Rev. Dennis McCormick, archdiocese of Baltimore; Rev. Francis Mueller, Rev. Joseph Spaeth, and Rev. Joseph Joos, diocese of Detroit.

Mother M. Josephine, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. James Forrest, Mr. William Raycroft, Miss J. K. Conran, Mr. John Halter, Mrs. Katherine Hannon, Mr. Joseph Hellner, Miss May Coffey, Mr. Henry Hoffman, Mrs. Johanna Davin, Mr. Joseph Ploe, Miss Catherine McDevitt, Mrs. Josephine Bliss, Mr. Jeremiah O'Shea, Mr. James English, Mrs. Christina Regner, Mr. John J. Kenny, Mr. August Gardner, Mr. Thomas J. Lawless, Mrs. Elizabeth Fortier, Mrs. Mary O'Brien, Mrs. Mary Rollo, Mrs. Francis Gallagher, Mr. Francis Blake, Mrs. Minnie Devery, Mr. William Dorman, Mrs. Margaret McCubury, Mr. Walter Ewing, Mr. Maurice Scanlan, Mr. Charles Harvalik, Mr. William Kirby, Mrs. Mary Leonard, Mr. Henry Moller, Mrs. Bridget Barry, Mr. Arthur St. Cyr, and Mr. P. B. Sudbeck.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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O Mother Heart!

FROM THE GERMAN OF GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.

AH, God, our stress hath no surcease!
 One loses strength and light and peace
 In needful toil of sense and brain:
 Would I might here with Thee remain!
 I am sated with these things of nought,
 Wearied with hearing, sight, and thought.
 O Mother Heart, to thee I turn!
 Comfort thy child,—for thee I yearn.
 Thy Heart, most gentle-innocent,—
 Would that each hour might there be spent;
 That I absorbed in thee might live,
 And, childlike, true affection give!
 Like a parched field, my soul doth lie
 Pining beneath a sultry sky.
 O Heavenly Dew, O gentle Rain,
 Descend and bid it bloom again!

The Holy Rood in History and Tradition.

BY G. M. HORT.

ACCORDING to an ancient and beautiful legend, the tree of which the Cross was made grew out of the grave of Adam. For when Adam lay dying, his son Seth journeyed to the Garden of Eden and brought from thence three seeds from the Tree of Life, with this message of hope from the angel who guarded Paradise: "When these seeds become trees, Adam shall be freed from the power of death." The seeds were buried with the patriarch; and so, in course of time, the prophecy

came to its fulfilment. Pagan symbolism, too, took its unconscious share in foretelling the triumph of the Cross. The ancient Egyptians placed a cross-shaped sceptre in the hand of their gods, as a symbol of immortality; and one of the few things known about the prehistoric tribes of Northern Italy is their custom of setting crosses over the graves of their dead, to signify an expected resurrection.

Modern Christian feeling delights to trace this "budding morrow in midnight." And nothing seems more fitting than that the shadow of the conquering Sign should stretch across the first dark pages of human history, mystically discernible to the eye of love and faith. Christian Art has represented the Cross as a living, budding tree, whose far-spreading branches shadowed the whole world; and the four different woods—cedar, palm, cypress and olive—which entered into the composition of the Cross were mystically interpreted to mean the four quarters of the earth, to which Christ would bring salvation.

But, as we know, this ardent love and devotion was preceded in the early centuries by a certain reverent hesitation. Converts from Judaism and paganism, for whom the Cross had associations of indescribable shame and horror, shrank particularly from any realistic representation of Christ's torture and seeming defeat. There are no very early catacombal crosses. The "Cross of Constantine" was rather a monogram of the sacred name than an actual rood; and probably the Emperor himself did not accept the full

significance of his own vision till his mother, the aged Empress, returned from her crowned quest in the Holy City, bearing the true and actual "Standard" of the eternal conquest.

That matchless story of a woman's divine instinct and illumined longing has been told too well and too often to need retelling here. The festival commemorating St. Helena's "Finding" sprang at once into popularity. Its place had long been prepared in all faithful and devout hearts.* Constantine ordered the erection of crosses in public places; and, later, the Council of Trullo (A. D. 692) sanctioned the representation of the actual figure of Christ on the cross in place of the symbolic lamb. By the tenth century such representations had become, more or less, realistic,—definite attempts to show the divine Sufferer in His human agony. But various art collections preserve for us the earlier crucifixes, with their reposeful and idealized figures, robed and crowned. The proud and sensitive converts of Imperial Rome were only gradually reconciled to the sight of their Lord's humiliation.

Side by side with the reverent awe in which the Cross was held, there now grew up an inevitable loving familiarity. The Middle Ages, in England and elsewhere, are characterized by their happy and childlike acceptance of the Sacred Symbol as part of the communal life and the daily business. The wayside cross had the full "right of sanctuary," ranking in this respect with the parish church. The market cross was a silent mentor, and an earnest of honest and kindly bargaining. It has even been thought that the burying of suicides at cross roads, where crosses were nearly always erected, was an act of pitiful hope, and a commending of the dead to the unsearchable mercies of

God. The very alphabet was set down in hornbooks in the form of a cross,—a fact which explains its old name of "crossrow."

The custom of putting a cross to a document instead of a signature, if one could not write, is self-interpreting. The signer's faith in Christ presupposed his faith in his neighbor, and his ability to enter into a compact with those who, though his superiors in education, were his fellow-Christians.

In popular tradition the Cross became pre-eminently the symbol of good fortune. This, of course, was sometimes taken too literally, and in a childish self-seeking spirit; and the Church had often to interfere, with counsel, regulation or actual rebuke, to turn the imperishable hope into more spiritual channels.

The Protestant peasantry of England still retain an extraordinary number of rather irreverent "charms" in which the Cross figures largely. But faith in the power of the Cross to avert ill luck is one of those deeply-rooted popular sentiments for which most Catholics will feel a certain tenderness, as containing the germ of a great truth.

The well-known practice of touching wood to avert the supposed unluckiness of a boast about one's health is surely a naïve and unconscious tribute to the healing power of the Sacred Tree; just as the custom of making the Sign of the Cross over the basin in which two people are washing their hands (a thing supposed to produce a quarrel!) suggests a furtive prayer to the Great Peacemaker.

After the Crusades, the Cross became the favorite sign of even temporal honors. As many as thirty-four forms of it are known to heraldry, and figure in the armorial bearings of noble families.

The Palace of Holyrood, Edinburgh, owes its name, in a twofold sense, to the Holy Rood. David I. founded an abbey of Augustinian Canons on a spot where he had been thrown from his horse whilst hunting, and attacked by an infuriated

* The story of the carrying away of the True Cross from Jerusalem to Persia, and its restoration by the Emperor Heraclius, belongs more properly to the festival of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross.

hart. As he lay on the ground, every instant expecting death, the King had a vision of a flaming cross thrust between him and the horns that were about to gore him, and scaring the animal away. But, in any case, David would probably have dedicated his abbey to Christ's Cross; for it was designed to be the shrine of the golden casket, containing a splinter of the Holy Rood, which had been brought to Scotland in A. D. 1070, by Margaret, the wife of Malcolm.

This sacred relic and national treasure fell into the hands of the English at the disastrous battle of Neville's Cross, where the mistaken zeal of David II. had caused it to be carried before his army. The victors placed it, reverently enough, in the shrine of St. Cuthbert at Durham; but at the Great Sacrilege of the sixteenth century it shared in the destruction of the shrine.

Holyrood Abbey itself became "the church of the Canongate"; but later (another church being built for the Canon-gate) James I. made it the chapel-royal. But the pillaging of shrines and the stripping of outward honors left the true kingdom of the Cross undisturbed. The reign of James I. furnishes us with a curiously beautiful, though tragic instance of devotion to the Holy Rood.

Father Ouldcastle, executed on a false charge of participating in the Gunpowder Plot, and suffering on the Festival of the Finding, could pay on the scaffold this calm and almost playful tribute to the anniversary: "This day is called the Invention of the Cross; and this day I thank God I have found *my* cross, whereby I hope to obtain pardon of my sins in this world, and to rest in the next by the merits of our Blessed Saviour."

In contrast to the bitter and criminal bigotry which brought men like Father Ouldcastle to his end, it is pleasant to remember how the Finding of the Cross has been recently honored in St. Helena's native Colchester. The most striking object in this Protestant town is the tower

of the new town-hall, surmounted by a gigantic bronze figure of St. Helena holding a cross, and turning her face toward Jerusalem—that is, toward the Southeast. The changed and better attitude toward the lofty ideals of Catholicism which is expressed in the whole design can not but afford satisfaction to all who bear and honor the Christian name.

A Far-Away Princess.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXII.

WHEN Mrs. Granger, who meanwhile had been suffering from curiosity and suspense in their most acute form, finally received a message requesting her presence in the room where Moira and Governor Harcourt were together, she went with outward boldness, but an inwardly quaking heart, not knowing how far she might be called upon to account for her share in the plot which was now revealed.

But the expression of the two faces that turned toward her as she entered the room told her at once that something of a more startling nature than even the revelation of Moira's identity had occurred. Instinctively she glanced at the cable dispatch which lay on the tea table; but, before she could ask a question, Governor Harcourt who had risen to greet her, spoke.

"Well, Emily," he said (and, although he made a gallant effort to preserve composure, she saw that he was deeply agitated), "I find that you have been practising a rather unjustifiable deception upon me—"

"For your own good, my dear Governor," she interrupted eagerly. "There was no other way of making you believe what a charming daughter-in-law you have gained. But seeing is believing, you know."

"Seeing is certainly believing in this case," he acknowledged; "and for that much I am indebted to you. But I blame you for maintaining the deception so long. You should have told me who this young lady was as soon as I *had* seen her."

"You don't realize how obstinately prejudiced you were!" she cried in self-defence. "For that reason I thought it best for you to see as much as possible of her before you learned who she was. It hasn't been her fault that you were not told long ago," she added hastily. "I take the whole responsibility, for she acted on my advice."

But here Moira interposed.

"I can't let you take the whole responsibility, dear Mrs. Granger," she said. "The fault was also mine; and I see now—oh, very, very clearly!—that I should never have attempted the deception in the first place, nor maintained it so long in the second."

Governor Harcourt turned toward her.

"There was no reason for maintaining it so long," he repeated emphatically; "but there was reason enough for attempting it in the first place, since I confess that I was so prejudiced—obstinately prejudiced, as Emily says—that there was probably no other way of convincing me that I was wrong. I am terribly punished for my obstinacy," he added (his face suddenly convulsed by emotion); "for it has been the direct cause of the danger in which my son is now—"

"No, no!" Again Moira interposed,—this time impulsively, almost passionately. "I am the cause of his danger as much as, or more than, you are. I should never have married him without knowing more than I did of his position toward you; for there can be no blessing on a marriage which lacks a parent's consent. And then when, as a result of our marriage, he had gone away, I should have come to you as soon as I reached America, and told you who I was, instead of hesitating, and playing with the situation. If I had been brave enough to do this, we could have

summoned him to come home, and he might have left Morocco a month ago, and not been led into going to Tripoli."

"And, again, he might not have done anything of the kind," Mrs. Granger put in quickly. "You know as well as I that Royall has his full share of Harcourt obstinacy, and I don't believe that any summons would have brought him home while that Frenchman with whom he went to Morocco remained there. And as to his being in danger in Tripoli, I can't see why you should fear—"

She broke off abruptly, as Moira, taking the cable dispatch from the table, handed it to her.

There was silence in the room while she read it, and when she looked up her face had grown pale.

"This is—terrible!" she gasped. "What can it mean? How could Royall have—disappeared?"

"That is what we have to find out," Governor Harcourt said. "I am going immediately to set every possible wire at work. The first thing to do is to cable to the office which sent that" (he pointed to the message in her hand) "and ask for further news. You" (he looked at Moira) "had better write the dispatch, since it must of course be written in French. Then," he added, addressing Mrs. Granger, as Moira turned to a desk near by to write, "the next step will be to communicate, through the Department of State in Washington, with the American Consul in Tripoli,—for I suppose there must be a Consul there. I don't know what else to do; but Paul will know, and I am going to him at once."

"Why not call him to come and consult with you here?" Mrs. Granger asked—and then could have bitten her tongue for asking.

"I spoke of that," the Governor answered; "but Miss For—that is, Moira begged me not to do so. She feels that she would prefer not to meet him until he has learned who she is. So I am going to tell him."

"Yes," said Mrs. Granger, conscious of being extremely sorry for Paul Lyndon, and wondering how much his uncle knew or suspected of his feeling for Moira. It was certainly a painful situation for the two who would have to meet in familiar association after the disclosure was made; and she did not wonder that, even in this supreme moment of anxiety, Moira had thought sufficiently of the man, to whom the revelation of her true identity would be so great a blow, to protest against his being brought into her presence to receive it. Some verses familiar since childhood came into Mrs. Granger's mind.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we venture to deceive!"

she said to herself, with that keen appreciation of an undisputed truth which a touch of personal experience gives.

But even she had little thought just then to bestow on Paul Lyndon and the shock he was about to receive; for the news about Royall was of so absorbing and distressing a nature that it was difficult to think of anything else. The dispatch from the office of *L'Illustration* was brief, yet sufficiently explicit, stating simply that M. Lemontier reported from Tripoli the sudden and mysterious disappearance of M. Harcourt, who had gone to one of the outposts; and, after an attack by Arabs on the Italian troops there, had not been heard of. On these bare facts there was, of course, no comment made; but a promise was added to send any further news that should be received.

Moira's message in reply, which she now brought and read to Governor Harcourt, translating each word so that he would be quite sure of its meaning, begged that the journal would endeavor to obtain information by every means possible; and would ask M. Lemontier to communicate directly with her, and to send an exact statement of the details of Royall's disappearance, and of all that had been done to find him; adding that expense was not to be considered.

"I should have added that in any event," she said, looking up at Governor Harcourt, after reading the last words; "but I suppose that you will endorse it?"

"Yes, yes!" he answered hurriedly. "It is a point which can not be too strongly emphasized. There is no expense which I should not be willing and glad to incur."

"But we need not depend on M. Lemontier alone for information," Moira went on. "There is the French Consul at Tripoli, to whom I have a right to apply for help, and who, I am sure, will be ready to render it. Had I not better cable to him immediately?"

"It is a good suggestion," the Governor answered. "But suppose you wait to write your message to him until I have seen and consulted Paul? He has a wonderfully clear head, and will know just what is best to be said. Meanwhile this" (he took the message to *L'Illustration* from her hand) "goes at once. I will take it, and, after showing it to him, send it immediately."

With a hasty gesture he thrust the paper into his pocket, and then held out his hand to the girl before him.

"My dear," he said, "I hardly know how to tell you how much I regret the great injustice I have done you in my thoughts, and the great injury I have brought upon you by my conduct. I hope that you will pardon, and — and if you can forget—"

"I have already forgotten everything except your kindness of the last half hour," Moira interrupted, in a tone of exquisite sweetness. "You are very good to forget on your part, and to open your heart to me, as I hope you have done."

"You have a talisman which must open all hearts," he told her, as he also opened his arms and, drawing her to him, kissed the lovely brow under the dark, silken hair.

"But there is Paul Lyndon to be reckoned with yet," Mrs. Granger reminded herself a little later, when she was tempted

to feel too much self-gratulation over the Governor's immediate and unpromising surrender. "How much Moira must be dreading her meeting with him!"

But, as a matter of fact, Moira was not thinking of Paul Lyndon at all: the terrible news she had received, the great anxiety she was enduring about Royall's fate, banished all thought of him from her mind, as in the words of an Italian proverb, "One nail drives out another." And, although she had demurred when Governor Harcourt spoke of summoning him, and begged that he might be told who she was before meeting her, she gave no further consideration to his probable feelings, after this point had been gained. Her whole mind was absorbed in consideration of Royall, — of conjectures about what could have become of him, and passionate regret that she had left France and put such immense distance between them.

"It was madness to have gone away,—madness!" she said to Mrs. Granger, when they were left alone together. "I should have anticipated something like this,—some imperative need to be near him. Oh, what would I not give to be in Paris now!"

"But if you were in Paris, you would not be much nearer to Tripoli than you are here," Mrs. Granger suggested.

"Oh, infinitely nearer!" Moira said. "It is not merely of physical distance that I am thinking: in Europe one is in the heart of things, within touch of a hundred means of acquiring information, of influencing events. Here one feels so remote, so cut off! I can hardly restrain myself from telegraphing for passage in the first French steamer sailing out of New York."

"And why do you restrain yourself if you are so anxious to go?"

"Because I think of the days at sea, when I should be out of reach of news—"

"You forget the wireless equipment that all ships carry now."

But Moira shook her head.

"I would not be willing to trust to the chance of receiving messages flung out on the air," she said. "I must be where they can come to me direct,—at least until I receive some definite news. If I could only cut myself in two, what I should like would be to go in search of Royall, and at the same time to stay here, to get messages, and, perhaps, to help and comfort his father—"

"You are an angel to think of desiring to help and comfort *him*," Mrs. Granger told her. "I am very fond of the Governor, but when I remember that this is all his fault—"

"But that is what it is not," Moira interrupted. "It is Royall's fault, and mine also. Oh, we have all been to blame—all of us,—and so we can but suffer together, and pray, pray! I am going out now to pray."

Mrs. Granger was aware that the first impulse of a Catholic when in trouble is to fly to the sanctuary, where the Divine Presence ever abides; and at another moment she would have been glad of the comfort which she knew that Moira could not fail to find there; but just now she felt bound to utter a protest against her going out.

"I think," she said, "that you had better wait until you hear from the Governor. He is almost certain to want to communicate with you after he has seen Paul Lyndon."

Moira glanced at her in somewhat startled fashion.

"Why should he?" she asked. "I have told him all that I know."

"But he has gone to refer all that you have told him, and all that *he* knows, to Paul, in order to decide what to do; and whatever is decided upon he will wish to refer to you. Don't forget" (Mrs. Granger hesitated a little) "that Paul would have been summoned here, and you would all have held a family council together, which would certainly have been best, if you hadn't—er—"

"Objected? Yes, I am sorry, but you

know why I objected. I was thinking of him—I wanted to spare him—”

“I understand perfectly. But the point is that since, in consequence of your objection, the council is being held elsewhere, you must at least keep yourself in touch with it,—that is, you must remain where you can be consulted at a moment’s notice.”

“No doubt you are right,” Moira said, with the charming docility which characterized her. “Since it is my fault that the council, as you call it, is not held here, I must at least remain where I can be consulted easily.”

“That is just it. And as for your desire to ascribe everything to your fault,—I wonder if you don’t think that it is your fault that Governor Harcourt is a particularly obstinate and prejudiced old gentleman, and that Paul Lyndon has at last discovered that he is not as infallible as he has always fancied himself!”

“I don’t need,” Moira said sadly, “to imagine things to be my fault, when there are so many that plainly can not be ascribed to anything else.”

“I don’t know any that can’t be ascribed to something else,” Mrs. Granger returned. “For instance, it has been Paul Lyndon’s fault, much more than yours, that he has not learned who you really are. If he had not behaved so badly—that is, desired to behave so badly—when he was abroad, we would have told him the truth.”

“What he desired to do did not make it less obligatory to tell him the truth,” Moira replied. “I know that now, as I know many other things that it is too late to do more than regret—ah, but *regret!*”

She moved away, a pale image of grief; and, with hands clasped before her, and eyes widely gazing as if at some distant, tragic vision, began to pace back and forth across the room, with the long, sweeping step and unconscious grace of the born actress,—of one, that is, whose natural impulse was to express emotion

in dramatic action. Mrs. Granger watched her silently for some time, fascinated as well as sympathetic; for she said to herself that she had never before realized the capability of expression in the human face and form, when suddenly they were both startled by the most nerve-racking sound of what is called civilization—the telephone bell.

Moira turned quickly, and took the receiver from the instrument that was standing on a table.

“Yes,” she said, after giving the number, “this is Moira.” Then for a minute or two she was silent, listening intently, and frowning slightly as she listened; and then, “Yes,” she said again. “I understand. Tell him to come. Yes, I am ready to see him immediately.”

She replaced the receiver on its hook, and turned to Mrs. Granger.

“That was Governor Harcourt speaking,” she said; “and he tells me that Paul Lyndon wishes to come and let me know what they have decided to do. You heard my answer. No doubt he will be here very soon.”

“As soon as he can reach the house, of course,” Mrs. Granger agreed. “It is what I expected. But I am sorry that he thinks it necessary to come. He ought to know that you would rather not meet him—”

“You are mistaken,” Moira answered quickly. “I have not the least disinclination to meet him. I was not thinking of myself when I did not want him summoned before, but only of him, because he didn’t know then whom he would have been coming to meet. But now he knows, and we shall think only of Royall and Royall’s danger.”

“Hum—er—yes,” said Mrs. Granger. “Well, I will efface myself, and give orders that as soon as he arrives he shall be shown up here to you.”

She left the room in haste, fearful lest her tongue should prove an unruly member, and betray her into the expression of her conviction that Lyndon would

be likely to think of a good deal beside Royall and Royall's danger when he found himself in the presence of the woman who had entered so deeply into his inmost life. Remembering some of the words he had spoken to her, Mrs. Granger's heart was filled with pity for him; but she did not wish to be led to utter this to Moira, or to say anything that would tend to make the inevitable meeting more painful.

"Happily, she isn't thinking of herself or of him or of anybody or anything but Royall," Mrs. Granger reflected; "and I only hope that Paul will be able to appreciate this, and to rise to the same plane. Perhaps he may: it is certainly fine of him to sink his own feeling so immediately in the need to consider how best to work for his cousin's rescue,—that is, if it *is* for this reason alone that he is coming."

She felt rather ashamed of entertaining the last doubt, which insinuated itself quite unbidden into her mind; but she might have felt that there was some ground for it, if she had caught a glimpse of Paul Lyndon's face when he presently arrived and was shown up to the sitting-room where Moira was awaiting him.

Moira at least had no doubt of the feeling which possessed him when she turned, at the opening of the door, and found herself looking into a countenance which was like a white marble mask in its sternly-set lines, with a fire of anger and resentment burning in the deep, gray eyes. The message of those eyes was so clear that she unconsciously stood still, as one who waits attack; while he, on his part, also paused as the door closed behind him. So for a moment they faced each other silently, like adversaries in a duel; and it was finally Moira who spoke first, answering the indignant reproach of the burning eyes.

"I wonder," she said, "if you will believe that I am—sorry?"

"Sorry!" he echoed in a tone of intense scorn. "Why should you be sorry for

your success? What you intended—which was, no doubt, to punish and humiliate me—you have accomplished it in the most thorough manner. You are to be congratulated upon the admirable and truly actress-like skill with which you carried through your deception, and paid off your score against me."

"Ah," (it was a cry that seemed to come from the depth of her heart) "do not be so bitter! For indeed I had never a thought of punishing and humiliating you, or of paying off any score."

"Why, then, had you not pity enough for my hopeless infatuation to tell me the truth about yourself,—the truth which was owing to me from every point of view?"

"I only waited to tell you until I had told one to whom it seemed due that he should hear it first," she answered. "And if I seemed to wait a long time it was because I was anxious to make the revelation in a manner that would wound you least. But while I delayed, the matter has been taken out of my hands; and now—now I can only again beg you to believe that I am sorry, and that if I could have foreseen such a result of my masquerade I would never have attempted it. I regret my folly more than I can say; and you may be satisfied to know that I am severely punished—"

"I have no desire that you should be punished on my account," he said abruptly. "I know that you are suffering from terrible anxiety at present, and I do not wish to add to your suffering by reproaches, or by intruding anything that I may feel upon your attention. I have not come to see you for that purpose,—at least it was not my chief purpose in coming," he added, with a strict truthfulness which at another time might have been amusing. "I have come to talk to you of Royall, to tell you what his father and I have decided that it is best to do—"

"Yes, yes, let us speak of Royall!" she cried. "Let us forget everything but

thought of him, and work together to find him. Tell me what you think of this awful news—what you believe has happened to him.”

“Sit down,” he said coldly but not unkindly, as he drew forward a chair. “You look pale enough to faint.” Then, as she sank into the offered seat, he himself sat down opposite her and answered her question. “It is difficult to know what to think,” he said, “except that there is reason to fear that something very serious has happened to him. We know so little—only the bare fact of his disappearance,—but the disturbed condition of the country seems to make it certain that he must be either a prisoner, or—”

“Yes?”

“Or dead. I can see no alternative.”

There was silence for a moment; and, pale as she had been before, it seemed to him that she grew yet paler. But she did not lose her self-control, though she shrank visibly at his words.

“I, too, have been trying to find an alternative,” she said at length, “and I can not. If he were free, Royall would let me hear from him,—of so much I am sure. So he must be a prisoner, for I do not believe that he is dead.”

Lyndon regarded her with a growing compassion.

“It is natural that you should not wish to believe it,” he answered.

“It is not only that I do not wish to believe it,” she said quickly: “it is that I have a conviction that he is alive. The feeling is quite indescribable, and I do not expect you to give any weight to it. But it means a great deal to me; for I have had many such spiritual convictions in my life, and they have never been wrong. Something seems to tell me that Royall is living, though perhaps in great danger; and yet it is hard to see why he should be—”

“Where war exists any one may be in danger,” Lyndon said. “And, this being so, every means must be taken to discover what has become of him. I have

already communicated with the Department of State in Washington, and learned that there is no American Consul at Tripoli; but inquiries about Royall will be forwarded through the Italian Embassy here. And meanwhile I think it will be well for you to apply to the French Consul in Tripoli, as my uncle says you have thought of doing—”

“I will send a message to him at once. Will you help me to write it?”

“In a moment.” A gesture of his hand bade her keep the seat from which she started to rise. “Let me finish telling you what we have decided to do. Briefly, it is that, while my uncle and yourself remain here and work through all possible official channels, I shall go in personal search of Royall.”

“You mean that you will go to Tripoli?”

“Yes, to Tripoli, as fast as I can get there.”

“Oh!” She leaned forward eagerly, clasping her hands. “It is what I have longed to do. I will go also.”

But the words had hardly left her lips when she realized, even before the expression of Lyndon’s face told her, how impossible it would be for him and her to go together even in search of Royall. She sank back in her chair as he said hurriedly:

“It is unnecessary that we should both go. If you wish to go yourself—if you prefer to do so,—I will remain with my uncle. But we thought that it would be best for me to go, since I am a man, and—and there may be things to deal with which it would be difficult for you to manage.”

She did not answer for a minute, and he saw that she was having a severe struggle with herself before she could answer at all. Every impulse of her nature was bidding her insist upon her right to go, was making her rebel against remaining behind inactive, while some one else took the active part in finding Royall. But the unselfishness and reasonableness that were the basis of her character finally

asserted themselves in this crucial moment, as they had asserted themselves often before; and, by asserting, gained the strength which was needed now. Keenly aware of what she was feeling, Lyndon felt himself moved to sudden and unexpected admiration when she looked at him and said:

"I will do whatever Governor Harcourt and yourself think best; and—and I can see that it *will* be best that you should go. You will be able to do more than I could—unless I should meanwhile hear that Royall needs me. In that case you may look to see me in Tripoli almost as soon as you are."

"That," he said gravely, "is what I should expect."

(To be continued.)

Jeanne d'Arc.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

"WHAT was it stirred my apple boughs,—
That sudden, whispering sound I heard?
The passing of a flame-struck bird?
Or breeze that did the leaves arouse?"

"Nay, I am voice of Duty clear;
List, sweet maid! My message hear:
Wake from thy girlhood dreams,—awake!
There wait the crown, the cross, the stake."

"What was it tapped upon my pane?
Some wounded creature in distress?
Some spirit in its weariness?
Or lilacs blowing in the rain?"

"Nay, I am voice of Suffering;
Conquer through me each evil thing.
The lilies in thy virgin hand
The gate thrice-barred shall not withstand."

"What was it knocked upon my door?
Was it a beggar in the dust?
Peasant or bard or priest august?
Or just the wind for evermore?"

"Nay, I am voice of Destiny;
Out of the depths I call to thee.
Sweet maid, from touch of flame and fire
Rise to a higher air, and higher!"

The Late Sir Richard Scott.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

"**H**E always took the highest moral ground on all questions of general interest, and probably no public man in Canada ever enjoyed a more spotless reputation." Such was the beautiful tribute paid by one of his brother Senators to the late Sir Richard William Scott, for so long the Irish Catholic representative in the legislative halls of the Dominion of Canada. And such was the opinion echoed and re-echoed through the secular journals of every class. Needless to say, the corollary to that statement, as will be seen in the course of this sketch, was that Sir Richard was a devotedly loyal Catholic, whose life and work are in strong contrast to those exemplars of purely material success who are too often held up for public imitation.

The Nestor of the Canadian Senate was born in Prescott, Ontario, nearly eighty-nine years ago, of Irish and Catholic stock. His father, Dr. W. J. Scott, served in the army (medical department) under the Duke of Wellington, and married the daughter of another officer, Captain Allan McDonnell. The parents of the future legislator having settled in Canada, the father became registrar of Grenville. Young Richard early turned to the law; and, having graduated as a barrister at the early age of twenty-two, took up his residence in Ottawa. It was then Bytown, a small, straggling settlement. Shortly after, the young advocate was elected alderman; and so began that public life, civic and parliamentary, which was to last almost uninterruptedly for sixty odd years. In 1852 he was elected mayor, an office which he filled with distinction. From the chief magistrate's chair he passed to the Canadian Assembly, where he represented Bytown. In 1863 he represented Ottawa in the Provincial Assembly, and was made Speaker of the

Legislature at a time when only two Catholics were members of that body.

Honor followed upon honor. He was made a Queen's Counsel, by Lord Monck, in 1867; and Commissioner of Crown Lands, in which office he rendered yeoman service to the country by his land and timber policy, which, adopted with few modifications, worked so satisfactorily as to be retained for thirty years. He also was the first to draw attention to the conservation of the forests (that most valuable of national assets), and to regulate the loose custom which prevailed of permitting "squatters" to take possession of lands unsuitable for cultivation but extremely valuable as regarded lumber.

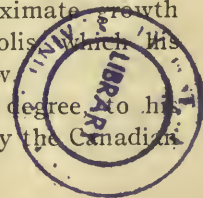
In 1873 that man of indomitable industry, of rare initiative, and of consummate sagacity in the grasp of public questions, was chosen as a member of the Mackenzie Liberal Cabinet, Secretary of State, and Registrar General. In 1874 he was appointed Senator. From 1896 to 1908 he acted once more as Secretary of State under the leadership of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. But the growing burden of years induced him to lay down that onerous office, and, save for his senatorial duties, to retire into private life. From 1902 to 1908 he was leader of the Canadian Senate. In 1909, in recognition of eminent service, he was knighted by the late King Edward.

Now, this swift succession of public offices, these accumulated honors, when mentioned thus in the aggregate, give little idea of the important part which Sir Richard took in the civic no less than the federal administration; of the phenomenal activity, mental and physical, which knew no relaxation; of an unsurpassed record of public usefulness; and of the close-crowding incidents of that long, varied, and honorable career. For it is conceded by friend and foe alike that, in his public as in his private life, he measured up to the highest standards of his Christian and Catholic profession.

His ideal of patriotism and of duty was of the most exalted. Unsparing to himself, no task was too laborious for him to undertake, and to carry to completion with scrupulous exactitude. On more than one occasion he replaced an absent colleague,—thus, in addition to his own department, serving as Minister of Inland Revenue, of Finance, and of Justice. The responsibilities of office seemed no less present to him than its privileges; and his strict honesty even to the smallest details, which none has ever questioned, caused him to forego in certain instances even his legitimate emoluments of office.

His absolute sincerity of thought and speech was conspicuous in all the acts of his career. But, to understand in some measure the commanding position which he enjoyed, it will be of interest to note those special services which he rendered to the Capital, to the Catholic community, and to the country at large. His civic activity, in fact, assumed so Protean an aspect that it would be impossible to follow its details from that first important work of promoting the initial railway. That was as long ago as 1850, nearly twenty years before Confederation, when, at the instance of the late Edward McGillivray, Sir Richard took the first steps to procure a charter, and caused the circulation of a monster petition to promote the foundation of a railway. And this project of his he saw realized when the first train went out from the city in April, 1853. The fact that it was not financially successful did not deter its chief projector from repeating the experiment, and becoming principal promoter and first president of the Canadian Central; for he realized that the time had come when travel by stage-coach could no longer be considered adequate to the needs and the proximate growth of Bytown into a metropolis. His keen vision already foresaw

It is owing, in a great degree, to his efforts that Ottawa is to-day the Canadian



Capital; for, sincerely attached to that city of his choice, he was able to forecast something of its future. He saw that, by its fine natural situation and its central position, it would be well adapted to the needs of an ever-expanding administration. He, therefore, drew up a memorial to the late Queen Victoria, wherein he summarized all these reasons why Ottawa should be chosen; and represented at the same time the inconveniences and objections which, in his opinion, were attendant upon an itinerant Parliament, now meeting at Toronto, now in Quebec. The result was that he was enabled to pass that measure through a reluctant and rather hostile legislative body. He forecasted, indeed, that idea of centralization which was to crystallize into Confederation; so that the straggling city of the past became, in Sir Richard's lifetime, the Washington of the North, a handsome Capital.

During all this time his progress in his profession was commensurate with his advancement in other directions. He had become a recognized authority on points of law, which his clear, logical mind enabled him to grasp in all their subtlety. As honest and conscientious in his professional as in his public career, he soon won the confidence of numberless clients. As early as 1867 he was made Q. C. by Viscount Monck; and in 1879, a member of the Council of the Dominion Law Association. He was thus preparing for those more extended duties which made him, later on, "unsurpassed as a framer of legislation," and an authority on many a disputed point. In 1906 he was a member of the sub-committee of the Privy Council, to deal with the difficult and delicate matter of the Manitoba schools; and in 1896 he was one of the signers of a petition to the Pope, which resulted in the sending to Canada of a special ablegate in the person of the present Cardinal Secretary of State, Mgr. Merry del Val.

In the multifarious activities of that busy life he found time to write numberless letters and pamphlets on matters of

local or national interest. Such were: "The Choice of the Capital," published in 1907; his recollections of Bytown (1911); and those subsequent ones on the *Ne Temere* Decree, a masterly exposition of the principles therein involved; and on the recent bilingual school agitation, in which he supported the contentions of his French-Canadian fellow-countrymen.

It may be of interest, before proceeding to a glance at the most famous and far-reaching of his many legislative acts, to regard the man, who has been dignified with the title of the "first citizen of Ottawa," in that private and domestic life, which was above all dear to him. In spite of his phenomenal activity, his eminent talents and acquirements, Sir Richard was emphatically modest and retiring in disposition, satisfied with a comparatively small circle of friends. He was married in 1853, to Mary, daughter of the late John Heron, of Dublin, Ireland,—a woman of exceptional charm, of the most brilliant social qualities, an accomplished musician, and, like himself, an ardent and devout Catholic. She predeceased him by eight years,—shortly after the two had celebrated their Golden Jubilee. Two surviving sons and four daughters have, in a variety of ways, served as the complement of that full and well-rounded life.

In his long life he numbered amongst his friends the most distinguished churchmen of the day; the various Governors-General, who delighted to pay him the honor his honorable service demanded; no less than a host of eminent Canadians. At his country home of Fairview he had laid out orchards and vineyards, and there with a true and unostentatious hospitality he entertained his friends.

Bishop Fallon, of London, who, when rector of St. Joseph's Church, Ottawa, was Sir Richard's pastor and spiritual adviser, declares that he found in him the "highest type of a Christian gentleman," in his scrupulous fidelity to his religious convictions, and the loyal

support which he gave to the clergy and to the diocesan authorities. A prominent member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, during those years when the duties of a Cabinet Minister made such demands upon his time, he never failed in the appointed visits to the poor, and generously stretched out his hand to the needy. Though not a wealthy man, that ear now closed in death was never shut against the appeal of the unfortunate, and innumerable are the cases on record where he opened his purse or exerted his influence to assist those in need of help. Sorely, indeed, will be missed that venerable figure, crowned with its snow-white hair, active and alert to the last, which so often passed up the aisle of St. Joseph's Church, or went forward to the Communion rail. For that spotless life, which had led to green old age, caused him ever to pursue that "shining path leading upward to the perfect day." His influence, public and private, was always on the side of right, his every act consistent with his ideals.

Up to the last he was able to take his usual intelligent interest in public affairs and to attend to his senatorial duties. It was, in fact, in that Upper Chamber that his voice—never stronger or clearer, it is said—was heard on important judicial affairs scarcely a month before his death; and his ideas were set forth with the same lucidity, the same force and virility, as of old. His unimpaired vitality was the wonder of his fellow-citizens, till a few weeks ago, when a chill caught on an exceptionally cold day, and a slight operation that had to be performed, accentuated the infirmities of old age and the natural decline of his physical strength. But to the last moment of his existence his mental powers were unimpaired.

A few hours before his death he received a visit from his Grace the Archbishop, long his warm personal friend (as had been the late Archbishop Duhamel), and received the last Sacraments of Holy

Church at the hand of his pastor, the Rev. M. J. Murphy, O. M. I. He himself answered the final prayers for the dying; and almost to his last moment raised his hand to make that pronounced Sign of the Cross which was his favorite profession of faith. In the final effort, it is touching to record, his hand had to be guided by the nurse. And so he passed away, full of years and full of honors, and firm in the holy Faith.

He had left instructions as to the simplicity, in so far as comported with his public station, which should mark his obsequies; and, with that consideration for others, even to the humblest servant in his employ, which was so characteristic, he endeavored to spare the survivors all possible difficulties. His temporal affairs were no less in order than his spiritual, and he made his act of resignation with cheerful serenity. God in His mercy took hence His faithful servant before any failure of his powers should have rendered his end less beautiful and impressive. As it was, he went down "with all sails set"; and the glow of the sunset foreshadowed, not a night that had never fallen for him, but the splendor of the eternal day.

And now that the angel has written, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, . . . for their works follow them," and the venerable statesman has gone to his long repose, special mention must be made of those two legislative acts of his which, amongst numberless others, will serve to immortalize his name. The first is the Canadian Temperance Act of 1873, more familiarly known as the Scott Act, which was the result of the strenuous efforts that had been previously made to regulate the liquor traffic, and place it upon a secure basis. Of that prohibitive measure a leading local daily has this to say: "The Scott Act is considered, therefore, as a pioneer in the path of local option legislation in regard to the liquor traffic, and a remarkable tribute to the sagacity and legal ability

of its framer. Since it was passed, although it had been made the subject of the fiercest legal disputes, not only was its constitutionality upheld by the highest courts of the Empire, in spite of the determined efforts of great pleaders to overthrow it, but so perfect were its details that comparatively few amendments were ever made to it." It would be impossible to estimate the beneficent action of that particular piece of legislation, and its far-reaching influence in promoting that virtue of which Sir Richard was so conspicuous an exemplar.

The second great constitutional act of his was the introduction, in 1863, of the Separate School Act of Ontario, wherein, as may be remembered, he had the powerful support of that distinguished Irishman and Catholic, Thomas D'Arcy MacGee,—of whom Sir Richard was ever a devoted friend and ardent admirer. Few can fully appreciate the difficulties that lay in the way of such a movement, and the chivalric courage which was required by a comparatively young and merely private member of the House to beard in such a cause a hostile and menacing majority. By his determined effort, Sir Richard swept from the arena of politics that long-vexed question, and procured for his coreligionists of Ontario that justice which was enjoyed by the Protestant minority of Quebec.

To understand the full significance of his conduct, it would be necessary to consider the virulent anti-Catholic prejudice which, from time to time, broke out into actual violence in various sections of the country; and which, as they are related by trustworthy contemporary authorities, would scarcely be credible to us of the present generation, were it not for periodical outbreaks of sectarian bitterness that still startle certain localities in the Dominion. The calm, convincing arguments of Sir Richard, his unanswerable logic, and the sincerity of his convictions—which were, however, never tinged with offensive bitterness; for he invari-

ably showed a knightly courtesy to his opponents,—were a no less important factor than the matchless eloquence of MacGee in passing that fiercely contested measure, and that in the teeth of a fierce opposition, which at first included legislators on both sides of the House. The very opponents of the Bill have lived to appreciate its wisdom and sanity, its justice and moderation; and hundreds, even thousands, of Catholics in the succeeding generations have lived to bless its authors and to enjoy its freedom.

In connection with that great achievement, Sir Richard had still to fight another scarcely less hotly contested battle, and that was the introduction to the Separate Schools of Ottawa of the Gray Nuns. The religious garb was held in abhorrence; but once again Sir Richard prevailed; and that diocesan community, of which he had ever shown himself a beneficent friend and protector, was permitted to preside over those schools, wherein their work has proved an unqualified success.

And so that great, vital principle of Catholic education found its father and resolute supporter in Richard William Scott; and the "Act to restore to the Roman Catholics of Upper Canada certain rights in respect to the Separate Schools" became for evermore the law of the Province. Its provisions form an integral part of the federal autonomy known as the British North America Act. If that service were the only one that the dead statesman rendered to his coreligionists, it alone would entitle him to their undying gratitude; but there is much more to his account in the fact that he was at all times ready to champion their rights or their privileges. He was in every circumstance a worthy, a distinguished Irish and Catholic representative, whose integrity was proverbial, and whose fair fame was unclouded. The very example of the man will serve as an inspiration for the generations to come. He spurned success wherever it would have meant sacrifice of principle; and he won it against all

the odds that selfish interest, corrupt practices, or equivocal methods, which bigotry or sectarian narrowness could place in his way.

He has fought a long and splendid fight in that threefold arena which he entered young and left in advanced age. In the House of Commons, as has been seen, during nearly all of his career there, on the Liberal side of the House, he gave eminent service; while in the Senate that voice, now forever silent, was ever raised in defence of some noble principle of religion and morality. He was foremost in the ranks of those upon whom their fellow-Catholics could depend.

And so he has gone whither the Masses and the prayers of numberless ecclesiastics, religious communities, and lay Catholics will follow him to the very Throne of Grace; and he who was made an instrument for the instruction of many unto justice shall, in the beautiful words of Holy Writ, "shine as stars for all eternity."

IN order that the ray of stars, darting forth at its appointed time, and changed in succession, might reach the darkness of our night, Abel comes to show us innocence; Enoch, to teach purity of practice; Noah, to win admittance for lessons of endurance in hope and work; Abraham, to manifest obedience; Isaac, to show an example of chastity in wedded life; Jacob, to introduce patience in labor; Joseph, for the repaying evil with good; Moses, for the showing forth of mildness; Joshua, to beget in us confidence against difficulties; Job, to manifest patience amid great afflictions. Lo! what lustrous stars see we in the sky that the foot of practice may never stumble as we walk this our night's journey; since for so many saints God sent just so many stars into the sky for man's cognizance till the true Morning Star should rise, who, being the herald to us of the everlasting day, should outshine all other stars by the radiance of His Divinity.

—*St. Gregory the Great.*

The Tread of Passing Feet.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

OLD Mr. Yeats sat on his porch. Why he was called "old Mr. Yeats" no one knew; for there was no young Mr. Yeats, with the arrogant insistence of youth, to be thus distinguished from his father. But the old gentleman bore his title philosophically. "Old!" he had once heard himself so styled by an incautious passer-by. "Humph! I am younger than younger men. It is the inside which counts,—the way one feels, not looks. Life is not measured by years."

That had been ten years before, and still old Mr. Yeats sat on his porch early in the morning and late at night. During the day, though well into his seventies, he went to his business with regularity. The despair of all the insurance companies with whom he had kept policies for fifty years, he was the envy of far younger men.

Of his private life no one knew anything. He lived in a little pocket of a city street, where a vacant lot faced the railroad track leading to fashionable suburbs, and only a few houses straggled along the other side of the street. Despite the screech of the trains, it was a quiet spot. The neighbors knew one another; the children played happily in the lot, upon which some public-spirited person had planted flowers and vines; and the mothers, too busy to quarrel when their offsprings did, repined not for the more stylish neighborhood, with its apartment houses, because their little ones were so well and happy in the open air of this unfashionable spot.

Whether old Mr. Yeats was a bachelor or widower no one knew. Even his housekeeper, a taciturn female with an unmarried air of austerity, had no information to give upon the subject; and answered the inquiries of such as had the temerity to offer them with a shrug and a "Don't know anything 'bout it, for

'taint my business." With the lapse of years the curious forgot to be so, and old Mr. Yeats was accepted as a landmark, stationary if eccentric, on Etoile Circle, as the little street was ambitiously named. He accepted the situation with unusual zest; he was even proud of the hint of mystery about himself which he felt in the air, and hugged it with a shade of romance, strange in so commonplace a person. "They don't know anything about me," he chuckled to himself; "and they ain't going to."

One day the quiet of the little street was sadly disturbed. As Mr. Yeats sat tranquilly eating his morning meal he heard the tread of passing feet. The unwonted sound was as the passing of an army; and he gazed from his window to see an army indeed, but one of toilers; their uniforms not brave with golden lace and buttons, but grimy with earth and soil; while for weapons they bore pick and shovel. To the vacant lot on the corner the army marched, and for days the quiet street was alive with patient mules and impatient drivers, noise of teaming, jests, and shouts.

The children were delighted. Such mountains of sand were scarcely seen in Sahara's Desert, and such glorious sport as fort building in the excavations of the new building they had never before enjoyed. Old Mr. Yeats was disgusted. "A flat building!" he said to himself, curling his lip with disdain at the innovation. "I presume this is the beginning of the end."

As the building went on he grew a little curious. Past his door went the daily army—masons, bricklayers, carpenters, roofers, one after another. And as the building began to assume form and comeliness it seemed to him unlike any flat building he had ever seen. Finally it dawned upon him, what he would have known from the first had he listened to the chat about him, that the new building was to be a church. Of what persuasion he did not know. Mr. Yeats had been raised a Methodist, but, as he said to a

parson calling for a donation, he did "not work at it now."

If the truth must be told, as Macaulay said, he was a Protestant "not because he loved Protestantism, but because he hated the Pope," and his chief religious tenet was dislike of Catholics. When, therefore, the church was all completed, and crowning the top of the graceful spire there appeared, against the gold of the morning and the evening's rose, a splendid cross, the rage of old Mr. Yeats knew no bounds.

"Papist!" he gasped,—*"a Papist church sitting itself down on my street! It's an outrage to a decent Protestant neighborhood. And I can't do a thing to prevent it. Well, there's one good thing. The thing's done and I won't be bothered with an everlasting tramp past my door any longer. The workmen have worn a path right through my nerves, I guess. Maybe I ain't as strong as I used to be."* And he sighed a little.

His fond hope for the old-time peace and quiet of Etoile Circle, when hardly a footstep passed from morning till night, or after the few householders were at home from work, proved strangely futile; for still he seemed to hear too often the tread of passing feet. They woke him at five or thereabouts; and, though not the tramp of an army, the sound continued with strange regularity morning after morning. "I must be nervous, and fancy I still hear the workmen," he thought; and it was long before it dawned upon him what the footsteps really were.

Winter and summer it was the same. In the rosy dawn of spring, through the autumn's days of sere and yellow leaves, the tread of passing feet was heard,—of worshippers hurrying to Mass. To old Mr. Yeats this was the crowning insult! "To sit here and listen to those Papists passing! If I lay here dying it would drive me mad!" he said angrily to himself, nursing a root of bitterness within him.

Through the early summer his hours upon the porch were spoiled. These fragrant morning hours had always been

his happiest times, but now he glared upon the passers-by. Children skipping happily to church; merry boys, looking as though life held for them naught but fun and play; dainty little schoolgirls, demure and neat; young maidens, strong men, care-worn women, tottering old men, their faces all softened with the thought of the coming Sacrifice,—to old Mr. Yeats all seemed to be hastening to destruction. Poor, misguided creatures! He pitied them.

Yet as the weeks went by, and with a sturdy defiance he sat at his doorway, he found himself watching for the tread of the passing feet, and for their return. He watched the faces of the Mass-goers, and to him it seemed there was a difference in their aspect upon their return. They seemed rested, refreshed; the wrinkles were smoothed from their brows; the cares of this world had dropped from them like a cloud. He learned to know them by sight, and missed any who stayed away; often hoping, when one missed a day or two, that he had tired of coming, yet feeling a strange interest when he returned again to his duty.

Even his nights were disturbed by the tread of passing feet. Often he would hear footsteps hurrying past his door from the little cottage beside the church where the brown-robed Fathers dwelt; and later there would be sounds of footsteps slowly returning. One night, when he had been detained late down town, he met a priest before his own door; and, stirred by a sudden inexplicable impulse, he said to the Father, petulantly:

"Why do you go by here at all hours of the night? It is bad enough, this tread of feet passing my house all day toward your Papist church. Can I not have my nights in peace?"

Father Cyril looked at him gravely, kindly. "We fare forth at night because some one needs us," he replied. "Some day you may need me yourself. You would not wish to tread the path unto the Great Beyond unprepared, would you?"

I have just been to a dying man who died at peace, God's blessing on his soul. But do not come too near, my friend. This was a diphtheria case." And he waved Mr. Yeats away.

"Why did you go to see a man with diphtheria?" grumbled the other, surprised into the query. "You aren't a doctor. Aren't you afraid?"

"Oh, no!" smiled the priest, and his smile was like a gleam of sunshine breaking over a still, chill day. "A doctor of the soul, and a soldier of the Cross must not be afraid to do his duty. I could not let one of my people die without God's blessing, you know." And, with another smile, he passed on into the night.

The old man gazed after him, wondering; and thereafter, in the quiet nights, whenever he heard the tread of passing feet, he wondered with a shudder if 'twas the priest faring forth for the shriving of a soul passing from the world.

Then the unexpected happened; for the old man, always so strong, so well, fell ill and lay at the point of death. A slight cold, disdained because so many others like it had been quickly thrown off, laid firm hold of him, and almost in a twinkling pneumonia had him in its grasp. Old Eliza nursed him faithfully; but the doctor, when called, shook his head. "I'll send in a good nurse," he said; "but he has not one chance in a hundred to recover."

The old man wandered in his talk, and ever he muttered of the tread of passing feet.

"There they go," he rambled, "past the house, to the church on the corner,—the tread of passing feet into the Great Beyond,—passing without a blessing!"

Old Eliza listened terrified, and called the laundress from the basement.

"I am frightened he is that wild! And the nurse not come!" she exclaimed.

"Do you mind the poor body?" said kind Mrs. O'Toole, her apron to her eyes. "Why, woman alive, it's a priest he wants!"

"A priest! He's not a Catholic!" Eliza

opened her eyes wide in astonishment. "He'd eat us alive if he knew what you were saying, he's that bitter against the Papists."

"Sure he don't know, and I'm not afraid of his appetite at all." Mrs. O'Toole smiled. "And it's a priest he's wanting, no matter what his religion is after being; and it's a priest he'll get!" And she hurried to the rectory.

Father Cyril answered her hasty summons, and listened to her story with surprise.

"It's a dreadful thing, Father, to hear the poor heathen creature lying there with neither kith nor kin to his name, gibbering to himself about the 'tread of passing feet,' going to the church and into the Beyant without a blessing. And it's yourself that's wanted there, I'm thinking. Won't you go, though the housekeeper is after saying that he's not a Catholic at all? Nobody knows what the man really is; but it's myself that knows he's a soul in torment this day. I'll go into the church and say the Rosary for him."

Father Cyril hastened to the cottage, and as he entered the old man's room the ravings ceased. Old Mr. Yeats looked into the eyes, serene and holy, which held his own in a glance, compelling yet tender, and a strange wistfulness overspread his face.

"My feet are passing," he said brokenly, "into the Great Beyond!"

"But not without God's blessing, my friend." The priest's eyes were kind, his tones tender. "I shall pray that it rests upon you."

Weeks later old Mr. Yeats, feeble and emaciated, sat upon his porch as past him trooped the worshippers, young and old, their tread resounding upon the pavement; and the old man smiled. Then, as the sweet Mass bells rang a chime upon the sunlit summer air, he arose, and slowly his feeble steps mingled with the tread of passing feet, as he wended his way toward the church, where his soul was to receive anew the blessing which makes ready for the life to come.

The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

May 18, Trinity Sunday.

FOR many ages no special festival in honor of the Most Holy Trinity was universally kept throughout the Church. As early as the eighth century, it is true, a Mass in honor of the mystery was composed by the learned monk Alcuin, and began to be used in some churches, especially in Germany. In the tenth century a feast was instituted at Liege, and began to be adopted in other churches and monasteries; for the Holy See had not yet restricted to herself the institution of festivals. Alexander II., in the eleventh century, mentions the feast as being celebrated in some places, but refrained from establishing it in Rome. This was not done until nearly three centuries later, when John XXII. extended it to the whole Church. The Pope was induced to do this on account of the gradual multiplication of the feasts of saints, and the consequent omission on many Sundays of the Mass and Office of the day; for it is clear that in Rome the Sunday Office was regarded as particularly in honor of the Blessed Trinity. Now that the festival has been raised to one of the highest rank by Pius X. its Mass must always supersede that of the first Sunday after Pentecost; it will be fitting, therefore, to make it the subject of our considerations in these pages.

The Collect runs thus: "O almighty, everlasting God, who hast given to Thy servants in the confession of the true faith to acknowledge the glory of the Eternal Trinity, and in the power of majesty to adore the Unity: we beseech Thee, by the strength of the same faith, that we may be ever defended from all adversities." Belief in the Most Holy Trinity is the fundamental doctrine of our faith. It is in the first Sacrament which the Christian receives that the Holy Trinity—

Father, Son and Holy Ghost—takes full possession of the soul of each child of the Church. Henceforth every religious act is performed in honor of those Three Divine Persons, whom we so frequently invoke during life; then, when death calls us away, the mercy of God is asked in behalf of each one who “was marked, whilst in this life, with the sign of the Holy Trinity.” Fittingly, therefore, does the Church bid us pray that our faith may always be living and strong. Thus, in the power of God, we may overcome all obstacles and conquer all enemies in the way of salvation.

The mystery which we honor to-day is, indeed, one which calls for the exercise of the virtue of faith. It is one which we can not hope to fathom in this life; we can but bow our intellect and submissively accept God’s revelation of Himself, so far as He has deigned to make it known. We can but cry out with St. Paul in the words of the Epistle: “O the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are his judgments, and how unsearchable his ways! . . . For of Him and by Him and in Him are all things; to Him be glory forever.”

This attitude of reverent faith gives birth to the joy and admiration expressed by the liturgy of this Sunday at the presence of the Sovereign Majesty of God in His universe. The Gradual sings: “Blessed art thou, O Lord, who beholdest the deep, and sittest on the Cherubim! Blessed art thou, O Lord, in the firmament of heaven, and worthy of praise forever!” The Alleluia verse takes up the strain: “Alleluia! Blessed art thou, O Lord, the God of our fathers, and worthy of praise forever!”

In like manner both Offertory and Communion verses give praise to God: “Blessed be God the Father, and the only-begotten Son of God, likewise the Holy Ghost; for He hath shown His mercy unto us,” says the former. “We bless the God of heaven, and we will praise Him in the sight of all the living, because He hath shown us His mercy,”

is the cry of the latter. It is the mercy of God which is the constant theme of the Psalmist,—that mercy which “endureth forever,” which is “from eternity and unto eternity upon them that fear Him,” which “shall encompass him that hopeth in the Lord.” God’s mercy toward us, His erring children, is also the source of the adoring joy which this feast is intended to rouse in our souls. Our God is worthy of all our praise and adoration simply because He is God; but our grateful hearts are moved to still deeper worship when we recall His manifold benefits.

On this feast, if at any time, we surely ought to strive to render some return for all we owe to the Three Divine Persons of the ever-blessed Trinity. God is all love toward His creatures, and love shows itself in the exercise of mercy. The Father, through pure love, called each of us into existence. When mankind fell away from Him, “He so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son” to die for us. Each human being has been thus benefited; but each individual has a thousand times more reason to praise the Father on account of the innumerable special gifts received from Him—gifts known often to ourselves alone—beyond those more general graces of the true Faith, the Sacraments, and the countless blessings flowing from their possession. The Son has shown His love in all that He has borne for the special redemption of each individual. Meditation on the Passion, alone, will reveal some tithe of what we owe Him. The Holy Ghost shows His love in our sanctification; it is He who unites us, through love, with Father and Son.

Volumes could not detail all that we owe the Blessed Trinity; our debt is infinite, and the love of our hearts during our sojourn here is the least we can offer in return. And so good is God that He will be satisfied with the offering of our poor hearts in homage of His Majesty.

“WHEN the shore is gained at last,
Who will count the billows past?”

Some Refreshingly Sane Ideas about Children.

IN the course of Cardinal Bourne's paper in the *Nineteenth Century* for April, a quotation from which has already appeared in these columns, the statement is made that his article is only an amplification of ideas contained in "The Paramount Need of Training in Youth," the English prelate's contribution to "Essays in Duty and Discipline." We are reminded thereby that, while reading a year or two ago the book mentioned, we marked sundry passages for future citation. As our readers may possibly have forgotten the volume in question, it may be worth while to quote this expression of its avowed purpose. "The Essays of the Duty and Discipline series have been published with the object of drawing public attention to the very generally acknowledged growth of indiscipline amongst British children of all classes; to the decay among them of a sense of duty; and to the apparent gradual disappearance of the ancient British determination to overcome difficulties by the force of a strong will, which declined under all circumstances to recognize even the possibility of defeat."

The forty essays that make up the book's contents are contributed by eminent men and women, English and American, non-Catholic and Catholic, lay and clerical; and, needless to add, the general principles advocated, as indeed the great mass of the particular applications thereof, are as pertinent to American children as to young folk who yield allegiance to his Majesty George V. One of the most suggestive and practical of the essays is Isabel D. Marris' "The Everyday Training of Children." Discussing successively the importance of infantile habits, first lessons in self-dependence, the need for order and good method, and pleasures and treats, the

writer gives evidence of a fund of common-sense philosophy, or philosophical common-sense, distinctly refreshing at the present day; and in the last section of her excellent essay, entitled "The Physical Side of Training," enunciates some everyday truths well worth emphasizing. To quote:

There is a school of thought at the present time that believes that all pain and discomfort is in itself bad, and to be avoided wherever possible. It is very doubtful whether this is really true. No one would be found to say that it is a good thing to give pain to any living thing without good reason and purpose, such as to prevent some greater evil of body or of soul. To believe, however, that all pain is evil, and to be prevented at every cost, is to run a great risk of making ourselves "soft" and cowardly, and to allow disease of spirit and soul to take possession of us through dread of hard work, effort or pain. In training children it is necessary to be very careful in this respect; for it is terrible to see children suffer in any way, and hard not to pet and comfort them for every ache or pain; but it is kind not to do so. For instance, it is most unwise to bribe a child to take medicine or to have a tooth pulled out, yet it is constantly done....

A lady who had had to bear long months of most trying ill health once said: "I can not be too thankful that when we were young my mother, although she was always most sympathetic and kind if we had headaches or heavy colds, always expected us to go right on with our lessons or household duties. We were never let off doing anything unless we were ill enough to go to bed and see the doctor. Nothing has stood me in such good stead during all these months as this habit of going right on."...

In regard to punishment one can only lay down broad principles. We have progressed greatly in our knowledge and understanding of children. For instance, no one would now dream of continuing the custom, which at one time prevailed, of flogging children for small faults and intellectual dulness.... At the same time one can not help seeing that we are coming to have a morbid and unwise dread of all forms of compulsion and physical pain. The habit of prompt and unquestioning obedience must be formed, and formed practically, during infancy. It is not possible to reason with an infant of three, yet obedience there must be; and it must be enforced, if the mother's or father's word or look is not

sufficient, which as a rule it should be....

It is impossible to discuss here the various forms of punishment suitable for different cases. One can only say, briefly, that the sole object of punishment is *remedy*; and that there are cases where, when all gentler means have failed, it is more merciful to give a whipping, properly and privately administered, than to allow a fault to continue, or to prolong those methods which have failed to remedy the mischief, and which, if continued, make the child feel hopelessly and constantly naughty, and the parent or teacher feel constantly cross and "nagging." Whatever its form, no punishment should be given or ordered when the parent or teacher is angry or irritated, or the child's quick sense of justice may be wounded, and when consequently the punishment will be rendered ineffective; for the child will feel that it was only the result of the grown-up person's temper, and not due to its own naughtiness....

An order given or a rule made must be obeyed at once and without question; as for instance, in the matter of going off to bed at the very first word, or in regard to punctual appearance at the breakfast table. Such few rules as govern the household must be strictly observed, and their infringement must entail some form of punishment.... As the child's reason develops, he perceives the necessity of such regulations for the individual and the family; but the formation of the *habit of obedience must come first*, and must be insisted upon from the earliest years, at all costs of time, trouble, patience, or even, if necessary, of punishment.

There is, of course, nothing particularly new in all the foregoing. It was old in Solomon's day, and has been repeated by the best educators all through the centuries. It is especially opportune advice, however, at the present time, when so many parents — and American ones not the least notably — apparently believe in, or at least practise, a course of conduct almost diametrically opposed thereto. Discipline is the crying need of American youth; and if parents would conscientiously train their children to prompt obedience in their earlier years, it is a safe assertion that there would be far fewer young men in our penitentiaries, far fewer young women in the degrading toils of "white slavery."

Notes and Remarks.

The centuries controversy between the advocates of physical force and those of moral suasion, as applied in the school-room, is still being waged in a number of our larger cities and towns. As is usual — inevitable indeed, — there are extremists on both sides, although the physical force extremists are incomparably fewer than their opponents. It is rare to find any one nowadays advocating so general and sweeping a use of the rod as was once the rule in practically all schools; but it is (unfortunately, in our opinion) not at all rare to hear and read extravagant denunciation of any kind of corporal punishment's being inflicted on school-children, no matter how guilty they may be of insubordination or any other delinquency whatever. Solomon's "Spare the rod and spoil the child" is not nearly so popular in our day as is Shakespeare's "The quality of mercy is not strained," — and so much the worse for the children. Any man who has had practical experience in training boys must know that there are cases in which kindness, gentleness, appeals to honor, etc., are altogether futile, and the only effective argument is a sound thrashing, administered without passion but also (when merited) without fail. What with the indulgence of foolishly fond parents at home, and the absolutely ineffective discipline which alone is authorized in the school, it is no wonder that the juvenile courts in our cities have to be multiplied, and that so large a per cent of school graduates develop into rowdies or worse criminals.

A compendious statement of what Catholics must, and what they may, believe concerning Purgatory is set forth by the Rev. H. A. Graham in one of the London Catholic Truth Society's publications, which deserves to be widely circulated. We must believe, in accord-

ance with a decree of the Council of Trent, that "there is a Purgatory, and that the souls there detained are assisted by the suffrages of the faithful, but especially by the most acceptable Sacrifice of the Altar." It is a matter of faith, therefore, that (1) there is a Purgatory, (2) that souls suffer there after death for their sins, and (3) that we can help to relieve them. In addition to these points to be held under pain of heresy, we may, and Catholics generally do, believe (1) that the Holy Souls are saved, also in a state of grace and friendship with God; (2) that they are confirmed in grace and can not ever lose it; (3) that the one certain punishment they suffer is the pain of loss,—the keenest of all suffering, as described by Newman in his "Dream of Gerontius"; (4) that, as St. Thomas teaches, the pain of Purgatory is greater than the greatest pain in this life; (5) that the punishment of Purgatory will be proportionate to the measure of sin or the punishment due; (6) that only those souls go to Purgatory who have not fully paid the debt of temporal punishment due to those sins of which the guilt has been forgiven.

Implicit belief in a doctrine which is explicitly denounced by the churches to which they belong is manifested by many non-Catholics, who satisfy an instinctive craving of their hearts by praying for their departed loved ones; and believing that such praying will aid them, notwithstanding the official declarations of their churches to the contrary.

When Florence Nightingale, who had taken a course of training in nursing with the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, in Paris, went, at the age of thirty-four, to the Crimea to take charge of the military hospital there, she was accompanied by a number of nuns, among them Sister Mary Stanislaus, aged thirty-two, of the Convent of Mercy, Bermondsey, England. That was in 1854, fifty-nine years ago, and the Crimean War is to-day a

mere memory; but it is only now that our British exchanges are chronicling the death of Mother Mary Stanislaus, R. R. C., who passed away recently, at the age of ninety-one. The initials following her name designate, not the Sisterhood of which she was a member, but the Royal Red Cross, the Order with which she was decorated by Queen Victoria in 1887. The venerable religious filled many important offices in her community in the course of her unusually lengthy career, and was in active service up to 1905. A valiant woman in the Scriptural sense of the phrase, she won frequent high tributes from her ecclesiastical superiors; and has doubtless, ere this, won the supreme tribute from their Superior and Lord: "Well done, good and faithful servant." *R. I. P.*

Writing on the subject of the proposed change of name for the Protestant Episcopal Church—to us a most tiresome subject (it has been under discussion, off and on, for thirty years),—Mr. Thomas Nelson Page makes these two surprising statements in an article contributed to the *Churchman* (P. E.): "This country [the United States] was made by Protestantism." "We feel that, curbed by the great Protestant bodies, she [the Roman Catholic Church] performs a vast and important function in our modern life." As Mr. Page is not at all bigoted—only very much prejudiced,—we may hope that he will heed what the *Republic* has to say in reply to his curious assertions. We quote in part:

In Colonial days, only the Catholic colony of Maryland gave that essential of Americanism—religious liberty. We should never have won our fight for Independence but for the aid of then Catholic France. The attempt to make liberty the fruit of Protestantism, in the face even of the last Presidential campaign, is absurd.

Catholics are the largest religious body in the Continental United States,—fifteen-fold larger in membership than the Protestant Episcopal body, even on a most conservative and inadequate estimate. In the great dioceses of the country in which Catholics run up to

and over the million mark, no census has been taken since 1909; and no new figures are given this year from a total of thirty-five dioceses. When the diocesan census is taken next year, it will doubtless be found that our numbers at least equal the total of all the Protestant bodies.

If Protestantism — the vaguest of terms — made the United States, why has it not been able to keep them? Why are full half our population of the "unchurched millions" variety giving no denominational affiliation, and having no bond in common with their avowedly Protestant fellow-citizens except a general uneasiness about the growth of The Church? Outside of the "æsthetic" reasons, the title "Protestant" is resented by many who seem to feel obliged to live under it, because it is rather a negation than an affirmation. There is no bond of union, except one which they don't like to recognize — a common dislike or fear of Catholics.

It is merely funny to speak of any Protestant body "curbing" The Church. That nearest to us in numerical strength has still but half as many members; and, as we already have noted, the sum total of all Protestant bodies even now hardly equals our actual membership. It is true that Protestants, in certain crises of our history, especially when to their strength is added that of the aforementioned "unchurched," can keep us out of public office; can cripple some special works, like our Indian missions, for example; can impose burdens on us that even countries in which Protestantism is the established religion would not impose. But these are temporal and transitory evils. They can not hinder our numerical growth; they can not hinder the general recognition of The Church by our acutest statesmen as the national bulwark against Socialism; the strongest force in the country for the conservation of the family, on which, after all, the State rests.

We can bide our time. If we but seek first the Kingdom of God, we shall not fail of the promise which Christ adds to this monition. Our dangers are not from doubts and distrusts based on false traditions, but from the common, dangerous desire for wealth and luxury.

That the English Protestant view of the relationship between religion and education differs very materially from that of the typical American non-Catholic is evident from the comments of the *Guardian* on a recent statement of Lord Haldane to the effect that, under a proposed educational Bill, "denominational teaching will have fair play." The statement, to say the least, is the reverse

of definite; and the *Guardian* fears that, when he talked of putting education first, "the noble Lord" was of the idea that religion would, somehow or other, be found to have settled down into its due place, or would have dropped out of education altogether. Accordingly it says: "Such language argues a hopeless inability to understand the position of religiously-minded persons. Let us all join in promoting education, Lord Haldane practically says, and religion will be properly attended to in the end. The thing is impossible. You may impart a smattering of the 'ologies' without religion, but that is not education."

And yet that, and only that, is what our public schools profess to give to our American youth. Is it enough?

We read in the London *Catholic Times* that an Anglican dignitary, the venerable Archdeacon Madden, recently made (at a meeting in Chester) some remarks expressive of an important truth on a development of modern life which must cause uneasiness to moral guides and sociologists. It seems that, though English magistrates nowadays are slow to send young folk to prison, Anglican police-court missions report a decided increase in the number of youthful convicts. In looking for the determining causes of this increase, Archdeacon Madden found that those connected with magisterial work in Liverpool were persuaded the cause was the lack of parental control; but in his opinion there is also another cause — namely, that we are getting too sentimental in the treatment of the young. He did not, he said, want to restore the hard days of the past, when boys and girls were treated with harshness; but he had no sympathy with the sentimentality that objected to a boy's "getting a thrashing" when he had done wrong. There can be no doubt that the weakening of control by parents and superiors has had bad effects. At an age when the sense of responsibility is slight

and restraint is absolutely necessary, boys and girls learn that they may disobey the commands of parents and guardians with practical impunity; and the result is that many of them who would otherwise pursue useful careers follow paths which are beset with temptations that make success in life well-nigh impossible.

In one word, discipline is the crying need of twentieth-century youth, on the other side of the Atlantic apparently, as well as on this side.

If the average Dutchman were asked to name the three most illustrious men Holland has produced, he would probably answer: "Copernicus, Kempis, and Erasmus." If told that Poland also claims the first, he would probably substitute the name of Vondel, the Dutch Milton. But if one were to inform the average Dutchman that the greatest poet the Netherlands has produced—one of the greatest poets of the world, in fact—was a convert to the Catholic Church, his astonishment would doubtless be as great as that of the Welsh Baptist of whom George Borrow tells in one of the racy dialogues in "Wild Tales." He was a very prejudiced person himself, as all his books bear witness; but he was a great admirer of Vondel's poetry, and pays a striking tribute to him in his discussion with the Welsh Baptist, who was boasting of the great men produced by the Baptist Church. "I said," adds Borrow, "that he had not mentioned the greatest man who had been born amongst the Baptists. 'What was his name?' said he. — 'His name was Joost van Vondel,' I replied." (The Welshman is fain to confess that he has never heard the name before. But his surprise is somewhat lessened when he hears that he lived and died in Holland some two hundred years ago. And he asks if he really was a great man.)

"He was indeed," said I. "He was not only the greatest man that ever sprang up among

the Baptists, but the greatest, and by far the greatest, that Holland ever produced, though Holland has produced a great many illustrious men."—"Oh, I dare say he was a great man, if he was a Baptist!" said Morgan. "And it's strange I never read of him. I thought I had read the lives of all the eminent people who lived and died in our communion."—"He did not die in the Baptist communion," said I.—"Oh, he didn't die in it!" said Morgan. "What! did he go over to the Church of England? A pretty fellow!"—"He did not go over to the Church of England," said I: "for the Church of England does not exist in Holland: he went over to the Church of Rome."—"Well, that's not quite so bad," said Morgan; "however, it's bad enough. I dare say he was a pretty blackguard."—"No," said I: "he was a pure, virtuous character, and perhaps the only pure and virtuous character that ever went over to Rome. The only wonder is that so good a man could ever have gone over to so detestable a church, but he seems to have been deluded."—"Deluded indeed!" said Morgan. "However, I suppose he went over for advancement's sake."—"No!" said I: "he lost every prospect of advancement by going over to Rome; nine-tenths of his countrymen were of the Reformed religion, and he endured much poverty and contempt by the step he took."—"How did he support himself?" said Morgan. "He obtained a livelihood," said I, "by writing poems and plays, some of which are wonderfully fine."

We are indebted to W. H. K., writing in the London *Tablet*, for this delectable passage from Borrow's forgotten volume. Bigots have certainly improved.

A recent news item in the New York *Sun* has failed to elicit from that and many another secular journal such editorial comment as one might expect the item to provoke. The news is:

The authorities at the Horace Mann School of Teachers College, Columbia University, have decided to abandon coeducation. For a long time this school has stood pre-eminent among coeducational institutions for young girls and boys, and the change came as a surprise; but the move has been decided upon only after careful consideration.

Careful consideration and occasional investigation of the conditions prevailing in the coeducational high schools of several States have revealed of late years a condition of affairs qualifiable, from

a moral standpoint, only as abominable. Horace Mann, after whom the particular school in question is named, was the virtual father of the public-school system of this country and the great advocate of the coeducation of the sexes. The action taken at Columbia University is wise, and, we trust, significant of a whole-some change in the views of non-Catholic educationists. In this connection, some interest attaches to the following extract from the *Catholic Times'* recent interview of Father Bernard Vaughan:

"What do you think of the coeducation which prevails in America?" asked our representative.

"Personally, I just hate it," replied Father Vaughan, with some bitterness, "because, human nature being constituted as it is, I can not bring myself to believe that it is mentally or morally good for boys and girls to be brought up and taught in the same schoolroom. I am quite sure I should do my very best to stop any child friend of mine from going to a school where this system was in vogue. At best, it is a method to be tolerated under severe protest. If in itself it were a desirable system, the Church would have sanctioned it and adopted it as her pet system a thousand years ago."

Let us hope that in less than a thousand years—or a hundred—the whole world will be thoroughly convinced, as the authorities at Columbia have been, of the wisdom of discountenancing the system.

Writing in the *Common Cause* for April, Mr. W. J. H. Boetcker makes rather graphic use of an incident of travel in order to point a moral. One of a company of nine, he visited years ago the Egyptian pyramids, and, American-like, proceeded to take pictures thereof. All nine took photographs of the same pyramid, yet the development of their plates showed nine different pictures, no two alike. Mr. Boetcker himself had taken his from the top of the monument, whence he could see the four sides. He writes:

While I looked at them the thought came to me that there must be another side to the pyramid. I went down and looked at the inside, and saw how massive the pyramid had been constructed from within; and I realized

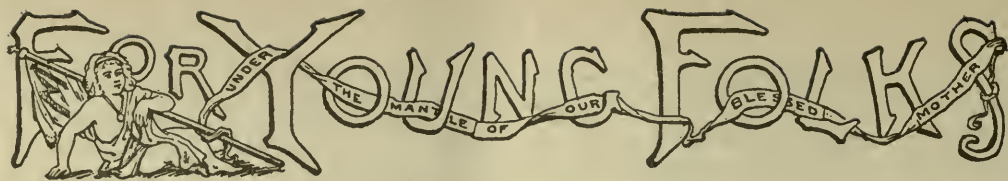
that it was, in fact, the inside which upholds the outside.

Whenever confronted with one of the conflicting problems and apparently contradictory views of our time, I can but think of this pyramid with its four outsides and one inside. I see the employers and business men looking at the financial side; I see the workingmen on labor's side; I see attorneys and legislators on the legal side, and consumers on the fourth side. While we are talking about and ever ready to promise a square deal, let us not forget that there are four sides to a square,—three sides besides your own; and then don't forget the inside, or moral side, which upholds the outside.

The point is well made; and if it were kept in view a little more prominently than is usually the case, the difficulties surrounding many of the vexed questions of the day would prove far more easy of solution.

Four years ago, amid a scene of religious enthusiasm rarely witnessed even in St. Peter's, Pius X. beatified Blessed Joan of Arc. The other day an ante-preparatory meeting of the Congregation of Rites was held at the residence of Cardinal Ferrata, to examine three miracles alleged to have been recently worked through the intercession of the Maid, and proposed for her canonization. Two more such meetings, says *Rome*, will, in all human probability, bring the process to a triumphant close, and only a few months are necessary for the formal procedure; so that, if all goes well, Pius X. some time in 1914 will be able to complete his work by placing the crown of sainthood on the brow of this Christian heroine.

The Benedictine Abbey of St. Maurice of Clairvaux (Luxemburg) is the headquarters of the Association of Prayers for the Conversion of Northern Europe. In the space of three years the number of the Association's members has grown to some seven thousand, many of them native and emigrant Scandinavians. The Holy See has approved of the organization and granted indulgences to those engaged in its laudable work.



Her Offering.

BY WILLIAM NEWBOLT.

I HAVE no lilies for Our Lady's shrine,
No roses that I may in silence lay
Upon the snow-white altar of our Queen,
To celebrate the joyful Month of May;
I have no tapers bright that I may burn,
When purple ev'ning clothes the world in gloom,
Before the picture of our Mother fair
That watches o'er my little sleeping room.
But I will keep my thoughts like lilies all;
And my wild heart will burn with love all day,
As bright as any taper ever burned,
To please our Blessed Lady during May.
And every morn I'll place a rose of prayer
Upon her altar where the sunlight glows;
And Mary will look down upon her child,
And bless her for each lily and each rose.

The Little Florentine.

BY H. DE CHARLIEU.

III.

IN the month of July, 1647,
Henry of Lorraine, Duke of
Guise, was making a tour of
Italy. He had visited Sicily, Naples, and
Venice; and now he was the guest of
Ferdinand II., Grand-Duke of Tuscany.

Every morning, in company with his
young friend, Count de Nogent, he took
excursions on horseback in the country
around Florence, enjoying the panorama
of river and mountain spread out before
him. It was on one of these morning rides
that he came upon Baptiste, consoling
himself for his mishap by playing on his
violin, and singing the melody that had
arrested the attention of the noblemen.

The Grand-Duke took great pleasure
in exhibiting the artistic treasures of

his city to his illustrious guest. Many
times he conducted him through splendid
galleries, filled with priceless paintings,
statues, tapestries, mosaics, and gold
and silver vessels, curiously wrought. On
the particular day of the encounter with
Baptiste the tour of the galleries was
again made.

"The more I see of these treasures,"
said Henry of Lorraine, as they passed
into a marble pavilion for rest and
refreshments, "the more I admire them.
Unfortunately, I am compelled to tear
myself away from all this beauty and
return at once to France."

"It gives me great pleasure to hear
you express your appreciation of Flor-
ence," replied Ferdinand, with evident
satisfaction.

"It is only just," said Henry. "Still,
this morning, I came upon something
that I admired more than all these
beautiful treasures."

"The Pitti Palace, I presume. It is,
in truth, one of the glories of Florence."

"It was not the Pitti Palace."

"What, then?"

"It was a boy — one of the humblest
of your subjects, — a miller's son."

"You are surely jesting?"

"I was never more in earnest."

"What was there so extraordinary
about the little rustic?"

"He is barely fifteen and he is already
a musician, and a very gifted one, too."

"You excite my curiosity. I should
like to see this prodigy."

"I guessed as much, your Highness;
so I took the liberty of sending one of
your officers to bring him here."

A few moments later, Baptiste entered
the grounds, accompanied by a Captain
of the Guards. Upon seeing his sovereign,
he was much embarrassed, and stood fum-
bling his cap, scarcely daring to look up.

"Come in, and have no fear, my boy," said Ferdinand, encouragingly. "If you can do all they say you can, your future is assured."

Baptiste came forward and bowed low.

"You both execute and compose, I am told."

"I do,—a little, Monsieur."

"Well, we shall see what you can do."

Like all the Medicis, Ferdinand was a patron of the arts and sciences, and was himself a poet and musician of no mean attainments.

"Sing for us first," he said; "and then you may show your talent as a composer."

Without hesitation, Baptiste sang a simple folk song.

The Grand-Duke was delighted with the purity and sweetness of the boy's voice.

"Bravo!" he exclaimed. "Now I want you to furnish the music for some verses of my own composition. Can you do it?"

"I can, Monsieur," was the confident reply.

"I have set them to music, too," said Ferdinand, with a smile; "so we shall be competitors."

The Grand-Duke then took from a portfolio a copy of the verses and read them aloud. Handing them to the boy, he said:

"How much time do you require? Two hours?"

Baptiste scanned the poetry carefully, and answered:

"Fifteen minutes will be long enough, Monsieur. I should like permission during that time to walk in the garden. In a quarter of an hour I shall be back."

"You may go."

The little musician bowed respectfully, descended the marble steps, and was soon out of sight.

"You are to judge between us, Henry," said Ferdinand, laughing.

"I really must decline. It would be too embarrassing. I do not doubt your music is good, but the boy's might be better, and then—"

"I only ask you to be just," said Ferdinand, with a shade of conceit.

The two nobles now began to chat with De Nogent, who had just come in; and, before they were aware of it, Baptiste was again before them.

"Well, is the song ready?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Sing it, then—"

"But your rank entitles you to precedence," interposed Henry, laughing. "So let us hear you first."

Ferdinand took a guitar from the hands of a page, and began to sing, accompanying himself. He had a rich, full voice, and the air he had composed bore the marks of the true musician.

"Splendid!" exclaimed De Nogent, applauding earnestly.

"I really fear for my protégé," said Henry. Then, turning to Baptiste, who had listened attentively to his sovereign's music, he said: "It's your turn now, my boy."

After a short prelude, Baptiste sang the melody he had just composed. At the opening measures, the Grand-Duke made a significant grimace; for the air was a masterpiece of originality and melody. The rhythm was not the same as that of the Duke's composition. Instead of being quick and lively, it was slow and sweet, with delicate modulations. The boy's voice was so pure and his accompaniment so harmonious that all applauded loudly before he had finished. He bowed modestly, but a smile of triumph hovered over his lips.

"Well, friends, I acknowledge myself eclipsed," said the Grand-Duke, amiably. Then to Baptiste: "You shall remain with me, my boy."

"That's quite impossible," said the Duke of Guise. "He is already disposed of."

"By whom, pray?"

"By myself! I am going to take him to Paris."

"To Paris?" cried the delighted boy, forgetting that there was any obstacle in the way of such a proceeding.

"Yes, I am going to start in a few days, and you are to go with me—"

"Not so fast!" interrupted Ferdinand. "This boy is my subject, so he belongs to me."

"I want to present him to my august niece, Anne Marie Louise d'Orléans, Duchess de Montpensier. Your Highness is too gallant to refuse to yield precedence to a lady."

"So be it!" said Ferdinand, with a sigh of regret. "But it is a rich gift I am making you."

Then, in the midst of his joy, a thought of his father entered Baptiste's mind. His eyes filled with tears, and he said to the Duke of Guise:

"What you propose would be the joy of my life, Monsieur; but I can not go with you. My father wants me to be a miller, so I must be one."

"Your father must be stupid not to see that you would be the worst flour-maker in the world," said Ferdinand. "I will see that he consents to your going to Paris."

It was decided to arrange the matter at once, so the Count de Nogent was dispatched to the Vale d'Ema to bring the miller. In an hour he returned with Lorenzo, who had racked his brains the whole way in attempts to guess why he had been summoned to the Palace of the Grand-Duke.

Upon seeing his father approach, Baptiste hid behind a hedge, — within sound, however, so he could overhear the conversation upon which his future and his fortune were to depend.

"You are Lorenzo, the miller, are you not?" asked Ferdinand.

"Yes, Monsieur, at your service," was the trembling reply.

"And you have a son, a good musician, it appears?"

"Oh, he can scrape a little on a fiddle!" said the miller, ill-humoredly.

"That's your opinion."

"And that of everybody else, I'm thinking, Monsieur."

"You are mistaken. It is not mine nor that of the gentlemen you see here;

and we are capable of judging. So you want to make a miller of him?"

"Like my grandfather, my father, and myself, Monsieur."

"Unfortunately for your plan, my wishes stand in the way."

The miller eyed the Grand-Duke in bewilderment; but, before the sovereign's stern glance, his eyes fell and he fumbled his hat.

"Let me explain," continued Ferdinand, kindly. "We wish to take your son out of the life he lives and for which he is not fitted."

"A miller's life is as good as any other, it seems to me," groaned Lorenzo.

"Yes, when one is suited to it. Baptiste detests it, and he loves music."

"Yes, I know; but I can attend to that."

"But you *can not*, my good man. The Duke of Lorraine, here present, leaves for Paris in a few days, and he is going to take your son with him."

"Yes," added the Duke; "and the name you bear will be rendered famous by the boy of whom you want to make a miller."

Lorenzo sighed deeply at the thought that, after him, the mill would fall into the hands of strangers; while his son would be roaming about the world, his violin in his hands and a song on his lips. But, knowing that it would be quite useless to defy his sovereign, he said sullenly:

"Well, Monsieur, since he is not to become a miller, he might as well go away. Take him to Paris, if you wish."

Upon hearing this, Baptiste rushed out from his place of concealment and threw himself at his father's feet.

"Oh, thank you, father!" he exclaimed, his voice trembling with emotion. So wild was he in his delight at the thought of going to Paris that he scarcely noticed his father's downcast air and sorrowful expression.

The two now took their leave and went to Serta's inn. Baptiste at once searched

for Fenella to tell her the joyful news.

"Rejoice with me, Fenella!" exclaimed the boy.

"How can I rejoice when I am to go away so soon! Spavento has gone for the horses and we leave to-night."

"Yes, but I'm going to Paris, too! The Duke of Lorraine is going to take me," said Baptiste.

"Was your father willing?" asked the girl.

"Not very, but the Grand-Duke insisted. You can't imagine how happy I am. I wish I could go to-night; then we could all travel together. But I shall be there soon."

As they were talking, a page from the Grand-Ducal Palace came with a message for Baptiste. He presented the boy with a well-filled purse, and a mahogany box with copper corners.

"The money is to buy you clothes suitable for travelling in the Duke of Lorraine's company," explained the man. "The box is for you also."

As soon as the page had gone, the boy carefully lifted the cover. On a bed of green velvet lay a magnificent violin, with all the accessories.

"Here's a note, too," said Fenella, noticing a slip of paper.

"Read it, cousin. I am too happy to see clearly."

Fenella read:

"Such a musician as Jean-Baptiste should have an instrument worthy of him. Here it is.

"FERDINAND."

"Now, father, what do you think of my becoming famous?" asked Baptiste, glowing with pride and confidence.

"You, famous!" growled the miller. "You are all mad, from the Grand-Duke down, to think of such a thing."

"I must say you are unjust and ungrateful, brother," said Serta, reproachfully.

"Unjust and ungrateful am I, because I am the only one here to see clearly,—because I foresee that this boy is going to bring dishonor on our name!" cried the miller, excitedly.

Upon hearing this, Baptiste approached

his father and said in a serious tone:

"If you fear such a thing, father, I will not bear our family name in Paris. I will be known only as Jean-Baptiste; or, better still, as Baptiste the Florentine. When the day comes that I can bring honor to our name, I shall take it, and not till then. You may be sure of that, father."

"Well spoken!" replied Serta, much affected.

"All very fine talk!" grumbled Lorenzo. "But I still hold that even the poorest of millers is worth more than the best of musicians."

Evening had now come and the time fixed for Fenella's departure. With military promptness Spavento arrived, armed to the teeth. Without counting his good sword, Fredegonde, which beat his legs as he walked, he had in his belt a brace of pistols; and, to complete this warlike accoutrement, a blunderbuss loaded with shot was slung by a strap over his shoulder.

"All ready!" he shouted in his deep voice, as he entered the room. "The horses are waiting at the door with my groom."

"I didn't know you had a groom," said Aunt Martha.

"Of course I have!" roared the old soldier. "I hired him an hour ago. It's Soporello. You know him well."

"Yes, and I don't know any good of him. Look out for him," advised Serta.

"Look out for him? Well, that's good! Isn't Fredegonde here to cut off his ears if need be? Come, Fenella, kiss everybody good-bye, and let's be off. Paris is far away, and I'm anxious to get there."

In the courtyard, the old soldier mounted a worn-out war-horse that actually bent under its rider's weight. Baptiste assisted Fenella to the back of a lively, frisky mule that Serta had given her for the journey. Soporello, the new groom—a hulking youth of twenty, with a vacant expression and a shock of red hair,—jumped on the back of a scraggly-

looking donkey, which also carried Fenella's light baggage.

"May the Lord guide you safely to your journey's end, dear child!" said Aunt Martha, standing on tiptoe to kiss Fenella once more.

"Good-bye, Aunt!" replied the girl, sobbing.

"Forward, march!" shouted Spavento, wishing to cut short the sad farewell, and trying his best to make his old horse prance and rear.

Fenella and he rode off side by side; and behind them, at a respectful distance, Soporello followed on his little donkey.

(To be continued.)

The Sea-Gulls of Lerwick.

In the quaint little village of Lerwick in Shetland there is growing, in an enclosed space, a tree. The inhabitants are very proud of it, for it is the only one on the island; and children are shown this tree among the other wonders of the tiny town of one street.

Where there are no trees one need not look for many birds, and the sea-gulls are the only ones that live in Shetland. In Lerwick they are as plentiful as the sparrows are in London. You can not look up at a chimney without seeing a sea-gull perched upon it; and they swoop and circle over every house in the village, giving forth strange cries that stay in the memory of all who hear them.

Each house has its own pet birds, and each bird its own pet name, to which it answers when the children call it to be fed. No sea-gull will eat the food that belongs to those of another house or neighborhood. Indeed, he would not dare to do so; for the other gulls would punish him severely. All day the sea birds visit their little friends, seeming almost as playful and intelligent as house dogs; but when night comes they take their departure, flying swiftly and gracefully away to their own especial roosting place on the island of Noss.

With only these strange, wild creatures for pets, and no trees to climb, one might think that the little people of this barren locality would have a lonely existence; but there are no happier children in the world than those who feed and love the sea-gulls of Lerwick.

Trinity Flower.

In the meads of Saxony grew the pansy, "freaked with jet,"—sweet heart's-ease, beloved of poets and of little children. Its perfume was so sweet and delicate that people came from far and near to gather it; and trampled so rudely upon the grass that it was of no use to feed the cattle, and they well-nigh starved. Then the little Pansy prayed that God would take away its perfume, so that men would no longer seek it,—that it might bloom in beauty, yet do no harm. And God heard the modest prayer; and the Pansy's fragrance ascended to Heaven with its prayers, and was no more. So in that land the good monks called it "Trinity Flower," and the peasants cull it on Trinity Sunday to deck the altars. In pagan days it was Jove's Flower, but the Christians of old Rome called it St. Valentine's Posy. To-day it is called Three Faces in a Hood, Lady's Flower, heart's-ease, and pansy,—another form of the French word *pensée* (a thought).

Before the Days of Printing.

It is surprising how many popular expressions arose from something in olden times connected with the Church. Before the days when printing made it possible for any one to obtain the Scriptures it was the custom for clerks to write on cards the *Pater Noster*, *Gloria Patri*, *Ave Maria*, or some passage from Scripture, and sell it to the passers-by. A number of such clerks held office along a certain street in London, and that is how, some antiquarians assert, it got its name, "Paternoster Row."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Christian Archæology," by Monsignor A. S. Barnes, with illustrations, will be the next volume of the Westminster Series.

—A pamphlet with "general announcements" for the approaching convention of the Catholic Educational Association contains such information as the time and place of the meeting, the lists of various committees, and a partial programme of the papers to be read and discussed at the convention.

—It is gratifying to learn that the publishers of the "Everyman" edition of Newman's "Apologia" have withdrawn the offensive preface contributed to it by Dr. Sarolea. The action was taken in deference to the strong protests of Catholics. It shows, as the editor of *Catholic Book Notes* remarks, that "when Catholics have a reasonable case and present it reasonably, their views are listened to with respect and receive due consideration." They can always count upon fair treatment from Messrs. Dent, but we are not so sure about other publishing houses that might be mentioned. We notice that the Macmillan Co. and Messrs. Cassell have just brought out two frankly anti-Catholic books.

—A copy of "The Golden Legend" (Voragine), printed by Wynkyn the Worde in black-letter, with many woodcuts in the text, is offered for £28, 10s by a firm of antiquarian booksellers in London. Some leaves at the beginning are missing; but the quaint colophon, with the printer's well-known device, is intact. It reads:

Thus endeth the legende named in latyn Legenda Aurea, that is to saye in Englysshe the golden legende. For lyke as golde passeth all other metalles, so this boke passeth all other bokes wherein ben conteyned all the hyghe and grete feestes of our Lorde, the feestes of our Blessyd Lady, the lyues, passyons and myracles of many other sayntes hystories and actes: as all alonge here afore is made mencyon. Whiche werke was fynnysshed the xv. daye of Februarye. The yere of our Lorde M.CCCCC & XII, the thyrde yere of the reygne of our souerayne lorde kynge henry the eyght. Enprynted at London in Fletestrete at the sygne of the sonne. By me Wynkyn the Worde.

—Though a Life of "The Little Flower of Jesus" has already appeared both in English and French, there is a special appeal about "The Cause of Beatification of the Little Flower of Jesus," by Mgr. R. de Teil, the vice-postulator of her Cause. Besides the merits of careful biography, there seems a certain news element which gives this volume a distinctively fresh interest. These "articles" of the holy nun's Cause are, as the preface asserts, "the statement, written in short, terse sentences, of the facts which the vice-postulator intends to prove

concerning the life, virtues, supernatural gifts, and miracles of the servant of God." In this last connection, it is interesting to note there is not wanting testimony from our own side of the ocean as to the fidelity of the Little Flower to her dying promise that she would spend her time in heaven doing good on earth. The translation is by the Rev. L. Basevi, of the Oratory; and the publishers are P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

—In a brochure of 64 octavo pages, the Rev. Thomas S. McGrath tells the always interesting story of St. Rita of Cascia, variously styled "the Advocate of the Hopeless" and "the Saint of the Impossible." Forty-two of the pages, divided into Parts I., II., and III., treat of St. Rita in the world, in the cloister, and in glory; Part IV. is made up of prayers, hymns, Rosaries, litanies, novenas, and triduum to the saint. As virgin, wife, mother, widow, and nun, this heroine of the Order of St. Augustine presents a more diversified model than do most other saints, and her life-story can scarcely fail to prove as profitable as it is charming. Loughlin Brothers, New York.

—Companion volumes in size, binding, "make-up," and the general character of their contents, "The Fountains of the Saviour," by the Rev. John H. O'Rourke, S. J., and "The Heart of Revelation," by the Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S. J., are issued by the Apostleship of Prayer, New York. Much of the matter of both books, we learn from the prefaces, appeared in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. Father O'Rourke's reflections are based on the Beatitudes, on the example of St. John the Baptist, and on the house of Bethany; they are intended for use in the Holy Hour, for which use they are excellently adapted. Various types of "hearts" are considered by Father Donnelly—the Heart of Mary, "The Sad Heart," "The Happy Heart," etc.,—the material for these studies being drawn chiefly from the Epistles. Both books are largely illustrated with what appear to be half-tone reproductions from photographs of bas-reliefs; the subjects, of course, being suitable to the discourse which they illustrate. It would be a satisfaction, however, to have these illustrations entitled and the name of the artist given, as is usually done for such reproductions.

—An account of the scholarly and monumental edition of Dante, issued by Leo S. Olschki of Florence, is furnished by a contributor to the *London Tablet*. "It consists of 600 pages in folio, with broad margins. It has been limited

to 300 copies, in order to render the book more valuable as years elapse. It is printed in two columns of red and black. In one column is the text according to the most recent researches; in the other, the commentary by that prince of Dante scholars, Count Passerini. The cantos are accompanied by excellent reproductions of the 101 xylographic illustrations which adorned the celebrated Venetian edition of 1491. The leather binding by Tartaglia is in the cinquecento style, with tooling, medals, clasps, etc. The price is 600 francs. Six copies on parchment, splendidly illuminated, were executed by Professor Nesi—a worthy continuator of the art of Oderisi—for the King of Italy, the late Pierpont Morgan, and other collectors. The printers are the well-known firm of Franceschini & Co., Florence. The volume has received the full approval of several famous Italian and foreign libraries and private collectors. There is no exaggeration in saying that this edition will vie with those published by the ancients, and will be considered by posterity as representative of all that typography could produce in the twentieth century. This edition has a preface of D'Annunzio, whose beliefs have undergone great changes, and who recently sang the glories of the Church."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Cause of Beatification of the Little Flower of Jesus." Mgr. R. de Teil. 75 cts.
- "St. Rita of Cascia." Rev. Thomas McGrath. 30 cts.
- "The Fountains of the Saviour." Rev. John O'Rourke, S. J. 50 cts.
- "The Heart of Revelation." Rev. Francis Donnelly, S. J. 50 cts.
- "Three Years in the Libyan Desert." J. C. Ewald Falls. \$4.50.
- "Outlines for Conferences to Young Women." Abbé M. F. Blanchard. 40 cts.
- "Our Lady in the Liturgy." Dom Michael Barrett, O. S. B. \$1.10.
- "Levia Pondera." John Ayscough. \$1.75.

- "Confessions of a Convert." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.25.
- "Pioneers of the Cross in Canada." Dean Harris. \$1.50.
- "Consumers and Wage-Earners." J. Elliot Ross, Ph. D. \$1.
- "St. Gertrude the Great." Notre Dame Series. \$1.25.
- "Cedar Chips." 50 cts.
- "Bodily Health and Spiritual Vigor." Rev. W. J. Lockington, S. J. 90 cts.
- "Our Neighbors: the Japanese." Joseph King Goodrich. \$1.25.
- "The Book of the Foundations of St. Teresa of Jesus." New and Revised Edition. \$2.25.
- "Old China and Young America." Mrs. Sarah Conger. 82 cts.
- "The Carol of the Fir Tree." Alfred Noyes. 25 cts.
- "In the Service of the King." Geneviève Irons. 60 cts.
- "Five Centuries of English Poetry." Rev. George O'Neill, S. J., M. A. \$1.25.
- "A Hundredfold." Author of "From a Garden Jungle." 75 cts.
- "Practical Manual for the Superiors of Religious Houses." Fr. Castanzo Frigerio, S. J. 44 cts.
- "Father Carson Explains." Rev. E. F. Garesché, S. J. 10 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Bernard Schulte, of the diocese of Sioux City; Rev. Patrick Power, diocese of Trenton; Very Rev. Lawrence Vorweck, O. M. Cap; and Rev. Gabriel Lipps, O. F. M.

Sister Mary, of the Sisters of St. Ann; and Sister M. Priscilla, B. V. M.

Mr. George Stancliffe, Mr. P. A. Jordan, Miss Annie Wilson, Mrs. Margaret McGuire, Miss Mary Waggett, Mr. Patrick Corcoran, Mr. J. H. Schreiber, Mr. Herbert Peirce, Mrs. Ellen Egan, Mr. Joseph Gagnier, Mr. John Regan, Mr. Charles Schultz, Mrs. Catherine Gribbin, Mr. George Wilson, Mr. L. H. Heinkle, Mrs. Jacob Dally, Mr. Michael Felten, Mr. John B. Cadematori, Mr. Philip Hensick, Mr. Joseph Eikelmann, Mr. Charles Malone, Mr. James Burke, Mr. James Russell, Mrs. Mary McGowan, Mr. William Mitchell, Mrs. Margaret Hayes, Mr. George Simon, Mr. William Walsh, and Mr. John Schwimmer.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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This Do I Give.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

SUFFER me, O my Lord, my God, to bring
And lay before Thy feet some offering!

This poor hard heart forbids my tears to flow:
I can not wash Thy feet, my Master, so.

And precious nard I can not pour upon
Those lovely feet, whose toil my ransom won.

What shall I give Thee, then? For shame and
wrong

Freely forgiven, I offer—just a song.

I offer just a song to Thee, whose gift
Of love has known nor measuring nor thrift.

To Thee, O Giver of all precious worth,
A song that rises dulled through mists of earth!

Yet in Thy love be it accepted free,
And heard as Thou wouldst have it sung for
Thee.

How the Blessed Virgin is Honored in Her Native Land.

BY THE REV. THOMAS A K. REILLY, O. P.



HERE is something touching
in the sight of a son of the
desert, a hardy Bedouin, leap-
ing from a prancing steed at
the close of a day's rout,
and, after entering his tent
and laying his spear aside,
dropping on his knees to say the Rosary.
It is the Arab's prayer-book. It is chanted
by his children at Mass and at burial
processions; and the little ones pride them-
selves on Mary's medal, which they wear
conspicuously sown to their red tarbooshes.

Our caravan lodged one night in May
with the pastor of Nabulus. There were
few Christians in the city, and Moslem
rancor was always reeking against the
diminutive flock. As a consequence, the
priest's residence had all its windows
barred, and every evening the doors were
bolted, after a peculiar service. This
consisted of a sort of benediction ad-
ministered with a framed picture of Our
Lady of Sorrows. *Sitti Myriam* ("Lady
Mary") was the ejaculation we heard from
the pious men and women when, at the
ringing of the bell, they struck their
breasts or stretched out their arms in
earnest supplication. This benediction is a
favorite devotion in Maronite churches.

At Nazareth, on the feast of the
Annunciation, there is a procession through
the public streets, in which Greek Uniates,
Latins, and Maronites participate. It
passes from the Franciscan basilica, which
is dedicated to the day's mystery, to the
so-called Workshop of St. Joseph. Another
picturesque ceremony is the procession of
little girls held annually in the same city,
on Cairo Street. Its purpose is to honor
the Holy Family on their return from
Egypt. An equally peculiar token of
native devotion is in those humble pil-
grimages, from near and far, that are
made by whole villages to the shrine at
Nazareth or to the Grotto of Elias on
Carmel. The central figure in them is a
young child, who is led thither to be
consecrated by having a few locks of his
hair cut off in the form of a cross.

This custom recalls a thrilling incident
witnessed one evening at Bethlehem. A

mother came in anguish and knelt at the Grotto of the Nativity. She was poorly clad, and bore a ghastly, silent infant in her arms. Sobbing and apparently unconscious of the presence of others, she muttered a few prayers, gazed earnestly at the polished star marking the place of the Saviour's birth, laid the infant upon it, and then, dipping her fingers into the oil of the sanctuary lamps, she nervously loosened the baby's garments and anointed his breast. Was she sighing to Mary, who gave life to the Son of God, and who could almost at a wish restore the ebbing life of hers?

There would be nothing new in recounting the Latin devotions with which Catholics are familiar in Europe and America. A few odd alterations are introduced into them here and there, such as the recitation or singing of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin at Benediction on Sundays, and adding to it the invocation "Advocate of those on the deep," as in Franciscan churches; or "Beauty of Carmel," where the Carmelites are in charge. The Arabs take as fondly to the Brown Scapular and to Our Lady of Lourdes as do the faithful of different breeding in the West.

The feasts of our Blessed Mother are more numerous in Palestine than elsewhere. They are frequently preceded by novenas and are always celebrated with pomp. At their annual recurrence the various religious Orders, many of which are called after Mary, sing Mass in one another's churches, preach and impart Benediction; are admitted to one another's convents and monasteries, and there join together in happy recreation and cordial hospitality.

It is significant that the only sisterhood that has originated on the soil of Palestine in recent years and whose members are exclusively native is styled the Sisters of the Rosary. They wear a blue habit, and are actively engaged on missions all over the country. The Congregations founded by Father Ratisbonne also merit special

mention, for they are known as the Fathers and Sisters of Our Lady of Sion. Their mission, which is the conversion of the Jews, seems to have been inspired by Mary herself; for it was she who, in the church of S. Andrea della Fratte at Rome, appeared to Father Maria Alphonsus while he was still an infidel, and almost immediately fitted him for the work he accomplished.

In Western lands, the custom prevails of first consulting the needs and advantage of parishioners before building a church. The patron is thought of last. In Palestine and other pilgrimage centres, the patron ranks always foremost and highest among the incentives to build. The edifice is only a monument to his or her memory. As a result, the multitudes are drawn by, rather than directed to, the patron; and are oftentimes so numerous that they can not be accommodated.

So it is with the cult of the Blessed Virgin in her native land. The places where she was conceived, born, and reared; the scenes of her sorrows, joys, and hardships,—all are marked by churches or oratories which on days of devotion are crowded to overflow, and are fed by long streams of pilgrims inundating the thoroughfares roundabout. The streams are replenished from all the nations of the globe; for no generation that has heard of Mary can cease to call her blessed.

Schismatics are they who have lost sight of a part of the will of Christ—namely, loyalty to the Sovereign Pontiff,—but who have retained all else, or nearly all else, attachment to the Virgin Mother included. To say that they, whether Greeks, Armenians or Copts, observe in her honor feasts, fasts, novenas, and vigils, would be telling of nothing distinctive. To describe them as noisy and visibly ostentatious in their manifestations of piety, would be to emphasize the inborn habits of Orientals. But to present them as constantly devoted to the Queen of Heaven, ready to spend for her an extra rigorous Lent every year, as do the Greeks before the feast of the

Assumption, is to single them out as a class worthy of reverent admiration. During Assumption Lent, Greek families erect little white tents in the enclosure of Gethsemane, opposite Mary's traditionary tomb, and there spend several days in retirement.

One of the most interesting feasts peculiar to the Greeks is that called "the Congratulation." It is celebrated the day after Christmas. But every other day of the year is also one of "congratulation" for the religiously disposed. It matters not whether the devout Greek is at church or at home. When he is at church, his eyes repose on the *iconostasis*, which conceals the sanctuary from him; and on it he reverences a Byzantine representation of Christ, with the *panaghia*, or image of the Virgin, on the right. When he is at home, one of his daily tasks is to trim and replenish the lamp which he keeps constantly burning before an icon of Mary on the wall. Every Greek home is furnished with this modest symbol of devotion.

One evening in a solitary and impoverished inn at Laodicea, Asia Minor, the writer extinguished the light in his room, through fear of nausea from the olive oil fumes. His sleeping compartment was otherwise poorly ventilated; yet his rustic host, unappreciative of such unwonted sanitation, relighted the lamp. Again it was put out, and again lighted; a third time extinguished, and once more relighted,—this time with a protest from the proprietor that the lamp should be left burning all night. It was with regret and sympathetic remonstrance that the guest declared his inability to obey.

The Mohammedans entertain something more than superstitious respect for the Mother of Issa, or Jesus. Though they hold that "God is God, and Mohammed is His prophet" of choice, they always retain a measure of veneration for the "inferior Prophet," Issa; and for Myriam, or Mary, His Mother. Myriam is held up in Al Koran as "a similitude," or model of imitation for believers. Mussulmanic commentators believe her to have been ranked

by their founder among the four women who, alone of their sex, attained perfection.

It is not, then, surprising to have our Mohammedan cicerone point out to us, within the sacred precincts of the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, a Cradle of Issa. This is a shell-shaped stone mounted with a canopy, and said to have received the Child Jesus for a short time, after the Presentation in the Temple, while His Mother was entertained by St. Simeon. The "Cradle" is mentioned by the Crusaders, and is now in the small Mosque of Issa at the southeast angle of the Temple enclosure, where Simeon is presumed to have lived.

At the Tomb of the Blessed Virgin, the Moslems have intruded into the sanctuary itself, where they have erected a *mihrab*, or prayer niche, toward which they turn while performing their devotions. Now and then individuals are observed to visit Christian shrines, to pray and burn candles before them. At Bethlehem, Carmel, and Nazareth, Moslems have been known to come in a body.

Let this suffice to show how truly the memory of Mary still lives in her native land. It flourishes in the churches, in the homes, and in the hearts of all, except Protestants and unconverted Jews. It is wrapped up with the growth and work of nearly every institution of consequence. It seems indigenous to the soil, or even to have sprung from it; for Mary there and throughout Christendom is all that the flora of Palestine can symbolize. It is Holy Church, not we, who in the liturgy compares her to the flower of the field, the lily of the valley, the rose of Jericho, the plane tree and the olive, the terebinth, the cinnamon and balsam trees, the cypress of Sion, the glorious cedars of Libanus, and the beauteous gardens of Carmel. Yet all these natural charms of Palestine, and a great many others besides, would fall short in portraying the virtues and graces of her who was chosen and preferred before all other creatures to be the Spouse of the Holy Ghost.

Out of the Desert.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

MRS. GRAHAM awoke from a pleasant slumber, looked once at the scene around her, closed her eyes and shuddered. All her pretty life had been passed amid scenes of beauty, where roses bloomed always, and the sun shone, and merry voices prattled like brooks in the wildwood. Her eyes had avoided the unlovely things of life; her feet had tripped on velvet; many servants had smoothed the roughnesses out of life; and a wealthy husband had travelled about the earth for scenes and climates suited to the delicate body and amiable whims of the woman he loved. Her beautiful children loved her; her friends were legion, youth still abode with her; and yet Fate had suddenly whisked them all away from her feeble hands, and had landed her in the desert of Arizona, the only place where for a time Death might be held at bay, the wise medical men declared.

In the dry climate of the desert there was a chance that her broken health might mend. Every other place refused to receive her except to die, and Lily Graham with all the strength of her spoiled nature was determined to cheat Death. Never would she have set foot in this desolate place but for the persistent declaration of the specialist that the Arizona desert around Tucson held her one chance of safety. She was failing so fast then that a week's delay might deprive her even of that chance. She must depart within the hour, with all speed; and, for a wonder, she caught from his tone, her husband's distress, and other signs, the necessity for quick submission. Everything was abandoned in the flight. Her bright world faded in a night, as if it had never been; and the desert, simple, gray, infinite, and terrible, swallowed her like a monster.

No pen could follow the changes of feeling and thought in such a mind after

such a disaster, and give them proper expression. From the palace she had stepped to the sanitarium, from the company of princes to that of the maimed and the disfigured. There had been no time to engage a house and servants, the hotels would not receive such a patient, so there was nothing left but the general institution for the time being. As it would be only for a brief stay, she even urged upon her husband the fitness of the place, and sent him back home to look after the children. In utter despair, in black despondency, she felt that nothing worse could happen to her, alone and solitary. She was almost at the bottom of the abyss. The experience was something like death itself, which deprives us of everything. Being a pious woman in a frivolous way—that is, she had never thought anything about it, simply following the usual forms,—she prayed a little for speedy deliverance from her situation.

Her one strength was the certainty that the Arizona air would cure her, with some criticism for the doctors who were unable to recommend a more respectable place than a desert. She looked at it the first day with contempt, and never looked again intentionally. Her chief duty was to breathe the healing air; so she breathed and read, and ate and drank mechanically. Once in a while she wondered why such things could happen, why her life had vanished, what was the meaning of the life around her. But there were no answers to such speculations. Sleep soothed her with forgetfulness, and at every waking she shuddered at the thought of what was out there beyond her. It was the desert. Occasionally Sister Thomassina shut out that view, as she did on this occasion. Mrs. Graham did not like her special attendant, who was inclined to conversation; and liked to chirrup to her patients. Mrs. Graham disliked chirruping, unless ordered by herself from an exclusive chirruper. Sister Thomassina had used her skill on all sorts of people, and had probably just come from

cheering up a dying person. What a terrible thought! So she closed her eyes again, to shut out the desert and the thought together.

Sister Thomassina had just discussed Mrs. Graham's case with the medical man, and had decided that something must be done to lift her out of the darkness in which the poor creature lived.

"Even if I have to quarrel with her; and that would be almost a sin, she is so beautiful, so gentle, and yet so hopeless," the Sister observed to her superior.

"I can suggest a better way than that," said the superior. "She has been here a full week,—all the time you need to spoil a patient. Just leave her for a day to Sister Clare, and she will wake up to the situation."

"I don't think she would notice the change. Certainly she would make no complaint about it. No: she is of the kind that will die without saying a word, so horrified is she at the calamity which has happened to her."

The superior made a gesture of despair and went her way. All patients had their whims, and methods of dealing with whims were a useless discussion.

Sister Thomassina looked down on the sleeping Mrs. Graham, rearranged her covering and said soothingly:

"You should not be so timid about looking at the desert. One should always try to find the sweet in the bitter. Easy enough to find the bitter in the sweet; not so easy to do the other, and yet it's there. I found it so, and many others besides. Some think the sweetness which comes out of bitterness is the best."

Mrs. Graham opened her eyes with something like scorn in their blue depths, but she smiled at the Sister's persistence.

"One must find a philosophy to suit circumstances," she said. "When all is darkness, the last match becomes priceless. I am not afraid to look at the desert, but I am not attracted. Like my life, there is nothing in it."

"Happy for you, indeed," said the

Sister, "if your life has as much in it as the desert. If you can give as much to man as this gray plain gives every day, your life may well be called happy and rich."

A trifle provoked, Mrs. Graham sat up on her couch and looked out over the dry expanse, glistening under the afternoon sun. Miles away rose a noble range of mountains, majestic as giant kings of the hoary past turned to stone. They seemed to be seated there like watchers of the desert. On the plain between were visible the roofs and spires of a little city, and a road ran out of it toward the sanitarium—a road which crossed a stream, and had a border of firs large enough to defy the whirling dust of the desert. Bits of green dotted the gray waste. Close at hand was the convent garden, in which grew cactus and things without other beauty than their color. Even that was dimmed by the envious sand.

"I have heard that the Esquimaux love the icy North," said Mrs. Graham, "and will live nowhere else. But I have seen Italy and the mountains of Greece; and a desert is nothing more than a desert, after all."

"Yet see what courage and faith and hope and love have made out of it," replied the Sister. "What must it have been before the town came, and the railroad, and this retreat! With their coming, the poor Indians of the district became farmers and gave up their wild life. Here the sick find health, a longer life, and many other blessings. The good work is going on all the time. You see only the sand and the big mountains, and turn your eyes from the jewels which they conceal."

"I suppose so," said the lady, indifferently. But she smiled as she lay back to sleep again; and Sister Thomassina went away with the satisfaction of having turned her thoughts into a healthier channel.

Mrs. Graham understood very well

what was meant. She really must take some interest in the life around her, dull as it looked; and show herself a sociable being, in her own behalf. One needs the stimulus of human companionship. It would be dreadful to mingle with the patients, to see the work of caring for them, to encounter the human riffraff of the vicinity; but, after all, one must really learn to find the sweet in the bitter. She had really been nursing a bad temper, spoiling her own sunny disposition, even delaying her recovery, her return to life and beauty and home and children. She must do better, and become not merely courageous but cheerful.

The little world of the sanitarium was in a state of mild surprise the next few days by the frequent appearances of the lady and her amiability. She came and went simply, and chatted pleasantly with her nearest neighbor, as if the general conditions were the most natural in the world. Encountering the Reverend Mother in the skimpy garden, she complimented her on the beauty of the situation. Mother Fidelia was a tall, spare woman, whose years sat lightly on her, and who looked as if she might live forever in just this fashion.

"The old bishop who chose the spot," said she in answer to the compliment, "lived in this little palace. We use it now for a storehouse."

Mrs. Graham looked at the adobe shack which had sheltered a bishop for years, and became confused.

"It is difficult to connect a bishop with such a little shed."

"One would never have known him to be a bishop," the superior went on. "He mended his own clothes and made his own shoes, besides doing his own carpentering, painting, and so on. He was a desert bishop. He built the hospital here. We added the convent and the sanitarium, and we are very proud of them."

"You have good reason to be, although I have seen finer institutions," said Mrs. Graham. "But the rose in the desert is

more wonderful and beautiful than the rose in the king's garden."

"Just so, my dear! Come inside and see how the place is managed."

Although she shrank from intimacy with the hospital details, shuddering at the mere hint of what she might see, the lady followed the nun into the kitchen region, and was properly guided through its intricacies. As it was partly underground, built in the old-fashioned way, the Sisters worked in semi-darkness; but no fault could be found with the cheerfulness of the workers, the neatness and order, the sweet odors of the place.

"And I must introduce to you the good genius of the institution," said Mother Fidelia, — "the Sister who arranges the meal trays for all our patients. Sister Antonia, Mrs. Graham. Without her skill and taste we should all be in a bad way indeed."

"I have been in the business long enough to have learned something," Sister Antonia said modestly. "Twenty years every day have I worked here, and not even a headache in all that time, thank God!"

"And your work looks so pretty!" Mrs. Graham said. "I laughed the first day at seeing so many pretty things on one tray, and nothing seemed crowded."

"She knows by instinct every trick of appetite in every patient," said Mother Fidelia. "There is nothing like practice to develop good qualities."

When they came into the open again, and were standing on the veranda, Mrs. Graham was still wondering over the daily task of Sister Antonia.

"Twenty years in this desert," said she half to herself, "and twenty years in that little cave, and twenty years of fitting out trays of food for the whimsical sick—"

"And not even a headache in all that time, thank God!" the superior interposed. "Pardon me for interrupting you with Sister Antonia's phrase; but it means for her not only good health, but a love for her work and her place in

life, which you can not understand."

Mrs. Graham sat down to think of things rather foreign to her habit. Twenty years at one task, in one place, in this desert. And a nature as cheerful and active as a summer garden. No trace of grief, bitterness, or regret. While she herself, after a life of ease, luxury, elegance, pleasure, travel, and a thousand other things, grovelled in despair. Her past gave her no consolation; her present offered her only pain and despair; her possessions were a useless burden. This desert alone, which she had ridiculed and despised, had the power to help her. She looked at it steadily as one looks into the face of a homely friend and benefactor, whose kind heart has just revealed itself in the homely face. The sun was setting, and her moist eyes could see the amethystine mist which filled the air, finer in tint than the misty green of an Eastern spring, inexpressibly touching and beautiful.

"Isn't it beautiful?" remarked a voice close by.

She nodded in silence to a young fellow, plump and handsome, who was standing there, smiling in sympathy with her own mood.

"It is the first time that I have seen it."

"I must have been here a full month before I discovered the strange beauty of the desert," he replied. "Coming from old Virginia, the place looked like what some one called it—the land God forgot. But now that it has given me life, I find more beauty in it than in the green fields of the East."

"Life is surely a great gift," she said; "and its giver should be deeply loved. You are going back to Virginia?"

"No: I shall remain here, where life is certain. I am young; but I know as well as an old man that life without health is unbearable, in Virginia or elsewhere. So I remain."

He went off down the road to the town, whistling, his sombrero tilted gaily on his jaunty head, his step as gay as a

dancer's. Truly the desert gives life, as Sister Thomassina had said; and even wisdom in addition, for this young man was wise.

Deep thoughts stirred in her bosom,—too deep, indeed, for her trifling nature, but full of benefit. Day by day her nature deepened into strength. Sweet it had always been, but trifling and pettish and thoughtless. Somehow, that far infinity of sand and the grim sentinel mountains provoked in her thoughts of the stern realities of life. She began to realize that people are laboring, suffering, dying throughout the great desert of the world; they had to be helped, nursed, consoled, strengthened; and Sister Thomassina and Mother Fidelia and Sister Clare and their companions were doing the work which she had always avoided even in thought. Like the pagan, she had insisted that there should be no pain, no shadow, no thorns in life, only the joy and the sunshine and the roses,—a fool's dream, which would not have mattered but that it had wrought injustice to others and misery for herself.

Resolutely she set out to see every part of the hospital, and to hear the details of its everyday life, the struggle of its foundation. Mother Fidelia had all these things in her heart and mind, and told them to the woman, about to awake in this pretty creature, without mincing matters. It was a hard story, but full of sweetness. This strong woman had not only wrung success from the desert (which was comparatively easy), but she had interested the unfeeling world, which leaves its foolish disciples to die alone when their health and money are gone. In that struggle she had acquired the fibre of the soldier and the merchant, without losing the tenderness of the woman and the sweetness of the faith. Calm and solid as the mountains in the distance, she watched, not over the desert, but over deserted, desolate, lonely humankind.

"One must look close and deep to see things," the poor lady sighed to herself,

as all her past folly rose up before her. "I thought these people commonplace, and they are pure gold. I thought this desert horrible, and it is more lovely than the Riviera."

She was looking at it one morning at dawn, toward the west, while yet the sun was hidden. A heavy dew had fallen during the night and washed the hills and the plain clean of the dust. The moisture dropped from the cactus plants and sparkled in the foliage of the trees. The hills to the west had lost their grey tones, and looked like olive-green velvet, soft, sweet, inviting, peaceful,—a pathway to the sky. What depth of color! Dressing hastily, she ran out to see the vast plain toward the east, which now lay before her as delicately colored as the eye of a painter could desire. It was ravishing. And everywhere a solemn peace and silence, as tense as if the scene were awaiting the voice of an archangel. No murmur of the wind, no rushing of waters, no sound of human life, hardly the note of a bird, breathed in the ear; and yet so eloquent the silver sky, the tinted plain, the majestic face of the mountains that one expected suddenly a solemn burst of harmony as from a cathedral choir.

"We are both breaking the rules, I think," said a voice near; "but I just had to come out and see."

"You have been up some time, Sister Lucia; have you not?"

"The poor boy in the county ward had a bad spell, and I said the prayers for him. But he is better. He will live a little longer like myself."

Mrs. Graham shuddered, and yet smiled on the little nun who talked so lightly about death.

"Have you no hope at all, Sister?"

"None whatever, although I look fairly well and can get around better than most. The doctor told me as soon as I arrived that the desert would do nothing for me. I am only waiting to die."

"And the boy in the county ward?" the lady ventured.

"He may live a week. Such a happy fellow, so resigned, and so utterly alone!"

"I would like to see him."

"Let us go down after breakfast. He will be so glad; for he likes visitors."

Mrs. Graham felt that it was the last straw, but she followed Sister Lucia into the county ward bravely, after learning that here the poor were housed at the charge of the county, that there really was no room for them, but Mother Fidelia had accepted them in charity, lest they die in the road, and that they were quite happy to get decent shelter and care. The patients were mostly half-breeds and Mexicans, poorest of the poor, ruder than the stones on the hill; and among them sat the white boy, smiling even with the death-dew on his white face, comfortable and joyous as a college youth in his room. He had good manners and thanked the ladies for their visit.

"I am so sorry for you," Mrs. Graham said. "Sister tells me that you are quite alone in the world."

"The very last of the family, ma'am; and we were a big family, and all died young. I'm glad that they're gone. They're safe anyway, and I don't have to worry about any one but myself. And I'm happy and content. Once I thought I'd have to die in the road. It feels so good to have a bed and a roof and care, and people around you, and things to eat, and visitors, that I can die just happy. I'm not worrying about what I haven't got. I'm just hugging all the good things I have."

"It is good to die among friends," said Sister Lucia.

"So good that I don't mind when I go."

Then he demanded of Mrs. Graham, in a boyish way, the story of her travels, of the wonderful places which she had seen, and listened in rapture to her account of an audience with the Pope; and when she described how she had held the hand of the Pontiff and kissed his beautiful ring, the lad reached out his hand shyly, saying:

"May I touch the hand which touched his?"

She took the cold, wasted, delicate hand in her two and held it a little while, without a thought of contamination. While they were chatting, the cheery Virginian boy came in, and later the superior herself, and then Sister Thomassina, each with a kind word for the simple-hearted sufferer and for one another. Mrs. Graham held back her sobs. They had all come from the ends of the earth, strangers. She was rich and these were poor; she had been the idler, and these were the workers; her path had been among the roses, and theirs among the thorns, when it should have been otherwise; and misfortune and love had assembled them about the deathbed of a poor boy, to learn the great lessons of God. Strong lights indeed rose up out of this desert to guide its children.

After having looked straight into the face of Death, Mrs. Graham found herself wonderfully strengthened; and out of the bitterness of her lot she had tasted a sweetness hitherto unknown,—the sweetness of strength. She knew now, with the poet,

how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

And all at once the hospital became a delight to her, and the desert a great charm. She interested herself in the details of hospital life, and made the acquaintance of the inmates, travelling along the main road of suffering, and down its many bypaths, greeting death at odd intervals with a sigh and a smile and a prayer. Her sweet nature, her great beauty, made her a favorite. Her courage was not surpassed by the Sisters, and her resignation rose to that point which earned the respectful tribute of Sister Thomassina.

"Our life is nothing more than a desert," said the Sister; "and it is a grave mistake to try to make it a paradise. We can live in the desert; beautify it a little, perhaps; but we must keep our

eyes on heaven, where we belong. Now, you found in the foolish paradise of the world the terrible desert, sickness; but here in the desert of Arizona you found the paradise of the soul and the paradise of health,—for I think you are going to get well. But you surely were a stubborn creature at the beginning."

"I shall always be grateful to the desert," said Mrs. Graham.

My Pathway.

BY L. M. TAINTER.

WHY must there be
Dear God, this groping through the mists and
damps,

Seeing afar the happy household lamps,

And none for me?

Why should I toil

'Mid thorny paths beside the river's brink,
With breaking heart and tired feet that sink
In mud and soil?

Some pathways lie
Tranquil and beautiful by sunny streams;
Some weary eyes close fast in tearless dreams:
Lord, why not I?

I, too, would rest
One moment upon grassy knoll, in shade
Of some old tree where little birds have made
A hidden nest.

When shadows fall,
And pale stars glimmer faintly through the night,
Strange evil things from thickets dense affright
With wail and call.

Then could I hear
But once Thy voice, 'twould ease my path of pain;
Thy heavenly presence would my heart sustain,
And banish fear.

Ofttimes I seem,
Asleep, to rest within Thy sheltering arms;
At dawn I wake to find, with wild alarms,


'Tis but a dream.
Must I fulfil
The law of spirit's growth by bitter loss,
Grant me such grace that I may kiss the cross,
And do Thy will.

Tyburn Tree.

BY N. F. DEGIDON.

Rain, rain on Tyburn Tree,—
Red rain a-falling.

—*Francis Thompson.*

 S Tyburn forgotten in England to-day? Has the red rain been soaked deep down into the brown earth,—hidden forever under the wood pavement, above which the stamping feet of horses, the heavy roll of motor omnibus and traction engine,—the hundred and one diverse vehicles, the thousand and one human feet? Does the triangular slab, let into the thoroughfare to mark the spot, convey anything to the passer-by? Does the name conjure up any memories in the mind of Young England to-day?

In the hurrying throng, there may be many who have never heard of the Triple Tree; or, hearing, have not heeded; but Tyburn Tree is not forgotten. The very slab (placed there by a secular power), triangular in shape, having a representation of a gallows for centrepiece, and bearing on its three sides the words, "Here stood Tyburn Tree. Removed 1759," proves conclusively that, even to the secular mind of England, Tyburn Tree is still a green memory.

The famous gibbet stood at the junction of three of London's greatest thoroughfares—Edgware Road, Bayswater Road, and Oxford Street; or, to be more topical, within a few yards of the Marble Arch, once the northern main entrance to Hyde Park, but which now stands as a sort of Arc de Triomphe without the gate, since the widening of the thoroughfare by rounding off the northeast corner of the Park. It was a triple gallows, in the form of an equilateral triangle, with a side of from eight to nine feet deep. During nine reigns, or close on two hundred years, it stood on the highway, an instrument of justice and injustice,—more often the latter. It is computed that as many as 50,000 suffered a violent death on

Tyburn Tree,—most of them for refusing to deny the Faith.

To-day, the traffic hurries unheeding over that hallowed spot; but within a few hundred yards of it holy women pray unceasingly, through the long hours of the night as well as the day, for the conversion of the people whose forefathers were responsible for the heavy fall of red rain at Tyburn,—who, three centuries ago, tried to prove that God was not,—tried to dispense with Him, even as men of old tried to dispense with Him on Calvary's Mount.

Some years ago—in 1902, to be more exact,—his Eminence the late Cardinal Vaughan brought over a body of religious from France and established them at No. 6 Hyde Park Place, the nearest house obtainable for the purpose. Very fittingly, they belong to an Order founded at Montmartre,—the Mount of Martyrs of France. Here, almost on the spot where stood the second Calvary, the King of Martyrs reigns on His Eucharistic Throne, and a perpetual pæan of praise and supplication is raised to the Great White Throne. Every day the Holy Sacrifice is offered and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament given to the faithful for the conversion of England; while, hour by hour, the nuns celebrate the divine praises with the liturgical prayer of the Church, in union with the Heart of Jesus. The shrine is open all day, so that any passer-by may come in to visit Our Lord and pray for the same intention. In addition a solemn triduum is made twice annually,—one from May 1 to May 4, in honor of the Blessed English Martyrs; the other from November 29 to December 1, in honor of Blessed Edmund Campion and Blessed Cuthbert Mayne. There has also been formed an Association of Adoration, the members of which undertake to make one half-hour of adoration weekly or monthly in the convent chapel. The community is bound by a special vow to the great cause of England's conversion to Catholicity.

Under the protection of the blessed martyrs, sixty-three of whom have already been beatified, the nuns make unceasingly to the Sacred Heart the appeal which burst from the lips of one of them at the supreme moment when he was undergoing torture and death: "Jesus, convert England! Jesus, have mercy on this country!"

Last, but by no means least, the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom walk in procession, on the last Sunday of April each year, the selfsame way the martyrs trod, or were drawn on hurdles from Newgate Prison to Tyburn. The route is along one of the busiest thoroughfares of England's capital, and time was when the procession was made under difficulties, — when it was, in a sense, a sort of sneaking along the blood-stained way, through a crowd not only unsympathetic but actively hostile. But nothing daunts Father Fletcher, the founder of the Guild, himself a convert to the Church. Gibes, sneers, scoffs, fell off him "like water off a duck's back"; and this more than human indifference affected his followers to a like kind of stoicism. Despite all and every opposition, the annual procession along the English Via Dolorosa continued to be made until, in the year 1912, it arose to eminence as an orderly progress, to which "the powers that be" in civil matters accorded half the thoroughfare free of traffic and the protection of the keepers of law and order. A boy bearing a large crucifix heads the defile, followed immediately by the indomitable figure of the pioneer of Ransomers; and then the rank and file, in two companies of two deep, walking abreast, — lay and clerical, men and women, young and old, rich and poor.

Officers or officials of the Guild walk between the two companies at intervals of about a hundred yards, and recite the Angel's Salutation, which the company answer, — all the while fingering their beads. One of these, I noted, — a young fellow not more than twenty, chanted the "Hail Mary! Full of grace," so piously,

fearlessly, and loudly as to become an object lesson in piety, not only to his fellow-Catholics, but to the people who stood by the way looking on; and erstwhile timid Catholics caught his spirit and gave the answer "Holy Mary," etc., with equal fervor. Although the route was thronged with spectators, no offensive or glibing word passed any one's lips. They may have come to scoff, but they remained to view the procession in respectful silence.

Here and there a hat was raised reverently, and once a man called out (anent the supplication to Mary) in an accent that suggested a Gael who had taken a wrong turning, "Faith, some of us would badly want some one to pray for us at the hour of our death." When a hymn was struck up, a visible brightness was noticeable in the faces of the crowd and occasionally a belated voice joined in. The Catholic churches *en route* were visited and prayers recited in each for England's conversion, — the quaint old church of St. Ethelreda in Ely Place not far from Newgate, the new edifice dedicated to Saints Anselm and Cecilia recently erected in Kingsway on the site of the old Sardinian Chapel, the new and beautiful basilica in Soho Square dedicated to Ireland's great Apostle; while the devotions closed with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament at Tyburn Convent.

Needless to say, not one-hundredth part of those who walked with Father Fletcher from Newgate received Our Lord's blessing *inside* the circumscribed convent chapel; but there surely was none who did not feel the glow of His benediction and love, within or without. And if the devout Ransomers turned homeward somewhat footsore, I would hazard a guess that no one felt the bodily discomfort, for the uplifting of heart and soul wrought by the hope that many years can not pass before God shall be dwelling once more in the midst of His people here in London, in the white disguise of the Holy Sacrament; thereby shedding a glory not of earth on

the endless succession of grey, unlovely streets which comprise suburban London; brightening the hard lot of the poor and lowly by His presence; bringing hope to the busy toilers, who, in misery and poverty, have not yet known how to hope; to the wretched poor, to whom their sordid existence is the be-all and end-all; to whom charity divine is as an unknown lesson.

As Calvary taught the lesson of hope in ages past, so this second Calvary teaches its lesson too; for memory of Tyburn Tree and the dark days in which it grew conjures up the elements of hope—desire and confidence. Thinking of Tyburn to-day, Young England asks herself: "Wherefore all this waste of English blood?" From this question desire is born,—desire to probe and analyze and find out the truth where alone it can be found—within the fold of the Church which Old England tried to drown in human blood. As Our Lord is the mightiest testimony for Christianity, so are His martyrs the mightiest testimony to the truths He taught; for, like Him, no fault could be found in them save and only an obstinacy in refusing to deny the Faith He had given them.

But as the penitent thief was convinced by holiness and hurried on from faith to hope, so Young England is to-day being convinced of the truth of Catholicity by the willingness with which these men and women climbed Tyburn Tree and submitted to the butcher's knife in testimony thereof. Thus churches and chapels and convents and monasteries are springing up apace; bigotry is dying—slowly but very surely; and the people, cheated of their divine inheritance by a lustful King and a crowd of greedy courtiers, time-servers, and placemen, are coming into their own again. Men of intellect are studying the doctrines and dogmas their forefathers rejected,—not only studying them, but embracing them.

When one looks around and notes the strides Catholicity has made in England during the last decade, who shall dare

say that the prayer of the just man (or woman) availeth nothing? Many of our pillars are men who have served at Protestant altars. What is it but a groping in the darkness, a longing for light, which prompted a Harley Street physician to leave his place in science, medicine, and society, to retire into a small island with twenty-nine of his fellows, and there essay glorifying the Church of England by the re-establishment within her fold of one of the most ancient Orders of the *Catholic Church*? Did the inconsistency strike him when he went to Caldey? Probably not. But the monks of Caldey, by their admission of error and submission to the One True Church, are making history to-day,—Catholic history as well as English history. No one can say that Dom Aelred acted inconsistently in following the Light he sought when it was revealed to him; while the effects of his action on the English people as regards their attitude toward Catholicity no man can tell; for truth sinks into people's minds imperceptibly, and the wind bloweth where it listeth.

Rain, rain on Tyburn Tree,—
Red rain a-falling;

but to-day it is the red rain of God's grace flowing from His Sacred Heart.

THERE is a beautiful tale of St. Patrick. He asked the king for a ridge of the willows on which to build a church. The king refused, but sent as a gift or bribe a bronze caldron, which in those days was really a magnificent present. When the messenger presented the gift, St. Patrick said simply "*Deo gratias!*" The king was angry when he heard of it, and told the messenger to go and take it away. Again St. Patrick said: "*Deo gratias!*" When the king heard of this, he said it must be a good word; and, being changed in heart, he sent back the gift and gave the saint what he had asked for; and the Cathedral of Armagh is built on the ridge of the willows, earned by that word.—"*The Orchard Floor.*"

A Far-Away Princess.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXIII.



THE days which followed Paul Lyndon's departure for Tripoli were days not soon to be forgotten by any of those who were so immediately and deeply concerned in Royall's fate. The intense anxiety which filled their minds obscured all thought of anything else for Moira and Governor Harcourt; but Mrs. Granger, who was keenly alive to all the different phases of the situation, confided to her husband that her lifelong desire to "live in a drama" had never been so fully realized.

"I could never have imagined anything half so dramatic as the various things I'm in touch with at this moment," she declared. "Here's the mystery of Royall's fate, who seems to have disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him; here's the poor Governor's suffering and remorse, and his pathetic clinging to Moira—have you ever, by the way, seen anything quite so complete as his surrender?—here's Paul Lyndon gone off with a broken heart—"

"Oh, tut, tut!" Mr. Granger broke in. "Don't let your sense of drama run away with you. I'm sure that Paul Lyndon hasn't anything like a broken heart, though I told you it was a rather cruel experiment—"

"It wasn't an experiment at all. Nobody ever dreamed of the possibility of his falling in love with Moira, but he has certainly accomplished it in the most approved manner. I've no doubt he was glad to go in search of Royall, in order to escape from association with her; though, of course, that doesn't mean that he wouldn't have gone under any circumstances."

"I'm glad you do him so much justice."

"I've never done him anything but

justice; and I've the very deepest sympathy for him, and for his mother also. Yes" (answering a look of interrogation), "I'm quite sure that she knows all about Paul's feeling for Moira; and, naturally enough, she can't forgive her."

"Now, why should you say 'naturally enough,' when you insist that nobody was to blame in the matter?"

"As if being to blame made any difference in the things people don't forgive! But, from Mrs. Lyndon's point of view, Moira is so far to blame that if she hadn't come here under an assumed name Paul wouldn't have met her in a way that allowed him to fall in love with her. That's quite true, you know, and therefore we can't wonder at the mother's resentment. But Moira is so conscious of this resentment that it is the chief reason why she will not yield to the Governor's insistent demand that she shall take her place in his house as Royall's wife. She tells him that she does not want to go to the Manor until she can go there with Royall; and that, in the present uncertainty, she would rather stay with me, while I am certainly glad to keep her. It's rather odd," the speaker added meditatively, "that I should be glad; for, human nature being what it is, people in trouble are usually anything but desirable guests."

"Oh, come!" Mr. Granger protested. "Isn't that rather cynical?"

"Isn't it true? We are sincerely sorry for our friends when they are in grief and anxiety, but we are distinctly not desirous of their society. But Moira is as different in that as in other things from most people. Her anxiety doesn't make her forget others, and she is as charmingly ready to forget herself as she ever was. She draws the line only at making acquaintances; and people are simply wild to see and meet her, now that her story is known."

"I should say so! Why, I can't go to my club without being bombarded with questions. And as for the newspaper men,

it's a regular fight to hold them off. I never pick up a paper that I don't expect to see the whole story paraded in print."

"The Governor has had influence enough to prevent it up to this time. He gave the news of Royall's disappearance to the reporters, and promised to send more as soon as it is received; but he's made them understand that it must be 'hands off' so far as Moira is concerned."

"I'm not sure that it mightn't be as well to let the truth be published," Mr. Granger remarked. "There are so many wild stories afloat about the marriage! I've had the most—er—extraordinary questions asked me."

"The only thing to do is to answer them with a statement of the exact facts. That is what I've been doing lately. I can't walk down the street without having to stop and give a history of the *affaire* Harcourt half a dozen times before I reach my destination. But people want to see the heroine and she goes nowhere but to church."

"Poor soul! I hope she gets some comfort there."

"Oh, she does! To realize that, you've only to observe the difference in the expression of her face when she goes and when she comes back. I asked her the other day how it was that she had such an uplifted, almost radiant look when she returned; and she said something quite mystical about having been in the presence of God, who saw Royall as clearly as He saw her, and made her feel that He was abundantly able to take care of him."

Mr. Granger whistled softly.

"It's a good thing that she has such faith and courage," he said; "for nobody seems to think that there's a chance for Royall's safety, and probably we shall never know what has become of him. Anything might happen out there on the desert; and the hardest part of the tragedy is going to be the long waiting for news, and the slow dying of hope."

Of this there was not a shadow of doubt. The long waiting for news that

did not come—for by none of the many means set at work could anything whatever be heard of Royall Harcourt,—and the terrible dying of hope delayed, tried the endurance of those who loved him. Governor Harcourt bore himself with courage under the strain, but his friends remarked sympathetically that he appeared to age daily; while his only source of comfort seemed to be the society of Moira, who found a certain degree of relief from her own anxiety in the effort to encourage and sustain him. His sister, who did little beside lament, and whose woe-begone countenance almost drove him frantic, he avoided as much as possible; while he could not see enough of the girl, who buoyed his spirit by the brave strength of her own, and who refused to surrender hope even when the prolonged passage of time without news of any kind seemed to make hope useless.

"What influence is it that sustains you?" Governor Harcourt asked Moira one day, when he had been most cast down, and she had cheered and encouraged him. "I have never seen any one so brave."

"It is only trust in the good God," she told him simply. "I have begged Him to take care of Royall, and I am perfectly certain that He will do so."

"My poor child!" the Governor said almost pityingly. "How can you be certain when you know what terrible things are happening every day to people who also trust in the—er—good God, as you call the Almighty?"

"I am certain," she answered, "because if one really trusts Him, even terrible things are robbed of their terror in one way or another."

He frowned a little as he looked at her.

"Now, what do you mean by that?" he asked.

"What I mean is this," she answered gently: "that, so far as Royall is concerned, for instance, I am sure that wherever he is God will *take care of him*. I have prayed—I pray constantly—that he may be brought back to us, that our

agony of anxiety and fear may be ended by his safe return; but above all I pray that he may be taken care of wherever he may be,—in other words, that what is best for him may happen; and I have a great sense of security that this will be done. So I must be hopeful. If I despaired, I should distrust God, you see."

Her companion stared at her wonderingly.

"I have never known such faith," he said. "And if—if we never hear what has become of him? Can your faith bear that?"

She paled, but answered steadily:

"It must bear it. And it doesn't follow that I must know how God has taken care of him. I must only believe that He never deserted any one who trusted in Him. So even if we never hear of Royall again, I shall believe that God has taken care of him. But I have a feeling that we shall hear of him, and I trust this feeling because it is never so strong as when I am kneeling before the tabernacle."

The Governor had only a faint idea of what she meant by "kneeling before the tabernacle"; but he saw the light on her face which Mrs. Granger had called "mystical," and he said for the hundredth time:

"My dear, you are the greatest comfort that I have! I don't deserve in the least that you should be—"

But here she interrupted him by slipping her hand into his.

"You deserve everything from me, — everything!" she told him passionately. "And it is the greatest comfort *I* have to be able to help you. Nothing else keeps me here. If it were not for you, I should be on my way to look for Royall. I feel" (a little wildly) "that, even as it is, I shall have to leave you and go in search of him, if we do not hear anything of him very soon."

"No, no!" He held her hand as tightly as if she were threatening to leave at the moment. "You must not go. There is nothing to be gained by your going. What could you do that Paul isn't better

able to accomplish? You've no idea how able and resourceful Paul is. And it's no place for a woman—that dreadful Tripoli, where slaughter seems raging."

"Any place is the place for a woman where she can help those she loves. And I might be able to do more even than Paul."

"My dear, that is impossible!"

"At least it would be a relief to try,—not to sit here idle and useless. Ah, you don't know how hard I have to fight my desire to go! But when it is almost uncontrollable I fly to the church, where Our Lord abides, and beg to be shown what I should do; and from the quiet that comes to me I seem to feel that it is best for me to stay here, and so I stay—for the present. But some day the impulse will be beyond my strength to resist, and I shall go."

"Perhaps we shall hear something before that day comes," the Governor said, with an attempt at hopefulness.

But it was hardly more than an attempt; for Lyndon had now reached Tripoli, and his messages were anything but reassuring. It appeared that neither the Italian authorities in command of the city nor the Frenchmen of Royall's party could throw the least light upon his disappearance, or find a clue by which to search for him. It was only certain that he was not in the hospitals, and that no one was able to say that he had been identified among the dead. But there was the strong probability that he might have been buried unidentified; and, for the rest, the vast, mysterious, hostile desert—that desert into which no Italian soldier dared venture beyond reach of the guns of his battle-ships—kept its secret, and yielded no hint of the fate of the man who had so rashly ventured into it.

For so much had now been learned—that he had gone beyond the farthest Italian outpost, and never returned. He had ridden away, toward one of the oases near at hand, and supposed to be thoroughly peaceful; and that night the

desert had sent its warriors to attack the outpost of the alien forces, which had retaliated so fiercely; and, in the midst of the wild carnage that ensued, all trace of Royall Harcourt seemed as utterly lost as if the sands of the desert had engulfed him.

Beyond this scanty knowledge Lyndon seemed unable to advance, although it was clear that he spared no effort to obtain some ray of light upon his cousin's fate. But the sullen and resentful attitude of the Arabs, after the massacres which shocked the world, made inquiries outside of Tripoli almost impossible. By such channels as were possible, however, word was sent far and wide into the desert that a foreigner (not an Italian) had disappeared, and that a large reward would be paid for any news of him.

But hope deferred not only makes the heart sick with that deadly and unutterable sickness which is like no other of life, but after a while dies down into despair. And so it was dying in the hearts of those who loved Royall Harcourt, when a message was suddenly flashed across the world:

"Have found a clue at last. Have faint hope, but no certainty, that Royall is living, and I am going out into the desert to look for him. Have written at length.

"PAUL LYNDON."

So the message ran; and when Governor Harcourt, to whom it was addressed, hastened to carry it to Moira, they looked into each other's eyes almost incredulously. Hope had been so near to death that it was hard for it to revive; and there was the danger, always present in such cases, that if it did revive, it would only be to suffer a more crushing disappointment.

"I am almost sorry that he sent the message," Governor Harcourt said; "for it tells so little, and we have so long to wait until we can hear again. And if he has gone out into the desert, we must be anxious, too, about *him*; for it can't be other than a great risk that he has

taken. It will be an awful judgment upon me if both of my boys should perish there."

"They will not perish," Moira assured him, with a fervor that seemed inspired. "Paul will find Royall and bring him back. Oh, I am sure of it! And I shall pray harder even than I have prayed before that they may both be restored to you."

"To me!" He looked at her in amazement. "You seem to think more of me than of yourself."

"I must do so," she said; "for you have now a double stake, and I can never forget that it is my fault that you have any at all."

And this was her attitude throughout the terrible days which followed,—a forgetfulness of herself that was wonderful, and a remembrance of him that was equally wonderful. And at last, to break the menacing silence, there came the letter which Lyndon in his message had spoken of writing. It was addressed to his uncle, and said:

"I have at last obtained a clue to Royall's fate, and a gleam of hope, which has come in the most unexpected manner. My persistent inquiries about him are known to all Europeans here, and I received to-day a summons from one of the Franciscan Fathers, who have remained in their monastery, here. I went at once, and found a man of the most attractive manner and bearing—evidently in the past a thorough man of the world,—who told me that, through an Arab convert who had long been with them, he had received news of a foreigner—a Frenchman, it was thought,—who was held as a prisoner far out on the oases. His (this prisoner's) life would not have been worth an hour's purchase if he had been an Italian, but the Arabs were quite certain that he was not that. He had come to them as a Frenchman (of this they seemed sure), had been with them in their attack upon the Italian outpost, which was a matter that it was necessary to keep very secret; and—a point that inclines me more than anything else to fear that it

may not be Royall—he was wearing a kind of religious charm, or amulet, which the Arab recognized as a Catholic emblem; and which induced him to bring it, and news of the man, to the Fathers. I saw this thing, which the Franciscan tells me is called an *Agnus Dei*—”

“Ah!” It was a sudden cry from Moira. “Thank God!—O thank God! I believe that proves it is Royall; for my last act when we parted was to hang an *Agnus Dei* around his neck and make him promise that he would always wear it. I am sure he has done so; and now it has led to his identification, through the great mercy of God.”

The Governor stared at her with eyes full of dawning hope.

“I don’t know what an *Agnus Dei* is,” he said; “but it will be matter of great gratitude if it leads to his identification, and if Paul can only reach him. He has gone out into the desert at his own risk, by the advice of this Franciscan Father, and under the guidance of the Arab who brought the—er—charm—”

“It isn’t a charm: it is a religious emblem, to preserve the wearer from bodily and spiritual harm, by the particular blessing of God.”

“Well,” said the Governor, who on another occasion would have been likely to speak of this as “superstition,” “I hope and trust that it may prove to have done so. Through the Fathers and the Arabs Paul has a much better hope of succeeding in his quest than if he had the Italian army behind him. He says that distinctly. He also says that he has gone well provided with money, and so—”

“And so,” Moira ended, “we must just wait and hope and pray.”

So they waited and hoped and prayed. Even the Governor learned to pray in those woeful days. He clung to Moira so closely that he often went to church with her, and sat beside her, quiet as a child, while she poured forth her prayers before the tabernacle, at which he looked with a pathetic ignorance, and a pathetic trust

that there was Something behind the golden door, on which the lamplight played, that could hear and answer him. *Agnus Dei!* The name seemed to fascinate him. It might be superstition—he was not sure of that,—but it was at least beautiful and appropriate that, by the little waxen emblem of the Lamb of God, his son should have been found, and, perhaps, brought back to him.

Weeks passed, however; and, with their passing, hope again grew faint and sick, and again Moira felt as if nothing could keep her from flying to Tripoli herself. She had, in fact, almost made her arrangements to go when at last one day the message so long awaited came. It was from Paul Lyndon, and, dated in Tripoli, said:

“Have found Royall and brought him here safely. He is fairly well, and we shall sail for home to-morrow.”

(To be continued.)

The Sunday’s Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

May 25, Second Sunday after Pentecost.

THIS Sunday always falls within the Octave of the great solemnity of Corpus Christi; but, as its liturgy was drawn up long before the establishment of that feast in the thirteenth century, it has no direct connection with the festival, whatever allusions to it may seem apparent. It will not be out of place, nevertheless, if we endeavor to apply to the subject of the Blessed Sacrament such of the formulas as may lend themselves to that interpretation, since the present Holy Father desires that this particular Sunday should be devoted to the special honor of that sacred mystery.

The dominant thought in the liturgy of to-day is the never-failing protection afforded us by God against the enemies of our salvation. This appears in the Introit, Gradual, and Offertory. “The Lord hath become my protector, and set

me at large. He hath saved me, because He loved me," sings the Introit. The appended psalm (xvii), which has furnished the words, as is usually the case with all the ancient Introits, is a joyful song of gratitude for deliverance: "I will love thee, O Lord, my strength. The Lord is my support, my refuge, and my deliverer." The Gradual speaks of God's protection in the past, and prays for a continuance of it: "In my troubles, I cried unto the Lord, and He heard me. O Lord, deliver my soul from wicked lips and a deceitful tongue! Alleluia! O Lord, my God, in Thee have I put my trust. Save me from those that persecute me, and rescue me." The Offertory prays: "Turn to me, O Lord, and deliver my soul! Oh, save me, for Thy mercy's sake!"

The Collect runs thus: "Grant us, O Lord, a perpetual fear and love of Thy holy Name; since Thou never withdrawest thy protection from those whom Thou solidly groundest in Thy love." The fear here spoken of is that filial fear of a devoted child for his father. It is not opposed to true, unfailing love, but rather strengthens it by preventing undue familiarity. Solidly grounded in such a love, we may look with confidence to the constant protection of that Heavenly Father who so dearly loves His devoted children.

Although there is no striking allusion to the Holy Eucharist in any of the foregoing formulas, we may, nevertheless, apply them to that subject without great difficulty. The eminent means of protection from our spiritual enemies supplied by our loving Father is surely that Bread from Heaven "containing in itself all sweetness"; that "Bread of the strong," which fills us with such power that, as St. Chrysostom says, we leave the Holy Table "like lions breathing fire," — an object of terror to the demons. In that Holy Eucharist Our Lord is truly a "support," a "refuge," a "deliverer."

Bone Pastor, Panis vere,
Jesu nostri miserere:
Tu nos pasce, nos tuere.

"O Good Shepherd, true Bread! Jesus, have mercy on us! Feed us; defend us," — thus does St. Thomas pray in his beautiful Sequence, *Lauda Sion*, sung in the Mass of Corpus Christi.

The Church would seem to have been divinely inspired in choosing for the Gospel of this Sunday the parable of the "Great Supper"; and that, many centuries before the establishment of the festival of Corpus Christi. For, although its primary signification is generally interpreted as the banquet of eternal joys in heaven, many of the Fathers see in it a secondary reference to the Church's supreme banquet of the Holy Eucharist. It is spread for all; its guests need not the recommendation of noble birth or prominent social rank to make them welcome, but merely the loving invitation of the Divine Master of the house to partake of the Heavenly Bread prepared for the children of men. So desirous is He of feeding His faithful children with this Bread that He is not satisfied with inviting them to the Banquet, but will even "compel them to come in." "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you," says Our Lord; and His Church is but echoing His words when she commands her children, under pain of sin, to approach to the Divine Banquet at least once in each year.

In the light shed by this Gospel, we see in St. John's impressive words, chosen for the Epistle, a no less striking reference to the Holy Eucharist. "In this we have known the charity of God, because He hath laid down His life for us." What is the Holy Eucharist but an abiding representation of the death of our Redeemer, and thus an everlasting demonstration of His infinite love? It was immediately after the institution of that supreme mystery that He promulgated His new commandment: "That ye love one another as I have loved you." The Sacrament of Christ's body and blood is the bond which unites all the members of His mystical

body in the union of charity; the perfection of that charity is a readiness to imitate the sacrifice of our Master, and to "lay down our lives for the brethren." For our love is to be something real. "My little children," says the Beloved Disciple, "let us not love in word nor in tongue, but in deed and in truth." True love, such as this, is to result from a frequent participation in that Banquet in which Infinite Love becomes food.

Such bounteous gifts of God call for unceasing expression of undying gratitude; therefore does the Communion verse of this day cry out in the glowing words of the Psalmist: "I will sing to the Lord, who giveth me good things: yea, I will sing to the name of the Lord, the Most High!" Let us make our act of thanksgiving for God's supreme Gift with no less fervor.

A Likeness.*

BY ROSEMARY.

"**N**OW like him! It's the lad all over,—strong and straight as a poplar; the very coat, the very buttons that glistened in the sunlight the day you and I watched him ride away."

And Mère Marie Yolande handed back the photograph to Granny Megs, who had stopped at Mère Yolande's cottage door to show her this treasure—the likeness of her soldier boy.

"And that's a photograph, you say?" continued Mère Yolande. "What a wonderful thing it is that those men can make you see people far away. Where was it made, Maggie?"

"In Paris," answered her neighbor, putting back the photograph tenderly in the bosom of her dress. "Jean had it taken for me in Paris, where the regiment stopped on the way to Algiers. Well, good-night,—and he is as fine as his portrait!" she added as she went down the path.

* Retold from the French.

Mère Marie sat long at her door, never heeding the glorious light of the setting sun. Her hands lay listlessly in her lap.

"In Paris," she mused, "they do such things,—they make you see faces no longer here."

That day Mère Yolande had been to market, and sold (she counted it over) five pounds of rich butter her good cow had given her (the best cow in Brittany); ten pounds of cheese, and eggs too (twenty, thirty, forty centimes); and all the cherries those naughty birds had left her,—yes, fifty francs in all (counting her savings); and that was sufficient. Mère Marie had come to a great decision.

The next day's sunrise saw her dressed in her Sunday best,—the short red Breton skirt, the white kerchief neatly folded on her breast, the brooch (descended from mother to daughter) clasping its neat folds at the throat; and a cap, the pride of every Breton peasant, completed her holiday attire. Mère Marie was ready for a journey. She turned the key in the cottage door and stowed it away carefully in her ample pocket, where it clashed noisily against the centimes and francs.

Down the dusty road she went to the village street where the stage coach passed daily. With her scant savings she paid her fare. "*Hooplà!*" cried big Pierre, and the old coach lumbered on its way to Paris,—past fields green with young wheat and rye, past orchards in full bloom, till the sun rose high in the heavens. "Paris!" cried Big Pierre, with a wave of his whip; and Mère Marie was in the great capital. The tall buildings, the monuments, the parks,—nothing attracted her. One thought absorbed all her attention: the great photographer who could bring the absent to her vision.

"Monsieur, I beg of you the name of the best photographer,—the best, you understand, for children."

The obliging policeman directed her to a man who had a name for making good likenesses. Mère Yolande rang. The

photographer himself opened the door. With a courtesy Mère Yolande explained her call.

"Monsieur, I hear you take fine photographs of children."

"Yes," answered the artist, "my patrons think I pose the youngsters gracefully. Not an easy job, either; for you can't keep them still a moment. It takes a lot of patience. But, then, I have a houseful of my own," he added, as a little boy put his head in at the door; and another, pushing past, caught hold of his father's hand. "Never still for one moment. Madame, you want a photograph of your little one?"

"Yes, Monsieur, of my only child. But he won't give you any trouble,—he won't move, the lambkin!"

"Indeed! Then he must be very different from these wild youngsters," replied the man, as he stroked a golden-headed boy, and held fast another who was climbing up his knees.

"He is dead, Monsieur," said the Breton woman, with a sob in her throat.

The photographer looked up quickly, and then at his noisy group, full of life and frolic, and sent the little ones out to play. The youngest lingered.

"So your little one is dead, Madame, and you want a photograph of his little white face and form from which the soul has fled? Such pictures are sad and always pain me. Far better remember him as he was in life. But, if you wish, I shall go with you to the house, and you will have his picture."

Mère Yolande sighed, and two big tears rolled down her cheeks.

"That is not what I want. Alas! my little one left this earth ten years ago."

Full of sympathy, and with some surprise, the photographer ventured:

"Then you have some old photograph you want me to reproduce?"

The good woman shook her head.

"No, he never had his picture taken at all. We live in Brittany, Monsieur, near Ville Marie, where we never heard of

photography. Great painters come from the towns and paint the cliffs and the fields of rye and the cottages, but I thought—they told me—you were a great man, and—I thought you could make a photograph of my little one which would bring him back to me?"

The photographer thought of his six little ones brimming over with health and spirits, and was silent before this great sorrow. But in his ear the voice of love whispered.

"Nothing is impossible," he said finally, and he looked up with a smile.

"Then you will make this picture?"

"Have you the child's clothes?"

"That I have, just as he wore them the last time he went hunting for butterflies in the fields of daisies."

"Send them to me."

"You will have them to-morrow."

"Now, three more questions, good mother. The color of his hair?"

"It was fair as spun gold and fell in ringlets on his shoulders, just like your youngest's."

"And his age?"

"Five years and five weeks."

"And you had taught him to pray?"

"The darling, he was as pious as an angel! Why, Monsieur, I can see him now kneeling at his bed every night and every morning, his hands clasped in prayer."

"Very well,—very well! I shall get to work. Send the clothes."

Mère Yolande went back to her cottage and sent the precious garments, folded away so carefully in lavender and rosemary.

A few days passed, and the photographer sent for her. She took the proof in her trembling fingers.

"My little one, my son! That's himself, the lambkin! How well I remember that little vest! There are the very buttons I sewed on, and he so proud of them; and the little trousers,—I made every stitch myself; and his hair, Monsieur, golden and curly, which he used to toss from his eyes with such a princely air! How can I thank

you, Monsieur! What do I owe you?"

"Nothing," replied the photographer. "I am amply paid in your joy. It was a work of love."

Love had, indeed, shown the artist how to perform a miracle, and give back to this mother an image of her son who had lain under Breton daisies now ten long years. For model, he took his youngest son, with the golden hair, dressed in the peasant clothes the boy had worn in life; kneeling in prayer, his face buried in his little hands, his golden curls framing his pure white brow.

Mère Yolande returned to Brittany with her treasure. Proudly she showed her neighbors this masterpiece of photography, adding always: "It's a wonderful likeness,—wonderful!"

And if any one ventured to ask, "Why does he hide his face, Mère Yolande?" she would answer:

"Don't you see the dear angel is praying for his mother, whom he left lonely on this earth when he took his flight to heaven?"

A Devotional Need of the Age.

A RECENT writer—not a spiritual writer but a journalist and man of the world—has said, "Whoever takes a step away from the Blessed Virgin takes a step in the direction of barbarism." In this negative way he meant to assert that the Mother of Christ is at the centre of all that humanizes; uplifts, and glorifies the life of man. The reflection is as true as it is comprehensive.

Swung into space by the creative hand of God, this world, one of a million others, was committed to a high and unique destiny. It was to breed a race of beings like unto God; it was to bring forth sons of God, and One who was Himself very God.

Male and female did He make them, as the record of His creation tells. Sex—the gift of sex—is a share of God's creative power indwelling in man. By it man is

God's vicar: he procreates—that is, he creates for God. The generative instinct is part of his nature; but, because the race of men is like to God, all their important acts share this resemblance in a special way. Hence, at the meeting of the first man and the first woman God Himself assisted. Eve was a bride who leaned on the arm of God, her Father. And in that union of our first parents, God the Father made forever holy what God the Son was later to make sacramental—namely, the marriage relation. Marriage at once puts the human relation on a plane high above mere animal nature. It invests it with something of divinity. Love is at its root, and love is born of God. The union that is to subsist between man and woman is like the union which subsists between Christ and His Church. Thus mated, on a divine model, they hold their high destiny to be and to beget children of God.

According as this ideal has been realized and striven after, the world has been bright or dark. According as woman is held in honor or the reverse, there has been blessing or ban upon the race. Those pagan peoples or those heretical bodies who do not hold this idea of the function of sex and the purpose of marriage, regard woman as the slave of man, the necessary foil of his passions, the mere tool of his caprice. It makes no difference whether this comes from aboriginal ignorance, as in the jungles of Abyssinia, or from deliberate rejection of known truth by an English King, the effects are the same. The African's string of wives, the harem of the Turk, and the brutal customs of pagan nations are not more of a degradation of woman at the very point of her highest honor than are our own ubiquitous divorce laws. Indeed, less so.

Even among the pagans, woman, as mother, was held sacred; and from early Buddhism to late Roman idolatry motherhood was honored in the person of some goddess. But a people who rejected the only true and fitting symbol of mother-

hood has been reaping ever since the shameful effects of its abominable lust. They blew out the light at the shrine of the Mother of the world's Redeemer, and they have been sitting ever since in the darkness of the shadow of death.

For Mary is the highest human expression of the greatest human good. Male and female God created man to work out His own great designs. Marriage and parenthood He exalted to heights of sacramental holiness. But He kept one pinnacle of His creation free, — a peak that towered aloft into the solitude of His secret heavens, that saw the days before they broke and wore the unfallen snows; and on that pinnacle He placed One whose motherhood should be the fruit of her virginity, — One in whom the already high sanctity of marriage should be yet more refined and lifted higher and higher: He placed Mary at the head of His creation with an Infant in her arms.

Is it an all unmeaning thing and to no purpose that the utmost handiwork of God, the Humanity of Jesus Christ, should be the Fruit of a woman's womb, and that the vision of this Woman should crown the splendors of Apocalyptic revelation? "And a great sign appeared in heaven: a Woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." No: Mary has a position and a work for all time in the scheme of the world's regeneration. As woman, as mother, she stands the embodiment of those virtues by which men and women shall be saved. Altogether apart from her office as mediatrix, she stands a realization and a symbol of that which the race should strive to reach.

She is the ideal of womanhood, the ideal of motherhood. According as we accept or reject this ideal will our life be marked by joy or bitterness, lighted by virtue or blackened by degrading vice. The world to-day needs Mary. She alone, in what she stands for, is the answer to its gravest problems.

Notes and Remarks.

It was to be expected, as we intimated in a previous note, that those who for one reason or another were confused as to the real object of the recent Belgian strike should be likewise mistaken as regards its outcome. Our own papers speak of its "success"; while English exchanges—not Catholic papers alone, but journals like the *Times*—are undeceived by appearances. The real outcome of the strike was simply this: that the administration has offered to make an inquiry into the manner of conducting elections,—an offer which it made months before the strike,—an offer the acceptance of which this very strike was intended to render impossible. The inquiry proposed was considered by the Socialist leader, M. Vandervelde, as "disastrous"; yet this disastrous result is all the great strike achieved. In other words, the Catholic Government, standing by its guns, has not lost one jot or tittle of its prestige or power; while the Socialist party which engineered the so-called general strike have achieved a result exactly the opposite of what they desired. Moreover, this result has not been forced upon them: they were brought to accept it. Lest there should remain any delusion as to the "general" character of the strike, we quote the Brussels correspondent of the London *Times*: "The Christian Unions have issued placards congratulating the 900,000 free workmen who refused to co-operate with the political Socialists."

The current issue of the *Ecclesiastical Review* contains the seventh and, as yet (to our mind), most interesting of Dr. Austin O'Malley's studies in "The Cure of Intemperance." This latest paper treats of the passions and the natural control of them, and is replete with ripe reflection admirably expressed. The writer's discussion of the virtue of humility deserves to stand alone. It takes on, in Dr. O'Malley's

hands, the freshness almost of a new subject, so personal are his viewpoint and his style. It is a real regret to be unable to reproduce more than a single paragraph of this admirable bit of work:

Humility is the virtue opposed to pride, and it is the most important natural virtue man is capable of after justice: the theological virtues, faith, hope, and charity, transcend humility, but they are infused by God, who is their object. Magnanimity strengthens a vacillating will; humility checks excess in aspiration and ambition: it supposes a rational, true estimate of one's real worth. It is a very honest virtue; it tells the truth with sensitive precision. It is not base, cringing, abject, but loyal in subordination to God. If a person has a keen intellect, a powerful imagination, a beautiful body, these are gifts of God; the worth and the glory from them justly and honestly should redound to their Creator, not to their vicarious possessor. We deserve merit for the correct use of these gifts, but very little glory for happening to be the object in which they are placed by their Maker. On the other hand, anything in us that is really evil is our own, because we are the doers of the evil in us: God is not; we are accountable for this evil: God is not. Humility consists essentially in recognizing and acknowledging practically the fact that whatever is good in us is God's; whatever is evil in us is our own; all glory, then, is to God, all blame to ourselves.

The question of Shakespeare's religion is again to the fore. An English clergyman, the Rev. C. E. Osborne, is contributing a study thereof to the *Church Times*; and, says the London *Catholic Times*, he appears to be fair-minded and dispassionate. At the same time he is anything but convincing in his argument supporting the contention that the poet "was a conformist to the Church of England,"—in other words, was a Protestant. "So far at least," says our Catholic contemporary, "he has brought forward no evidence to dispose of the strong argument which Father Sebastian Bowden founds on the statement of Archdeacon Davies—reflecting a local tradition—that he 'died a Papist.' Nor again is Father Bowden's reasonable contention, that when King John repudiates the Pope the sentiment is that of the character

represented, not of the author, met by the assertion that the dramatist must have been a Protestant because of the sturdy English feeling expressed in the language. To us there seems to be no force whatever in this remark. Shakespeare's great aim was to make his characters true to life; and this he did, whether they spoke against the Pope or used the language of adherents of the old Church."

The controversy as to Shakespeare's veritable religion bids fair to last as long as that other one about the authorship of the plays that bear his name.

An optimistic account of the present prospects of the Church in the newly organized republic of China is given by an authoritative person residing in the Orient. The new constitution having proclaimed universal liberty of conscience, Catholicity becomes, not merely a tolerated creed, or one imposed by treaties between China and European powers (a circumstance by which it was not a little handicapped, so far as Chinese respect was concerned), but a religion recognized, and recognized as good. The mandarins are now aware that they will not be supported or approved in high places if they are denounced as sectarians, and that they will be punished if they oppress the Christians; and accordingly persecution may be regarded as a danger passed. There is even a prospect of the Church's winning high favor from those who pride themselves on their liberalism. Already a marked change is observable in the attitude taken toward our missionaries by the mandarins and the higher officials generally. The president and vice-president of the republic have testified to the esteem in which they hold the Catholic Faith, and have given the assurance that all civil and military offices will be open to citizens, without distinction of creed. Numerous other considerations lead to the conclusion that the prospect is bright for the extension of the Faith

in China; and incidental checks here and there throughout the country should not be considered as other than exceptions to the general policy of the government and its people.

In reference to the present movement toward Christianity in China, Sir William Cecil writes: "Whether we approve or disapprove the general action of the Roman Catholics—and our feelings are probably mixed on this subject,—we must recognize that they are a very great factor in the change that is coming over China. For centuries they have stood before the Chinese as associating with Christianity the science and the knowledge the Chinese have always admired."

The power already attained by the Church in China may be estimated, says the Secretary of the English Association of the Propagation of the Faith, by the fact that the number of Chinese who profess obedience to Pius X. is three times as great as the adherents of all the other denominations together.

The spontaneous offer of employees of the Illinois Central Railroad Co. to contribute a day's pay, or even more, in order to enable the corporation to repair the heavy damage caused by floods and storms, prompts the editor of the *Chicago Record-Herald* to remark:

Employees, like employers, will fight stubbornly for what they deem their rights. They will complain, threaten strikes, go out on strikes, cause loss and difficulty. But treat them justly and they will bury the hatchet, forget past disputes, and be as generous, as loyal, as self-sacrificing as any other element.

There is human nature in all of us, and the way to improve industrial relations is to get down to what is best in human nature. Fair discussion, conciliation, mutual respect, and appeals to the sense of justice and decency, never fail to remove apparent mountains of prejudice and ill will. Copartnership, profit-sharing, trade agreements, arbitration boards are severally exemplifications of the wisdom of appealing to the human factor.

Perfectly natural and intelligible as is the action of the employees, however, it

seems to have come as a distinct surprise to the officials of the company. Its vice-president is quoted as saying that the incident is without a parallel in railroad history. He, for one, has learned at long last how industrial relations might be improved.

The London papers publish a letter of Sir Gerard Lowther, the English Ambassador at Constantinople, in which high praise is bestowed upon the Oblate Sisters of the Assumption for the services which they rendered during the siege of Adrianople. Sir Gerard requested the French Ambassador to convey the thanks of the British Government to the French Republic, whose representative has sent a copy of the letter to the superior of the Assumptionists at Constantinople. Sir Gerard writes:

In a report which I have just received from the British Consul at Adrianople, Major Samson mentions the wonderful way in which the Oblate Sisters of the Assumption have nursed the wounded in the English hospital in that city. "It would be impossible," says the Consul, "to exaggerate either the devotedness of these ladies in the work they have undertaken, or the coolness they showed under the fire of the artillery. Indeed, without their aid," continues the report, "it would have been impossible for the hospital to carry on the task it had taken up." I have the greatest pleasure, therefore, in communicating to you this great testimony to the devotedness and heroism of these ladies, who have so nobly co-operated in the common work of humanity which the Christian community took upon itself during the siege.

Referring to the will of an English millionaire lately deceased, in which all beneficiaries thereof who may adopt the Catholic Faith or marry a Catholic are disinherited, a London secular journal observes:

Clauses disinheriting beneficiaries on religious grounds in the wills of Christians are invariably directed against the Roman Catholic Church; and it is a curious and somewhat noticeable fact that, notwithstanding the general feeling that intolerance and Roman Catholicism are somewhat intimately connected, there has not yet come to light a clause in the will of a

Roman Catholic disinheriting any of his or her children who shall forsake that faith or shall marry one not of that faith.

"Curious and somewhat noticeable" indeed. But it is still more curious and decidedly noticeable that outsiders so seldom take notice of such things.

The inaugural address delivered by Cardinal Ferrata at the opening of the Eucharistic Congress at Malta, judging by reports of it in our foreign exchanges, was an admirably appropriate one, well calculated not only to inspire the Maltese, already so distinguished for devotion to the Blessed Sacrament—they refuse the title of Christian to such as deny the Real Presence,—with fresh fervor, but to intensify that of the thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the world who flocked to the island to participate in the Congress. A notable increase of faith in, and devotion to, the Holy Eucharist is sure to result from this solemn assembly, which has already made a deep impression upon the Catholic world, and bids fair to prove the most successful of the twenty-four Eucharistic Congresses. His Eminence said, in concluding his address:

The geographical position of this classic island, and the antiquity of its population—which brings back to our minds the Phœnicians, the Greeks, the Carthaginians, and the Romans—confer upon our Congress something exceptional, attractive, and majestic. To use a happy expression, Malta resembles an immense and splendid altar, rising, above the blue waters of the Mediterranean, amidst the three vast continents of Europe, Africa, and Asia. The waves that beat upon its shores come straight from the Holy Land, where Our Lord instituted the ineffable mystery of the altar; on the other side, they come from Rome, whence the Order of Priests, the ministers of the Holy Eucharist, goes forth to spread all over the world.

But that which constitutes the beautiful and special prerogative of our Congress—and I say this in all sincerity—is the ardor of the faith in all the Maltese, the singular purity of their customs, their unshaken fidelity to the Holy See, and their profound devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. This precious heritage, received from St. Paul, who left here an ineffaceable

mark of his grand and holy personality, has ever been kept entire and unchanged, notwithstanding the many changes of rule, especially that of the Arabs, which lasted for nearly three centuries. No human power has ever been able to overcome the constancy and intrepidity of the faith of the Maltese. And why? Because the soul of the whole people has been preserved in close union with *Jesus* in the Blessed Sacrament. . . .

We are here to glorify our Divine Master in the Sacrament of His Love; to proclaim His sovereignty over the world, individuals, and society; to pay Him those royal honors to which He is entitled as our Creator and Redeemer; to make such reparation to Him as we are able for the irreverence and outrages which He so often receives in the Sacrament of the Altar; to make our united protest against all those who, with deplorable folly, attempt to exclude Him from society, from families, from the thoughts and affections of men; and, finally, to excite in ourselves a fervent love to Jesus, who has first so much loved us.

The editor of *Father Dempsey's Hotel Magazine*, presumably "mine host" himself, has a good word to say for the Italian working-girls of St. Louis,—one which might be spoken with equal truth, we are assured, of the same class in all our large cities. The statement goes to show that there is no connection necessarily between poverty and criminality, and that social reformers who take no account of religion and home influence are only beating the air:

Living for sixteen years at Sixth and Biddle Streets, the writer has noticed what may appear very extraordinary to the irreligious, but, to one who knows of the home training and devotion of those people, not at all remarkable,—of course due allowance being made for the influence of God's grace. In all these years, although there is a population of 6000 Italians by birth and descent, the writer does not know of one case where an Italian girl has brought the blush of shame to her parents' cheeks.

Father Dempsey fears that this piece of information will not have much effect on the social workers, who, in all their talks about charity, scarcely ever mention the name of the Author of Charity, or take Him into consideration when suggesting remedies for social evils.



The Piper's Revenge.

ONE day, a good many hundred years ago, a cripple in ragged clothing was limping along the road from Troyes to St. Menehould in France, playing as he went a lively air on the bagpipes. The road passed through a desolate country of neglected fields; for a long quarrel had divided that corner of France into two camps who made war against each other,—the Armagnacs and the Burgundians.

The citizens of Troyes had adopted the standard of the Armagnacs; the Burgundians occupied the surrounding country, waiting for a chance to surprise the city. The cripple, however, walked along quite careless of any ambuscades that might lie in his way, and utterly indifferent as to being surprised by any Burgundian troop. He stamped his feet on the hard roadbed, keeping time with the tune he was playing; yet all the noise he made could not drown the echoes of the loud clamor that still rang in his ears,—the angry cries of a mob calling out for his death. He still saw before him the frightful tableau of the people chasing him with stones out of the city; while the mayor, standing on the ramparts, shouted: "If you ever come back, Jacques Ribaud, you'll be hanged!"

Hanged! The cripple, as he regained a more even temper, told himself that he would interfere with the execution of that threat, and promised himself that he would go back to Troyes some fine day and get even with its mayor. For that official was the cause of his trouble. The mayor, indeed, had complained that Ribaud frequently played the pipes at night near his house and so prevented him from sleeping. And, as that was

hardly a sufficient cause for banishing him from the city, he one day started a rumor that the inoffensive piper was a friend of the Burgundians, and only awaited a chance to betray the city into their hands.

This calumny was not long in gaining credence from the citizens, who were ever fearful of a surprise from their adversaries. They forgot the pleasure they had often received from Ribaud's pipes at weddings, christenings, and other festivities; forgot how he amused them on Sunday afternoons, when Vespers were over and they had strolled along the sunny banks of the Seine. Finally, one morning, the wrath of the crowd broke out, and the cripple was stoned out of the city's gate. He ran at first,—a pitiable, hobbling figure; then, when out of reach of the missiles, he turned around, shook his fist at the wall, and cried out:

"You people of Troyes, rich and heartless, I'll get even with you and your mayor some day!"

Then he proceeded slowly along the road, as if his threat of vengeance had calmed him. Soon, however, the remembrance of the crowd's yells again choked him with rage, and he began playing on his bagpipes for the sake of distraction.

"Halt there, my man, you fine musician with the game leg!" called out a rough voice, and a steel-gloved hand was laid on Ribaud's shoulder. He had walked into an ambush of the Burgundians.

Two days later, the sentinel on the Troyes ramparts near the Lorraine gate suddenly shouted an alarm. The tocsin was immediately sounded, and the portcullis was let fall. The citizens, believing that it was an attack by the Burgundians, hastened to seize their arms; but when the walls were manned with defenders,

the only enemy to be seen was a poor wretch of a cripple, who by means of a lance too heavy for his arm was trying to measure the depth of the moat, or ditch. Then there was an exclamation of surprise:

"Jacques Ribaud!"

The portcullis was drawn up, and some soldiers went out and seized the piper.

"So you've come back, in spite of my prohibition!" said the mayor. "You probably want to play the spy for the Burgundians. Well, you'll be hanged instead. I told you I'd hang you if you ever returned to Troyes."

Ribaud's countenance was the picture of despair. He begged and prayed for mercy, and even sobbed; but for sole answer the mayor informed him that the very next day he should be hanged on "the wood of justice," as he called the scaffold. When the cripple learned that he was really to suffer death, he besought the mayor to grant him at least one supreme favor.

"Sir Mayor," said he, "if you are determined to hang me, I submit; but, on account of the great number of respectable people whom I have known in the city, and by whom I wouldn't like to be seen in the guise of a condemned criminal, be good enough to set my execution for the early morning, at daybreak, when everybody will be still asleep."

The mayor consented, and the bystanders ridiculed the sensitiveness of the beggarly, crippled musician who did not want to be seen with the rope around his neck.

The next morning when Jacques Ribaud, with his hands tied behind his back, mounted the death-cart that was to bear him to the place of execution, there was, in spite of his distressful position, a fugitive smile playing around his lips. Notwithstanding the early hour, a large crowd was in attendance, their curiosity excited by the piper's desire to be hanged without witnesses. He had been known as a jolly companion, a joker, and an

inventive fellow; and they wondered how he would signalize his hanging.

The "wood of justice" had been erected, according to custom, outside the city, and it took the crowd a full half hour to walk to the fatal spot. Along the way the condemned man wore a rather joyous mien, as if he expected something agreeable to happen. He bandied jokes with those near the cart, and conducted himself like one who had not the faintest idea of being soon launched into eternity.

The place of execution being reached, the sinister-looking scaffold showed clear in the limpid dawn. The cart was stopped, and the hangman intimated to Ribaud that everything was ready. The cripple, however, appeared to be in no hurry for the ceremony; he very slowly mounted the ladder leading to the platform, from which, with a cord around his neck, he was soon to swing. When he reached the topmost rung, he glanced in the direction of a small grove some distance away, which he alone — thanks to his elevated position — could observe. His gaiety suddenly ceased; he became sad, and his eyes anxiously sought the grove. What he finally discerned was a man who, placed as a sentinel in the branches of a high tree, was sleeping. All at once the piper made a grimace.

In the meanwhile the crowd grew restive. Was this the kind of spectacle they had a right to ask of the cripple? Was he going to die in this sombre fashion? They began to murmur, and the mayor gave the order to proceed with the hanging. Jacques, however, had been thinking, and suddenly his face grew bright again: he had an idea.

"Sir Mayor," he called down, "don't you think I owe something to all these good people who have left their beds so early to see me die? Won't you let me, before starting for the other world, give them some music? I have my pipes here inside my blouse; and, if you order my hands to be loosed, I'll play my liveliest air for them."

This suggestion pleased the crowd. The mayor consented, and the piper was soon playing with the greatest gusto. His spirits had been enlivened by his noticing that the man in the tree had waked up. Anyway, his notes were so gay that it seemed as much as some of the younger folk in the crowd could do to keep from dancing.

Then, all at once, a company of soldiers sprang from the grove and rushed toward the scaffold, shouting:

"Down with the Armagnacs!"

They were Burgundians, who had planned the whole matter with Ribaud the day before, to draw their adversaries outside the city walls.

"Death to the people of Troyes!" they cried as they came on.

But in reality they shed no blood. The pipes were silent; for Ribaud from the scaffold platform was directing the attack of his allies.

"Here, seize this one, and that fellow there!" he ordered. "They are rich and can pay a good ransom. Keep a firm hold of the mayor."

The capture did not take long. In five minutes the wealthiest of the Troyes citizens were prisoners, and the others were running for dear life back to their city. The captives were carried to St. Menehould, and kept there until a heavy ransom was paid for them,—part of which ransom went to Jacques Ribaud.

And that is how the crippled piper squared his account with the people of Troyes and their mayor. But he never went back there, preferring to play tunes and joke jokes among the Burgundians.

A BEDOUIN village, be it only a few huts in the desert, is a spot as hospitable as the most elegant mansion. Any passer-by may tarry there three days as guest of the tribe; indeed, the tribal sense of the fitness of things will be outraged if he refuses to enter the "guest room" and partake of the desert hospitality.

The Little Florentine.

BY H. DE CHARLIEU.

IV.

THE little cavalcade travelled slowly, so as not to weary Fenella, over whom Spavento watched like a father. He never showed the least impatience where she was concerned, reserving that for his ill-favored groom.

Soporello was, indeed, a singular person, with his hangdog expression, and his abnormally long, thin arms and legs. As he sat on his donkey, his feet actually touched the ground. He seemed to be continually asleep, whether he was riding, eating or drinking. This did not prevent him, however, from devouring such enormous quantities of food that Spavento, himself a hearty eater, was completely stupefied at his groom's capacity.

At night the travellers halted, sometimes at wayside inns, and sometimes at the more pretentious hotels of large towns. Spavento chose those with names suggesting war and sword-thrusts. He also christened their mounts with martial names. Soporello's donkey was "Pallas," and Fenella's frisky little mule was "Bellone." He named his own horse "Coriolanus," because he had bought him in the Roman country, and he wanted to show that he was not ignorant of ancient history.

The soldier had little chance to show his prowess, as no dangers beset the path of the travellers. Once, it is true, in the mountain passes of Piedmont, two or three brigands barred their way for a moment; but he drew Fredegonde, and charged at them in so furious a fashion, shouting and brandishing his sword, that they fled without once looking behind.

One evening, after they were in France, they were following a rough path up a hill, expecting every moment to come upon a wayside inn. The day's journey had been an arduous one, and Coriolanus was so exhausted that he stumbled at

almost every step. Even Fenella's little mule, usually so frisky, dragged wearily along. Soporello had to lead Bellone, as the donkey refused to move when his rider was on his back.

The evening was lowering and threatening. Great clouds rolled across the sky, and frequent flashes of lightning illumined the white road, from which no sheltering roof could be seen.

"Are we never to reach Dijon, I wonder?" growled Spavento. "They told us at the last village that it was only an hour away, and we have been travelling two hours at least."

"We must be patient, Spavento," replied Fenella, gently.

"Oh, it doesn't matter to me! I'm only worrying about you and poor Coriolanus. He can scarcely move a leg. Aren't you tired?" inquired the old soldier, anxiously.

"Not at all," maintained Fenella. "I feel perfectly comfortable."

"Well, I'm starving!" cried Soporello.

"Silence!" thundered Spavento. "You will have nothing to eat until we get under shelter. You can wait!"

Soporello said nothing more but walked on sullenly, his mind full of ugly thoughts. His face betrayed his feelings.

Suddenly a gale began to blow, enveloping the travellers in clouds of dust. Trees swayed and cracked, and black clouds rushed across the threatening sky.

"The storm is coming," said Spavento, putting spurs to his horse. "Keep close to me, Fenella."

The spurring did no good, however; and Coriolanus limped slowly along as the storm burst, drenching them all. After a few moments had passed, Soporello halted and began to sniff the air.

"Thank Heaven, I smell a kitchen at last!" he exclaimed, with a broad smile of satisfaction.

"I don't know what you smell," replied Spavento; "but as sure as I live I see a house."

"An inn! See the sign swinging in the wind!" said the groom.

By the flashes of lightning, now almost constant, Spavento saw a sign upon which was painted a cavalier in a coat of mail piercing a dragon with his lance, and below the words: "Hôtel du Grand Saint-George."

"Thank Heaven!" he also exclaimed: "It's time we found shelter and refreshment. Knock on the door, Soporello. Be quick about it, too."

The groom obeyed, but it was fully ten minutes before any one appeared. Then the door opened a crack, and a little, weazened old lady peered out. She seemed to be in a great fright.

"Call the landlady!" shouted Spavento.

"I'm the landlady," replied the old lady, curtly.

"Then send a stableboy at once to help us with the horses, and let us in out of the rain."

"My servants are all asleep."

"Well, wake them up, or I will do so for you!" fairly roared the old soldier in desperation.

Seeing with whom she had to deal, the old lady immediately became courteous. She called a boy to help Soporello with the mounts, and led Spavento and Fenella into a long, low room, where a wood fire was burning in the fireplace.

The soldier's first care was to install his charge before the blaze, so as to dry out her clothing. He then gave orders for a bountiful supper, and two chambers,—one for Fenella, and one for himself and his groom.

When Soporello entered, the master bade the hostess serve the boy with soup, so he could go to bed at once.

"We will start at daybreak," he said, upon learning that they were at the last relay station before Dijon.

"We can't do that, Monsieur," interposed the groom.

"Why not?" thundered Spavento.

"Because our horses are all used up. Coriolanus is lame, and Bellone can't move his tail even."

"A thousand thunders!" shouted the old

soldier. "Here we are stalled at this place, and so near the end of our journey, too!"

"If we have to, we can stay here a day or two and rest, can't we?" said Fenella.

"Wouldn't it trouble you?" inquired Spavento, conciliated.

"Not at all."

"Nor me, either," added the sergeant, with a sigh of relief.

Supper was now served, and the travellers did justice to the excellent meal. Afterward they went to their chambers,—Spavento sharing his with his groom, who slept on a cot opposite the bed. When the old soldier entered his room, Soporello was lying asleep, fully dressed.

"The fellow was either too tired or too lazy to undress, I suppose," grumbled the sergeant.

He then sat down at a table, took out his well-filled purse, and began to count his money.

"Forty-five pistoles!" he chuckled, with a broad smile of satisfaction. "After all our expenses are paid, the child and I will have enough left to cut quite a figure in Paris for a while."

Soporello, who was only feigning sleep, watched his master with half-closed eyes, while evil thoughts filled his mind. The sight of so much gold fascinated him, and he decided at once upon his course of action.

Finally Spavento undressed and went to bed. Fredegonde, his sword, lay on the covers beside him, and his pistols were on the table within reach. Outside, the tempest raged, rattling the doors and windows; and, lulled by the storm, the soldier was soon fast asleep.

Soporello was wide awake, however. He listened for a time to his master's regular breathing; then, rising, tiptoed to the chair upon which Spavento had thrown his clothes. He groped about until he found the purse. Without a moment's hesitation, he took it, crept to the door, opened it softly, and passed out into the stormy night.

(To be continued.)

A Much-Abused Word.

One of the most overworked adjectives in everyday English use is "nice," colloquially employed as a general term of satisfaction applicable to anything that pleases. We hear of nice weather, nice people, nice books, nice sentiments, nice music, nice poems,—nice anything and everything existent or conceivable.

The literal meaning of the word (from the Latin *nescius*) is "ignorant, unknowing"; but it has passed through a variety of significations, until one of its legitimate present meanings is rather the reverse of ignorant—namely, "discriminating, critical, discerning, acute." The English philologist, John Earle, gives this account of its gradual change of meaning: "The word dates from the great French period, and it first meant 'foolish, absurd, ridiculous'; then in course of time it came to signify 'whimsical, fantastic, wanton, adroit'; thence it slid into the meaning of 'subtle, delicate, sensitive,' which landed it on the threshold of its modern meaning." As for its use in social slang, that, says Johnson, is too unscientific to be traceable.

In its correct literary use at the present day, "nice" is a synonym of "dainty, fastidious, squeamish, finical, delicate, exquisite, effeminate, fussy"; or of "definite, rigorous, strict"; or, finally, of "accurate, correct, exact." To apply the word to every concrete object and abstract idea is evidence that one is lacking in a *nice* perception of word-distinctions.

The Marigold.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

☉ FLOWER in the garden bed,
You are not sweet as others are;
You can not balm and sweetness shed,
O gold, brown-spotted star!
And yet I love you for your name,—
A name they gave you when, of old,
Our Lady's love made worlds aflame:
They called you Mary's Gold.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Blessed Grignon de Montfort: His Life, Labors, Pilgrimages, and Apostleship to Mary," by the Rev. T. McGeoy, P. P., has just been published by Messrs. Browne & Nolan, of Dublin.

—An esteemed Catholic newspaper and review refers to George Moore's new book as, "in the main, a contemptuous attack upon the Church." A full half-page, however, is devoted to it; and one reference is given which will cause the least sensitive of Catholic readers to shudder. We are at a loss to comprehend the policy of reviewing such publications at length, if at all.

—Under the title of "Williams' Choice Literature," a series of readers designed for the eight years of grade work, has been issued by the American Book Co. The compiler, Sherman Williams, has done his work well; for the selections given are calculated to attain the object desired—namely, that of developing a taste for what is genuinely good in literature. We notice only one regrettable inclusion. Illustrations, paper, type, binding, are all excellent, and the prices of the volumes most reasonable.

—Among brochures recently received from the Parisian publisher, Pierre Téqui, are several of exceptional interest. In "Questions Théologiques et Canoniques," the Very Rev. Paul Renaudin discusses the dogma of the Eucharist in the Middle Ages, the ascetic formation of St. Thomas Aquinas, the action of the religious life in the Church, and the nomination to ecclesiastical benefices. "L'Eglise Catholique aux Premiers Siècles" is a series of scholarly conferences preached in the church of Saint-Louis-des-Français, Rome, by the Rev. Viellard-Lacharme, during the Lenten season of 1912. And "La Vocation Ecclésiastique," by l'Abbé Henri Le Camus, is a timely and thought-provoking discussion of a theme perennially interesting everywhere in Christendom.

—"Gospel Verses for Holy Communion," by a Sister of Notre Dame, will be gladly welcomed by those who know "Communion Verses for Little Children," by the same writer. Besides a useful and noble purpose, these verses have a distinct literary merit, and are informed with a knowledge and a piety that make them wholly acceptable. On the mere natural side, the intelligence and insight here displayed, the grasp and orderliness shown in the choice and development of theme, are a delight to the mature mind, while they are the very means by which the youthful mind is spared needless

labor. Though only a paper-covered pamphlet, this little manual would make a rich present for our children. Pastors who have a weakness for gaudy "holy pictures" would do well to get acquainted with works like this, which match beauty with holiness. For sale by Benziger Brothers.

—The Central Verein continues its admirable activity in the promotion of the study of social problems by issuing, for free distribution, two excellent pamphlets—"A Program of Social Reform," by the Rt. Rev. Frederick William Keating; and "The Need and Means of Social Study," by Mr. F. P. Kenkel, which contains also "The Need of Social Study," by Father Plater, S. J. Copies of these and similar publications may be had by application to the Central Bureau of the Central Verein, Temple Building, St. Louis, Mo.

—The primary purpose of "A Book of Lines: Poems for Memory," selected and edited by the Rev. J. L. Carrico, C. S. C., Ph. D., instructor in English in the University of Notre Dame, is to furnish memory exercises for the English classes in the preparatory department of that institution. Poems, both familiar and unfamiliar, most of them lyrics, are presented; and all are well worthy of being committed to memory and of being remembered for life. On the whole, the selection is well made; and, if there are some pieces that we miss, there are many others happily chosen. The brochure is well printed, and provided with indices of authors and of first lines.

—There is wanting in "The Madonna of Sacrifice," by William Dana Orcutt—a beautifully produced little story from the press of F. G. Brown & Co.—only that touch which perfect sympathy with the subject would have given to make it a wholly charming idyl. It is the tale of a sickly Italian boy's love of an "old Master," and the somewhat illogical sacrifice he was willing to make in order to retain it in the family. In spite of conventional elements—the impecunious Italian noble, the duped American millionaire, etc.—there is a certain charm to this little tale which makes one wish it had had the luck of a more careful revision.

—The Kenedy Popular Edition of novels and stories by Catholic authors is a series that should commend itself to discriminating book-buyers. Substantially and neatly bound in cloth covers, and printed in good type on a

fair quality of paper, the volumes sell for fifty cents each. Any one of the three numbers that have reached our table—Cardinal Newman's "Callista," Anna H. Dorsey's "Tears on the Diadem," and the anonymous "Faith, Hope, and Charity," a tale of the Reign of Terror,—is easily worth, for the Catholic family library, not merely one-third but three times the value of the ephemeral "best-seller" which retails at \$1.50. P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

—The Gilbert Music Co., Chicago, publish in uniform octavo style, "The Divine Praises," in four voices. Sung with piety, neither too fast nor too slow, these Praises will form a pleasing diversion after solemn Benediction. They are easy enough for any choir. An *Ave Maris Stella*, by Richard Farrant (sixteenth century), may be used with good effect as a motet. An *O Salutaris Hostia*, by Tommaso Giordani (eighteenth century), for four voices (words in Latin and English), repeats words in the first stanza. It is good, though. An *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus*, composed by J. Lewis Browne for the Paulist Chorister Society, and sung at the Vatican, is a fine composition. In future editions the distracting typographical error, *implebem* for *in plebem*, should be corrected.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Gospel Verses for Holy Communion." A Sister of Notre Dame. 10 cts.
- "The Cause of Beatification of the Little Flower of Jesus." Mgr. R. de Teil. 75 cts.
- "St. Rita of Cascia." Rev. Thomas McGrath. 30 cts.
- "The Fountains of the Saviour." Rev. John O'Rourke, S. J. 50 cts.
- "The Heart of Revelation." Rev. Francis Donnelly, S. J. 50 cts.
- "Three Years in the Libyan Desert." J. C. Ewald Falls. \$4.50.
- "Outlines for Conferences to Young Women." Abbé M. F. Blanchard. 40 cts.
- "Levia Pondera." John Ayscough. \$1.75.

- "Our Lady in the Liturgy." Dom Michael Barrett, O. S. B. \$1.10.
- "Confessions of a Convert." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.25.
- "Pioneers of the Cross in Canada." Dean Harris. \$1.50.
- "Consumers and Wage-Earners." J. Elliot Ross, Ph. D. \$1.
- "St. Gertrude the Great." Notre Dame Series. \$1.25.
- "Cedar Chips." 50 cts.
- "Bodily Health and Spiritual Vigor." Rev. W. J. Lockington, S. J. 90 cts.
- "Our Neighbors: the Japanese." Joseph King Goodrich. \$1.25.
- "The Book of the Foundations of St. Teresa of Jesus." New and Revised Edition. \$2.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Joseph Archambault, Bishop of Joliette; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Robinson, diocese of Denver; Rev. John Nugent, archdiocese of San Francisco; Rev. Daniel Gleason, archdiocese of Boston; Very Rev. Peter Beaudoin, C. S. V.; and Very Rev. Ferdinand Litz, C. SS. R.

Sister M. Eustelle, of the Sisters of Notre Dame; Sister M. Raphelia, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Mother Alexis, Order of St. Ursula; Mother M. Gertrude, Sisters of Mercy; and Sister M. Cyrilla, B. V. M.

Mr. A. G. Vallerand, Mr. Mark Bealin, Mrs. Elizabeth Mueller, Mrs. Margaret Ryan, Mr. William Tait, Mr. Michael Murphy, Mrs. Julia Bashford, Miss Hilda Meehan, Mr. J. Broderick, Mr. Joseph Lynch, Mr. F. M. Baumgartner, Mrs. Margaret Gallagher, Mrs. Emma Hellwig, Mr. Patrick Cawley, Mr. M. J. Rivard, Mrs. Philomena La Chapelle, Mrs. Mary Connor, Mr. Milton Weber, Mr. David Henderson, Mrs. Mary McGwirke, Mrs. Bridget Shields, Mr. Frank Simon, Mr. George Bathe, Mrs. Maria Flynn, Mr. William Zika, and Mr. W. C. Hill.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

- "Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."
- For the flood sufferers:
- "Christian Mothers," per Mrs. C. E. Q., \$12; B. E. G., \$1.
- The famine and cyclone sufferers in China:
- H. A. R., \$5; P. P. R., \$1.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 46.

VOL. LXXVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 31, 1913.

NO. 22

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The Virgin Mother.

BY H. N. O.

AVE MARIA! Oh, what vision blest
 Thy name unveils before the loving eye,—
 Thou whom, alone of Eve's lost progeny,
 Sin might not harm nor Satan's power molest;
 Whose peerless glory Gabriel's lips confessed,
 The Spirit's Bride, the Incarnate Son's abode,
 Daughter of earth and Mother of thy God,
 Since in thy womb the Eternal deigned to rest!
 Mother and Maiden! with intenser ray
 Thy path still kindled toward the perfect day,
 Till He arose, the Dayspring from on high,
 To crown the gifts of unresisted grace—
 The love divine, the virgin purity,—
 That made thy flesh His chosen resting-place.

—◆◆◆—
 "Thou art Peter."

—◆◆◆—
 BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

IN a plain and simple reading
 of the Gospels, we desire to
 learn all about the man to
 whom our Blessed Lord said:
 "Thou art Peter." The method to be
 followed will be this. We will look to
 see how each act of his is described
 by the holy Evangelists severally. From
 that act we go to the next act, and so
 on. For those who have not made the
 Gospels a particular study, there are but
 two things to be here remembered: (1)
 The Gospels of St. Matthew, St. Mark,
 and St. Luke describe almost the same
 things but not in the same order; (2)

St. John adds what they have omitted,
 and speaks of Our Lord with the special
 purpose of showing that He was God.

ST. PETER COMES FOR THE FIRST TIME INTO
 CHRIST'S PRESENCE.

Our Divine Saviour, knowing that 'He
 should be about His Father's business,'
 when His public mission had begun, left
 Nazareth—"for a prophet is not without
 honor save in his own country,"—and
 went to Capharnaum, a town on the Lake
 of Tiberias. We now open St. Matthew
 (iv, 18-22), and read:

"And Jesus, walking by the Sea of
 Galilee, saw two brethren—Simon who
 is called Peter, and Andrew his brother—
 casting a net into the sea (for they were
 fishers). And He saith to them: Come
 after Me, and I will make you to be
 fishers of men. And they, immediately
 leaving their nets, followed Him. And,
 going on from thence, He saw other two
 brethren—James the son of Zebedee,
 and John his brother—in a ship with
 Zebedee, their father, mending their nets;
 and He called them. And they forthwith
 left their nets, and followed Him."

We turn next to St. Mark (i, 16-20)
 to see how he described the meeting. We
 are to remember that he was the disciple
 of St. Peter, and therefore knew all the
 details from the Apostle's own lips. There
 is, however, a difference between the
 account which a great man of the world
 gives of his life and that given by a
 saint. The man of the world will be
 tempted to enlarge on what is to his
 credit; but the saint, on what is to his

shame. And so we find St. Mark, who is generally much more brief than any of the other Evangelists, very full when he comes to describe the things which tell against St. Peter,—such, for instance, as the Denial. Of the meeting he writes thus:

“And as He walked by the Sea of Galilee, He saw Simon, and Andrew his brother, casting nets into the sea (for they were fishermen). And Jesus said to them: Come after Me, and I will make you to become fishers of men. And immediately, leaving their nets, they followed Him. And, going on from thence a little farther, he saw James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, who also were in the ship mending their nets. And forthwith He called them. And they left their father Zebedee in the ship with his hired men, and followed Him.”

We may here ask a question: What was there in fishermen that Our Lord should select them to be His Apostles rather than (say) tillers of the soil? The tiller of the soil, having ploughed, and sowed the seed, might look to the harvest as in some measure due to his own exertions, and not wholly to God. But who has made a spawning ground for the fish of the ocean? Who has watched over the young fry while they were maturing, and then gathered them together into shoals and caused them migrate toward the land? God alone. It is the same with human souls. As if to emphasize this truth, we read in St. Luke (v, 1-11):

“And it came to pass that when the multitudes pressed upon Him to hear the word of God, He stood by the Lake of Genesareth. And He saw two ships standing by the lake; but the fishermen were gone out of them, and were washing their nets. And, going up into one of the ships, that was Simon's, He desired him to thrust out a little from the land. And, sitting down, He taught the multitudes out of the ship. Now, when He had ceased to speak He said to Simon: Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets

for a draught. And Simon, answering, said to Him: Master, we have labored all the night and have taken nothing, but at Thy word I will let down the net. And when they had done this they enclosed a very great multitude of fishes, and their net was breaking. And they beckoned to their partners that were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both the ships, so that they were almost sinking. Which, when Simon Peter saw, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying: Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord! For he was wholly astonished, and all that were with him, at the draught of the fishes which they had taken. And so were also James and John, the sons of Zebedee, who were Simon's partners. And Jesus saith to Simon. Fear not: from henceforth thou shalt be taking men. And when they had brought their ships to land, leaving all things, they followed Him.”

The Beloved Disciple adds whatever is wanting in the three other Evangelists. We turn, therefore, to St. John (i, 35-42):

“Again the following day John [the Baptist] stood, and two of his disciples. And, looking upon Jesus as He was walking, he saith: Behold the Lamb of God. And the two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus. And Jesus, turning and seeing them following Him, saith to them: What seek you? They said to Him: Rabbi (which is to say, being interpreted, Master), where dwellest Thou? He said: Come and see. They came and saw where He abode; and they stayed with Him that day. Now, it was about the tenth hour. And Andrew, the brother of Simon Peter, was one of the two who had heard of John, and followed him. He first findeth his brother Simon, and said to him: We have found the Messias, which is, being interpreted, the Christ. And he brought him to Jesus. And Jesus, looking upon him, said: Thou art Simon, the son of Jona; thou shalt be called Cephas, which is, interpreted, Peter.”

THE ORDER, OR RANK, OF THE APOSTLES.

Our Lord took the twelve disciples apart; and, after giving "them power to cast out unclean spirits, and to heal all manner of diseases and all manner of sicknesses," He sent them forth to preach and declare: "The kingdom of heaven is at hand." St. Matthew was one of the twelve, and was, therefore, present when Our Lord sent them forth two and two. We read, then, in this Evangelist (x, 2-4):

"Now, the names of the Apostles are these: The first, Simon who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother; James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother; Philip and Bartholomew [Nathanael, "in whom there is no guile"]; Thomas, and Matthew the publican [St. Matthew himself]; James, the son of Alpheus, and Thaddeus; Simon Cananeus, and Judas Iscariot, who also betrayed Him." (Notice the first and last in this list. The order is the same in St. Mark and St. Luke.)

ST. PETER CONFESSES OUR LORD.

The disciples could not by their reason alone know that Our Lord was God. They could know that He was very holy, for they saw that He was working extraordinary miracles; but without divine inspiration, as happened in the case of St. John the Baptist before being born, they could not know that He was God. Now listen to St. Matthew (xvi, 13-19):

"And Jesus came into the confines of Cesarea Philippi; and He asked His disciples, saying: Whom do men say that the Son of Man is? And they said: Some say that Thou art John the Baptist, and others Elias, and others Jeremias or one of the Prophets. Jesus saith to them: But whom do you say that I am? Simon Peter, answering, said: Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God. And Jesus, answering, said to him: Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona; because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but My Father who is in heaven. And I say to thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the

gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven."

St. Mark, being the disciple of St. Peter, tells all this very briefly, just as we should have expected (viii, 27-29):

"And Jesus went out, and His disciples, into the town of Cesarea Philippi. And in the way He asked His disciples, saying to them: Whom do men say that I am? And they answered Him, saying: John the Baptist; but some, Elias; and others, as one of the Prophets. Then He saith to them: But whom do you say I am? Peter, answering, said to Him: Thou art the Christ."

ST. PETER IS REBUKED BY OUR LORD.

The general belief of the Jews about the Messias as to when He would come on earth was that He should be a great Ruler, who would raise the Jewish people to be the governing nation on the earth, and that "of His kingdom there should be no end." The people thought that they saw a foreshadowing of Our Lord in the extraordinary favor shown to the patriarch Joseph in Egypt. They saw how God, through Josue, had miraculously given to their fathers "the goodly and spacious land that flowed with milk and honey"; and they thought that, through the Messias, the whole world was to become theirs, and peace and riches were to be more abundant than in the days of Solomon. Then came the saying of Our Lord, which, to the disciples, was rash and unintelligible, and subversive of all their theories (St. Matt., xvi, 21-23):

"From that time forth Jesus began to show to His disciples that He must go to Jerusalem, and suffer many things from the ancients and the chief priests, and be put to death, and the third day rise again. And Peter, taking Him, began to rebuke Him, saying:

Lord, be it far from Thee; this shall not be unto Thee. But He, turning, said to Peter: Go after Me, Satan. Thou art a scandal unto Me, because thou dost not relish the things that are of God, but the things that are of men."

It is remarkable that St. Matthew and St. Mark, who are the only Evangelists that relate the rebuke, place it immediately after the Confession of St. Peter—"Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God,"—thus teaching humility. It is well we have the rebuke in St. Mark, the disciple of St. Peter; for otherwise there would be an opportunity for the evil-minded to say that St. Peter had hidden from St. Mark this indignity shown to him by Our Lord. St. Mark says (viii, 31-33):

"And Jesus began to teach them [on account of the opinions they held, we can understand the use of the word "teach" here] that the Son of Man must suffer many things, and be rejected by the ancients and by the chief priests and the Scribes, and be killed, and after three days rise again. And He spoke the word openly. And Peter, taking Him, began to rebuke Him. But He, turning about and seeing His disciples, threatened Peter, saying: Go after Me, Satan; because thou dost not relish the things that are of God, but the things that are of men."

AT THE TRANSFIGURATION.

There was a hill on the skirts of the valley of Esdrelon, the richest and most beautiful vale in all Israel, lying between Samaria and Galilee, where Gideon conquered, and where Saul and Jonathan fell. Perhaps it was because of its fertility and sweetness that Our Lord chose to manifest in its neighborhood the richness and sweetness and beauty of His divine compassion for men. We look upon the Transfiguration as a miracle, but we should rather look upon it as the ceasing of a miracle. We know what an eclipse is. The sun stands in the mid-heavens, and is shining in all its brilliancy. Suppose a man put up his hand and hid

away effectually all the sun's rays and all its glory: that would be a miracle. Let him take away his hand, and all the glad brilliancy of the sun reappears: that would be the order of nature rather than a miracle.

Let the sun represent the Eternal Word, the Second Divine Person, God the Son; let the man's hand represent "the Flesh He was made" when He took upon Him His sacred humanity. He permitted His sacred humanity to hide His divinity; as Moses put a veil over his head when he found that his face was lighted up, or "horned," from his conversation with the Lord. It was the natural thing for the sun to shine: it was the miracle to shut off its light. It was the natural thing for the Divinity—that "shineth in darkness, and enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world"—to shine forth and enlighten: it was the miracle to overshadow and hide it in darkness. Even the adorable soul of Our Lord would have caused the Transfiguration; for His soul was evermore, even while here upon earth, in the enjoyment of the beatific vision; and Our Lord Himself says of the souls of the blessed: "The just shall shine as the sun." If, then, the soul of a little baby that has gone to heaven so shines how much more the adorable soul of Our Lord!

"And after six days [six days after the Confession and the Rebuke] Jesus taketh unto Him Peter and James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart. And He was transfigured before them. And His face did shine as the sun, and His garments became white as snow. And, behold, there appeared to them Moses and Elias talking with Him. Then Peter, answering, said to Jesus: Lord, it is good for us to be here. If Thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles,—one for Thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias. And as he was yet speaking, behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them. And, behold, a voice out of the cloud, saying: This is My beloved

Son, in whom I am well pleased. Hear ye Him." (St. Matt., xvii, 1-6.)

It was fitting that the three disciples who accompanied Christ, and witnessed His Transfiguration, should be those whom He had destined to witness His Agony.

THE DENIAL OF ST. PETER.

In St. Matthew's Gospel we have no mention of the boast of St. Peter, previous to the Denial; but we have it, as we might expect, in St. Mark; and given in full detail, in order to make the subsequent Denial the more shameful to St. Peter, and the more salutary to us. St. Mark says (xiv, 27-31):

"And Jesus saith to them: You will all be scandalized in Me this night; for it is written: I will strike the Shepherd, and the sheep shall be dispersed. . . . But Peter said to Him: Although all shall be scandalized in Thee, yet not I. And Jesus saith to him: Amen I say to thee, to-day, even in this night, before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny Me thrice. But he spoke the more vehemently: Although I should die together with Thee, I will not deny Thee."

We do not find this boast of St. Peter in any of the other Evangelists. It is to be remembered that it sprang from the human and ardent loyalty of St. Peter for our Divine Lord. It is a thing that we should not reprobate, but rather admire, in a soldier following his leader to a forlorn hope. But God will have us place no dependence on ourselves; and therefore He allowed St. Peter to fall, to show him that he was leaning on a broken reed.

St. Matthew tells us (xxvi, 69-75):

"But Peter sat without in the palace, and there came to him a servant-maid, saying: Thou also wast with Jesus the Galilean. . . . But he denied before them all, saying: I know not what thou sayest. And as he went out of the gate, another maid saw him, and she said to them that were there: This man also was with Jesus of Nazareth. And again he denied with

an oath: I do not know the Man. And after a little while they that stood by came and said to Peter: Surely thou also art one of them; for even thy speech doth discover thee. Then he began to curse and to swear that he knew not the Man. And immediately the cock crew. And Peter remembered the word of Jesus which He had said: Before the cock crow thou wilt deny Me thrice. And, going forth, he wept bitterly."

It is well to remember that it was not while sitting in the same place, and surrounded by the same class of persons, that St. Peter made the three denials. "It is more likely," as Abbé Fouard says, "that three distinct times during this night Peter was recognized by various persons; and that on these occasions he proved false to his Master, each time reiterating his denial under different forms and before more than one witness. . . . No one thing goes so far toward proving the independence of each single Evangelist regarding the others, as the freedom which they display in making their selections from the words and actions which still remained fresh in their memories, and the little pains they are at in order to make their narratives agree upon such points as this. When we compare the evidence, with this idea in mind and without confusing their testimony, we find that each of them furnishes us with some new features in these stories, wherein the abundance of details, the variety and stirring movements of the characters, serve to set Peter's falsehoods and downfall in stronger relief."

The Denial is thus described in St. Mark (xiv, 66-72):

"Now, when Peter was in the court below, there cometh one of the maid-servants of the high-priest. . . . And immediately the cock crew again. And Peter remembered the word that Jesus had said to him: Before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny Me thrice. And he began to weep."

St. Luke (xxii, 56) gives it in almost

the same words; but he tells us one thing that gives us food for thought. He says, incidentally as it were, that it was a woman who challenged St. Peter first, and then it was a man. Then he adds: "And *about the space of one hour* afterward," another man challenged him. Now, during that one hour what was taking place within the hall? We had forgotten the presence of Our Lord. He was within; and St. Luke says: "The men that held Him mocked Him and struck Him. And they blindfolded Him, and smote Him on the face." But, in the midst of the mockery and the blasphemy, "He looked on Peter, . . . and Peter went out and wept bitterly."

St. John (xviii, 25-27) describes the event briefly, but gives one particular which the others do not—namely, that one of the men who challenged St. Peter "was a kinsman to him whose ear Peter cut off in the garden." There was no going behind that man's testimony: he ought to know. "And Simon Peter was standing and warming himself. They said, therefore, to him: Art not thou also one of His disciples? He denied it, and said: I am not. One of the servants of the high-priest, a kinsman to him whose ear Peter cut off, saith to him: Did I not see thee in the garden with Him? Then Peter again denied; and immediately the cock crew."

AFTER THE RESURRECTION.

With the Passion the human and natural life of St. Peter ends; with the Resurrection the supernatural and triumphant begins. During the first week of the Resurrection we find his name coming prominently before us. St. Mark (xvi, 6, 7) tells that "a young man clothed in a white garment" said to the holy women who came to embalm the dead body of the Lord: "Be not affrighted. You seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified. He is risen; He is not here. Behold the place where they laid Him. But go tell His disciples, and Peter, that He goeth before you into Galilee; there you shall

see Him as He told you." Here we see the emphasis laid on Peter's name.

On Easter Sunday that delightful thing took place—the most charming and the most haunting perhaps in the whole Bible,—where the two disciples on the road to Emmaus were joined by Our Lord; and "their hearts burned within them while He spoke to them by the way." As soon as they had recognized Our Lord "in the Breaking of Bread" (the early Christian way of speaking of the Blessed Eucharist), and He had "vanished from their sight, they rose up at once" and went back to Jerusalem. They found "the eleven gathered together." The two newcomers began in joy to tell the eleven their glad news. But the eleven stopped them, and told news equally glad: "The Lord hath indeed arisen, and hath appeared to Peter." (St. Luke, xxiv, 34.)

We look to St. John (xxi, 4-11) to see what he has to say about the Resurrection. As was to be expected, he gives several particulars not to be found in the other Gospels. But in his final chapter he relates in detail some striking facts.

"There were together Simon Peter, and Thomas who is called Didymus, and Nathanael who was of Cana in Galilee, and the sons of Zebedee, and two others of His disciples. Simon Peter saith to them: I go a fishing. They say to him: We also come with thee. And they went forth and entered into a ship; and that night they caught nothing. But when the morning was come, Jesus stood on the shore; yet the disciples knew not that it was Jesus. And Jesus said to them: Children, have you any meat? They answered Him: No. He saith to them: Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and you shall find. They cast therefore; and now they were not able to draw it, for the multitude of fishes. That disciple, therefore, whom Jesus loved said to Peter: It is the Lord. Simon Peter, when he heard it was the Lord, girded his coat about him and cast himself into the sea.

But the other disciples came in the ship, drawing the net with the fishes. [We see here the miraculous draught of fishes: let us note who drew the net to land.] Simon Peter went up and drew the net to land, full of great fishes,—one hundred and fifty-three. And, although there were so many, the net was not broken."

And now we come to the striking event in the history of St. Peter. They sat down with Our Lord to eat. "When, therefore, they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter: Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me more than these? He saith to Him: Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee. He saith to him: Feed My lambs. He saith to him again: Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me? He saith to Him: Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee. He saith to him: Feed My lambs. He saith to him the third time: Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me? Peter was grieved because He said to him the third time, Lovest thou Me? And he said to Him: Lord, Thou knowest all things: Thou knowest that I love Thee. He said to him: Feed My sheep."

Before this meeting breaks up, Our Lord even tells St. Peter how he shall die: "Amen, amen, I say to thee, when thou wast younger thou didst gird thyself, and didst walk where thou wouldst; but when thou shalt grow old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and lead thee whither thou wouldst not." (St. John xxi, 18.) St. John immediately adds the explanation: "And this He said, signifying by what death he should glorify God." St. Peter himself seems to have it ever in mind; for in his second Epistle (i, 14) we read: "Being assured that the putting off of this my tabernacle [of flesh] is at hand, even according as our Lord Jesus Christ hath signified to me."

ST. PETER EXERCISES PRIMACY.

We have an example immediately in the Acts of the Apostles (i, 15, 16). A disciple is to be chosen to take the place

that Judas Iscariot lost. It is St. Peter who introduces the matter, and who points out how it is to be done. "In those days Peter, rising up in the midst of the brethren, said: Men, brethren, the Scripture must be fulfilled, which the Holy Ghost foretold by the mouth of David, concerning Judas, who was the leader of them that apprehended Jesus."

On the morning of Pentecost, when "they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak in divers tongues," and the people "were all amazed," it is St. Peter who rises up to explain. "But Peter, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice, and spoke: Ye men of Judea," and so on. (Acts, ii.)

Again, though the Jewish converts thought that no one was to be received into the Church but Jews, and though St. Paul is called the Apostle of the Gentiles, St. Peter was the first to receive a Gentile convert into the Church, in the person of the holy centurion, Cornelius, "a religious man, and one that feared God with all his heart, giving much alms to the poor, and praying to God always." The beautiful story is told in Acts x. St. Peter showed hereby that he needed not any one's permission for his act, and was therefore supreme.

We also have an instance in the first Council at Jerusalem, where St. Peter presided. The subject in dispute was, whether the Gentiles, entering the Church, should be circumcised. Now, everyone assisting at the Council was a Jew by birth. The Pharisee converts especially insisted that the Gentiles should be circumcised. "And when there was much discussion, Peter, rising up, said to them: Men, brethren, you know that in former days God made choice among us that the Gentiles should, by my mouth, hear the word of the Gospel and believe." (Acts, xv, 7.) There St. Peter gives his decision. It is not, "I am of opinion"; or, "I think"; or, "Let us make a compromise"; but boldly, as Popes and Councils have done ever since: "Now,

therefore, why tempt ye God, to put a yoke upon the necks of the disciples which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear? . . . And all the multitude held their peace." (Acts, xv, 10-12.)

Of this ruler, the latest Council of the Church (the Vatican) thus speaks: "We, therefore, teach and declare that, according to the testimonies of the Gospel the Primacy of Jurisdiction was immediately and directly promised and given to Blessed Peter the Apostle by Christ the Lord. For it was Simon alone to whom He had said, 'Thou shalt be called Cephas,' after he had uttered the confession, 'Thou art Christ, the Son of the Living God.' It was Simon alone whom the Lord addressed in these solemn words: 'Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but My Father who is in heaven. And I say to thee: Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth shall be loosed also in heaven.' And it was to Simon Peter alone that Jesus, after His Resurrection, gave the jurisdiction of chief pastor and ruler over His whole flock, saying: 'Feed My lambs; feed My sheep.'"

Finally, St. Peter gives us a command to help all inside and outside of the Church. The way is simple, but most imperative: it is by edification. More, perhaps, are drawn to the Church by what they see than by what they hear or read. "Dearly beloved, I beseech you, as strangers and pilgrims [on this earth], to refrain yourselves from carnal desires, which war against the soul; that, having your conversation good among the Gentiles, although they speak against you as evil-doers, *considering you by your good works*, they may glorify God in the day of [His] visitation [to them]." (I. Peter, ii, 11, 12.)

A Far-Away Princess.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXIV.



T was only after the first wild joy over the news that Royall "who was lost had been found again" had subsided, that Moira and Governor Harcourt, looking at each other, with a simultaneous impulse, said: "Why is there no word from Royall himself?"

It was a question which sent a chill to their hearts. What had happened, what could possibly have happened, to keep him from sending a single word to allay their anxiety, and to express to Moira his happiness at the prospect of seeing her again? "What can it mean?" they asked each other; and repeated the question again and yet again as the days went on,—days which were indeed longer and harder to live through than any which had preceded them. Other messages came from Lyndon—one from Malta and another from Naples, whence, he said, they were sailing for New York on one of the great Mediterranean liners,—and each spoke reassuringly of Royall's condition. But from Royall himself no word came; no message broke the silence, which seemed to grow more ominous and mysterious as the sense of its strangeness deepened.

"What can it mean?" Moira would say to Mrs. Granger. "He is alive; he has come out of terrible danger; he is, Paul Lyndon says, 'fairly well'; and yet he sends no message of any kind either to his father or to me. What am I to think of this?"

For once Mrs. Granger found herself unable to suggest what could be thought of it,—being, in fact, altogether overcome by the mystery of the situation; for even if Royall were incapacitated from saying anything for himself, what could prevent Lyndon from making some

explanation concerning the cause of his silence?

"I sometimes wonder," Moira went on, "if, perhaps, he is angry with me for having disobeyed his injunctions about approaching his father. But it is not like Royall to show anger in such a manner,—at least, not like the Royall whom I have known."

"It is impossible to believe that can be the reason of his silence," Mrs. Granger declared. "It would be too unreasonable and too ungrateful. What you have done has not only been from the best motives, but has achieved the best results. The Governor is perfectly devoted to you—he talked to me for an hour yesterday about how charming he finds you,—and Royall has you, and you alone, to thank if he is once more welcomed as a son in his father's house."

"Then perhaps he has learned in some way of Paul Lyndon's unfortunate infatuation, and thinks possibly that it was my fault."

"How could he learn of it except through Paul Lyndon? And you know *that's* impossible."

"I suppose it is," Moira said slowly. "But this silence is so strange that it tries me almost more than anything that has gone before. There seems something menacing in it,—as if some terrible blow were held suspended over me. And instead of rejoicing, as I should be, that every day is bringing him nearer, I find myself shrinking—fearing—"

"You poor child! What a terrible ordeal it has been to you, and how wonderfully you have borne it!"

She shook her head.

"I have not borne it wonderfully at all,—rather very poorly. And now pray for me, that I may not fail utterly under whatever is coming to meet me. For I feel sure that something dreadful has happened to Royall; and if it is only not something that will alienate and divide him from me—"

"My dear, be reasonable! How could

whatever has happened to him alienate or divide him from you?"

"I can't tell," Moira replied a little wildly; "but there is the fact: he has come out of terrible danger, out of the very jaws of death, as it were, *and he has not sent one word to me!*"

There was, indeed, this strange fact facing them all,—a fact full of perplexity and uneasiness for Governor Harcourt and Mrs. Granger, as well as for Moira herself. The first two talked it over between themselves, without arriving at any plausible explanation whatever. For there were Lyndon's messages, with their exasperating uncertainty of phrase—"Royall is fairly well," "Royall is doing well,"—but not a word to explain why Royall was unable to say anything for himself.

"It is a mystery which can be solved only by Royall himself when he comes," the Governor would finally say.

And Mrs. Granger would reply impatiently:

"But there isn't any reason why Paul Lyndon shouldn't have solved it by a word, and spared us all this worry of conjecture; and that poor child, who is breaking her heart over the silence, such agony of doubt."

"Of course he might have done so," the Governor admitted; "but for some reason he hasn't."

"Yes, it is very clear that he hasn't. But *why?* I could certainly wish that he had been at once more considerate and more explicit."

"I wish so, too. But I've no doubt he has acted according to his best judgment; and one can generally rely on Paul's judgment."

"I wish that I had as much confidence in anything on earth as you have in Paul's judgment," Mrs. Granger permitted herself to observe with considerable acerbity of tone.

Meanwhile there was another person who during these days of uncertainty shared his uncle's confidence in Paul's

judgment. This was Mrs. Lyndon, who, finding herself unable to forgive Moira for the masquerade which had brought about her son's unhappy attachment, was now firmly persuaded that the real cause of the silence which was puzzling everybody so deeply was that Royall had discovered something concerning his wife which had alienated him from her. She was under the impression that this was her own idea, and was not aware that it had been insinuated into her mind by Miss Elinor Fane, who, having nothing else to do, just then, was staying at the Manor as companion for her during the Governor's prolonged absence in Baltimore.

"He has become so infatuated with that girl—though Heaven only knows what it is all these men find so fascinating in her!—that he wants to be with her as much as possible, and even wishes me to close the house here and come to the city with him," Mrs. Lyndon had told Miss Fane. "But that's more than I can think of doing. I suppose I shall have to recognize her after Royall comes; but I don't mean to do so before, for I consider her conduct in coming here under a false name as most unprincipled."

Her listener nodded a blonde head in assenting reprobation.

"I didn't see how you could regard it in any other light," she observed. "It seemed to me quite dreadfully unprincipled. But one could hardly expect anything else from a French actress, could one?"

Mrs. Lyndon was very sure that *she* would not have expected anything else, and hinted darkly of conduct even more reprehensible.

"She seems to have a truly frightful power of attracting men," she said; "the power that—er—kind of women often have, you know."

Miss Fane nodded again.

"Yes, I know. She's of the siren type," she said. "I suspected it as soon as I met her that day at Emily Granger's; and I suspected who she was, too. And

so the Governor has succumbed to her fascinations?"

"My dear, between ourselves, he's a perfect fool about her!" Mrs. Lyndon replied with the frankness of exasperation. "He talks of her goodness—think of that!—and of her sweetness and cheerfulness,—as if this were a time for cheerfulness!"

"Perhaps it is for her," Miss Fane suggested, "since she has gained what she came for—recognition from the family, with all that recognition implies. By the by, what does Paul think of her?"

"Oh, Paul!" his mother cried, and then paused,—but too late: her tone had told all that her-eager listener wished to know.

Elinor Fane looked at the speaker sharply for an instant, and then threw back her head, with a laugh.

"So Paul is a victim, too!" she said. "Who could have imagined it,—*Paul*, who has always looked with such superior contempt on our poor little attempts at fascination, and has maintained an attitude of such superb indifference to the entire female sex! To fall in love at last with a masquerading actress, and his cousin's wife. Oh, but I call it delicious,—simply *delicious*!"

"My dear" (Mrs. Lyndon was deeply and sincerely shocked), "I don't think you quite realize what you are saying."

"Perhaps not," Miss Fane agreed, suddenly conscious that she had said too much. "I was so struck by the—er—absurdity of the situation—"

"I should hardly call it absurd," Mrs. Lyndon remarked stiffly. "It seems to me, rather, very dreadful; for Paul and Royall have not only been brought up as brothers, but they have always associated as brothers. And for this thing to come between them now is a terrible misfortune. At least" (she wiped her eyes) "I feel it so."

Elinor Fane sat silent, gazing at her for a moment; and, as she gazed, all sign of amusement vanished from her face, as if the graver possibilities of the situation

became apparent to her also. Presently she said in an oddly changed voice:

"I wouldn't be so much distressed, if I were you. Things may arrange themselves better than you expect."

"How can they?" Mrs. Lyndon asked despairingly. "When Royall comes, and brings this actress here as his wife, how can Paul ever come any more to the house that has been his home, and how can I stay where I can never see him? Don't you see that nothing can be as it has been before, and that this woman will be a cause of hopeless separation between my boys?"

"Oh, yes, I see it all," the girl answered, "if things come to pass as you expect! But perhaps they may not do so."

It was Mrs. Lyndon's turn to stare a little: the voice of the speaker was still so oddly significant.

"How can they come to pass differently?" she asked. "Royall is on his way home, the woman he has married is already here, my brother has recognized and absolutely fallen in love with her; so of course they will come to the Manor at once, and Paul—"

Elinor Fane leaned forward and laid a hand on her arm.

"Never mind about Paul just now," she said. "Only consider this point: Royall is coming home, but he has sent, you tell me, no message to his wife."

"None at all," Mrs. Lyndon assented. "We haven't heard directly from him, but only from Paul. We don't understand exactly why this should be, but I don't know what that—"

"Can have to do with it? Why, it has just this: that something must have occurred to change Royall's feeling toward his wife."

Mrs. Lyndon stared more widely.

"But how can that be, when they haven't been together?" she asked. "He has been in Africa and she in America."

"In the first place," Miss Fane replied, "we've only her word for the cause of his going to Africa, and that cause may

have been altogether different from the one she gives. There may have been a difference between them, he may have found out something about her."

"That's very likely, and I think Paul suspected it. But Emily Granger met them together in Paris, and she says—"

"A five-year-old child of moderate intelligence could fool Mrs. Granger, for all her belief in her own shrewdness," Elinor broke in contemptuously. "But even if she is right, and there was nothing in the way of a difference between them *then*, something may have developed later. You see, Royall has been in Morocco with the French army, and among the officers there he may have met some one who was able to tell him things he didn't know about this alluring actress, who goes about the world making men of all kinds fall in love with her. Once grasp that idea, and you have a reason for all Royall's singular conduct,—for his hiding himself in the desert, and for his curious silence now. And, therefore, it may be that your fears are unnecessary, and that when he returns he will not bring his wife to Harcourt Manor with him."

Silence fell after the last words,—a silence in which Mrs. Lyndon, looking with mingled wonder and admiration at her companion, let the new and strange thoughts suggested sink, as it were, into her inner consciousness, which received, adopted, and approved them. Presently she nodded affirmatively.

"That must be the cause," she said meditatively. "There is really no other explanation for anything so strange as Royall's absolute silence. He must have heard something about her when he was in Morocco with the French army, as you say; for, of course, if she has been an actress for years in Paris, she must have known a great many of the officers—"

"There's no telling whom she has or hasn't known," Miss Fane interrupted abruptly. "We know only how she has acted since she has been here—Paul's infatuation is an example in point,—so

there's reason to suppose that, from some source, Royall has had revelations which have determined him to have nothing more to do with her. There's no other way of accounting for the fact that he now completely ignores her existence."

"There's no other way," Mrs. Lyndon agreed. "But it is very shocking. What is to be the end if he continues to ignore her? It seems almost worse than what I have feared."

"Do you think so?" (Miss Fane lifted her brows), "when there is so plain a remedy in sight?"

In her old-fashioned simplicity, Mrs. Lyndon stared again.

"What remedy can there be?" she asked. "He is married to her."

The pretty, blonde, Dresden shepherdess laughed.

"And after marriage, what follows?" she queried. "You surely know that the modern answer to that conundrum is—divorce."

But although the days that elapsed between the date of Paul Lyndon's last dispatch from Naples and that on which the ship on which his cousin and himself had sailed, was due to arrive in New York, were long and hard to live through, they ended at last—as all things do, if we are only patient enough to wait for the ending. It had been settled that Moira and Governor Harcourt should be in New York to meet the returning voyagers on their arrival. But the day before they were to have gone to that city, a sudden and imperative message dropped from the sky—that is, came by wireless telegraphy—to Governor Harcourt, from Paul Lyndon, on board the S.S. *Carpathia*: "Be in New York to meet us," it said, "but on no account let Moira come."

This was like a thunderbolt, in its presage of calamity in some unexpected form; and it was a deeply troubled old gentleman who hastened as speedily as possible to Mrs. Granger.

"What on earth is to be made of this?"

he burst out, thrusting the dispatch into her hands. "What can it mean? And what are we to do?"

After Mrs. Granger had read the message, she looked up with a countenance as troubled as his own.

"God only knows what it means," she said. "But there is only one thing to do, and that is to show it to Moira."

"Show it to Moira!" the Governor almost shouted. "Why, don't you see what he says?"

"Of course I see what he says," Mrs. Granger interrupted; "and I also see that he is more foolish than I should have imagined it possible for Paul Lyndon to be. How does he think that you are to keep her from going to New York, unless you tell her of this? And after you have told her is it likely that she will consent to remain here while you go?"

"I don't think it *is* likely," the Governor answered; "and, therefore, in my opinion, she shouldn't be told. We should simply find some way of persuading her to stay here with you and let me go alone to New York."

Mrs. Granger regarded him with something like pitying contempt.

"That certainly sounds very simple," she said. "And what way of persuading her, without any explanation being given, would you suggest?"

"I thought that perhaps you could suggest something," he replied tentatively.

She shook her head decidedly.

"I have nothing to suggest," she said, "because there is nothing possible. You could not induce Moira to stay here without telling her the truth. There is a bare possibility that if you tell her the truth she may consent to let you go to New York alone. It is only a possibility, but there is no other. Of that I am quite sure."

The Governor looked at the speaker as helplessly as many another man has looked under similar circumstances, and in the helplessness there was also a certain appeal.

"If you are so sure of it," he said, "would you mind telling her the truth?"

"I wouldn't mind, if by doing so I could spare either her or you anything at all," Mrs. Granger answered. "But I really think that, as matters stand, it will be better for you to tell her yourself. It will be very easy. You have only to show her that message; and I can assure you that you need not fear a scene. She will be very quiet and very reasonable. I have seen her tested in many ways, and I know of what I speak."

"Very well, then." The Governor nerved himself as men nerve themselves to go into battle. "Send for her, if you are so certain that it is the best thing to do. But don't go away yourself," he added in evident alarm, as Mrs. Granger rose.

She smiled slightly.

"Of course I'll stay, if you wish it," she said; and, ringing the bell, sent word to Moira that Governor Harcourt desired to see her.

They had only a minute to wait for her appearance. Indeed, it seemed to Governor Harcourt as if almost immediately the door opened, and the tall, graceful figure entered, the lovely face smiling the welcome he had learned to expect.

"My dear," he said, as he rose to meet her, and took the hand she extended in both his own, "I have come this morning to tell you that I—I have arrived at the conclusion that it will be best for me to go alone to New York, and to bring Royall to you here. That will delay the time of your meeting very little, and will be—er—very much more desirable in every respect. I'm sure you'll have confidence enough in my judgment to agree to this?"

He looked at her anxiously, and as he looked he was struck by the penetrating power that seemed to come into the beautiful sapphire eyes that met his own. They regarded him for a moment—a moment in which he had a consciousness of being read through and through,—and then Moira said as quietly as Mrs. Granger had predicted:

"What news, please, have you heard?"

"News—heard!" The Governor found

himself stammering, thoroughly taken aback. "My dear, the *Carpathia* has not yet reached New York."

"Nevertheless, you have heard something," Moira said, with the same quiet positiveness. "News of some kind has reached you in some way; and it will be kinder, very much kinder, if you will tell me at once what it is."

"My dear," he said again, in a tone of acute distress, "if you would only consent to trust me—"

"I trust you fully," she interrupted, "to do all that you can to spare me pain. But forgive me if I say that you are making a mistake in the way you are trying to do this at present. I can not consent to remain here and let you go alone, unless you tell me your reason for the request, and what news from, of, or about Royall you have had."

The Governor cast a look of despair at Mrs. Granger, who sat by, with an "I told you so" expression of countenance, which was far from encouraging. Nevertheless, he appealed to her:

"Emily, can't you try to persuade her?"

"No, my dear Governor," Mrs. Granger answered, "I can't try anything so useless; for I am sure Moira could not be persuaded to be satisfied with anything less than the whole truth. But I'll tell her that; if you like. It's simply this," she added, turning to Moira. "Governor Harcourt has had a wireless dispatch from Paul Lyndon, on board the *Carpathia*, asking him to come to New York to meet them on their arrival, but on no account to allow you to come."

"On no account to allow me to come!" Moira echoed the words as one who finds it difficult to take in the meaning of what she hears. She stood for a moment motionless, her hand on her heart, as if in the effort to still its beating, her wide eyes fixed on the speaker. Then she turned to Governor Harcourt and held out her hand.

"If you have no objection," she said, "I should like to see that message."

He drew it from his pocket and handed it to her without a word. She read it in silence, and in silence also quietly folded and returned it to him.

"It is very emphatic," she said then, "and also very mysterious. It is hard to imagine any reason for such a prohibition; but necessarily there must be a reason. I am quite certain that Paul Lyndon would not have sent it otherwise."

Governor Harcourt and Mrs. Granger exchanged glances. Here was, indeed, the reasonableness of which the latter had spoken; and which the former felt, with a sense of great relief, simplified matters so amazingly for him.

"In that case," he said eagerly, "since you are convinced that there must be a good reason behind the prohibition of your going to New York, you will be satisfied to remain here and let me go alone?"

She looked at him and smiled faintly,—a smile full of a very poignancy of pain.

"I could hardly be satisfied to do that," she replied in her low, thrilling voice. "It would be asking almost too much of me. I'm afraid I haven't patience enough to wait as much longer as I should have to wait, if I remained here, to learn the meaning of—*that*," and she pointed to the message in his hand. "But there's a possible compromise," she went on before he could answer. "I will go to New York with you, as we have arranged—no, please don't say anything until I finish!—but I will not go with you to the ship to meet Royall, as we planned. That must be given up. I have dreamed of it a great deal. It seemed as if it would be very beautiful for him to see us both together, as his first sight on reaching home. But, in the face of this message, we can take no risk. I am as firmly convinced of that as you can be. Therefore, you shall go alone to the ship to meet him; but I will be somewhere very near, so that there need be no time lost in bringing him to me. Is there any objection to that plan?"

The wistful appeal of the tone, the wistful beauty of the eyes fastened on him, brought something into Governor Harcourt's throat that made speech difficult for a moment; and when he spoke his voice was more than a little husky.

"There can't be the slightest objection to such a plan," he declared; "and, if I had only thought of it, there wouldn't have been any need to trouble you with the knowledge of this" (he shook the offending message) "until we reached New York. But as it is—"

"As it is, it is better that I should know it now," Moira told him quietly. "For it's clear to me that there is something approaching for which I shall need to prepare myself, to call up all the powers of fortitude of my soul. I am utterly at a loss even to imagine what this can be; but I have felt it all along,—felt it in Royall's strange silence ever since he went to Tripoli. And this message only makes the knowledge clearer, the necessity for preparation greater."

"I can't see myself," the Governor growled, "that this message makes anything clearer, unless it is Paul's stupidity. How any sensible man could send a message so damnably enigmatic and obscure passes my comprehension. You must really excuse my language, both of you; but I confess that I have never been so provoked with Paul in my life."

It was Moira who leaned forward and laid her hand on his arm.

"Don't be provoked with Paul," she said. "I have an idea that he is doing his best in a difficult situation. We don't know what this situation is. But let us trust him; for I believe that in that message he meant to spare both you and me."

"Spare us—what?" the Governor asked, staring at her in wonder.

"Ah," she answered, with something like a cry of anguish, "God alone knows that! But we shall know very soon now, so let us pray for strength to meet the knowledge."

The Hills of Enchantment.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

HIGH o'er the sunset's splendor, long ago,
Piled on the flaming clouds, I saw them shine;
Their peaks, agleam with golden light divine,
Plunged in the starry tides' unceasing flow.
They are, I thought, beyond our earth's deep
woe;

Their circling heights Avilion confine,
And Arthur's home which meadows deep en-
shrine,

Where hail falls not and winds are ever low.
Long did I dream—O might I find the way,
Look once ere death and see those meadows
gleam,

Hear winds and brooks that have no sound
save song!

Then, thought I, foolish heart, thy yearning stay:
From those far hills thine own of beauty seem,
And there for thine some restless heart may
long!

Votive Candles in Mediæval England.

BY F. M. STEELE.

SINCE the Church, in her wisdom, has frequently seen fit to adapt pagan customs to Catholic worship, we have no hesitation in tracing back the use of candles, for purposes of devotion, to pagan times. It is a strange thing, but also a true one, that the most popular devotions among the peasantry in all Catholic countries are those which have thus survived from heathen times, and been adapted to Christian worship. This is the case with candles. The carrying of lighted candles before a dignitary as a mark of respect was a custom of the ancient Roman Empire; and was afterward adopted by the Church, which, at least in Rome, still observes the custom of carrying lighted tapers before her cardinals, and on some occasions before her bishops.

Popular as the use of candles for devotional purposes still is, it was far more

so in the Middle Ages, particularly in England, where some very quaint practices involving candles prevailed. Wax, being the work of virgin bees, typifies the virgin flesh of Our Lord; and wax is, accordingly, the material prescribed by the rubrics for liturgical candles; although, since the invention of composite candles, it is permitted, under certain restrictions, to use them also.

In Mediæval times, wax appears to have always been kept in large quantities in houses of any size in England, for various uses, principally devotional. In the first place, it was used for the making of candles to offer to the saints, and large rolls of it were frequently presented as gifts to churches. It was also used to make votive offerings—in the shape of models of arms, legs, infants, boats, ships, cattle, and so forth,—at some shrine, when a cure had been effected to which they were appropriate, as is done at the present day in many places. Then candles or rolls of wax, equal in weight or height to the person offering them, were frequently given, either to obtain some favor, or as a thank-offering for one received, or as a pure act of devotion to Our Lady or a saint at her or his shrine.

The Earl of Northumberland, as we read in his Household Book, used to contribute annually to the clergy at Walsingham a sum of money to defray the expense of a candle, weighing eleven pounds, which was to be kept alight all through the year before Our Lady's shrine there; and for another candle he paid a certain sum every year to the priest who lighted it. Sometimes, particularly at St. Paul's and other large London churches, the Canons claimed the candles offered as their perquisites: and these were regularly taken down and melted, and the wax sold for their benefit. At the Reformation this source of income was lost.

King Edward I. sent a model in wax of his favorite falcon, which was ill, to

the shrine of St. Thomas, (Bishop of Hereford from 1275 to 1282), and a handsome sum of money with it. This saint was very popular at the time, and said to work many miracles.

Wax was believed to possess certain medicinal properties, and was often applied to ulcers and even to cancers, and was sometimes taken internally. It was also the substance of which writing tablets were made. They used to spread the melted wax on thin boards, and then write on it with a stylus—a metal instrument, sharply pointed at the end with which they wrote, and flattened at the other end, which was used to press out errors. In monasteries these tablets were used for all writing not intended to be preserved,—such as notes, short letters, bills, the names of the monks officiating for the week, lists of the Masses to be celebrated, and the hours of the various services. Sometimes the tablets were collected together and folded into books, and kept in leathern cases. They were in use in old classical times, and certain Latin and Greek ones have been preserved up to the present day in museums and libraries. St. Patrick gave the hermit Fiacre one of these tablets in a case; and St. Columba is said to have blessed one hundred of them. They were very much used in ancient England, and even more in Ireland.

But all this by the way. To come back to candles. The votive candles of Mediæval days must have been expensive, for they were often of enormous size. There existed a custom of offering one or more candles as tall as the man or woman making the offering. This was called “measuring to” a person. But in the Life of St. William of Norwich we read of candles much larger than this, which were offered at his shrine in Norwich cathedral.

The monks’ chamberlain once offered to St. William a candle which must have been of gigantic proportions. His cattle had an epidemic of plague, very common

in those days; so he ordered his servant to surround all the diseased cattle with a thread, and then make a candle according to this measure. This was duly done, and the chamberlain himself then brought the candle to the tomb of the child-saint, and offered it there; and we read that from that hour the disease of the cattle stopped. A certain king who had cattle suffering from the same disease, hearing of this miracle, tied a thread round his oxen, and ordered a candle to be made that size, and then offered it.

We also hear of a certain noble lady of the village of Creake, in Norfolk, wife of the lord of the manor, who had a child lying dangerously ill. She made a wax candle with her own hands, and took it to St. William’s shrine, and offered it there. Wax candles in those days were frequently homemade, especially in large houses such as that of this Creake lady. The manner of proceeding was something like this. The wick, which was not infrequently made of papyrus, or of plaited flax or cotton, was hung up on a tree, and the boiling wax poured over it again and again, until the candle was of sufficient size; after which it was rolled on a marble slab, to make it round; and then trimmed with a knife, or some such instrument, to make it even.

Probably our friend of Creake adopted another method, as she could hardly have lifted the heavy vessel high enough to pour the hot wax over a tall candle. She most likely had the rolls of wax laid into tubs of hot water, and placed near the wick; and then took out pieces of the wax, and moulded them on to the plaited flax with her hands. When finished, the candle would still have to be rolled and trimmed.

In this same village of North Creake, a boy was lying dangerously ill, whose parents evidently heard of the proceedings of the lady of the manor; for they went and did likewise. Even in the twentieth century, everything that goes on at the hall is a matter of supreme

interest to the villagers; and as human nature was very much the same in the twelfth century as it is now, we may well suppose these good people had heard of the candle the lady of the manor had offered for her sick child. At any rate, they measured their sick son, and then made a candle of the same dimensions, and took it to St. William's shrine.

Sometimes the candle was made the same length as that of the tomb of the saint in whose honor it was offered. There was a certain invalid lady who, being too ill to ride or drive, was brought up the river to Norwich in a boat, to pay her devotions at the sepulchre of St. William, in the cathedral there. She brought a taper with her, and offered it; and then had another candle made the same length as his tomb; and three days later (that is, presumably, allowing time for the candle to be made) she was carried by her servants from the inn at which she was staying to his shrine, and there offered this huge candle.

In fact, it was a universal custom in the Middle Ages, among all classes of English people, to make, or order to be made, wax candles of various specific sizes, and offer them at some shrine. Then there were frequent pilgrimages and processions, all over England, to the different shrines of Our Lady and the saints, from Walsingham and Norwich in the east, to Glastonbury in the west, and Canterbury in the south.

In the Middle Ages, one way of raising money for the Church, instead of having a bazaar or "rummage sale," as we do in the twentieth century, was to have an exposition of relics in the church, on a certain feast day, which was duly announced some time before, and the object for which means were required made known. People would come from far and near to venerate the relics and gain the indulgences, and make their offerings, which consisted largely of tapers and rolls of wax, as well as of money and jewelry. Sometimes, instead of having the exposi-

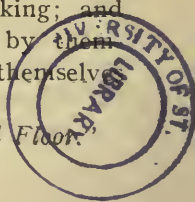
tion in the church that needed the money, the Canons (if it were a cathedral or house of Canons) or the monks (if it were a monastery) would carry the relics to other towns and villages, and expose them in the churches to be venerated; and on such occasions large offerings would be made of tapers and wax and money.

In 1559, all candles and rolls of wax in churches and monasteries were ordered, by the "injunctions" then published, to be destroyed. At this time, when the light of the Faith was quenched in England, all the candles and tapers, great and small, which symbolized it, were also put out, and the flames of Tyburn kindled instead. The lurid light which burned there will never be altogether extinguished; for 'it was the faith of the martyrs and confessors that shone in those flames, and from them have been rekindled the candles that now burn in Westminster Cathedral and in all the Catholic churches of England.

The use of dark, unbleached wax candles for funerals and Requiem Masses, and in Holy Week, probably originated in economy, the unbleached wax being cheaper; and then from being the custom it became the rule, as has happened in many other points of ritual. People are apt to think that the rubrics went before the custom; but liturgiologists tell us that the reverse was the case, and in many instances—as in the present one—the custom preceded the rubric.

How many people are telling the Church that she is dying? It is like some people who, when they are getting intoxicated, fancy that all others are intoxicated and they alone are sober. These people are telling the Church that she is getting decrepit, that her wisdom has gone, that her power is lacking; and they who measure all things by themselves do not see that they themselves are foolish and proud.

—"The Orchard Floor."



Blessed Sacrament Beans.*

BY RENÉ BAZIN.

ON Easter Sunday evening, 1795, Father Ligournais, pastor of Beauvais, in Vendée, having sung Mass in the morning and Vespers in the afternoon, was resting under an apple tree in his garden. He was a tall old man, built on the lines of the sturdy farmer class; and his face, all shrunken and wrinkled and yellowed with years, wore only one expression, always the same—that of pensive kindness, which had never been known to fail him. He was counting on his fingers the sick persons to whom during the preceding week he had carried the Blessed Sacrament, and was just wondering whether he had visited them all, when a woman appeared and said to him:

"Father, old man Lambinet, who is eighty, hasn't eaten anything all day because he has been waiting for you to let him make his Easter duty."

"Too bad!" exclaimed the priest. "I had forgotten all about your good old uncle. But I will repair my fault by going at once."

"But, Father, 'tis a pretty long road, and 'twill be dark before a great while. And, besides, there's a patrol of the Blues [Revolutionaries] guarding the highroad. If they see us, they'll shoot us down."

"That doesn't prevent our starting," replied the pastor. "Moreover, God will be with us on the way."

A half hour later he set out, carrying the Blessed Sacrament in a silver pyx suspended from his neck. Eight or ten steps ahead of him, jauntily skipping along as if rather pleased to be in danger of death, was an altar boy, who, although only fourteen, had the height and the bravery of a man, as also curly red hair and bright blue eyes that lit up a freckled face. The two precautions this youthful guide had taken, when the niece of old Lambinet had been persuaded to go home

alone, were to refrain from lighting the lantern he carried, and to cut across fields and bypaths that were apparently unduly supplied with drains and ditches.

The priest walked on in silence, his figure erect, save that his head was inclined a little as his server kept track of the pathway. He paid no attention to a hundred other things along the way,—not even to the plants which he himself had sown, and which might that evening burst into blossom. His whole mind was concentrated in a voiceless prayer of adoration. Thus they went on over the swampy ground, their shadows lengthening as the twilight drew near.

Just before sunset, however, Father Ligournais raised his eyes, and saw before him a field, half green and half white, at the boundary of which the path terminated. The green portion was covered with a crop rather short or low; while the other bore a harvest of tall flowering stalks, waving gently in the breeze that came from off the sea.

"What's that?" whispered the priest, whose eyes were a good deal dimmed by years.

"On the right," replied the boy, "there's a field of flax; and on the left, a field of beans in blossom. We've got to go across one of them, Father."

The priest made no answer; but when he reached the end of the path he noticed two farmers who had come to inspect their fields and estimate the coming crops. He recognized them, and said to himself: "Which of the two will be blessed for having loaned his land for the passage of his Lord?"

Hardly had he mentally formed the question when the farmers answered it for him. The proprietor of the bean field came forward and cried out savagely:

"Don't tramp through my crop, priest, or it will be worse for you!"

Father Ligournais suppressed his indignation, and said nothing.

The other farmer, who had drawn near and taken off his hat, exclaimed:

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA.

"My flax is going to blossom very soon; but you and your servant, Father, are welcome to walk over it with the Blessed Sacrament."

Big Father Ligournais, with head up now, walked along one of the little furrows; and, as the shadows deepened, heard the barking of a dog, — the announcement that he had reached the thatch-roofed dwelling where the Easter communicant awaited him.

The light of the half-full moon made the way clear enough when the pastor, about ten o'clock, set out to regain his humble presbytery. His altar boy walked by his side, with his lantern lit and swinging. When they reached the two fields they saw nobody in that of the flax; but at the entrance of the other, kneeling before the white-topped stalks, with his arms forming a cross, and his face turned toward them, was a man in tears. As they left the pathway to make their way through the flax, he sobbed out:

"Father, Father!"

"What are you doing there?" asked the priest, recognizing the farmer who had barred his way earlier in the evening.

"I've been weeping ever since you went through my neighbor's field. I was afraid for my crop, and acted like a wretched villain."

He sobbed so violently while speaking that Father Ligournais could not resist the impulse to draw near and comfort him. He did so, and the poor fellow pleaded:

"Father, let me beg you to go through my field this time, so that I may do some penance."

Accordingly priest and altar boy walked between the tall blossom-covered plants, many of which broke as they passed; and there came from the white flowers a perfume so strong that the priest could not account for it, unless something extraordinary was happening.

As a matter of fact, several extraordinary things were noticed by those who in that sad year could do their harvesting. The flax through which the

Blessed Sacrament had passed grew thereafter so thick and so high that no one could recall the like. Thus was faith rewarded; but repentance was still more magnificently recompensed. Not only did the broken stalks recover in two days, but when harvest-time came, and the women and girls broke the ripened husk or shell, instead of the little white bean, flat and spotless, they found a large number of more rounded beans bearing the figure of a host surrounded by violet rays, like a veritable monstrosity.

In Vendée and many other parts of France may still be seen this peculiar variety of the plant; and the people call them by the beautiful name, Blessed Sacrament beans.

The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

June 1, Third Sunday after Pentecost.

THE chief festivals are over, and now we begin the long series of what may be styled *ordinary* Sundays, extending throughout the remainder of the ecclesiastical year. On account of the early date of Easter, we shall have during the present year a full six months occupied by the Sundays after Pentecost; and, although we may be compelled from time to time to turn to the consideration of some notable feast which sets aside the Sunday liturgy, it is of the latter that we shall chiefly speak in these articles.

Our Lord has finished the work of our Redemption; He has ascended to heavenly glory; and the Holy Ghost, whom He promised, has descended upon the Church, to abide with her. Henceforward the children of the Church await, under His protecting power, the summons to join the Church Triumphant. During this their exile, the abiding Spirit of Truth sets forth the lessons which it behooves the Christian to learn and to put in practice, in preparation for the combat which is to fit him for the triumphant possession

of never-ending joys. Such, in general, is the spirit of the liturgy of this long season. The green vestments of the Sunday are interpreted by liturgists to signify hope—the virtue which is indispensable for perseverance in God's service.

The teaching of the liturgy of this Sunday is chiefly occupied with the subject of the necessary qualities of prayer. The Introit, shows this clearly. "Look Thou upon me, and have mercy on me, O Lord! For I am alone and poor. See my abjection and my labor, and forgive me all my sins, O my God! . . . To Thee, O Lord, have I lifted up my soul! In Thee, O my God, have I put my trust," continues the appended psalm: "let me not be ashamed." A humble cry for mercy, an acknowledgment of the petitioner's lowliness and unworthiness, and a craving for forgiveness,—these are the tokens of true humility of heart. Then follows the expression of unswerving trust in so loving and merciful a God: "To Thee have I lifted up my soul." What absolute confidence! Surely God will never "shame" such trust. Deep humility, boundless confidence,—these are the qualities which will render prayer unfailing in its results.

The Epistle teaches the same lesson. "Be ye humbled under the mighty hand of God. . . . Casting all your care upon Him; for He hath care of you." Humility and confidence again! Whatever be our lot, the Apostle goes on to remind us, God is always watching. Trials will come; yea, deadly combats with the "roaring lion" who seeks to make us his prey; but God, who hath called us "into His eternal glory," after we "have suffered a little," will Himself perfect, confirm, and establish His faithful ones.

The Gradual continues the strain: "Cast thy care upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." In like manner, too, the Offertory verse sings: "Let them, trust in Thee, O Lord, that know Thy name! For Thou hast not forsaken them that seek Thee." To know God truly is to trust entirely in His goodness; there-

fore follow those words of confidence, which thank God beforehand, as though the prayer were already granted: "Sing ye to the Lord, . . . for He hath not forgotten the prayer of the poor." Here, as in every formula, we find humility, joined with confidence in an all-merciful Lord, set forth as the necessary qualities of prayer.

What does the Gospel insist upon if not confidence in such a Lord? He "seeks" His lost sheep; He rejoices when He finds it; He calls upon all Heaven to rejoice also,—to rejoice with greater joy, indeed, over the lost who is found than over the just one who has remained steadfast in the fold. The parable of the sheep, sought and found, and carried home upon the Shepherd's shoulders, was ever a favorite subject in early Christian art, as the Catacombs bear witness. St. Ambrose thus beautifully explains its significance: "Who is the Shepherd of our parable? It is Christ, who carries thee, poor man, in His own body, and has taken all thy sins upon Himself. The sheep is one, not by number but by its kind. Rich Shepherd this, of whose flock all we human beings form but the hundredth part! For He has Angels and Archangels and Dominations and Powers and Thrones, and all the rest,—all those other countless flocks, whom He has left yonder up the mountain, that He might run after the one sheep He had lost."

It is necessary that we make our own the unbounded confidence taught us in this liturgy before we can fully enter into the sentiments of the Collect of the day. The knowledge of God's unfailing mercifulness, of His unlimited power to help us, and of our own exceeding need—and these things true humility alone can teach us,—will find a voice in this beautiful prayer: "O God, the Protector of those who hope in Thee, without whose aid nothing is strong, nothing holy: increase Thy mercy toward us; that, under Thy direction and guidance, we may so pass through the blessings of this life as not to lose those which are eternal."

The Cross-Bearing Procession of Roncesvalles.

BY ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

THE Pass of Roncesvalles, which breaks through the Pyrenees between the Spanish province of Navarre and the French county of Basses-Pyrénées, is known to all lovers of romance as the scene of the stirring battle of Charlemagne's rear-guard with the Saracens, and the deaths of Roland and Oliver. The village of Burguete, on the Spanish side, with its ancient Abbey of Roncesvalles, is the scene every year of one of the strangest and most impressive religious ceremonies that pious men have ever devised,—a ceremony of which the outside world knows nothing, for Burguete lies far from the travelled routes. The procession is organized at dawn, on one of the last days of May, and has been an annual occurrence for centuries.

As the time approaches for the rendezvous, the door of one of the village houses opens and a most picturesque being appears. His feet are bare; he wears a shapeless black garment drawn about the waist with a leather belt; over his head hangs a loose, bag-like covering, with two holes for eyes; but, most awe-inspiring of all, he carries an enormous wooden cross,—a cross so large that a man might be crucified on it. He moves slowly along the road with his burden; and in a moment, from the forest which he skirts, another black phantom glides forth, laden with another great cross; a third appears, from a little house under the oaks; farther on, a fourth, who has been sitting on a heap of pebbles, rises and follows the three; here and there others grow out of the twilight, as if they had been only waiting for a signal; nowhere a gesture, nowhere a sound.

Some of them seem to have come from a distance. They pant, they bend under their burdens. At a central point, the villagers in picturesque costumes and a

group of priests in surplices await them. Penitents and spectators form a procession, the cross-bearers in two files with the priests between them. At a signal, the masked men lift their crosses till they hold the horizontal crosspieces above their heads. A priest then takes his place before them, and at another signal the line moves toward the monastery, chanting a litany as they go.

"*Christe!*" intone the black-robed priests.

"*Exaudi nos!*" reply the black-robed penitents.

"*Christe! Christe!*"

The voices are feverish, ecstatic, as if the God they entreat were a terrible God, and they could see Him near at hand. The spectators are as absorbed as the penitents. There is religious devotion in every face; there is the profoundest faith in the trembling of the voices,—"*Virgo potens! Virgo clemens! ora, ora pro nobis!*"

The procession enters the abbey. The men have lowered their crosses to their shoulders; a fog has risen, and it is still almost as dark as night in the chapel. Every man drops to his knees, setting his cross where he can—against a pillar or leaving it flat on the floor. Then Mass begins; and up against the organ, vaguely lit by a single taper, are visible the heads of three priests who lead the chant.

Finally the congregation disperses, swallowed up in the fog and the forest; but the men in black do not move. The doors of the sacristy open, and a group of priests appears,—one priest for each penitent. Each priest approaches a cross-bearer, makes over him the sign of benediction, places his hands on his shoulders, lays his ear close to the black mask, and listens.

And if ever confession is heartfelt and salutary, it must be in the Monastery of Roncesvalles on that solemn morning that ushers in the summer season.

HE who makes himself honey gets himself eaten.—*Italian Proverb.*

The Discipline of Girls.

IN commenting at different times in these columns on the underlying causes of the wrongdoing of many of the victims of "white slavery," we have said that the question is largely one of early training and judicious parental control. The sufficient explanation of many a descent to the underworld is afforded in this statement of the distinguished educationist, Dr. F. W. Förster: "The exaggerated modern belief in individual freedom for the young puts children into the way of allowing themselves to be directed by wayward impulses, moods, and fancies; and in this manner develops a type of character that can not resist outward influences. No one has less independence than the one who has never learned obedience."

The outward influences which act nowadays on hundreds and thousands of young girls, in stores and shops and factories and offices, are admittedly of a degrading rather than an elevating nature; and, unless, as an offset to such influences, there is a sense of religious duty as well as a sturdy character built up by habits of obedience and self-control acquired in childhood and early youth, the fanks of the Magdalens will be recruited by numbers all too great. Good mothers and wise have had no doubt wayward and fallen daughters, but it is perennially true that "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined"; and the parents who have done their whole duty in the home-training of their girls are rarely made to weep over their subsequent shame.

An excellent guide, philosopher, and friend for mothers who would learn in what consists judicious home-training is the English nun, Madame Cecilia, who for the past decade and a half has been a prolific author of valuable books. A pamphlet of hers, with the title which we have given to this article, is a veritable mine of admirable counsels relative to the proper upbringing of girls; and we

make no apology for quoting at some length from its instructive and edifying pages:

Twelve good habits are a good inheritance, and one which no reverse in stocks and shares can affect. A child who is started in life with the good habits or virtues of obedience, respect for authority, truth, self-control, self-reliance, modesty and simplicity, unselfishness, cheerfulness, devotion to duty, charity, and piety, is a millionaire. Loving parents, with the co-operation of the little ones, can implant these virtues in their souls. It will not be an easy task; for children's wills are weak as a controlling power and their human nature is very strong. But "practice makes perfect"; and the parents who train their children aright are at the same time perfecting their own education. . . . Parents who train their child well *in one single virtue*, train her practically in all, since every virtue calls for the exercise of will power, now in one direction, now in another. . . .

Respect for authority is one of the foundation stones of obedience. Children should be trained to speak respectfully of and to their nurses, teachers, parents, and grandparents. Special respect for the aged should characterize a well-trained child. In order to implant this respect for authority, parents should themselves refrain from criticisms of teachers, ministers, and even of the civil authorities, in their children's presence. If certain dignitaries are blameworthy, at least the office commands respect, and this distinction is frequently forgotten.

This last paragraph merits particular attention from all who have to do with young children, — especially in this country, where youthful irreverence is fast becoming, if it has not already become, the rule rather than the exception. Children are imitative, or nothing; and, unfortunately, the bias left in their nature by original sin leads them to copy most congenially what is reprehensible rather than what is praiseworthy. Parents who are so culpably imprudent as to regale the ears of their innocent little ones with censorious strictures or sarcastic disparagement of those exercising authority, are effectively tearing down instead of building up the characters of their offspring. If a woman *must* be a scandal-monger and vituperative scold, she should at least banish her young daughters

from the room where her backbiting and slander and calumny are having full play. To quote again:

The will must be controlled by reason and by the child herself. Children should be made to understand that they can not have their desires satisfied at the expense of others' rights or of duty. It must also be made plain to them that they can say "No" to themselves and enforce obedience. Those whose wills have been carefully trained from childhood "little by little come to the realization that free-will is not the liberty to do whatever one likes, but the power to compel one's self to obey the laws of right, to do what ought to be done in the very face of otherwise overwhelming impulse."...

What about corporal punishment? By all means retain it in the nursery, both for girls and boys. For hysterical, cowardly, idle, disobedient, passionate, and cruel children, corporal punishment, administered with promptness, moderation, and justice, is an invaluable deterrent. It is also to be recommended for children who pick up nasty habits, or who play tricks which may prove injurious to them physically. Little girls who have been carefully trained to good habits ought not to need corporal punishment after the age of ten, save perhaps in exceptional cases. Boys can rarely be managed without recourse to it, at least now and then.

We have quoted only a tithe of the passages we had marked for citation, but have already overrun our allotted space. Let us conclude with just one more extract in which Madame Cecilia emphasizes a truth that fathers and mothers, in our day especially, would do well to ponder: "Thousands of children are ruined by mistaken kindness on the part of parents who would reject, as a calumny and an insult, the accusation of cruelty to their little ones. Yet surely it is an act of cowardice and cruelty to indulge the child in its self-will and obstinacy rather than give ourselves the trouble of opposing and the pain of punishing it. In many homes the children 'rule the roost,' and thus misery is laid up in store for themselves, their parents, and for those who have to deal with them. A certain sternness, which is perfectly compatible with true love—nay, even springs from it,—is an indispensable element in the training of a child."

Notes and Remarks.

Boy Scouts, and summer camps, and Y. M. C. A. diversions, and Catholic boys wild for a taste of open-air life,—these are some of the elements of a problem which many parents and a goodly number of city pastors, too, are about to face at this particular season. It is the problem of what to do with John and Harry for the summer, or for a part of it. On the one hand there is desire and ability to send them out of the city for a period of wholesome recreation; and on the other, the difficulty of finding a place generally suitable. The problem is interestingly discussed in the May number of the *Ecclesiastical Review*, under the caption, "The Priest and Summer Camps for Boys," by the Rev. Daniel J. Connor, of the diocese of Scranton. He tells how he had to face this question, and how successfully he settled it. The whole discussion is only, in one aspect, a commentary on the old adage, "Where there's a will there's a way." There is, too, of course, the "grace of state" for all works involving priestly zeal.

Among many notable papers, sermons, and addresses at the Eucharistic Congress—held this year, as our readers know, at religious and romantic Malta—none comes home to us with more force than the paper read by his Eminence Cardinal Bourne, on "The Eucharist and Family Unity." Demonstrating first the nature and necessity of marriage, his Eminence goes on to point out the difficulties which stand in the way of realizing the ideal of married life, thus leading up to his thesis of the Blessed Sacrament as the means of attaining the highest valor of this Sacrament:

The Holy Eucharist will sanctify husband and wife in their relation to each other, and father and mother in relation to their children. It is the Holy Eucharist, in like manner, that will make children obedient and docile to their parents, while strict obedience is still the duty of their life; and thoughtful, considerate, and

deferential even when the period of obedience has long passed. But, if the Holy Eucharist is to exercise this deep, constant, and effective influence, the reception of Holy Communion must be a very frequent act. It is true that the great crises of family life are not of daily occurrence; but the small jars, the little misunderstandings, the tiny selfishnesses, may easily recur; and the heavenly daily remedy for oft-repeated failures should be in repeated use, lest the little rifts widen and mar the beauty of united lives.

The Blessed Sacrament is Our Lord and Saviour given to us as the Life of the world, and therefore pre-eminently as the life of those upon whom to so large an extent the well-being of the world depends. The family must be nourished with this sacred Food repeatedly, if it is to keep within it that regenerating force which gives strength and power to all the society of men. In the Holy Communion, daily or almost daily received, husband and wife will learn to bear with each other, to be patient with each other's faults, to understand and support those differences of temperament which God in the infinite variety of His work has bestowed upon His creatures,—differences which age does not obliterate, but which oftentimes the lapse of years renders more prominent, and consequently less endurable. . . .

A family life built up on these principles is a life that will surely be passed in the love and fear of God. It will not be exempt from fault; it may be tried by illness, by sorrow, by temporal misfortunes; it may be rudely disturbed and rendered incomplete, here below at least, by the hand of death; but it will still possess the essentials of interior peace and resignation, no matter what trials may assail it. There will be no place in lives so ruled and ordered by Our Lord Himself for the crimes and sins which are destroying family life in so many nations, the violation of the true conditions of conjugal life, the seeking of pleasure and gratification even to the breaking of the marriage vows. Respect for mutual rights, charity and forbearance in asserting individual claims, respect for parental authority, and respect no less for the inviolable independence of children in those matters where it prevails,—all these things will come into existence, as it were spontaneously, when father and mother and children are gathered frequently around the table of their Lord.

Among the candidates who will appeal to the Italian people for their suffrages during the coming autumn, when the elections are to take place, there are to

be a number of Catholics, enlisting in the ranks of political warfare with the full sanction of their ecclesiastical superiors. Just what success they will achieve is, of course, problematical; but their chances seem to be fairly good, owing principally to the dissensions among their opponents. As for the attitude of these candidates toward existing Italian parties, we are inclined to applaud this expression thereof by Count Philip Sassoli de' Bianchi: "We united with the Liberals, and are disposed to remain united with them, for the execution of a well-defined administrative programme; but the arrangement is not regarded by us or the Liberals as a fusion of forces. It does not and should not hinder us in the least from taking an earnest part in all the demonstrations promoted by the Central Catholic Associations to which we belong."

For "sweet reasonableness" in controversy, as well as for unusual ability in expository writing, commend us to Bishop Vaughan. Writing on "Secessions to Rome" in the London *Universe*, his Lordship has this account of relics:

Our Protestant countrymen are most peculiar in their views. They love relics in general. In fact, except perhaps the Americans, there are hardly any people who are so pleased to possess them as the English. . . . An old print, or a faded sketch, or a staff or walking-stick once owned by a famous general or admiral, will be most keenly contested for, and often knocked down to the delighted purchaser for quite a considerable sum. So, again, enthusiastic Englishmen, visiting the site of the battle of Waterloo, accept, with fervid gratitude and with little misgiving, stray bullets which the Belgian guide always "chances" to find at the convenient moment upon the field of slaughter, and deem them cheap at almost any price.

So great is the passion for relics of all kinds raging in the heart of the Britisher that even the most gruesome objects are sought for by the amateur. The pen that was used to sign the death-warrant of some murderer, or the rope or the block used at his execution, will fetch quite a large price, and be preserved and exhibited as a great curiosity. All this proves that it is not relics, as such, that Protestant

England disapproves of, but merely relies of the saints and martyrs of God.

We merely point to the fact: we leave others to account for the strange anomaly. The Church is guided by a very different and, if we may venture to say so, a much more reasonable spirit. She preserves and treasures up the relics of the renowned saints and heroic servants of God, not solely on account of the undoubted wonders that are frequently worked by their means, but for many other reasons besides,—in the first place, because such honor is due to those whom God has so highly favored; in the second place, because the very sight of such objects helps to stimulate our piety and zeal, and to keep the memory of such true heroes ever fresh and green.

The frankness of the Rev. Dr. J. Charles Cox is in keeping with his learning; and he is well known as one of the ablest clergymen of the Anglican Church and a leading English historian. He knows the truth about Henry VIII., and is at no pains to conceal it,—in fact, he is accused of parading it. Reviewing his latest book, "Rambles in Kent," the *Athenæum* notes his "adjectival comment" on King Henry, who appears a good many times in the book, and frequently is denounced as "this lustful despot," this "fickle-minded tyrant," or "the worst monarch who has ever occupied a Christian throne,"—"a description," says the reviewer, "which might well have served once and for all to express sufficiently the author's view of him. As it is, even a signboard can not show Henry's figure without the adjacent tavern being reproached for bearing such an 'ill-omened name.'"

An eminently readable department of the *London Tablet* is "Et Cætera," the writer of which always has something of special interest to communicate to his readers, who must often wonder at the variety, accuracy, and extent of his information. In reference to the restoration, now in progress, of Pembroke Castle in Herefordshire, he recalls that the Ven. John Kemble was arrested there at the

time of the Oates Plot, while acting as chaplain to the Scudamore family. On the landing of the great hall still remains the martyr's chair, while his bedroom is denoted by a cross cut over the lintel of the door. Situated in the courtyard is the chapel used by the martyr, built over the Norman dungeon. Father Kemble's hand is preserved at St. Francis Xavier's, Hereford, the town outside which he was executed, at the age of eighty. A flat stone slab, bearing the inscription, "J. K. Dyed the 22d of August, Anno Do. 1679," marks the martyr's burial place at Welsh Newton parish churchyard, near Monmouth,—now the scene of an annual pilgrimage.

In several ways, the Eucharistic Congress held this year at Malta was the most remarkable of all the twenty-four which have thus far been assembled. Larger crowds have assisted at other Congresses, but the throngs at Malta were "Catholic to a man." The island itself, one of the few spots in Europe said to be untouched by the Reformation, has a long and unbroken history of Catholicity to commend it for such a function; and one way in which this tradition was evinced was in the absolute order that prevailed throughout, and the intense spirit of faith which marked the proceedings from the beginning to the close. Communion was never more numerous. On Thursday of the Congress, 12,000 children received Holy Communion at St. Publius' Church. In St. Dominic's, on Saturday, it took seven priests two hours and a half to give Holy Communion to Children of Mary.

Among unique features, the blessing of the sea was by far the most picturesque, when, from an eminence overlooking the great bay, the monstrance was lifted in blessing over that congregation afloat in all manner of craft—warships and pleasure boats,—all making, literally, a nave of a great temple for Him who taught the multitudes from a fisherman's

boat on the shores of Galilee. Most impressive of all was the grand procession, with the final Benediction. We take a graphic account of this event from the *London Tablet*:

It was eight o'clock when at last the Blessed Sacrament was placed upon the altar, erected on a platform thirty feet above the ground. It had long been dark. The sun had set at half-past six, and there is not much twilight in Malta. The dark-blue sky above was lit with millions of stars, and the altar and its canopy were ablaze with electric light; but all around the altar the darkness was profound. Every movement of the Cardinal Legate at the altar could be seen. Fully 200,000 persons knelt on the ground for Benediction, though in the darkness they could not be seen. But when the *Tantum Ergo* was intoned and then taken up by that vast multitude, they were most effectively heard. The volume of sound rolled like solemn and deep-thunder, and never will those who heard this sound forget it. Then deep silence fell; and clearly and sweetly from on high, ringing over the heads of that dense crowd, came the words of the versicle, "*Panem de celo præstitisti eis*"; and thunder spoke again and gave the response. As the Cardinal Legate took the gleaming monstrance in his hands and held it aloft to give the final Benediction, every living creature in all that vast assembly held his breath, and solemn stillness reigned; but no sooner was the Benediction given than, by a sudden change, the immense multitude burst into shouts of joy. They cheered, they sang, they clapped their hands; bells were rung, rockets were fired,—all were seized with the wildest enthusiasm.

And thus, as the correspondent writes, "the twenty-fourth Eucharistic Congress ended in one great blaze of glory."

We have grown rather accustomed in this country to the assertion, annually renewed in the month when sectarian sciolists seem not averse to "making hares of themselves"—and hares are supposed to be especially mad,—that St. Patrick was a good Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopalian, or other kind of the multitudinous genus, Protestant. Over in Ireland, Protestants naturally assert their kinship with their country's Apostle with additional vigor and insistence. Accordingly, we are more interested than surprised to

find the Irish correspondent of the *Church Times* giving the following account of the action taken at a recent Protestant synod:

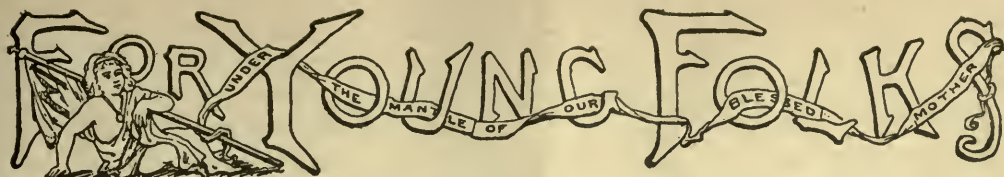
The proceedings of the General Synod on the question of Revision have for this year gone no further than the recognition of St. Patrick's Day in the Church's Kalendar. At the previous Revision all saints, except the Apostles and Evangelists, were excluded. The growing feeling on the subject of the due observance of St. Patrick's Day had forced the bishops to provide and authorize the full order of service which gives that day the rank of high festival. The resolution of the Synod giving the form thus recommended the force of law, was carried with enthusiasm by a large majority of both clergy and laity.

Let us hope that their newly adopted saint will help our non-Catholic Irish friends to see the error of their ways and lead them back to the one Faith, which he preached and practised—that of Christ and the Roman Pontiff.

In connection with an item going the rounds of the Catholic press, to the effect that Catholic Sisters in this country (including their postulants) number 56,000, the following paragraph from *Rome* will prove of interest:

Here are some eloquent figures regarding the Little Sisters of the Poor for 1913. The total number of Sisters has now become 5793, of whom 3537 have taken perpetual and 2256 temporary vows; there are besides 258 novices and 235 postulants; and during the year 90 Sisters died. The number of old people now under their care is 45,913; since the origin of the Congregation, 284,976 of their aged "guests" have passed happily away. The Little Sisters have 111 houses in France and Alsace, 14 in Belgium, 27 in England, 54 in Spain and Portugal, 22 in Italy, 2 in Turkey and Hungary, 7 in Asia, 57 in North and South America, 5 in Africa, and 7 in Oceania,—in all 306.

No members of any Congregation of religious women, perhaps, appeal so irresistibly to the nobler sentiments of even the most virulent enemies of the Church as do these friends of the old and homeless and infirm. They are seldom insulted even in the worst of anti-clerical centres in Europe. May their growth continue to be vigorous!



My Little Light.

BY GEORGE H. ARNOLD.

UPON Thine altar let me be
A little candle white,
Lit with a flame of purest love
And burning day and night;
And when cold, dreary days shall come,
Keep me, O Lord, the same!
Protect me from the bitter winds,
Lest they should quench my flame.

And if, dear God, my little light
Makes one sad heart less drear,
By teaching through its constant flame,
That Thou art always here,
I care not when I shall be spent,
And death shall have its gain:
It is enough to know, dear God,
I have not lived in vain.

The Little Florentine.

BY H. DE CHARLIEU.

V.

AT eight o'clock the next morning, Spavento was wakened by the current of cold air coming through the door his groom had left open.

"Soporello!" he shouted angrily.

There was no reply; and, glancing at the cot, he saw that it was empty.

"It must be very late," he thought.

He rose, dressed hastily, buckled on his sword, and thrust his pistols into his belt. Happening to put his hand in his pocket, he cried out in dismay:

"My purse!—my money!"

He searched his bed and every corner of the room, but he found nothing. Then the truth dawned upon him: he had been robbed. He rushed down the stairs—

making a great clatter, as his sword struck against the steps,—and out into the court, where two stableboys were grooming their horses.

"Have you seen Soporello?" he asked excitedly.

"Why, yes," was the reply. "He saddled his mule and went away early this morning."

Spavento fairly groaned, in his rage and despair.

"Bring my horse quick!" he commanded. "If I catch that villain, it will go hard with him."

In the stable, a distressing sight awaited him. Coriolanus was lying on his side, unable to get up. He neighed piteously at the sight of his master, who sank down in a heap on a bench. Thoughts of Fenella and the delayed journey now filled his mind. How were they ever to be able to go to Paris? They would have to leave the inn like miserable beggars. The disconsolate man sat for a long time as if stunned. Then, rallying, he went to Fenella's door and rapped.

The girl had been up for an hour, and she said cheerily:

"Good-morning, Spavento! Did you sleep well? Why, what's the matter?"

"Bad news, my little girl,—bad news!"

He then told her of the events of the night, and described the embarrassing position in which they were now placed.

"If we have no money, we must get on without it," said the girl, bravely.

"But we have no horses, either."

"I can walk."

"You would perish on the way, my poor child! Besides, we can't go away from here without paying for our accommodations."

Fenella's kind heart was full of sympathy. She said consolingly:

"There's only one thing to do: we can ask the landlady to keep us for a few

days, and during that time we can send to my father for money."

"That would be fine. But I doubt about getting the old woman's consent."

"Try as soon as possible."

"I must confess that I'm afraid."

"Afraid? You? A soldier?"

"I'd rather face a thousand guns than that woman. She has an evil eye."

Something had to be done, however; so, plucking up courage, the old soldier went downstairs where Dame Pichart was busy getting breakfast.

"Ah, there you are!" she exclaimed.

"I was just going to look you up."

"Then you know about our misfortune?"

"Your hypocrisy, you mean. You can't deceive me."

"I've been robbed."

"Ah, yes, robbed! You'd better say you want to rob others."

"I a thief?" shouted the enraged man.

"It's lucky you're a woman or you'd have to swallow those words."

"Instead of flying into a rage, you'd better pay me what you owe me."

"I'd like to do so, but I simply can not. If you will wait a few days—"

"Not a second! Pay me two pistoles now—this instant."

"But I tell you I *can not*. I've been robbed."

"Get the money somewhere. I must have it."

As she talked, the old woman kept walking back and forth from the cupboard to the table.

"I pray you, Madame, let me reflect," said Spavento, thoroughly humbled by the hopelessness of the situation. "I am not alone here, and the child with me must not be made to suffer."

"A thief like yourself, I suppose?" said the implacable woman, as she jerked open a drawer. Suddenly she cried out: "My silver is gone, and the box with my savings!"

Quite beside herself, she rushed up to the unlucky man, shook her fist in his face, and screamed:

"Thief! Murderer!"

Spavento pushed her back none too gently, whereupon she shouted:

"Help! help!"

Her cries were heard outside, and grooms and postilions came rushing in, armed with clubs and pitchforks. There was a moment of hesitation on their part, at sight of the determined soldier. Then more men came, until there were ten of them.

"Now, boys, go at him!" said a postilion, who carried a stout club.

They rushed forward to make an attack. In spite of their forks, Spavento kept them at a distance by rapidly brandishing his sword. One of the men came up from behind and struck his arm with a club; and, for the first time in his life, *Fredegonde* fell from his hand in combat. As he leaned over to pick up the weapon, the men rushed upon him and bore him down.

"Bravo, my boys!" cried the landlady.

"Now bind him and throw him into the cellar, until we can give him up to the officers of the law."

Hearing the noise of the fray, *Fenella* had left her room and now stood on the threshold, mute with terror. On seeing her, Spavento shouted:

"Go back to your room, my child!"

"That's his accomplice," said the old woman. "She shall go with him to prison."

Then the scene changed. In a last desperate effort, Spavento shook off his assailants, and, in an instant, he was standing in front of *Fenella*, protecting her with his body, his pistol in his hand.

"If any man touches me again, I'll shoot him!" he threatened.

But his arm, wounded by the blow he had received, fell nerveless at his side, and the pistol dropped to the floor.

Seeing that the soldier was incapable of defending himself, his opponents were about to rush upon him again, when the door opened, giving entrance to the Duke of Guise, De Nogent, and Baptiste.

"What's going on here? A fight?" asked the Duke, sternly.

Baptiste rushed between Spavento and the men.

"Monseigneur," he cried, "it's Spavento and my cousin Fenella! Save them! Protect them!"

There was no need for the Duke to interfere, as his mere presence restored order. The postilions and grooms eyed one another in alarm, trying to hide their weapons. When Dame Pichart saw that the man she had taken for a robber was known to these rich seigneurs, she hung her head, not knowing what to say.

Spavento was the first to break the silence.

"Upon my word, Monseigneur, you came just in time to save the lives of these hounds."

"It seemed to me, on the contrary, that it was you who were in a rather disagreeable position," replied the Duke, with a smile.

"Just the same, Monseigneur, that old witch over there took it into her head to have us murdered."

"Murdered?"

"Yes, Monseigneur."

Then followed an account of what had happened, and nothing was lost in the telling. In conclusion, Spavento stated that Coriolanus and Pallas were nearly dead.

"Why, who are *they*?" asked Baptiste in surprise.

"My war-horse and the little donkey I bought for that miserable groom."

"That certainly is a great misfortune," said the Duke, smiling again.

"But the worst of all was to be taken for a thief," added Spavento.

A postilion picked up Fredegonde and courteously offered it to its owner; then all the men withdrew to the court.

"Well, how much, Madame, for all this commotion?" asked De Nogent.

"Thirteen pistoles, Monseigneur," replied the landlady, tearfully.

"How's that?" exclaimed Spavento.

"Three for your expenses, and ten for my stolen savings—"

"Don't dispute about it," interrupted the Duke. "There, my good woman!" he added, tossing a purse to the old lady.

An outrider now entered and said that the fresh horses were ready. The order was given to start.

"What are you and Fenella going to do, Spavento?" asked Baptiste, much concerned.

"I don't just know," answered the soldier.

"There's room in our carriage," said the Duke.

Spavento protested that he was not fit to ride in such distinguished company.

"Don't mention it! It's not the first time that a Duke of Lorraine has given hospitality to a worthy soldier," replied the nobleman.

Spavento begged for a moment before starting. He ran out to the stable, where his horse lay stretched out on the straw.

"Good-bye, old comrade, for a time! Try to get well, and I'll send for you soon. We have many rude blows to receive together in the days to come." Then, making sure that he was alone, he lifted the horse's head and kissed him affectionately, murmuring: "Good-bye, old friend!—good-bye!"

When they were all ready to start, the landlady came forward and apologized for her conduct, begging to be forgiven.

"It's all right, Madame," said Spavento. "You can make your peace with me by taking good care of my horse."

This she promised to do; and the ducal carriage, drawn by four horses, was driven rapidly away.

(To be continued.)

IN the Syrian Desert the east wind is much dreaded; as, blowing from the sands of the desert, it is terribly hot. Derived from *sherk* (east), and *iyeh* (wind), east wind, or *sherk iyeh*, has been corrupted into the popular sirocco, or hot blast.

Barmecide.

The most celebrated Moslem dynasty was that of the Abbassides; and the most famous Persian family in the days of those Caliphs of Bagdad was the Barmecides, Barmacides, or Barmekides. Khaled-bin-Barmek was chancellor of the exchequer under the first Abbasside Caliph; and to Khaled's son Yahya was entrusted the education of Harun-al-Rashid, the world-famed Caliph who ruled from A. D. 786 to 809, and who made Yahya his grand vizier, or chief administrative officer. Yahya's sons, Fazl and Ja'far (the Giafar of the "Arabian Nights"), became in their turn great favorites of the Caliph, who out of gratitude appointed Ja'far vizier, to succeed his father.

The splendor of the family, however, and their great power evoked the envy and hatred of their enemies, who finally persuaded Harun that the Barmecides were aiming at the crown. The Caliph thereupon caused Ja'far to be executed, and the rest of the family to be thrown into prison. He even went so far as to forbid the mention of their name under pain of death; but this decree of his failed of execution. Mohammedan poets and historians long celebrated the family's glory and virtues; and "the days of the Barmecides" became a proverbial phrase: significative, that is, of prosperity and splendor.

Another phrase in which the same proper adjective occurs, "a Barmecide feast," owes its origin to one of the tales related in the "Arabian Nights" (the story of the Barber's Sixth Brother). A poor beggar who had had no food for two days went to the residence of one of the rich Barmecides and asked for something to eat. The head of the family invited him to dinner. The beggar took his place at the table, when his host caused a number of empty dishes to be brought in and presented one after another to his

guest, pretending that each contained some special delicacy, and asking the beggar how he liked the food. The poor fellow took the matter good-naturedly enough until, an empty goblet being presented to him and his opinion being asked as to the quality of the wine, he turned the tables on his entertainer by pretending to be drunk, and soundly boxed the Barmecide's ears. It is only fair to add that the host was a "good sport," enjoyed the joke on himself, and ordered the beggar to be served with a real meal. In history and literature, accordingly, a Barmecide feast—an allusion frequently met with—is an unreal, sham, imaginary one.

The Emblem of Germany.

When the beautiful Queen Louise of Prussia fled before the French under Napoleon, she hid herself and her children within a cornfield. To keep the little ones quiet, she interested them by picking the dainty fringed blossoms which grow between the corn,—blossoms as blue and pure as the eyes of the good Queen herself. These flowers she braided into crowns for the little ones, saying: "See, my darlings, they may take away our golden crowns, but the good God gives us His blossoms with which to crown you. Let us trust in Him and be patient."

When the old Kaiser Wilhelm came to the German throne, conquering Napoleon III., he remembered the words of his mother and the blue blossomed wreaths of the cornfield, and took as his especial emblem the humble cornflower, since when it has become the official emblem of the German Empire.

IN the villages of the Holy Land twelve o'clock is called sunset, and time is reckoned therefrom. For example, if the sun sets at six o'clock, seven is called by the Syrians the "first hour of the evening," and seven o'clock a. m. is called the "first day hour."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new book by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Vaughan, entitled "Happiness and Beauty," has just been issued by Longmans, Green & Co.

—The Macmillan Co. announce a fourth volume of the late Dr. Gairdner's "Lollardy and the Reformation in England." It deals with the first year of Queen Mary's reign.

—The Rev. Julius E. Devos is the author—or, better perhaps, the inventor—of "Family Record," a slender octavo of some fifty-five pages. The object of the book is to place a marriage certificate in every Catholic home; and, incidentally, to supply facilities for recording various facts and statistics concerning the family. The John P. Daleiden Co., Chicago, Publishers.

—Pastors interested perforce in school sports, and directors of boys' athletic clubs, will be glad to have "A Guide to Track and Field Work Contests and Kindred Activities," prepared under the direction of William A. Stecher, B. S. G. The directions and explanations are clear and comprehensive, and a large number of "events" is considered. The illustrations bear out the text. Published by Mr. John Joseph McVey, Philadelphia.

—All who know the difficulty of attempting to write local history will be disposed to congratulate the five alumnae of St. Mary's School, Memphis, Tennessee, whose excellent history of that institution is just issued. It is a record which shows that great efforts and considerable sacrifices have been made for the principle of Catholic education. The good Franciscan Fathers are to be congratulated both upon their noble work and upon this worthy record of it.

—Those who have admired Olive Katharine Parr's "A Red-Handed Saint"—and that assuredly means all who have read the admirable novel—will naturally imagine a different setting, dissimilar characters, and an antipodean class of incidents as characteristics of her latest story, "A White-Handed Saint"; but it is doubtful whether any prospective reader of the new book will form anything like an adequate idea of its absolute contrariety to the older one. The hero of this new volume is a Catholic mystic, a priest tried in many and heart-breaking ways; and his story purports to be told by a non-Catholic, and practically non-religious, young woman; but there is such a wealth of Catholic truth and mystical theology scattered through its fascinating pages that no one will

doubt for a moment the book's claim to be called not merely a novel by a Catholic, but a genuinely Catholic novel. We have thoroughly enjoyed the volume, and commend it to Catholic librarians. R. & T. Washbourne, publishers.

—A Mass of St. Anthony, for four mixed voices with accompaniment, composed by Alphonse Cary, may be recommended to choir-masters. In the *Gloria* and *Credo*, notes are used sparingly but effectively; and the progressive march of the melody is not retarded by distracting repetitions. Each note gains strength and dignity, and the polyphonous composition nearly approaches Gregorian smoothness. Cary & Co., London, publishers.

—The Rosary Press presents "The Seven Last Words upon the Cross," a series of meditations by Joseph Post Hall. For some readers, luxuriant style and frequent quotations of poetry may hinder the devotion which these discourses are meant to evoke. On the other hand, they have the excellent merit of that apt citation from the Scriptures which betokens true familiarity with the writings of both Testaments. It is an excellent book for Friday devotions and the Lenten season.

—Messrs. L. Upcott Gill & Son, London, have issued, in the form of a paper-bound booklet, "Portuguese Political Prisoners," which they term "a British National Protest" against the abominations and outrages exposed in the pamphlet. A foreword by the Duchess of Bedford vouches for the truth of the statements therein contained. It is to be hoped that such publicity as is here given these horrors of a revolutionary "government" will make this protest not merely England's but the civilized world's.

—Barely in time for notice this month comes "The Spirit of Our Lady's Litany," by Abbot Smith, O. S. B. It is a well-printed little book of some one hundred and forty pages, giving on the average three pages to the explanation of each invocation in the Litany of Loreto. These expositions are addressed in the form of prayerful colloquy to the Mother of God, and have in consequence a tenderness and a directness in their devotion that is altogether pleasing. A short passage will suffice to show the character of the author's piety:

Then, again, thou art the mystical Rose because of thy fruitfulness. Fruitful thou art with divine fruitfulness; for thou art the Spouse of the Holy Ghost. Help me, dear Mother, to know thee and esteem thee as much as I am

able. Thou art not only a small, passing flower, but thou art a bed of roses, flowering again and again in the souls devoted to thee. Truly it is through thee that there is any sanctity on the earth. Thy Son chose thee as the medium of His own sanctity, and deigned through thee to show His holiness to us. I wish to know thy excellence, that I may, without any self-seeking, love thee for thyself. I have hitherto sought thy aid or seemed to be devout to thee when I was really seeking myself. Let me come to thee still for thy favors, but let me love thee first for thy own excellence. Dear Mother, to love thee so, I must know thee; and it is in thy power to show thyself to me, that I may know thee. My love of thee will follow my knowledge of thee. I implore thee not to turn thyself from my prayer.

This little book, and other excellent ones by the same author, may be obtained from the secretary, Ampleforth Abbey, Malton, Yorkshire, England. The price is 1s, 2d.

—There is much reflection, a great deal of religious sentiment and aspiration, and a fair skill at verse-making evident in "The Way of the Cross, and Other Verses," by Dismas. (Benziger Brothers.) The medium of the fourteen pieces on the Way of the Cross is blank verse, whose inner secret the writer has hardly mastered. In spite of its name, blank verse is pre-eminently the measure of poetry, and of pre-eminent poetry. The following lines are perhaps as good as any in the volume:

And truly, like an angry flowing tide,
Pouring its waters through some narrow pass,
The mob flows on,—First like the drifting froth
Come shouting urchins, then in wave on wave
Their elders surge along between the walls;
While on the flood seem borne, like floating wreck,
Three crosses, and the points of soldiers' spears.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "A White-Handed Saint." Olive Katherine Parr. \$1.25.
- "The Way of the Cross, and Other Verses." Dismas. 50 cts.
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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Robert Richartz, of the diocese of Covington; and Rev. Joseph Fawell, diocese of Hexham.

Sister M. Gabriel, of the Sisters of Charity; Mother M. Rock, Poor Clares; Sister M. Catherine, Sisters of St. Ann; and Mother M. Julia, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Albert Riddle, Mr. James Brown, Mr. William Daley, Mr. John Hammond, Miss Catherine Farrell, Mr. Peter Pifer, Mrs. Sarah R. Maher, Miss Katherine Hoye, Mr. Thomas D. Barrett, Mrs. Ellen Carr, Mr. Leo Ring, Miss B. A. Denehy, Mr. Louis Belmont, Sr., Mr. Michael Roden, Mr. James and Mr. Owen Quigley, Mrs. Jenne Pentoney, Mr. Michael Murphy, Mr. M. J. Thompson, Mrs. Daniel Sommers, and Mrs. Martha Rosenberger.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the flood sufferers:

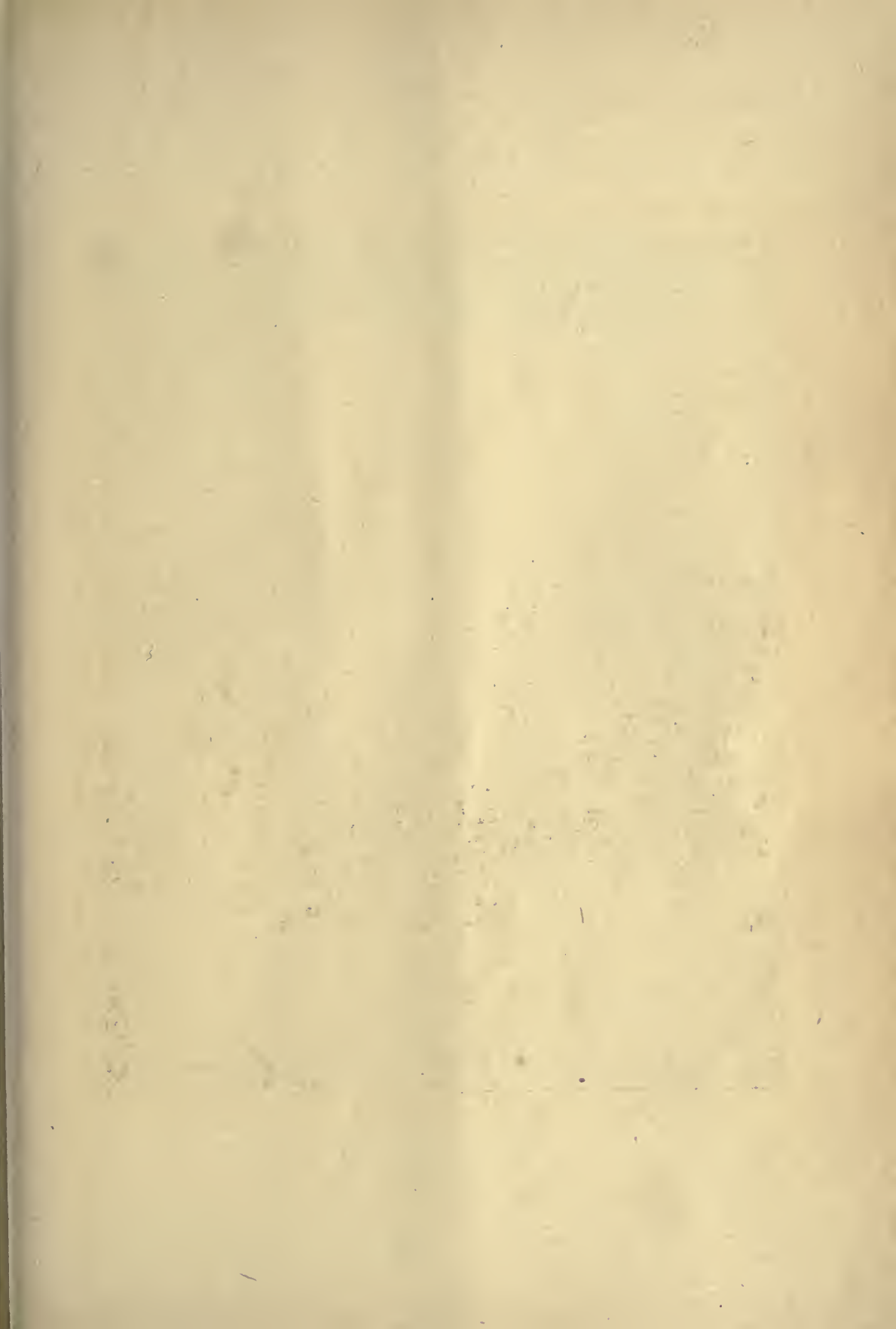
Per J. F. S., \$1.75.

The famine and cyclone sufferers in China:

Mrs. L., \$5.25; M. J. S., \$2.

Two poor missionaries:

Friend, \$7.40.





A MYSTERY OF FAITH
(Leonardo da Vinci)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Regina Prophetarum.

BY CHARLES A. DOBSON, B. A.

QUEEN of the Prophets, who so lovingly
Their visions of thy Son proclaimed aloud,
Thou wert the longed-for, cool, dew-laden cloud
They prayed might rain the Just, like dew to be
Unto the parched earth; they turned to thee;
Before the splendor of thy functions proud,
With poet rhapsody and passion, bowed,
Their dearest hope Mother and Son to see.

How much more blest are we, who have and own
What but in dreams prophetic they had known!
In daily life, Mother and Son we pray
To comfort, aid, and bless us night and day;
And joys of glory they now taste in heaven,
In hope assured, to us, too, here are given.

The Lazarists and Their Founder.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

ALTHOUGH little has been said of the Congregation of the Mission, better known as the Lazarists, in connection with the celebration of the centenary of the birth of Frederic Ozanam, founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Conferences, yet it was the heroic example of St. Vincent that inspired and encouraged Ozanam; and no biography of the saint would be complete without some account of the Lazarists, of whom he was the founder. They are as much his spiritual sons as the Sisters of Charity are

his spiritual daughters; whereas the members of the Conference Society that bears his name are, so to speak, only his spiritual grandchildren. And it may be that some such thought was in the mind of Cardinal Vannutelli when he accepted the hospitality of the Lazarists, and made the mother house of the Order his home while in Paris.

To preside at the centenary *fêtes* and make public recognition of the good work done by the Society of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, was the mission imposed upon his representative by the Supreme Pontiff; and it was for this reason that, although large crowds besieged the doors of the Lazarite monastery, the Cardinal Legate received but few guests, and avoided everything that might appear to give a political character to his visit; declining even to prolong his stay in order to assist at the celebration of the feast of the national heroine, Blessed Joan of Arc, which fell on Sunday, the 4th of May.

While at the Lazarists, however—as, indeed, wherever he went in Paris,—the Papal Legate won all hearts by his kindly consideration for others, and by the sweetness of his manner, which was at once dignified and gentle. I was quite near to him at his canonical entrance to the old Carmelite church in the Rue de Vaugirard; and I thought then that I had never seen a more stately figure than his, as he stood there in scarlet and ermine cloak, the centre of a group of scarlet or violet-robed prelates, black-gowned priests, and white-surpliced boys.

A few moments more and he had entered the church, whence he was presently to descend to the crypt to unveil the monument to Ozanam, who is buried there; and where, too, in crimson-lined, glass-covered shrines, are the bones of over a hundred priests who were murdered by the Revolutionists in 1792.

In his message sent through Cardinal Vannutelli to Catholic France, Pius X. said that the French people had never been surpassed in Christian works or in zeal for the interests of religion. And the tact and generosity of the Legate's speech at the general assembly of the delegates of the Society of the St. Vincent de Paul Conferences touched all hearts,—so enthusiastic was its tribute to the faith of France, and so delicate its avoidance of any subject an allusion to which might have been a shadow on the sunshine of the hour. He compared the society founded by Ozanam to a strong and supple bow placed at the disposal of the Church and her august head; and he prayed that the divine Arm might continue to make use of it, as it had made use of the Apostles, to send among all nations those sacred arrows destined to pierce with the sweet wound of Christian charity hearts hardened by hatred or chilled by indifference. In short, whether at Notre Dame or Montmartre, at the Palais d'Orsay or at the Lazarists, he showed the same fatherly solicitude for France, the same readiness to recognize her still by her proud title of Eldest Daughter of the Church.

In Paris the Cardinal Legate did not fail to see Faith shining in spite of clouds that might have obscured its light in less heroic lands; to see its victories where it was supposed to have been defeated; to find it fresh and vigorous where it was stigmatized as old and out of date; and living where its enemies had declared it to be dead, and buried beyond hope of resurrection. If Cardinal Vannutelli paid a well-deserved compliment to the St. Vincent de Paul Conference Society when he likened it to a

bow by means of which sacred arrows were projected for the conversion of mankind, how much more striking would the illustration seem if applied to the devoted Lazarists, who have penetrated wherever there were ears to hear or hearts to feel; bearing no standard save the Cross, and no weapon save the Gospel!

Curiously enough, the foundation of this Order can be traced indirectly to the influence of a Protestant whom St. Vincent de Paul, during one of his missions in Picardy, had endeavored to convert, but without success. He remained unconvinced, giving as a reason for his incredulity the neglected state of the peasantry of the place, whose religion seemed but indifferently looked after, notwithstanding that there were priests and nuns on every side. The reproach went straight to the sensitive heart of the saint; for he saw, to his unspeakable grief, that it had some foundation. The recent religious wars had opened the floodgates of heresy and immorality, the evil effects of which remained long after peace had been restored. St. Vincent soon returned to the same place and gave another mission. His piety and self-sacrifice, and the zeal and devotion of his fellow-workers, so impressed the hitherto obstinate Protestant that he became a Catholic there and then.

This incident made a profound impression upon St. Vincent de Paul. He realized how necessary it was that there should be regular missions in country places,—not only for the sake of the sheep, but also for that of the shepherds, who were not, at that time, always well instructed themselves, and who were sometimes hardly the best kind of example to their flocks. He also realized that the priests who were to devote their lives to missions of the kind must be free from other duties; for the task of reviving an expiring faith and of raising a lowered moral standard was no light one, and he prayed long and fervently for guidance in the

matter. Madame de Gondi, sister-in-law of the Archbishop of Paris, felt moved to pray with a somewhat similar intention, about the same time, and set aside a large sum of money for the needs of the Order which, she piously believed, would one day be founded to carry on this work. For seven years she persevered in prayer, and ended by winning her husband also to the good cause. Better still, she obtained the approbation and assistance of Archbishop Gondi.

An old building that had once served as a college, and for that reason (though then deserted) was still called the Collège des Bons-Enfants, attracted her attention, and she asked and obtained the Archbishop's consent to its being reserved as the future home of the Congregation she desired to see established. On the 6th of March, 1624, Archbishop Gondi nominated St. Vincent de Paul as principal of the Collège des Bons-Enfants; and on the 17th of April of the following year the contract was signed, in the Hôtel de Gondi, Rue de Pavée, which made the engagement binding in law, and was, as it were, an official recognition of the foundation of the mission destined to be a household word in the years to come.

The engagement drawn up in the Hôtel de Gondi is celebrated in the religious history of the seventeenth century, and has often been quoted. It tells us that the chief aim of the association was to assist the poor in the country districts, who were isolated and abandoned, by gathering together some good priests who would devote themselves purely and entirely to the salvation of such souls,—going from village to village, preaching and instructing, and accepting no remuneration whatever in return.

Two years later St. Vincent de Paul left the Hôtel de Gondi—where, in the meantime, Madame de Gondi had died,—and adjourned to the Collège des Bons-Enfants, where the two disciples destined to be the forerunners of the Lazarists had already made their home. They were

soon joined by a third, and St. Vincent de Paul saw no reason why they should not at once proceed to carry out the object for which they had come together. They were "poor in men and poor in money," but God was with them. And so they departed on their first mission, each man carrying a little parcel under his arm, and just enough money in the common purse to prevent their dying of hunger on the way. As they were not sufficiently rich to pay some one to care for the house in their absence, they left the key with a friendly neighbor, and confided the building—in which, however, there was nothing to steal—to the protection of their Heavenly Father.

The success that attended these first missions attracted other priests to the Collège des Bons-Enfants; because St. Vincent himself did not seek recruits, so reluctant was he to found a new Order. He even refused to draw up a code of rules, or lay down any laws. The members of the mission were to live for the salvation of the poor, and to seek only simplicity and clearness when preaching, striving not to charm the ears but rather to touch the hearts of their hearers. The community was, nevertheless, approved by royal authority in 1627; and, in 1632, a bull of Pope Urban VIII. recognized it as a regular Congregation under the title of the Priests of the Mission; and some months later its members moved from the Collège des Bons-Enfants to St. Lazare.

The history of St. Lazare would make a lengthy article in itself. Suffice it to say that it was once a lazaretto, where lepers were confined, and was also one of the wealthiest priories in Paris. Later on it became a prebend, where some canons lived in retirement. Their superior offered his benefice to St. Vincent de Paul, who, in his humility and love of holy poverty, refused at first to accept it. At length, after praying during a whole year for guidance, he relented, acting on the advice of Père Duval, one

of the most zealous priests of his time. The saint, however, made one condition—that nothing should be altered in the rules or habits of his disciples. But what most of all influenced him to accept the home offered was that the contract signed by its founders would oblige the inhabitants of the building to receive and nurse any lepers who might present themselves, as well as to open its doors once a year to such candidates for Holy Orders as might wish to make a retreat.

It was on the 8th of January, 1632, that St. Vincent de Paul took possession of St. Lazare, and it was within its walls that he passed away nearly thirty years later. It is a state prison to-day; but the stone slab on which he used to kneel, and the exact spot where he died, are still shown to visitors by the nuns in charge of the chapel there.

Long after leprosy had practically died out of France, lunatics were confined at St. Lazare; and these unfortunates were the objects of St. Vincent de Paul's constant care and generous charity. During the course of a lawsuit which contested his right to St. Lazare, he prayed that God's will might be made known; and confessed to an intimate friend that, while so doing, he examined his conscience carefully as to whether he should be tempted to regret the house too much in case he was obliged to leave it; although he admitted at the same time that the only bond which held him to it was zeal for the welfare of the poor lunatics confined in the surrounding huts. The Priests of the Mission won the lawsuit, however, and continued to reside at St. Lazare till the Revolution. In time they came to be called the Priests of St. Lazare, and finally were known as the Lazarists.

It was at St. Lazare that St. Vincent de Paul gave the wonderful series of conferences for the benefit of those who took part in the retreats with which his name is so closely associated. His congregation on these occasions must have been a sight to see. Young and old, priests and

laymen, grand seigneurs and beggars, doctors from the Sorbonne and ignorant peasants, knights and hermits, masters and servants,—all sat side by side, listening breathlessly to his every word. And here, too, the saintly founder of the Lazarists preached the sermons, with the saving truths of which his followers armed themselves before they went to fight the battles of the Faith, not in France alone, but throughout Europe, and in Africa and Asia as well.

Another interesting circumstance connected with St. Lazare is that it was there that, in 1635, the saint established the first important French seminary—the Seminary of St. Lazare. It may be said to have been the parent of all the seminaries in France, where, notwithstanding the efforts of the Council of Trent, special schools or colleges for the education of young men studying for the priesthood had up to that time been unsuccessful.

It was at Tunis and in Algiers that the Lazarists began their work amongst the infidels. From that time (1645) till 1830, the year of the French occupation of Algiers, they preached Christ Crucified to the heathen, and encouraged and sustained the unfortunate Christian slaves who were exposed to apostasy or despair; nor when the arrival of the French brought religious liberty were the Lazarites less faithful to their charge. It was while the French were bombarding Algiers that Jean Levacher, Vicar Apostolic for Tunis and Algiers, was blown from the mouth of a cannon by the infidels. He belonged to the Order of Lazarites. Madagascar was the next country visited by the Priests of the Mission; and, in 1712, Pope Clement XI. invested them with the spiritual sovereignty of the island of Bourbon. They have been evangelizing it, and Maurice Island as well, for over a hundred years. In 1782 and 1783, the Lazarites were charged with continuing the work left by the Jesuits, owing to the suppression of the Society of Jesus, in China and the Levant. They estab-

lished themselves in Pekin, but soon spread all over China, where they have several establishments.

In 1840 the Holy See honored the Lazarites with the Persian mission. M. Eugène Boré, the explorer and distinguished Oriental scholar, although but a layman, seconded the efforts of the priests, and had a Lazarite for his companion while exploring Persia. He himself joined the Order eventually, and became its superior general. It would be difficult to say where the Lazarites have not houses to-day; and wherever they are, whether in the Old World or the New, we find, almost as a matter of course, the Sisters of Charity as well.

The church attached to the mother house of the Congregation in the Rue de Sèvres, Paris, contained up to about eight years ago one of the most precious relics in France—namely, the body of St. Vincent de Paul, which was kept in a shrine above the high altar. The shrine, now empty, was reached by a double flight of stairs, one on either side; and several red lamps burned day and night in front of it. When the religious troubles were at their height in Paris, the saint's body was removed by the Lazarists, and hidden I know not where, to guard it from the risk of profanation. But when I visited the church in the past I saw it there, the waxen face and hands contrasting vividly with the plain black soutane in which it was clothed. Let us hope that the visit of the Papal Legate heralds the approach of a new era for France, and that the body of St. Vincent de Paul may soon be replaced in its most fitting shrine—the church of the Lazarist Fathers.

GENERALLY speaking, the works of God are accomplished by degrees: they have their beginning and progress. We should not, therefore, attempt to do everything at once, nor give up anything as lost because it requires some pains to succeed in it.—*Anon.*

A Far-Away Princess.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXV.

IT was with a heart beating in those sick throbs of anxiety and suspense which are felt to the very tips of the fingers, that Moira stood at the window of a private sitting-room in a well-known New York hotel, and looked out with an almost unseeing gaze on the throng of humanity pouring in ceaseless tide along the street below, while waiting for Governor Harcourt's return from the pier, where he had gone to meet the incoming *Carpathia*.

It seemed incredible even yet that she had allowed him to go alone,—that she had been able to remain behind when he went to meet Royall. Whence the strength enabling her to do this had come she hardly knew; yet there was no doubt that it had come with the knowledge that it was impossible to disregard the strange warning, amounting to a command, which Paul Lyndon had sent in advance of their arrival.

She was now repeating to herself the words of that message, as she stood, looking out with absent gaze on the hurrying crowd of the street: "*On no account let Moira come.*" What could it mean? she asked again, as she had asked so many times since the message was received. What had happened to Royall? And, whatever had happened to him, why should *she* be debarred from meeting him, when his father was allowed to do so? It was incomprehensible; but the explanation was at hand,—must be at hand very soon now. And then suddenly her heart gave a great, sickening leap, as the telephone bell in the room rang out sharply. She turned and walked over to the instrument, but it was a moment before she could steady her hand and her voice enough to take up the receiver and answer.

The message from the office was to the effect that Mr. Lyndon wished to know if she could receive him.

"Yes, yes!" she answered. "Send him up at once!" And, dropping the receiver, she stood, with hands tightly clasped together, waiting for the sound of the knock at the door which she knew would come in a moment. And in hardly more time it came. She heard her own voice say, "Enter!" as if it were the voice of another; and the next minute Paul Lyndon stood before her.

Little as she was thinking about him, it flashed across her mind, as her glance fell on him, that, had they met accidentally, she would hardly have known him, so much was he changed. Thin, worn, darkly sunburned, with the marks of mental suffering and the traces of physical fatigue written deeply on his face, he was hardly more than a shadow of the man who had stood before her last. In the eyes which met her own, however, there was no change, save that the fire of indignation which had then burned in them was now replaced by a look of compassion so intense that it filled her with a sense of foreboding—or, rather, with a certainty of coming ill—before he uttered a word. Indeed, she gave him no time to speak; but, holding out her hand as he advanced, she said calmly, but with a thrill in her voice which he never forgot:

"What is the matter with Royall? For God's sake, tell me at once!"

"Royall is quite well," he answered hastily. "The voyage seems to have re-established his health in a wonderful degree—"

"Then why is he not with you?" she interrupted. "Don't prolong this agony of suspense. Tell me—in a word."

"That is what I can not do," he said firmly, but with the same compassion in his tone that was in his eyes. "I can't tell you in a word; but I will tell you in as few words as possible, if you, who have controlled yourself so wonder-

fully up to this time, will control yourself a little longer, and let me go into a few details."

"No, no!" she cried. "You must not ask it of me. I have borne as much as I *can* bear. Don't you see that you are torturing me? Tell me! You say that Royall is well: then, why is he not here? Why has he not come to me?"

He took the hands which she held out to him so imploringly in his own, as if by the close warmth of touch, as well as by eyes and voice, to express the passion of sympathy and pity which possessed him. It was hard to put what he had to say in the terse form she demanded; but he saw that it was necessary to do so. Her powers of self-control had reached their limit, and to withhold the truth an instant longer was, indeed, simply to torture her. So he answered her last question briefly and distinctly:

"Royall has not come to you," he told her, "because he has forgotten that you exist."

She staggered backward, and would have fallen had he not held her hands. Then, as he placed her gently in a chair which stood behind her, she looked at him with eyes of piteous appeal.

"Tell me exactly what you mean," she said. "How can Royall have forgotten that I exist?"

"Because he has received some injury in the head which has affected the brain," he answered. "That was what I wanted to tell you first. That was why I sent the message warning you not to meet him, because I feared the consequences of a sudden shock both to him and to you. It is possible that when he sees you he may remember you. But a steamship pier was not the place for such an experiment."

"Do you mean," she asked with dry lips, "that he has forgotten *everything*? Has he no recollection of our marriage?"

"He has not the least recollection of it. Nothing that I can say—and I have said everything I possibly could—can rouse recollection in his mind. Your

name—forgive me that I must pain you by telling you this—is without association of any kind to him. He simply shakes his head and looks puzzled when I mention it."

"O my God, my God, have pity on me!" she cried, clasping her hands over her eyes. "I have thought, or tried to think, of everything that could happen to him, but I have never thought of this,—of being wiped out of his mind! I have never imagined such a misfortune as an injury to his brain."

"It is only a partial injury," Lyndon assured her, "and may be temporary. Every doctor whom I have had an opportunity to consult tells me that such cases are not unknown,—are, indeed, fairly common. Sometimes there is a complete loss of the knowledge of identity, and many mysterious disappearances may be accounted for in this way." He hesitated a moment. "If I had not gone to Tripoli," he continued then, "and if your little—er—amulet—"

"*Agnus Dei*," she corrected him.

"I beg your pardon!—if your *Agnus Dei* had not been brought in to the Franciscan Father who showed it to me, Royall might have disappeared, as other men have disappeared; for he had forgotten his name; he could not tell who he was, or where he came from; and it was not until he saw me that any knowledge of his own identity returned to him."

"But it *did* return to him when he saw you!" she cried, springing forward in her eagerness. "And so no doubt when he sees me, he will remember all that he has forgotten about our life and love together. Oh, I am sure that is what will take place! Where is he? Why can I not see him without delay?"

"You can not see him," Lyndon told her gently, "because he has gone with his father to consult a famous brain specialist. We thought it best to take no chances, but to have the best advice obtainable before subjecting him to the

possibly dangerous shock of meeting you. And you have been so brave all along that I am sure you will be brave enough now to bear delay a little longer."

She sank back in her chair.

"If I must!" she breathed through her lips like a sigh. "But it is hard that it should be his father and not I who can accompany him."

A sudden flush mounted to Lyndon's thin, sunburned face.

"It must seem hard," he assented; "for no doubt you are thinking that this is all, in great degree, his father's fault—"

"No—oh, no!" she broke in quickly. "Nothing could be further from my mind than such a thought. I am glad, very glad, that he is with his father, and that their reconciliation is complete. But" (wistfully) "I would wish to be included in it,—that is all."

He looked at her with a passion of admiration and pity glowing in his deep-set eyes.

"You *will* be included in it," he said. "There can't be a doubt of that—when Royall meets you again."

Life, light, color came into her face, transforming it under his gaze, filling it with the radiance of hope and expectation.

"Do you think so?" she queried. "Do you believe that he will recognize me as he recognized you when you went to him out in the desert? Ah, that will be a happiness worth waiting for! So I will try to wait patiently. And while I wait, will you tell me all the details of how you found him?"

"Then," he said, "I must tell you first that, as I should never have found him but for your *Agnus Dei*, so I could never have reached him except through the kindness and help of the Franciscan Father of whom I have written. He stood security for me with the Arabs that I was not an Italian nor connected in any way with the Italian forces. It seems that Royall went out from Tripoli to one of the near-by oases, and in some manner that we can

only guess at—for he remembers nothing—took part in the fighting there. When the Arabs retreated, they carried him, unconscious and rather badly wounded, with them—”

“Wounded!” Moira cried sharply. “You have not told me that before.”

“There was no need to do so. The wound has healed. That wonderful air of the desert is almost an antiseptic in itself, while the Arabs have in a primitive way much surgical skill. They cared for Royall because they insist that he was fighting with *them* and not with the Italians. M. Lemontier told me that he thought this probable, because Royall’s sympathies had been intensely excited for the Arabs in the contests that had arisen—some of the Italians made the great mistake of retaliating savagely for natural uprisings, you know,—but he believes that the injury to his head occurred before he left Tripoli, and accounts for the impulse which carried him out into the desert. Why he was not killed by one side or the other in the fighting which ensued, is a mystery we shall probably never fathom—unless” (he smiled a little, though not mockingly), “your *Agnus Dei* had something to do with it.”

“I have no doubt,” she said simply, “that it had something to do with it.”

“Well, they carried him away with them, as I have said, to one of the farther oases, whence he might easily have disappeared into the depths of Africa, into those regions where Islam still holds undisputed sway, but for—”

“The goodness of God,” she murmured, as he paused for an instant.

“I was about to say again, ‘but for your *Agnus Dei*,’” he went on; “but possibly you are right in thinking that it was the goodness of God which brought that little emblem to the notice of an Arab, who recognized it for what it was, and carried it to the Fathers in Tripoli. For when Royall recovered consciousness, he had, as I’ve said, forgotten all of

his past life,—his name, his nationality, everything. So you see how little hope there was of our ever finding him. But when at last I reached him, when he saw me, things came back to him: he remembered who he was, and all the events of his life up to—”

“Yes?” she said, as he hesitated and paused again. “Up to—?”

“The time when you entered it,” he continued with an effort. “There his memory stops short. He remembers Paris and his life there as an artist, but he has no recollection whatever of his marriage or—or of you.”

His voice fell over the last words with a cadence which seemed almost that of despair. But there was no despair in the face which looked at him with eyes full of the glow of hope.

“He will remember when he sees me,” she said. “Oh, I am sure, very sure of that! How could he fail to remember *me*, when he knew *you* as soon as he saw you? Only tell me how long it will be before I can see him.”

“I will go and find out,” he answered, rising. Then he hesitated, and stood for a moment gazing at her, as if he felt an imperative necessity to say something which was difficult to utter. Finally it came. “Don’t be too certain of his remembering you as soon as he sees you,” he begged earnestly. “Remembrance may come after a while, but I doubt its being awakened at once. You see, I have tried so hard to rouse it that I—I’m afraid. So, don’t hope too much.”

The intense urgency of his tone, the thought for her which it implied, filled her shining eyes with a soft mist of tears.

“You are very good,” she told him. “I will try not to hope too much. Now go and bring him to me.”

What length of time elapsed after Lyndon left the room until that for which she waited came to her, Moira never knew. Time seemed to have no meaning for her, as she lay back motionless in her chair,

wrapped in a repose of mind and body which seemed almost blissful after the racking suspense she had undergone. Indeed it *was* bliss to be assured that Royall was well, that nothing which was really serious held them apart, that they would meet so soon, and that she would have the happiness of bringing back to his mind all that it had lost. For, of course, it was absurd to suppose that he, who had known Paul Lyndon at once, would not know her as soon as his eyes fell upon her. She almost laughed to think of Lyndon's doubt on that score. But even if the doubt were so far justified that a little time was required to wake recollection in his mind, what an easy, an almost enchanting task that would be! For it would be like living the romance of their lives over again; since he, who had once fallen so passionately in love with her, could not fail to fall in love with her over again, even if—dreadful thought!—she must at first seem to him not his own adored Moira, but a stranger.

And so, with body relaxed, and mind wrapped in these happy dreams, forgetting altogether her promise not to hope too much, she was still lying motionless in her seat when a low knock at the door suddenly brought her to her feet, with every nerve strung like a taut wire. In answer to her permission to enter, the door opened and Lyndon again appeared, with an expression of quick regret as he saw the disappointment legible in her face.

"I have only come for a moment, in advance of Royall," he said hastily, "to tell you that the brain specialist has given a very encouraging opinion. He thinks it probable that the recovery of his memory is only a question of time. But he can give no idea of the probable length of time; and he says that we must not be surprised if—if it is longer than we would wish. It will do no harm for you to meet him and try to awaken his recollection. But he warns you not to be surprised if you fail at first—"

"Did he say anything else,—give any other warning?" she interrupted eagerly.

"None. You are at liberty to try any means that may occur to you to rouse the dormant memory, and—and here he is!"

He turned, as there came a step which paused at the half-open door, and opening it wider, he drew within the tall figure which stood on the threshold; then he went hastily out of the room, closing the door behind him.

But he was not able to close it before he heard Moira's low cry of "Royall!" And it seemed to him that the poignancy of that cry, the passion of love and appeal which filled it, might have roused memory in any man on whom Death had not laid his seal. So he moved away, hoping, despite his own judgment, that the recognition she expected had been awakened; and it was well, perhaps, that he could not look through the closed door from which he turned.

For he would have beheld a very piteous sight indeed—the dying out of hope in Moira's face and eyes as she saw that not even her cry of welcome nor her outstretched arms brought a single ray of recognition into the face of the man who, hesitating painfully, and frowning slightly, with an evident effort to remember, stood regarding her with the gaze of a stranger. It was Royall—her own Royall,—as far as outward semblance went; but she had a feeling as if his body stood before her without its soul, so strange was it that Royall, who only a few short months before had wooed and won her with such ardent devotion, should now regard her not only unknowingly but even as if he were afraid of her.

It was that look—of one who fears a claim that he can not meet—which told her that she must proceed cautiously, that she must forget herself and for the present think only of him. His obvious distress and perplexity touched the mother element, the longing to heal and protect, which is in every woman's love;

and after a short pause, and a sharp struggle within herself, she found strength to say in a different tone, and very quietly:

"Royall, is it indeed true that you do not remember me?"

"I am sorry to say that it is true," he answered courteously and with evident reluctance. "It seems quite—inexcusable that I should not remember any one like yourself; but—I have had an accident, you know—so perhaps you will forgive me—"

"Forgive you! Oh, my love,—my poor, dear love!" she broke into his hesitating speech before she could restrain herself. "My whole heart is filled with tenderness and pity for you. And you *will* remember me—oh, I am sure you will remember in a little while that I was, that I am forever, your own Moira!"

"Perhaps so," he said, with the same, courtesy, but a deepening uneasiness which warned her again that she must not be betrayed into any more passionate outbreaks. "If I have indeed seen you before—"

"If!" she repeated sharply; but then, with a supreme effort of self-control, stopped and went on more gently: "There is no 'if' about it, dear Royall! A hundred witnesses could be brought to prove to you that you have not only seen me before, but that you loved and married me. Oh, don't be afraid that I shall make any claim of that!" she cried quickly, as she caught the expression in his narrowing eyes. "Don't—for God's sake, don't be afraid of me! I promise you that I will never ask anything that you are not willing and ready to give. Set your mind at rest on that point. I will not force myself upon you in any way, not even my companionship, if you would rather be without it."

She wondered if she would ever know a sharper pang than that which was like a knife-thrust to her heart, when she saw the expression of relief which came into his face at those words. And yet there

was comfort, too, in feeling that she was able, by the assurance of effacing herself, to make his burden lighter, and help him even in so strange and hard a way.

"I promise you that," she repeated—and those who in past days had raved over the golden beauty of her voice, over its wonderful modulations and depth of expression, would have gained new knowledge of its possibilities, had they heard the thrilling tones, soft as those of a mother reassuring a frightened child, in which she spoke. "And now, since you are assured that I will press no claim upon you," she went on, "will you not sit down, and let me once—just once—remind you of all that you have for the present forgotten? It may possibly help you to remember—something."

"It may," he agreed.

But the quick ear of love told her that he uttered the words without hope, and even without desire for the experiment she wished to make. She felt instinctively that his mind shrank from the effort to remember which would be required of it; but she nerved herself to the needed effort, for his sake more than for her own. Yet, fearing to approach closer to him, lest her self-control should give way, and she should be weak enough to throw herself weeping into arms which had not opened to receive her, she only pointed to a chair, in which he sat down with an air of uneasiness and reluctance which again stabbed her heart.

She sank into her own chair—that in which she had been dreaming such blissful dreams a little while before,—and for a minute silence reigned in the room where the two who had been so close to each other, and whom events had so cruelly divided, sat together, yet farther apart than when continents and oceans had lain between them. Then, after lifting her soul for an instant in a prayer for wisdom and courage, Moira began to speak. Involuntarily, as her thoughts went back to their first meeting in Paris, she spoke in French, and she was glad to see that

Royall showed no sign of having lost any of his familiarity with the language. It was easier to express in her own tongue all that was in her mind and heart; and so the stream of musical words flowed on, full of the exquisite phrases and lovely sounds in which all Latin tongues abound, and freighted with a tenderness which was implied rather than expressed.

For it was the story of their love that she was telling him,—of how he had first seen and fallen in love with her as “La Princesse Lointaine”; and how, won by his passionate devotion, she had stepped down from her throne, turned her back on her many worshippers, and gone into quiet obscurity to share his life. She described their happy days together in the little rose-embowered villa beside the Seine; the evenings when they floated on the lovely river, with sunset glories painting the West, and the moon shining on them from the soft sky above. In describing these scenes, and others more tenderly intimate still, more than once her voice faltered, and “O Royall, do you not remember *that?*” she would pause to cry. But when she met his eyes, full of painful wonder, and saw him shake his head, she pulled herself together again, and with a great effort went on. She told him of the arrival of his father’s letter, of his meeting with M. Lemontier, and his resolution to go to Morocco, and then at last he broke in:

“Yes,” he said, “I know that I have been in Morocco; for I have seen my own sketches. And—and Paul has told me almost exactly the same story that you have just been telling me of my marriage in Paris. You tell it much more beautifully than he did, but—”

“Am I not any more able to make you remember it?” she asked, with inexpressible yearning in her voice.

He looked at her again with the same air of apology which he had showed before, and which more than anything else marked his sense of strangeness toward her.

“I am sorry to say,” he answered,

“that, charmingly as you have told it, I have not the least recollection of a single one of the events you have described.”

Then, forgetting everything except her wild desire to touch the chord which might awaken memory, she rose and flung herself on her knees beside his chair.

“Royall,” she cried, in a very passion of pleading, “whatever else you may forget, don’t you remember *me*—Moira Deschanel—your Far-Away Princess, your wife? Have you no glimmer of recollection that you once loved me?”

But even as she uttered the passionate appeal it seemed to her that her heart broke, for he shrank visibly away from her.

“Forgive me,” he said again, “but I—I remember nothing.”

(To be continued.)

Saint Monica.

BY MARION MUIR.

I HAVE invoked Thee when the star of morning
Flashed white against the quiver of the dawn,
And when the crimson sunset’s last adorning
Across the wide Campagna’s face was drawn:

To lift the terror that has loomed before me
Since first his infant lip was pressed to mine,
That he, who seemed that moment to adore me,
Would leave me lonely for forbidden wine.

He has outgrown me, passing down the byways,
From his safe, student nook beside my wheel;
Somewhere, somehow, upon the thronging high-
ways,

To try all things that living men may feel.

Hear Thou my voice; to Thee I have been loyal:
Thou hast the power to roll Death’s stone
aside,

And in the hour of Thy Ascension royal
The love to bid Thy Mother’s tears be dried.

Be Thou beside him when the light of pleasure
Dies on the misty moor, to rise no more;
And give me back my son, my joy, my treasure,
Whose step my heart hears nightly at my
door.

A Soldier Priest.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

MISSIONS to non-Catholics have become a regular feature of the work of the Church in England. It was the success of the same apostolic method in the United States that led the late Cardinal Vaughan to adopt it; and when he was looking round for some one to organize and pioneer the work, his choice fell upon a recently converted Anglican clergyman, who had shortly before been ordained a priest. The new convert was far advanced in years, and in anything but robust health; and he took up his task with the regretful remark that only a short time was left for him. But he lived long enough to establish the system on a solid basis and to gather in its first fruits. Father Chase came late to labor in the vineyard; but he did splendid work, and his work goes on. There was something almost tragic in the long delay before he entered upon the real task of his life.

One might say that he lived three different lives, — soldier, Anglican clergyman, Catholic priest. An old friend of his, Mr. H. P. Russell (like himself a convert), has told the story of his career in an interesting volume, under the title "From Hussar to Priest."* The book is none the worse for the fact that many pages are devoted to a discussion of the points of controversy and theology that illustrate the different phases of Father Chase's life. It may thus help others to find the truth more quickly than he did.

He was a "man of good will," thoroughly in earnest, and in good faith throughout. There can be no doubt of this. Yet he turned back from the very portal of the true Church, misled by what seems to us some transparent fallacy of Anglican controversy. Mr. Russell's full record of his friend's career, and the thoughtful introduction that Monsignor

Croke Robinson has written for it, help one to realize the difficulties that so often hold good men back from the step to which their whole life and thought seem to be tending. For all this interesting study of the psychology of conversion the reader must go to the book itself. Here it is proposed to tell in outline only the story of Father Chase's life.

Charles Rose Chase was born in London, on June 1, 1844. The youngest of eight children, he came of a family of soldiers. His father was a colonel in the Madras Cavalry, and very early in life his youngest son decided that he, too, would be a soldier. He had only a brief college career. He was one of the first boys sent to Wellington College, a high school opened for the sons of officers in 1859, under the presidency of Dr. Benson, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury. Charles was successful both in study and sport at his school, and during the two years he spent there he was "confirmed" and made his "First Communion," — his first reception of the Anglican Lord's Supper, to which Dr. Benson's High Church views led him to teach his pupils to give a higher significance than that of old-fashioned Protestant teaching. For the boy it must have been a good "spiritual Communion," to use Catholic phraseology.

In 1861, when he was just seventeen, his father obtained for him a commission in a regiment of Cavalry — the 21st Hussars, — and he went out to India to join it. He was in the army seven years. He saw no war service, but he had the reputation of being a very efficient young officer. Always a good athlete, he became a splendid rider, and excelled in the sport of "tent pegging," which the officers in India were then beginning to take up. He was socially popular, and was the manager and one of the "star performers" of the regimental theatrical club. He did not escape the trials of service in a tropical country, and was brought nearly to death's door by malarial fever, which left traces in his constitution in after life.

* Published by Kegan Paul & Co.

At Wellington he had learned to call himself an Anglican Catholic, and he was faithful to the religious practices he had been taught there. A brother officer told how one evening, at the mess, some one made a bitter attack on Catholicism, and Chase indignantly replied, ending with the words, "I would rather be a Hindoo than a Protestant!"

All this time his thoughts were turning more and more to a desire to exchange his life in the army for the service of the Church to which he belonged. On his father's death in 1868 he resigned his commission; and, after a year of study at Oxford, and two more at a High Church theological college, he was ordained a clergyman of the Established Church in 1871. He was fully convinced that he was now a true "priest" of the "Anglican branch of the Holy Catholic Church"; and his ambition was to aid in banishing "Protestantism" from the Establishment, and in Catholicizing the English people, always in the Anglican sense. As he afterward said, when defining his position, he held every Catholic doctrine except those of Papal Supremacy and Infallibility. The practices of his religious life were learned from Catholic books of devotion. Earnest, eloquent, untiring in his work, he was a valuable recruit for the High Church party.

He served for seven years as a curate at Winchester, Clifton and Kingsteignton. A fairly wealthy man, he refused to accept any salary, and spent his money freely in connection with his work. Very early in his career as a clergyman he adopted the practice of saying the "Matins" and Vespers of the Book of Common Prayer morning and evening, and the "Horæ Diurnæ" of the Roman Breviary during the day. As a "Catholic priest," he thought he ought to conform to the general law of the Church as to the Divine Office; and as the Anglicans had omitted part of it, he would supply the omission with the help of the Breviary.

It was while he was still a curate that

the first great crisis came. In May, 1875, on a summer holiday, he stopped at Lucerne; and found that one of his fellow-travellers staying at the same hotel was Monsignor Croke Robinson, a famous convert from Anglicanism. The Monsignor thus relates what followed:

One evening he approached me with a countenance bearing unmistakable signs of extreme anxiety and depression. He told me his story, which was that of an Anglican clergyman, very much upset in his mind at what Anglicans are wont to call their unhappy divisions. He could not reconcile such a state of things with Our Lord's forecast of His Church—that it should be one, and that the world should know it to be the true Church by this mark of unity. (St. John, xvii, 21.) The result of our frequent conferences was that he left me, as he declared, "absolutely convinced of the claims of the Roman Catholic Church to his allegiance." I gave him a letter of introduction to a priest in England, for the purpose of his reception. From that time of leave-taking I never heard of him again for five and twenty years; and, beyond the fact that an Anglican clergyman interviewed me at Lucerne, all else was forgotten, his very name included. It must have been in 1900 that I received a letter from him, announcing his reception into the Church by the Redemptorists, and recalling the fact of our interview at Lucerne.

Charles Chase had gone from Lucerne to Paris. He had begun to doubt about the conclusion he had reached at Lucerne. He spent a whole day at Notre Dame des Victoires, praying for light. Strange to say, in that centre of miracles his prayer was not answered. He rose from his knees with the conviction that "the Anglican Church was right." He was yet to spend more than twenty years on his way to the truth. It is a mystery of God's Providence. But, as Monsignor Croke Robinson points out, intellectual conviction and the act of the will that dictates conversion are two different things.

Before Chase reached the second step in the process, the arguments that had helped him to the first were obscured by the old train of thought that had so far kept him where he was. Looking back on the long journey, Father Chase said that he could honestly declare he was all

the time in good faith. The question of the headship of the Church, and the infallibility of its visible head, was the barrier that held him back. All other Catholic doctrines he boldly taught; and all unwillingly during these long years he prepared many for conversion to the Church. His letters show that he had recurring periods of anxiety as to his position; but there was not, till the eve of his actual conversion, a crisis like that of 1875.

In 1878 he at last was put in charge of a parish of his own, by his appointment to the vicarage of All Saints' Church at Plymouth. In the Established Church, patrons of livings, or trustees, appoint the rector or vicar of a parish; and the type of religion taught depends on the views of these gentlemen. A lay landed proprietor, or a committee of laymen, has more to say in the matter than the bishop of the diocese. The trustees of All Saints' were High Churchmen of the most advanced type, and Charles Chase had a free hand in teaching and practising Catholic doctrines and devotions. While more cautious people spoke of the Communion service as a "celebration" or a "Eucharist," he announced that there would be "daily Mass" at his church, with "High Mass" on Sundays and feast-days. Stations of the Cross and confessionals were erected. There was a Lady Chapel with a tabernacle on its altar. All Saints' was made to look like a Catholic church; and, in all but the one pivotal doctrine, there was Catholic teaching from its pulpit.

Protestant denunciations of the new vicar's "Romanizing" methods were addressed to the bishop of the diocese, Dr. Temple, of Exeter, a Broad Churchman, of the Liberalizing school,—which, however, did not prevent his promotion later on to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. Temple had lately succeeded a High Church bishop at Exeter. The change of prelates had meant a change of doctrinal standpoint,—which really mattered little; for an Anglican bishop exercises only a nominal control over the teaching given by his clergy. He

sent for "Father" Chase, as the people now began to call him, and told him that he had received complaints against him; remarking that the High Church clergy seemed to be picking all manner of things out of the Roman system. Father Chase replied that he did pick and choose, but took everything except Papal Supremacy and Infallibility. Temple liked his frankness, and told him so; adding that he would allow him to do as he liked, except in some small matters of detail. On two points of ritual he made conditions. There might be candles on the "altar," but they were not to be lighted unless light was required for reading the service; and there must be no public ceremonial mixing of water in the wine. "You can mix them in the vestry before service," said the bishop.

As a matter of fact, Temple had not the remotest belief in a sacramental system or a Christian sacrifice; but he did not care to interfere with those who differed from him, even among his own clergy; and he made these conditions on trifling matters, as it seemed to him, only because he knew these were points attacked specially by the Low Church party. Father Chase lighted his candles, all the same; saying that the chancel was the darkest part of his church. He held, indeed, the theory that where an Anglican bishop opposed the "teaching and practice of the Universal Church" there was no obligation to obey him. When at last he became a Catholic, and had his first interview with Cardinal Vaughan, he remarked that it was a new sensation to feel for the first time in his life that he and his bishop were really of the same religion.

The vicar of All Saints' soon made his mark in Plymouth. His church drew crowded congregations. His earnestness impressed even those who disliked his methods. He was an eloquent preacher, and an effective speaker on the platform as well as in the pulpit. He took some part in current politics, advocating the policy of the English Liberals because

he thought they were on the side of the poor. He was always more than ready to help a poor man. Of course he was sometimes imposed upon. To a friend who remonstrated with him on what he called his injudicious almsgiving he replied: "I shall not be asked at the Day of Judgment what they did with the money I gave them." More than once he spoke strongly, even from the pulpit, in defence of the claims of Ireland, and in protest against the "coercion" policy. But these excursions into politics were only occasional parts of his activity, and they were dictated not by party feeling but by his strong zeal for justice.

He suffered continually from attacks of painful illness, borne with heroic patience. When his doctor insisted on his taking a holiday, he generally contrived to make it a preaching tour. It was thus that on one expedition of this kind he appeared in various Episcopalian pulpits in the United States. A holiday in 1898 took him to Cairo, where he was welcomed by the officers of his old Hussar regiment. Another journey in 1900 was the occasion of his conversion. He had already seen many of his congregation at Plymouth, and some of his curates, going one by one into the fold of the Church. His letters show that he had himself passing moments of doubt as to his position; but he was still quite satisfied about it when, in 1900, he went to Florence to preach a course of Lent sermons to the English residents there. From Florence he went on to Rome, where he had for his guides some old friends, once Anglicans, now Catholics, one of them a priest. An interesting series of letters and notes of his, written at this time and published by his biographer, show how amid the holy places of Rome the light was becoming clearer for him each day. At the outset an expression in one of the earlier letters shows how un-Catholic was his standpoint, though he held so much of Catholic doctrine and knew by experience so much of Catholic

devotional practice. "What the Universal Church teaches in common," he wrote, "what East, West and ourselves hold in common, I believe to be the nearest certainty we can arrive at as God's revelation to men." No Catholic would think of faith as an approximation (however near) to certainty as to God's revelation. But he was soon to have the reality. On April 28 he wrote to a friend in England:

I have seen the Pope. I don't remember when I was so touched before. Thirty to forty thousand people in St. Peter's, and then that wonderful old man carried in, — ninety years old, but with clear complexion and bright eye, and such a look of interest in everything. He stood up in his chair as he was being carried past, and raised his hand in blessing, so slowly and reverently. . . . I could not speak for crying; and the tears come into my eyes every time I think of the sight of that perfect, ideal Holy Father. One certainly believes in him personally, if one can not believe in the system he represents.

He heard Mass in the Catacombs, was present at lectures in the colleges and great ceremonies in the churches, and made a visit to Ostia, full of memories of St. Monica and St. Augustine. On May 5 he writes again:

I wish there was a religion for people who believe in Transubstantiation, Our Lady, and the saints, and not in the Papal Supremacy, so that one might cut the Anglican archbishops and bishops and all their ways.

He still felt the old difficulty about the central point. But now these "Anglican archbishops" were, all involuntarily, helping him to realize the hard facts of the case. They had just issued an order against reservation in churches belonging to the Establishment, on the ground, among others, that there could be no adoration of any Real Presence. So on May 8 Charles Chase writes:

In sentiment I have never been so Roman before. I am going to hear Mass to-morrow in St. Philip's room, at the altar he used. The archbishops have proclaimed themselves heretics. If no protest is made, it seems to me the English Church must be committed to their heresy. But I must be away from Rome before I can view things dispassionately, and really settle whether I do believe in the Pope's uni-

versal jurisdiction and infallibility. I am always afraid that, if I were ever to go over, I should be unsettled, and wanting to come back again. Of course, if one is not already in the Church, one must enter it as a little child, just asking to be taught the faith, and accepting all one is taught. Anyway, archbishops who say the Sacrament must not be reserved, because the faithful worship Christ in the Sacrament, can not be Catholic archbishops, whether the Pope is universal Bishop or not.

He was now near the truth; but he left Rome still unconvinced, and travelled homeward by Assisi, Bologna, and Milan. At Bologna, during High Mass, the full light came at last. The unanswerable force of the claims of the Papacy seemed to flash upon him. That very day he wrote letters resigning his membership of two Anglican societies of clergymen; and another letter to an old friend, once an Anglican clergyman, Father Vassall-Phillips, the Redemptorist, asking where he could see him on his arrival in England. He was at Milan on May 23, praying in the cathedral of his patron, St. Charles. There he felt he could not wait any longer: that he must be a Catholic at once.

He went to the confessional of an English-speaking priest and told him of his wish. The priest wisely advised him to go on to England, and be instructed and received there. When he was informed that the convert had lived for years under a vow of celibacy, the confessor told him that of course he would be a priest. But the convert had his doubts: he might not be considered worthy, or he might be told he was too old, and that his health was too broken for useful work. So he travelled home by Lucerne and Cologne, disappointed that Easter must pass without his first real Communion; and finding Lucerne "a trying place to be at," on account of the memory of how twenty-five years before he had made up his mind to be a Catholic and then held back.

Father Vassall-Phillips soon arranged for his friend's reception into the Church. That morning Charles Chase went to hear an early Mass at St. Mary's, Moorfields, in London. There was no server; and the

priest tells how, seeing a "venerable-looking layman" near the altar, he asked him if he could serve his Mass, and was surprised at the reply: "I have never done so, but I think I can." Then came the explanation that he was Mr. Chase, an Anglican, who was to be received that day, but who knew the rites of the Mass. "You must serve Mass like a good neophyte," said the priest; "and I shall offer up the Holy Sacrifice for you."

Then came his first happy Catholic days at Bishop Stortford, where he stayed with the Redemptorists, and began his studies for the priesthood. Thence he went to complete his course in Rome. He knew already so much of sound Catholic theology that it was shortened. He was ordained in a year, and came back to work in England in 1902. He had just six years of life left, but they were full of fruitful harvesting. His first work as a priest was at St. Mary's, Moorfields. The vicar of a neighboring Anglican church, after having for several years taught Catholic doctrine, had at last entered the True Fold, leaving his flock anxious and disconsolate. They crowded to hear the sermons of Father Chase, whose reputation had stood so high among them in his Anglican days. More than two hundred of them were received into the Church. Cardinal Vaughan, after this, felt that Father Chase was the man to organize and direct his projected work of missions to non-Catholics; and he appointed him the first superior of the little group of priests devoted to the work, all converts like himself.

He might have lived longer if he had been more sparing of himself. It was not until he was seriously ill that he was persuaded to take a holiday. He went to Lisbon, and there the end came almost suddenly on November 27, 1908. He closed by a holy death a devoted life. His work lives after him, perpetuated by the society he founded; and his friend's record of his career will itself, doubtless, help to make more converts.

Old Heads and Young.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

DINAH, without much enthusiasm, took the three letters the postman handed her, and placed them beside the master's plate. Presently two doors—one leading from the hall, the other from a side veranda—opened, and father and daughter entered the dining-room.

"Oh, good-morning, daddy!" Peggy called gaily, holding up a cluster of pale yellow roses, still wet with the morning dew. "The very first June roses!" she cried.

"What a flower-lover you are!" Her father smiled indulgently, the thought crossing his mind that she herself was like a fresh, dewy rose.

Peggy glanced apprehensively from the flowers she was arranging in a tall, slender vase to grace the breakfast table, to the pile of letters beside her father's plate. Going up behind his chair, she put two warm arms around his neck, giving him a quick, sympathetic hug; then slipped quietly into her place opposite.

"A letter from Aunt Caroline, — *two* letters from Aunt Caroline," said her father,—"one for you and one for me."

He sat staring in his nearsighted fashion at the two envelopes, scarcely believing his eyes. It was many years since he had received a letter from "The Maples."

"From Aunt Caroline!" Peggy echoed, her heart beating quickly.

A letter from the great-aunt, of whom she had heard so much, but had never seen, held all sorts of pleasant possibilities. The breach between her dear father and the aunt whom, she felt sure, he still regarded with deep affection, though he seldom mentioned her name now,—the breach which had widened and deepened with the passing years, might still be bridged over. It was, therefore, with joyous expectancy that she

tore open the thick, creamy envelope her father handed her. The contents ran as follows:

MY DEAR MARGARET:—You will, no doubt, be surprised to be addressed in this familiar fashion by a person of whom you may never have heard. The fact that "blood is thicker than water" compels me to write this letter to you.

Passing through your city with a party of friends, recently, *en route* home from the Bermuda Islands, I caught sight of your face framed in a street-car window. It was the face of my dead sister, your grandmother. Upon making inquiries, I learned that my vagabond nephew had returned to his old home, and was eking out a very scanty living, writing stuff nobody cared to read. Your father and I quarrelled years ago. I vowed I never would look upon his face again. But your face—the face of my dead sister—haunts me; and — and, after all, blood *is* thicker than water.

I am writing to invite you to an informal afternoon "affair" I am giving on the tenth; and also to ask you to spend the week-end with me at The Maples, that we may become acquainted. There will be a few other guests, one of whom—my late husband's nephew, Dr. Robert Chalmers—I am anxious to have you meet.

I am writing, under separate cover, to your father, who, for all his pig-headedness, was not altogether a fool. He may have learned by this time that there are many viewpoints, and that strong-headed people are apt to recognize only one—their own.

Naturally, I shall wish you to appear well among my guests; so you will kindly use the enclosed check for whatever you may deem necessary.

Your unknown great-aunt,

CAROLINE DE VILLE.

Crumpling the letter viciously in her hand, Peggy glanced across the table at her father, an indignant flash in her gray eyes; but something in his expression, as

he bent over the closely written pages, stayed the words upon her lips. Dreamy, absent-minded Dick Linville refolded the letter with hands that trembled slightly, a startled look in his eyes. He gazed, with a feeling of growing wonder and dismay, at the pretty face opposite; realizing with a sort of shock that his little Peggy was really quite grown up.

"Why, daddy dear," Peggy put in anxiously, "you look startled! Did she—"

"I *am* startled," Mr. Linville returned, with his slow, whimsical smile. "I have just discovered the amazing fact that my little girl is—a woman."

"Oh!" Peggy laughed. "Is that such a calamity? Girls, like other people, must grow up, you know."

"Yes, yes, I suppose so!" her father returned vaguely.

Peggy laughed outright; then suddenly became grave.

"She has invited me to attend some 'affair' she is giving on the tenth, and wishes me to remain for the week-end as her guest," she explained rather hurriedly, fearing that he might ask to read the letter which contained such unkind allusions to himself. "She also enclosed a check, with the request that I procure suitable wearing apparel."

The indignant thrill in the clear young voice was quite apparent; but Dick Linville chose to ignore it.

"Aunt Caroline is quite right," he said slowly. "I have been both headstrong, and selfish."

"She is rude and—and horrid!" Peggy cried hotly.

"Reserve your judgment, my dear," he said quietly, "until you have learned the facts in the case. The subject is a painful one, and—"

"Then why speak of it?" Peggy could not refrain from saying. "It can not really matter."

"But it *does* matter; and I must speak of it, else you will not understand," Mr. Linville said firmly. "I owe it to Aunt Caroline and to my conscience to put the

whole matter before you, that you may be able to judge fairly."

"But I shall return the check," Peggy said decidedly, her small head held high.

"Wait!" her father commanded. "You are naturally kind-hearted and usually fair-minded. I think you will see that it will be best *not* to return it."

He sat for some moments, staring into the depths of his coffee-cup, a slight color in his usually pale face, his fingers playing nervously with a spoon beside his plate. Then, squaring his shoulders, he lifted his head suddenly, his face quite pale again.

"As you know, my parents died when I was but a child," he began abruptly. "Aunt Caroline de Ville, my mother's sister, became a second mother to me; and when her only child, Vincent de Ville, a lad two years my senior, sickened and died, she centred all her affections and worldly hopes in me."

He paused for an instant, frowning into his plate; then, with a sigh, continued:

"I was always stubborn—'pigheaded,' I have often been called,—bent upon having my own way at any cost. My aunt, a power in the circle in which she moved, was equally strong-willed. As I grew from boyhood into manhood, our wills often clashed, and (I admit it with shame) in nine cases out of ten *I* carried the day. But the upheaval came when, my education finished, my aunt tried to force me to enter my uncle's bank, to learn how to take care of the great fortune that was to be mine some day, she said. I know now she was right; but at the time my whole irresponsible, visionary nature revolted at the idea of spending golden years in the commonplace and uncongenial task of counting money and balancing book accounts. My mind was filled with wonderful visions and dreams; and, with the egotism and unbounded assurance of callow youth, I demanded the right to live my own life."

After an instant's pause, he went on hurriedly, as if anxious to finish:

"One day we quarrelled. In my blind,

headstrong passion, I forgot all she had done for me. The debt of gratitude which I owed her a life's devotion could scarcely repay. I had some means of my own, and I went abroad, in search of the care-free life of which I had dreamed. For nearly two years I led a Bohemian sort of existence,—scribbling when the notion seized me, dreaming impossible dreams,—in a word, an idle, listless life, that shocked my aunt, and frightened her into writing me to return. If I must scribble and dawdle through life, she said, do it at home.

"I might have returned, but it was then I met and married your mother. She was a sweet, gentle girl, much too good for me; but we fell desperately in love with each other, and, after a very short courtship, were married. She was the last of a proud old family, and had no relatives to interfere. For three years we were blissfully, ideally happy. All my impossible dreams of earthly joy were realized. Your mother was a devout Catholic. The beauty of her religion appealed to my artistic sense, and I was always ready to accompany her to church. The music, the lights and incense delighted me; but most of all I loved to watch her rapt face as she knelt in prayer. I know a goodly share of those prayers were offered for my conversion."

He drew a deep breath, passing his hand for an instant across his eyes. Peggy half rose from her chair, but he motioned her to keep her seat.

"I have told you before," he resumed, "how the light gradually dawned in my soul. I was baptized and received into the Catholic Church. And then, as if her work were finished, your mother died. When the first wild grief had subsided, I awoke to my duties as a father. You were but a year old, and needed constant care,—a woman's care. In my trouble and perplexity, I turned instinctively to Aunt Caroline, the only mother I had ever known. I had received but one letter from her since my marriage,—a letter filled with

such bitter reproach, together with such unkind allusions to my 'Papist' wife, that I had never answered it. But now, in my loneliness and despair, I determined to take you to Aunt Caroline, to—"

"O father!" Peggy cried, starting up in dismay. "You never told me that! And did she—she—"

Mr. Linville nodded.

"She—refused to see either of us," he said without a trace of resentment. "Her husband had died only a few days before, and she was plunged in deep grief at the time. I had been a great disappointment to her,—how great, I never knew until this morning" (tapping the letter). "She had no religious views to sustain her, and she grew bitter and cynical. I do not wonder now, and I do not blame her, that she sent me back as I had come—to the life I had, against all entreaties and expostulations, deliberately chosen. It was only what I richly deserved, but it seemed a little hard at the time. Wait! I have not much more to tell. I came down here to the old home; and, hunting up my old nurse Dinah, persuaded her (she did not need much persuading) to come home with me. But to return to Aunt Caroline. She is a woman of wide culture and experience, and would be a great help to you in—in many ways."

"We do not need her help—you and I," said Peggy, a little proudly. Then she added earnestly: "But I should like to know her, daddy dear!"

Mr. Linville looked relieved.

"You *shall* know her," he answered decidedly. "Father Tracy, to whom I have told the whole wretched story of youthful folly and selfishness, was urging me only last week to make another attempt to see her, and ask her forgiveness before it was too late. God is so good, my child! This invitation, coming just now, makes the way easy. We will both go to Aunt Caroline's party."

"Really?" Peggy cried joyfully. "Oh, I shall be only too glad to go with you!"

All her resentment and indignation

vanished. Warm-hearted and impulsive, she thought only of the pending reconciliation; her vivid fancy picturing many pleasant scenes.

"Aunt Caroline speaks of Uncle Robert's great-nephew, Dr. Chalmers, as being a guest at The Maples. I knew his mother."

Peggy started slightly, struck by a new note in her father's voice. It was almost as if he were soliciting her favor for this young man. But she dismissed the thought instantly. He might have added that Dr. Chalmers' mother, Alicia de Ville, was the girl whom his aunt had wished him to marry.

"I can not use Aunt Caroline's check for *clothes*," she told her father. "But, if you don't mind, I will spend part of it for a new hat."

"Do what you please with it," Mr. Linville was beginning, when Dinah entered, courtesying.

"A gen'leman to see yo', Marse Dick," she said, with a quick glance from one face to the other.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

June 8, Fourth Sunday after Pentecost.

THE Collect must serve as the basis of our considerations on the liturgy of this Sunday. It is a fervent appeal for the preservation of universal peace in the Church of God. Combat is the inevitable character of much of the spiritual life of every individual Christian; for we have to fight our way to our kingdom. But our merciful God "knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust"; He is ready to listen to our cry for peace throughout His Church; well knowing that many timid and cowardly souls, who would be saved if times were peaceful, are in danger of perishing when the fight is strenuous. The battle-cry which rouses the fervent to action will

terrify the weak; therefore does the Church put into our mouths this prayer: "Grant us, we beseech Thee, O Lord, that, by Thy providence, the events of this world may be peacefully arranged for us, and that Thy Church may be gladdened by being permitted to serve Thee with peaceful devotedness."

Yet we have all to be ready to sustain our own spiritual battles. When conflict arises we are to stimulate our courage by the consciousness that God's strong arm is never wanting to our help and protection. The Introit, therefore, in a strain of exultant confidence, seems to be intended to brace Christ's soldiers for combat. The thought of God's unfailing succor, the remembrance of past victories gained thereby, infuses hope and drives out fear from the heart that would otherwise languish and sicken with apprehension. How joyful the song of the trusting soul!—"The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? The Lord is the protector of my life: of whom shall I be afraid? My enemies that trouble me have themselves been weakened and have fallen,"—those evil spirits, by their primal rebellion, have lost much of the power which once was theirs, and are less to be feared. "If armies in camp should stand together against me," cries the appended psalm, "my heart shall not fear." For, as St. Paul reminds us, "if God be for us, who is against us?" With Him on our side, we need fear no foe, however powerful. With God as our protector, we are safe.

In the Epistle the Apostle touches upon the certainty of suffering being, to some extent, the lot of every individual Christian, be times never so peaceful for the Church in general. While we wait in expectancy for "the revelation of the sons of God," we have to accept pain and travail, in the measure which God in His wisdom metes out to each. Amid the trials of life, we are to look onward with patient hope to the day when we shall be granted "the liberty of the glory

of the children of God." The constant thought of our noble destiny as heirs of heaven is to animate us to sustain our share in the inevitable conflict; in other words, hope is to be our strong armor to shield us from all the assaults of our undying foe.

The Gradual is a humble prayer for help, however unworthy our offences may have rendered us. We ask it, not because of our deserts, but because God is always abounding in mercy; and the exercise of His mercy redounds to His glory: "Be merciful, O Lord, to our offences; that the Gentiles may never say, Where is now their God? Help us, O Lord, our Saviour; and, for the honor of Thy name, deliver us, O Lord!" The Alleluia verse lays stress on our nothingness apart from God: "Alleluia! O God, who sittest on Thy throne, and judgest justly, be a refuge to the poor in distress!"

The Offertory verse asks for light. The bright beams of faith show where danger lies, and enable the Christian to detect every ambush of the enemy. "Enlighten mine eyes that I may never sleep in death; lest the enemy should ever say, I have prevailed over him."

In the Communion verse we find the like firm confidence which characterizes the Introit. "The Lord is my support and my refuge and my deliverer. My God is my helper." Thus over and over again the liturgy keeps before our minds the fact which we too often forget — that if we place all our confidence in God, no matter how great our trials, or how severe the attacks of our foe, He will supply all that is wanting in us to enable us to obtain salvation.

It has to be borne in mind that the Gospels for the Sundays which follow, as well as that for this Sunday, have no close connection with the rest of the liturgy of the day. From the sixteenth century the Gospels have been arranged in a different order from that which they originally followed. Still, it is possible to see in many cases a similar lesson taught by the

Gospel and by the other formulas of the same Sunday. On this day, for example, the account of the miraculous draught of fishes brings home to us the unfailing mercifulness of God to those who, with blind confidence in His word, obey His expressed will. "We have labored all the night, and have taken nothing," says St. Peter; "but at Thy word I will let down the net." The result was amazing. "They filled both the ships" (with the "very great multitude of fishes"), "so that they were almost sinking." The Lord, who is "light" to His children, showed them their course of action; He was then, as He ever will be, a never-failing helper, "a refuge to the poor in distress."

The ready help afforded by Our Lord to His Apostles in their need should rouse the confidence of the faint-hearted when untoward events disturb the peace of the soul. By His Providence, trials will turn to our good.

Arguing for an Untenable Position.

THE difficulties of the position of a would-be Catholic teacher in a Protestant Establishment are illustrated by a sermon on "Church and State" included in a recently published volume by the Rev. John Neville Figgis, a light of the Anglican denomination. In the course of this sermon Dr. Figgis makes the claim that Anglicans are 'not worse but better Catholics because of being English Churchmen.' Now, in the same sermon, as the editor of *Catholic Book Notes* points out, Dr. Figgis quotes, with the remark that it is quite true, the saying of an eminent mathematician, that "the English have not realized the idea of a Church":

He has not fully realized it himself. He laments the disorders of the Establishment, the revolt of many against both doctrinal and moral teaching. But he does not seem to grasp the significance of the fact that there is no authoritative voice in the Anglican Church to declare its teaching on these very matters; no means of dissociating that church, as a body, from such false teaching. A bishop declares his belief

in the sacramental system and the Christian priesthood; another, addressing candidates for ordination, tells them there is no priesthood in the church. A Dean, in a Christmas sermon, treats the opening chapters of St. Luke as a beautiful legend and nothing more. One clergyman will not read the Athanasian Creed; in the next parish it is declared to be a declaration of the fundamental doctrines of Christendom. One clergyman marries divorced persons; another declares the act would be a profanation of his church. But the orthodox and the innovator alike belong to the Anglican Church, and are alike secure from any authoritative interference with their teaching. Individuals may protest against what they hold to be a betrayal of the truth, but they can act only as units. The English Church, as such, embraces alike those who say that white is white, those who describe it as black, and those who declare it is a kind of grey,—has, in fact, no standard of belief, and does not even pretend to teach with authority. As it has no standard, men of contradictory beliefs can, and do, all alike claim to be "loyal churchmen."

These are facts, which ought to show Dr. Figgis that he is arguing for an altogether untenable position. "Surely acceptance of a system that makes this chaos of contradictions inevitable, and imposes on 'loyal churchmen' fellowship and communion with other 'loyal churchmen' who deny the very truths they hold most sacred, is something that can not by any possibility be brought into accord with any theory of Catholicity,—any concord with 'the universal life of the Church of the ages.' The root idea of the Church surely includes the guardianship of the deposit of Faith. In abdicating any claim even to attempt this guardianship, the Establishment decides against itself the question as to whether it represents the Church."

The idea of a church is more or less foreign to the minds of all Protestants. How they can read the New Testament and yet fail to see what is so plain to the least learned of Catholics, is matter for astonishment. It goes to show the need of prayer for the conversion of those outside the Church, that their eyes may be opened to see the light, and their hearts strengthened to follow it.

Notes and Remarks.

From time immemorial in the history of the Church it has been the custom for bishops to pay periodical visits to the Holy See. These *ad limina* visits were regulated by Sixtus V., in 1585, in this fashion: Italian bishops were to see the Pope every three years; French, Spanish, and other Southern European bishops, every four years; bishops of Northern Europe and Africa, every five years; and those of Asia and other parts of the world, every ten years. In 1740 Benedict XIV. confirmed this ordinance, and it remained in force until three years ago. On the last day of 1909 the Sacred Consistorial Congregation published a 'decree, approved by Pius X., that modified the existing usage. In accordance with this new legislation, all bishops, save those depending directly on the Propaganda, must visit Rome every five years and furnish the Holy Father with a report of the state of their dioceses. The year 1911, when the decree went into effect, was reserved for the bishops of Italy and the neighboring islands. Last year witnessed the visits of the prelates of England, Belgium, Scotland, Spain, France, Holland, Ireland, and Portugal. The current year will be utilized by the bishops of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and the other regions of Europe. In 1914, the bishops of America will pay their *ad limina* visits; and in 1915 their example will be followed by the bishops of Africa, Asia, and Australia. Communication with Rome will, of course, be more frequent, on the part of all bishops, than once in five years; but at least once in that quinquennial period each prelate must have a personal interview with the head-bishop of the Catholic world.

One of the immediate results of our Civil War, fifty years ago, was to leave orphaned, and in many cases homeless, thousands of Catholic children whose fathers and brothers had fallen while

fighting for the preservation of the Union. To these were soon added other thousands, the sons and daughters of impoverished immigrants from Catholic countries, at that time chiefly from Ireland. To save these boys and girls from the faith-destroying grasp of proselytizing societies, and gather them into a home where they would be educated and taught a useful trade, and where especially their faith would be preserved, was the object of the founders of the New York Catholic Protectory, which beneficent institution has just celebrated its Golden Jubilee. The amount of good effected by the Protectory during the past half century, under the controlling influence of such men as Archbishop Huges and Dr. Ives (former Protestant Episcopal bishop of North Carolina), in its early days, and Cardinal Farley in more recent years, is well-nigh incalculable. During the year ending Sept. 30, 1912, the Protectory cared for 3500 boys and 837 girls,—a total of 4337. On Sept. 30, 1912, there were in the institution 1812 boys and 566 girls, in charge of the Christian Brothers and the Sisters of Charity,—the average number of inmates during the year being 2530. The average annual cost of maintenance is about \$360,000.

One of the most striking of the many letters from eminent men of science holding Christian beliefs, contained in the new edition of a work noticed elsewhere in our present issue, is the following from Dr. F. Mollwo Perkin, head since 1897 of the Chemistry Department of the Borough Polytechnic Institute, London, and one of the founders of the Faraday Society:

I am in receipt of your letter of the 8th inst., in which you ask whether I consider that scientific research has shown the Bible and Religion to be untrue. I am not in agreement with such sentiments, because I think that the more one knows, the less one feels one knows, and the greater one marvels at the scheme of life.

Knowledge, like experience (which is a form of knowledge), makes us humble. Here and there men still live in the past, and believe it to be the future, but they are survivals. Those

who think it clever and shrewd and a mark of "enlightenment" to despise religion are behind the times. It never was more true than to-day that "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

Dr. Arthur Shadwell, M. A., M. D., LL. D., F. R. C. P., a well-known writer on scientific and sociological questions, writes:

The supposed conflict between Science and Christianity is quite out of date. It belonged to a period when men thought they could find out everything. This frame of mind marked the arrogance of youth, and it has for some time been giving way to the superior wisdom of more mature age.

Another letter well worth quoting is from Prof. R. A. S. Macalister, M. A., F. S. A., an archæologist of European reputation, who, in reply to the question, "Has it been your experience to find men of science irreligious and anti-Christian?" says:

I should say that my experience had been the direct contrary. There are irreligious and anti-Christian men of science, but they are (so far as my observation goes) comparatively rare—and rarest in proportion among those of the highest credit in the scientific world. It may be that there is a considerable proportion of anti-religious men of science among those highest in popular reputation, but I need hardly point out that is a very different thing.

Bishop Hedley, whom we rank among the great champions of the Church in our day, rarely writes or speaks without giving memorable utterance to important and timely truth. At the conclusion of a sermon preached in Liverpool on Trinity Sunday, he thus addressed the members of the Young Men's Society:

As I welcome you here to-day, brothers of the Young Men's Society, united in the peace of the Spirit, I seem to be as one who, when Christ was yet on earth, looked over Genesareth in the morning after the Son of Man said to the winds and the waves, "Peace, be still!" I know not how many young men you number in your ranks, in these islands and elsewhere in the world; but you form a goodly multitude. And what is more turbulent in the nature of things than the souls of young men! Young men live, and life is violent. They are strong, and strength clamors to be exercised. Unless the fear of God is instilled into them, unless faith comes to shine upon their hearts, and unless they are induced to restrain themselves,

and to turn to God who made them, they go from bad to worse, and their human life is spoiled and wrecked. But the Spirit of Pentecost, the Spirit of Jesus, more mighty than the turbulence of a young man's heart, is far too loving, far too sovereign, to leave any portion of God's creation to wreck and ruin.

You, my dear friends, have had the grace to see and recognize Christ in the midst of the tempest coming to you over the waters. You not only belong to the body—the august creation of the Church, which is animated unto all time by your Redeemer's Holy Spirit,—but you have entered an association which draws still more close the bonds of your Catholicism. And the result is that you experience more deeply than other young men the peace which is the peculiar gift of the Spirit. I do not mean that your lives will be without trouble, or your hearts without conflict. But you have the Spirit's light and the Spirit's strength. Let us all thank the Spirit of Pentecost, the Spirit of love, of wisdom, of fortitude, and peace, that He ever walks upon these stormy seas here below; and that He is ready everywhere, when men cry out in their trouble, to make His presence felt, whether in the turbulent unrest of the world at large, or in the trials and temptations of every human heart; and to diffuse here below, in the vicissitudes of life and time, a peace which will be the earnest and the pledge of a peace that will never end.

Some idea of the magnitude of the recent struggle of Servia, Greece, Montenegro, and Bulgaria against the Turks, brief as it was, may be gained from the losses sustained by the last mentioned Power. Indeed, as the London *Tablet* remarks, in proportion to the numbers engaged, the war for the liberation of European Turkey appears to have been one of the bloodiest of modern times. Bulgaria alone had more men killed on the field of battle than had Germany in the war against France. The Bulgarian slain numbered 30,041, while the Germans lost only 23,000.

Ornamenting the noble basilica at Kafr Kenna, or Cana of Galilee, is an angel carrying a scroll. The device inscribed thereon reads: *Ite ad Joseph* (Gen., xli, 55),—"Go to Joseph." But somebody has very imperfectly effaced the name

"Joseph," and painted over it "Mariam," or Mary, as if to insinuate that the patriarch who stored the granaries of Egypt had been eclipsed by her whose solitary word had brought about the changing of water into wine. The scroll as it stands is symbolic of Palestinian piety. "Go to Mary," is the sentiment that actuates most the common devotions of Catholics as well as schismatics, and finds a responsive though feeble chord in the unenlightened hearts even of Mohammedans.

"Should a minister assume and profess to preach a gospel he does not believe or assent to?" Such is the question with which a self-avowed Protestant opens a recent communication to a metropolitan daily. The question is prompted by the fact that "a body of Protestant clergy, of a great and highly respected denomination in this city, some days ago accepted into ministerial relationship several young men who, it is reported, acknowledged that they are agnostics and could not or would not assent to belief in the virgin birth and resurrection of Christ, the great foundation truths taught by the said denomination."

The correspondent is not slow to draw the inference that is irresistibly suggested by such flagrantly inconsistent action. "Is it any wonder," he asks, "that disbelieving Protestant ministers preach to empty benches, and that thousands of Protestant churches have been closed in this Christian land? And is it any wonder the Catholic Church has been increasing so rapidly in America, since that great Church does not stand on a shifting and uncertain foundation?"

No, it is certainly not a matter for surprise that those outside the Church are in increasing numbers discovering that when, in the sixteenth century, the nations of Northern Europe left what they termed the rotting barque of Peter, they got aboard, not a staunch and seaworthy vessel, but an ill-constructed,

fragile raft, utterly incapable of withstanding the winds and waves of dissension born of revolt against legitimate authority. In the meanwhile more thousands than possibly we suspect individually feel what the correspondent whom we have quoted thus expresses:

Though I am a member of a Protestant church and do not believe in much of the teaching and practice of the Catholic Church, yet I admire this great religious body for being able to withstand the fierce assaults of agnosticism, infidelity, and so-called New Thought, and to be to-day a lasting defence of the fundamental truths of the Gospel of Christ.

In the course of the address to the Holy Father read by Bishop Schrembs, of Toledo, on the occasion of a recent diocesan pilgrimage to Rome, there occurs this passage:

The Roman Question, so-called, reaches farther than the walls of Rome or even the confines of Italy. It is a world-question, and it demands for its solution the complete independence of the Holy See. In fullest harmony with three hundred million Catholics, inhabiting every country of this world, we protest, and will continue to protest, against the impious spoliation of the Church in her rights of property and in her liberty of action; and we demand, and will continue to demand, the absolute independence of the Holy See, guaranteed by such safeguards as you, Holy Father, in your wisdom shall deem acceptable.

In his reply on the part of the Pope (ill at the time), Cardinal Merry del Val pointedly remarked:

You have made more than an allusion to the Holy Father's present position, and you are right, too; no one has more right to speak so than an American. It is of that land that the Holy Father said on a memorable occasion: "The land where true freedom is esteemed." Therefore, you more than others have every right to claim for the Holy Father that which is necessary for the government of the Church. I am glad to see the assertion that the Holy Father's position is not one that has relation to only one people, but one which has claims upon the whole Catholic world. Therefore we can not allow the Papacy to be nationalized, inasmuch as it represents Our Lord, and He belongs to all.

Both the address and the reply gave umbrage to the Liberal press of Italy.

The papers professed surprise that the independence of the Holy Father should still be thought of at this time of day. Whereupon *Rome* comments:

The Pope can not appoint a bishop in Italy without the interference of the Government; the property of the Church is still in the hands of the State; the situation is such that the Vicar of Christ has for the last forty-three years been obliged to remain shut up in the Vatican; yet for the Liberal press of Italy this is an ideal condition of things! The little agitation caused by the Bishop of Toledo's address proves exactly how timely and necessary it was.

The more the investigation into the graft scandals connected with the building of the Italian Palace of Justice (Palazzo di Giustizia) at Rome progresses, the more evident is it becoming that the Chamber of Italian Deputies contains a number of dishonest rascals. Already some members, of hitherto spotless character and unquestioned probity, are languishing behind prison bars, and the outlook is that their disgraceful fate will be shared in the near future by other purloiners of the public wealth. "This is the fate," aptly comments a contemporary, "of the builders of the Palace of Justice, which Zardanelli, the arch-mason, declared in 1889 should be built right in front of the Vatican!"

Apropos of the relation between low wages and immorality, about which we had something to say in a recent issue, we quote a bit of information which Helen M. Bullis, a former government investigator, gives to the *New York Times*:

The statement has been broadly made that low wages is the principal cause of prostitution, when it actually belongs rather far down among those causes which contribute to easy seduction, or which help women naturally inclined in that way to convince themselves and the sentimentalists who sympathize with them that they are not so much to blame for their manner of life, after all.

A contributory cause, but not the principal, much less the sole, cause; and it is injudicious to exaggerate the facts or the inference drawn from alleged facts.



Our Mother.

BY L. H.

WHEN across the eastern hilltops
Gleams the sun's first golden ray,
Mary's name is whispered softly,
Consecrating all the day.
When at noon the bell's sweet chiming
Fills with harmony the air,
Whisper we again our *Aves*,
Pouring forth our love in prayer.
And when night hath come upon us
Rings the Angelus afar,
Turning grateful hearts to Mary—
Love's unfading Evening Star.

So in life we need our Mother
Through the onward speeding hours:
In glad youth-tide, life's fair morning,
When the dew is on joy's flowers.
And we need her more at noontide
In the labor and the heat,
When her very name gives courage
To our weary, lagging feet.
But we need her most when shadows
Mark the close of life's full day;
Then it is we seek her guidance
For the ending of the way.

The Little Florentine.

BY H. DE CHARLIEU.

VI.

A COURIER had ridden ahead and announced the Duke's coming, so that night the Hôtel de Guise was ablaze with light. A small army of servants, in gala attire, were massed in the court of honor by the order of Borromée, the old major-domo. Under the spacious portico, on either side of the door, Swiss Guards stood as rigid as statues.

Finally the great gates swung on their hinges; and in the glare of flaming torches,

borne by the outriders, the Duke's carriage, drawn by four horses, rolled into the court and drew up at the foot of the imposing entrance to the Hôtel. After a kindly word of greeting to Borromée, whose white head was bent low, Duke Henry alighted, followed by Baptiste and Fenella, and ascended the marble steps, between double rows of liveried footmen. Spavento, who was the last to leave the carriage, followed the rest, with his head held proudly erect, oblivious to the curious glances of the amused servants.

Borromée preceded his master, carrying a golden candelabra, in which burned rose-colored candles. Fenella clung to her cousin's arm, quite dazzled by the splendor of the scene.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she whispered under her breath.

"Superb!" replied the young Florentine, to whom this almost triumphal entry into the house of his protector seemed a good omen.

Upon reaching the dining-room, where a splendid repast was served, Borromée gave the candelabra into the hands of a servant and took his place behind his master's chair. Fenella sat beside the Duke, and Baptiste and Spavento were directly opposite. The old soldier had to be urged to take his place, as he thought it unseemly for a rough man like himself to sit at a Duke's table. Embarrassed by his hat, his sword, by his whole person, he finally dropped into a chair, sitting as far as possible away from the table. The servants could not hide their smiles, as they had never before seen such a guest at their master's board.

The two young people scarcely tasted their food. Their glances often met across the table,—Baptiste's, bright and joyous; Fenella's, pensive and sad. The artistic temperament of the young mu-

sician responded to the luxurious surroundings, and he thought of the fame and fortune that perhaps awaited him. On the other hand, the girl feared the future. Noticing her downcast air, the Duke playfully asked her if she was not satisfied with his hospitality.

"O Monseigneur," she answered, "it is all so splendid that I am afraid."

"Look at your cousin! He doesn't seem afraid."

"I have been thinking of some way to express my gratitude," said Baptiste. "All that I can say is that if ever you have need of my life, it is at your service."

"And mine, too," added Spavento.

At the dessert, all the servants except Borromée withdrew.

"Now we can talk freely," said the Duke. "What's the news in Paris? Is Mademoiselle de Montpensier in the city?"

"Yes, Monseigneur," replied Borromée.

"Do you hear, Baptiste? Your future mistress is in Paris, and I shall present you to her to-morrow."

"She will not be at the palace to-morrow, Monseigneur," said Borromée. "She is going to attend the wedding of one of her intimate friends at the church of St. Eustache."

"May I have permission, then, to accompany my cousin to her father's house?" asked Baptiste.

"Certainly, my boy,—but not until you have had an interview with my tailor, whom Borromée will bring to your chamber in the morning. You must be suitably dressed when you appear at the palace. Are the chambers ready for my guests, Borromée?"

"Yes, Monseigneur. The young man will occupy the rose-chamber on the ground-floor; and my wife has prepared a room for Fenella adjoining hers. As for Spavento—"

"Oh, the stable is the place for me!" said the old soldier, good-humoredly. "But I think I had better go at once to my old quarters, where my landlady is expecting me."

"Not to-night," said the Duke. "I want my hospitality to be complete. Borromée will take charge of you."

After showing the guests to their various apartments, Borromée rejoined the Duke.

"Here is a letter from the Prime Minister," he said. "As I thought it might be important, I waited until you were alone before delivering it."

"Quite right, my good Borromée," replied the Duke, opening the missive. "Ah!" he exclaimed. "This is indeed important. I must return to Italy at once."

"To Florence?"

"No: to Naples. A revolution is in progress there, and the Minister thinks I have a chance to carve out a kingdom for myself."

"A kingdom!" exclaimed Borromée, quite dazzled.

"Yes; thanks to a mere fisherman, named Masaniello, who has placed himself at the head of the government, and who may serve as a stepping-stone to a throne. Have everything ready for my departure the day after to-morrow. Now you may go. I am tired and must get to sleep."

As soon as he was left alone, Baptiste, candle in hand, set about exploring his chamber. On the walls were hangings of rose-colored silk embroidered with gold. All around were the most beautiful and costly furnishings. The bed especially held his attention, with its covers of lace, and its heavy silken curtains caught at the top of a dome supported by columns of gilt. After he had admired everything, he took his violin, blew out the candle, and, standing in the moonlight which streamed into the room, he began a triumphal march.

"Bravo!" cried a voice in the street.

Baptiste ran to the window to see who was applauding him.

"Bravo!" said the voice again.

"Where are you, Monsieur?" asked the little musician.

"Here in the shadow of the house. Do

you belong to the Duke's household?"

"I have not that honor. I came to Paris only to-night."

"What is your name?"

"Jean-Baptiste. I am an Italian."

"I guessed as much from your accent. My name is Quinault. I am an artist, too,—a poet. Let me compose some verses for you."

The poet was about to begin, when heavy, rhythmic footfalls were heard around the corner of the Hôtel.

"The watch!" exclaimed Quinault, in affright. "They are probably looking for me. I must get away."

He started to run, but immediately turned back.

"They are coming from the other direction, too. I am between two fires."

"Come in here," said Baptiste. "The window is not very high."

The poet did not wait for a second invitation. Pulling himself up the sculptured projections on the wall, he soon reached the window and leaped into the chamber.

"Just in time!" he said, with a sigh of satisfaction.

"You may compose the verses now if you wish, and I will set them to music," said Baptiste.

Quinault at once recited a poem, which he entitled "In the Moonlight." Baptiste found it delightful both in sentiment and rhythm. He took his violin and improvised a melody exactly suited to the song.

"Your music is certainly fine. I hope to see more of you in the future. The guard has passed, and I must be off now while the coast is clear. Good-night, Signor Musician!"

Then, without leaving any address, Quinault leaped out of the window and was gone.

The following morning, the Duke's tailor came to Baptiste's apartment, accompanied by a valet carrying an armful of large boxes. After making his measurements, the tailor said curtly:

"Box No. 7, Octogéne."

The valet brought the box indicated. The tailor opened it and took from it a complete costume of pearl-grey velvet braided with silver, a cloak of rose-colored satin, a white felt hat adorned with a sweeping rose-colored feather, a pair of low shoes, and a sword in a velvet scabbard.

"Dress monsieur, Octogéne," ordered the tailor.

The valet obeyed, and Baptiste was soon garbed in his court attire.

"In the other box you will find a suit for everyday wear. The one you have on is for promenades and ceremonies. Good-morning!"

Baptiste looked into the mirror, and he could hardly believe his eyes. He saw reflected a youth who exactly resembled the portraits he had so often admired in the galleries of Florence. It seemed to him, too, that his genius had grown with his fortunes, and that in the future he would accomplish something worth while. Forgetting that his friends were waiting for him in the court, he took his violin and boldly attacked the triumphal march that had arrested Quinault's attention the evening before.

"Well, is it to be to-day or to-morrow?" asked Spavento, bursting into the room.

At sight of the velvet-clad figure, the old soldier thought he had made a mistake, and was about to withdraw with apologies, when Baptiste turned around.

"Why, I hardly knew you," said his friend, awed at the transformation. "Have you been changed into a prince?"

"No! I am only Baptiste, and I am ready to go with you."

They now joined Fenella in the court, and all set out for the Rue St. Honoré, where Luigi Serta, Fenella's father, kept an inn.

There was great excitement in the Quarter through which the three passed, especially in the neighborhood of a church. Upon inquiring, they learned that this was the church of St. Eustache, where a great wedding was to take place. Baptiste

then remembered that it was because of this wedding that his presentation to Mademoiselle had been delayed, and the thought came to him that he would like to see his future protectress.

"Let us go in," he proposed to Spavento. "We will not stay long."

"I'm willing, if we can get in," replied Spavento.

The space in front of the church was crowded with magnificent equipages surrounded by footmen. The bells chimed joyously, and through the open door one could hear the swelling music of the organs.

By virtue of his uniform, Spavento succeeded in gaining entrance to the edifice, where the scene was one of dazzling splendor. Baptiste and Fenella dropped into the nearest seats, quite overcome by the grandeur. Through the lofty arches pealed the music of the organs. Subdued at first, it gradually became sonorous and vibrant, falling upon the faithful as if to compel prayer, and carry the listeners with it up to Him whom they adored. Then, after a majestic andante, there burst forth a chant of triumph, filling the great church with a whirlwind of harmony.

Fenella heard sobs; and, looking at her cousin, she saw that he was weeping.

"How wonderful the music is!" he said in broken tones. "How I would like to know the artists who can play such a symphony!"

The wedding procession was at last ready to leave the church, and Baptiste watched to catch a glimpse of the royal princess whom he was to serve. Behind two Swiss halberdiers, whose swords clanked against the flagging at every step, walked the bridal couple. Then came Mademoiselle, the royal princess, radiant in her youth and beauty, wearing a robe of cloth of silver studded with jewels. In her suite was a long line of lords and ladies, the flower of the French nobility.

After the procession had passed, Baptiste's next desire was to see the musicians

who had played so wonderfully. They proved to be two priests; and as they passed, the boy, again moved to tears, bowed profoundly.

When the three finally left the church, they made haste to reach the inn which was to be Fenella's future home. They found it to be a large white frame structure, surrounded by spacious grounds, dotted with arbors, in which there were tables and chairs.

Luigi Serta, a small man, with a brow-beaten, melancholy air, greeted his daughter affectionately, although something in his manner betrayed fear and anxiety. After welcoming Baptiste, he said timidly:

"Are you coming to live with us?"

Upon receiving a negative reply, he seemed relieved, and he invited the party in for breakfast. They all passed into the dining-room, but nothing was served. Dame Gudule, Serta's second wife, was away, and she had the keys of the pantries in her pockets.

Spavento was almost on the point of starvation, and he did not conceal the fact. There was nothing to be done, however, except to wait. Finally, the landlady bustled in. She was tall and brawny, with a fresh, ruddy complexion and a stern expression. Her husband said gently:

"This is my daughter, Gudule."

The woman threw a glance at the little Italian.

"Come here," she said sternly. "Your name is Fenella, I believe."

"Yes, madame."

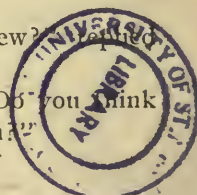
"Don't call me 'madame': call me 'mother'; for I am your mother, since I was foolish enough to marry your father. You are willing to work, I suppose?"

"I will do my best, mother," stammered the girl.

"Who is this boy?" asked Dame Gudule, pointing to Baptiste.

"Jean-Baptiste, my nephew," said Serta.

"All your family, I see! Do you think I am going to support them?"



"I came only to accompany my cousin," said Baptiste, much offended.

"And what is that?" continued the rude woman indicating Spavento.

"That," did you say?" exclaimed the old soldier. "I am a person and I have a name, I would have you know. It's Spavento, and I must say I think it's a pity you have never learned the elements of politeness."

"Do you think you can frighten me with your porcupine mustache?" said the matron, with a sneer, placing her hands on her hips.

"And do you think you can insult me?" retorted Spavento.

"Don't quarrel the first thing," interposed Serta, meekly.

"You attend to your own affairs," was his wife's surly reply.

By this time Fenella was in tears, and Baptiste was trying to comfort her. He was very much concerned; for what was to become of the gentle girl in such a household?

After a time Dame Gudule softened a bit, and had the graciousness to invite Spavento and Baptiste to remain to breakfast. Both refused, however; and immediately took their leave, full of misgivings.

That night Baptiste slept at the Hôtel de Guise. The next morning the Duke summoned him into his presence.

"Upon my word, you wear your sword like a gentleman," he said, as Baptiste entered the room. "But I did not send for you in order to compliment you. I saw Mademoiselle this morning at the Queen's levée and I spoke to her about you."

"Thanks, Monseigneur!"

"Unfortunately, I shall not be able to go with you to the Palace of the Tuileries. You must go alone. Take this letter and it will serve as an introduction."

The little musician took the note, bowed before his benefactor, and at once took his leave.

(To be continued.)

Why the Loving-Cup has Three Handles.

You have all seen the peculiar drinking vessel called a loving-cup, and perhaps wondered why it generally possesses three handles, when two would be enough. More than one reason is assigned for the superfluous handle, but the one given here has the most reliable history.

One day, it is said, Henry of Navarre, King of France, was out hunting, and after a time became separated from his retinue. Becoming thirsty, he reined his horse at a wayside inn and asked for a glass of wine. A bright-looking maid thereupon brought him a cupful; but in giving it to him neglected to present the handle, and in consequence the King's white gauntlets were stained and spoiled. When he rode away, he formed a little plan intended to act as a hint to the girl. On arriving home, he ordered from the royal potteries a fine drinking-cup with two handles. This he sent to the inn, to the intense delight of the good landlady, who bade the maid be very careful of the gift. Some time after King Henry passed that way again; and, laughing to himself, stopped at the same inn and called to the maid for another cup of her good wine. Thinking only of the regard in which the cup was held, she grasped both handles; and again the King took hold of the rim, to the injury of his gloves. This time, when he rode off, he determined that such an accident should not happen a third time; so he ordered for the inn a cup with three handles.

Thus it began to be the fashion to have three handles to the cups which were passed from one to another at banquets, in token of good-fellowship; and the custom which was instituted in honor of King Henry is continued in the use of the three-handled loving-cup

THE Syrians call Jerusalem "El Kudsesh-Sharff" (The Noble-Holy).

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Mr. Hugh J. Donnelly's new quartette, *Asperges me, Domine*, is written in accordance with the rules laid down for liturgical compositions, and may be sung with good effect by any choir. Published by the author.

—R. and T. Washbourne have issued in handy form, presumably for congregational singing or school use, the complete text of the words of the hymns to be found in "The Westminster Hymnal," which is the only collection authorized by the hierarchy of England and Wales.

—Our foreign exchanges chronicle the death at Cannes, last month, of Miss Charlotte Dempster, the novelist and author of a standard work on the Maritime Alps. She was also a regular contributor to leading English reviews. Miss Dempster was a convert to the Church.

—The London University has conferred the degree of D. Sc. in Psychology on the Rev. Francis Aveling. The *Tablet* states that this mark of distinction is the first of its kind ever conferred on a Catholic priest by the University, and is, moreover, unique in being the only one presented in this department of science this year. Price 2s., 6d., net.

—"Religious Beliefs of Scientists," by Arthur H. Tabrum, is a triumphant refutation of the assertion that religion and science are antagonistic to each other, and that men of science are, and must be, irreligious and anti-Christian. We welcome a new and enlarged edition of this excellent work, just issued by Messrs. Hunter & Longhurst, of London. It includes a fresh chapter containing forty letters from eminent men of science who profess Christian beliefs. We learn from the publishers that this book, so often recommended to our readers since its first appearance, has been translated into Russian.

—While prefaces, forewords, or Introductions to books are often enough more lengthy than necessary or desirable, we could well forgive a few prefatory paragraphs in the case of "Florence in Poetry, History, and Art," by Sara Agnes Ryan. (Chicago, The Mayer and Miller Co.) In lieu of such paragraphs, we find an invocation to Florence in three quatrains, in the second of which, apropos of the poets quoted in the volume, we read

They praise thy stately beauty,
And gems of art divine,—
The treasured store of ages,
Made richer far by time.

Typographically, the book is a rather handsome

octavo of 354 pages, well bound, with gilt top. The seventy illustrations are notably good, as are most of the citations from the numerous authors quoted. As a handy illustrated scrap-book about Florence, the volume will appeal to those who have visited "the city of flowers and flower of cities."

—The index of the first decade (1902-1912) of the *Acta Pontificia* forms a volume of three hundred and fifty pages. It is a fourfold index. The first part gives the decrees in the chronological order—the year, the month, the day, the volume, and page. The second part presents the same decrees in alphabetical order. The third part is an analytical index. The fourth part is an index of places and countries. The work is well done and renders the *Acta Pontificia* doubly valuable. Pustet & Co., publishers.

—Who is to settle the question of a magazine contributor's nationality—the contributor or the editor? After reading seventeen pages of an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, entitled "An Englishman in the Shrine of Imám Reza at Mashad," we find on page the eighteenth this statement: "... I finally reached India ... on a very appropriate date for an Irishman—the 17th of March." Had the writer, Colonel H. S. Massy, C. B., been arrested for some flagrant crime, we wonder whether his iniquity would have been imputed to "an Englishman."

—We note from the title-page of "Holy Communion," by Mgr. de Gibergues (P. J. Kenedy & Sons), that it is translated from the French of the thirteenth thousand. Accordingly, it may reasonably be judged to have answered a popular need in France. It may be questioned, however, if it will enjoy the same popularity in English. Our own Eucharistic literature is abundant and adapted to our character. Excellent as is the subject-matter of the present neat little volume, and laudable as is the object of translator and publisher, we can not foresee for it the success of, let us say, Father Russell's books.

—As if the interminable Shakespeare-Bacon controversy were not bad enough, here comes a Belgian author to complicate matters still more. M. Célestin Demblon, professor of French literature at the Université Nouvelle of Brussels, and a member of the Belgian Parliament, contends that Shakespeare was not Shakespeare, but Rutland,—more specifically, that the plays and poems signed Shakespeare were really written by Roger Manners, fifth Count of Rut-

land, who employed William Shaxper, of Stratford, as a *prête-nom*, because he had reasons for wishing to conceal his identity.

—High quality of matter, from every point of view, and exceeding cheapness of form, commend the following series of pamphlets published by the Social Service Commission, of which the Rev. Peter E. Dietz is secretary: "Socialist Science Bankrupt," which comprises sixteen pages of self-condemnation out of the mouth of Socialism; "What Shall Our Catholic Societies Do?" containing a wealth of suggestion and program for effective social work; "Relations between Employers and the Employed," a pastoral by Cardinal O'Connell, to which we have repeatedly called attention; "Why Socialism is Opposed to the Trade Unions," a powerful arraignment of the tactics of Socialism in the organized labor movement, by Peter W. Collins; "Need of an Organized Christian Force in the American Labor Movement," showing the dangers that threaten the labor movement and the remedy, by the Rev. Peter E. Dietz; "The Christian Manifesto," an apology or argument for the Militia of Christ. These various pamphlets may be had for 20 cts.; six sets for \$1; packages of 100 sets for \$10. Apply to the Rev. Peter E. Dietz, 503 Murray Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Westminster Hymnal." (Words.) 20 cts.
- "Holy Communion." Mgr. de Gibergues. 81 cts.
- "A White-Handed Saint." Olive Katherine Parr. \$1.25.
- "The Way of the Cross, and Other Verses." Dismas. 50 cts.
- "Gospel Verses for Holy Communion." A Sister of Notre Dame. 10 cts.
- "The Cause of Beatification of the Little Flower of Jesus." Mgr. R. de Teil. 75 cts.
- "St. Rita of Cascia." Rev. Thomas McGrath. 30 cts.
- "Levia Pondera." John Ayscough. \$1.75.

- "The Fountains of the Saviour." Rev. John O'Rourke, S. J. 50 cts.
- "The Heart of Revelation." Rev. Francis Donnelly, S. J. 50 cts.
- "Three Years in the Libyan Desert." J. C. Ewald Falls. \$4.50.
- "Outlines for Conferences to Young Women." Abbé M. F. Blanchard. 40 cts.
- "Our Lady in the Liturgy." Dom Michael Barrett, O. S. B. \$1.10.
- "Confessions of a Convert." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.25.
- "Pioneers of the Cross in Canada." Dean Harris. \$1.50.
- "Consumers and Wage-Earners." J. Elliot Ross, Ph. D. \$1.
- "St. Gertrude the Great." Notre Dame Series. \$1.25.
- "Cedar Chips." 50 cts.
- "Bodily Health and Spiritual Vigor." Rev. W. J. Lockington, S. J. 90 cts.
- "Our Neighbors: the Japanese." Joseph King Goodrich. \$1.25.
- "Old China and Young America." Mrs. Sarah Conger. 82 cts.
- "The Carol of the Fir Tree." Alfred Noyes. 25 cts.
- "In the Service of the King." Geneviève Irons. 60 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Charles Wightman, of the diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. George Goebel, diocese of St. Cloud; and Rev. Patrick McKenna, diocese of Fall River.

Mother M. Regina, of the Sisters of St. Francis; Sister M. Adrian and Sister M. Winifred, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. A. J. Hilton, Mr. Thomas Binkhart, Mr. John Fitzsimons, Mr. Joseph Walker, Mrs. Elizabeth Galligan, Mrs. Charles Herbert, Miss Margaret Mackin, Mr. William T. Lynn, Mr. John Hawkins, Mr. Francis P. O'Connor, Mr. Joseph Dedenbach, Mr. James Walsh, Mrs. Martha Ross, Mr. Michael McDermott, Mrs. Margaret Kollmyer, Mr. John Clancy, Mrs. Ellen Jordan, Mr. William Sullivan, Mr. W. P. Burger, Mr. Peter Neary, Mr. William Farren, Mr. John M. Sullivan, Mr. Walter Weinberg, Mr. W. P. Powers, Mr. William Lowham, and Mr. Jacob Knoll.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Among His Own.

(In a Children's Chapel.)

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

HE lives among His own, the children's God:
Above and by and round Him hourly pass
Their hurrying feet; down hall or stairs, a
pause, .

And in the hush outside a knee is bent
In silent adoration of the Guest.

The Guest? Ah, no! The very Host is He,
And they the dwellers in His mansioned Heart.
For them the day is full of work and play,
Of ringing sounds, of mirth and little griefs
That brim a little soul; and they forget
The awful Presence, as the child forgets
His mother, when the day is very full,—
Forgets her in the mind, not in the will.
For though they come and go, and laugh and
shout,

At nightfall, when the spirit's eyes are wide,
And conscience looks across the vanished hours,
They find, what all the day contented Him,
They have not left the path He'd have them
tread;

His arms were 'neath them, and His voice was
heard

In all the secret councils of their deeds.
And when they fall asleep they hold His hand.

HE who, when he has once knocked,
is angry because he is not forthwith
heard, is not a humble petitioner, but
an imperious exactor. However long He
may cause thee to wait, do thou patiently
bide the Lord's leisure.

—St. Peter Chrysologus.

What I Have Found in the Church.

BY J. P. H.

TRINITY SUNDAY is to me
a memorable anniversary as
well as a great feast. Twenty-
five years ago to-day I was
ordained a "priest" of the Church of
England. In the full flush of my young
manhood, and with heart aglow with
fondest dreams of conquests yet to be
made over myself, over the powers of
this world, and all for God, I went alone
into the church where, later on, I was to
receive Orders; and, standing at the foot
of the high altar, with its great crucifix
and canopied statues, placed my hand
fearfully upon the silken chasuble all
ready for my investiture. Even then
my heart murmured by anticipation:
Introibo,—"I will go unto the altar of
God,—to God, who giveth joy to my
youth."

The service, up to a certain point, is a
confused memory of many blazing lights,
the perfume of flowers, and the glorious
music of the voices of boys and men ringing
through the lofty arches. But, coming
to myself, I was standing alone before
the old bishop seated on his faldstool
before the altar. My heart beats yet with
a feeble flutter and my knees grow weak
beneath me as I seem to hear him solemnly
charge me: "If it shall happen that the
Church or any member thereof do take
any hurt or hindrance by reason of your
negligence, ye know the greatness of the

fault, and also the horrible punishment that will ensue." * Then I heard, as a voice from heaven, the words, "Receive the Holy Ghost"; and, with a soft rustle, the silk slipped over my head and rested upon my shoulders. My heart beat with a great joy, and I felt myself a leader of the hosts of the Lord.

It is all so fresh and clear to me this morning; and yet, as I live it over again, mine eyes are filled with tears. I went forth with cries of defiance as of a conqueror already, armed *cap-a-pie* with helmet and sword and shield. For eighteen years I fought as fearlessly and as manfully as I could; but, alas! always a losing fight, or at best retaining a bare foothold.

And then dawned that awful morning when the scales fell from my eyes. The helmet and the sword which I so firmly believed true and tested steel were only tin; the elaborately wrought shield which I so bravely brandished proved only wood. Then were my foundations utterly cast down. Where I had looked for a glad harvest, the earth became as iron beneath my feet; when I hoped for retreshing dews and life-giving rains, the heavens became as brass over my head. † When I recall those awful days, I tremble and realize that it was of the mercies of the Lord that I was not consumed. ‡ But, because His commiserations failed me not, I was led up to the House of God, which is established on a sure foundation of rock in the top of the mountains. §

Now, the half-century mark in my life passed, I sit here alone and far removed from all I once held most dear. As I look back over the twenty-five years which I complete to-day—

Far opening down some woodland deep
In their own quiet glade should sleep

The relics dear to thought,
And wild-flower wreaths from side to side
Their waving tracery hang, to hide
What ruthless time has wrought, ||—

* "Book of Common Prayer,"

† Deut., xxviii, 23.

‡ Lam., iii, 22.

§ Is., ii, 2.

|| Keble.

as I muse upon these things, and the eye of my soul traces the way over which I have come, I am recalled to the present. A glad songster in the branches overhead pours forth a flood of music, and I wake again in the land which the Lord hath shown me.* The sun shimmers about me in a golden glory; the air pulsates with music; the lake at my feet lies motionless, and mirrors in its smooth surface the overhanging trees and shrubs. My eyes gleam with a new brightness, my heart beats with firm and regular pulsations. This is Trinity Sunday in my new life. Eagerly, then, I ask myself: "What have I found in the Church?" The answer comes quick and sure: "Jerusalem, which is from above, is free; which is our mother." †

To make the change involves far more than any save a convert can form the slightest conception of. It is not the removal into new quarters, wherein the question is one of adjustment to changed conditions. Like the call of Abraham, it means the abandonment of familiar surroundings, often the sundering of ties that have endeared themselves to one. God help us!—it requires sometimes the sacrifice of father and mother, of wife and children; and all to go forth a stranger in a strange land, secure only in the faith that, though we have "no inheritance in it,—no, not the pace of a foot," ‡—because God has guided us thither, there will be our home-land. None but a convert can fully grasp the meaning of Cardinal Newman's words: "I give up home; I give up all who have ever known me, loved me, valued me, wished me well; I know I am making myself a byword and an outcast." But, climbing out of the depression into which this anniversary has momentarily cast me, and mounting to the heights, I view the land into which I have been led by God, and lo! it is altogether as the Apostle described it.

There I find Jerusalem, the "abode of peace." Why is it that the word "peace"

* Gen., xii, 1.

† Gal., iv, 26.

‡ Acts, vii, 5.

calls up visions which enchant us? Statesmen strive for it between nations; society acknowledges it as a *sine qua non* in the relations of class with mass; friends maintain it at any cost. And all because without it this world would be a carnage-swept battlefield, with a charnel house set in the midst. The very abjects seek it; for they would make to themselves a new oblivion wherein to cast their guilt and its ceaseless accusations. So nations, communities, individuals, all alike are seeking for this peace and striving to secure it by conquest, by compromise, by forgetting.

In matters of religion, this effort is the more pronounced amongst the non-Catholic bodies. There is a never-dying clamor amongst these for "church unity." Heaven is besieged with prayers for it; mass-meetings are called to promote it; books are written and periodicals are published in its advocacy; "non-sectarian" places of worship are established, at least to approximate it. But all alike are futile: the prayers are in vain, even as Cain's self-willed sacrifice; the meetings are but empty mouthings, from which each man returns to his peculiar psalm and doctrine and revelation;* the books and papers are but speciously veiled expositions of the writers' views, and are soon forgotten. The "non-sectarian churches" are rightly named; for, like the Ephesians, 'some cry one thing and some another. The assembly is confused, and the greater part know not for what cause they are come together.' †

Says the Rev. Dr. Shailer Matthews, of the school of Theology of the University of Chicago, and President of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ(!) in America: "Doctrinal unity is a hopeless task in Protestantism. The only doctrinal unity I would stand for would have to be on the basis of the doctrinal views I personally hold; and so it is with most Protestants, I believe." Only one of these erratic bodies made a definite effort to bring about this longed-for union, and

that is the Protestant Episcopal Church. But the "Quadrilateral" basis proposed by the Lambeth Conference of her bishops is reduced to a nebulous haze by her "schools of thought," and interpretation as to (1) what constitutes the Bible as the word of God; (2) in what sense the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds are to be held; (3) as to whether the sacraments of Holy Baptism and the Eucharist are "effectual signs of grace" or significant ceremonies; and (4) what exactly is meant by "the historic episcopate locally adapted."

The Ritualists, or "Catholic party," denounce the Low Churchmen, or "Evangelicals," as Protestants; and the "Broad Churchmen," or Modernists, as heretics. As a result, her clergy meet under an armistice; and her parishes, if alive at all, are rent by fierce disputes over elementary ritual. Truly, wherever I looked I was confronted by charges and recriminations, turmoil and denunciation; and all the while was chanted a cry of "Peace! Peace!" when there was no peace. Then, in my bewilderment, I realized that back of it all was the lack of an assured faith: the impossibility of making our own the assertion of Saint Paul: "I am not confounded, for I know whom I have believed."*

Since I have been in the Church, I have found the Land of Peace, into which I came through the triple gateway of an assured faith, a firm hope, and an unquestioning love. Out of the din and feverish rush of the world, I go into her silent churches, and the tumult is left far behind me; only a point of red light swaying before the altar tells me as truly as the voice of many harpers harping on their harps† that "the Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him."‡ Now and then questions arise to perturb me, clouds of doubt threaten the little horizon of my life; and, with anxious mind and aching heart, I fain would go apart while the tears steal silently from my eyes. Then I again

* I. Cor., xiv, 26.

† Acts, xix, 32.

* II. Tim., i, 12.

† Apoc., xiv, 2.

‡ Hab., ii, 20.

behold Jerusalem, abode of peace—the Church. I again hear Him who hath spoken to me, that in Him I may have peace.

There, too, I have found my queen and my mistress; for this Jerusalem is from above, and “came down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.”* It is the City of God, the Land of Peace; no mere herb garden planted under the patronage and by the sycophants of a lustful monarch, nor by the boisterous clamor of a defiant monk, and doomed to overwhelming floods and killing droughts; but “a rich habitation, a tabernacle that can not be removed; neither shall the nails be taken away forever; neither shall any cords thereof be broken; because there Our Lord is magnificent,—a place of rivers, very broad and spacious streams.”†

And, because she is the spouse of Christ, she is crowned our queen, and in her right hand is the sceptre of her reign over the souls of men. Hers is not a patronage but a rule; her authority is from above, and is not the creature of the changing fancies of men, to be limited at their will. Hers is the kingdom of Our Lord and His Christ,‡ which is rooted and founded upon Truth as irrefragable as the Being of God Himself. Her standards and laws are as unchanging as those which govern the universe. In her kingdom there is a well-ordered authority which governs, and not an anarchy which disintegrates and overthrows. Her armies go forth conquering and to conquer, because they follow one standard and acknowledge one chieftain—the Vicar of Christ. “For God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of sobriety.”§

When I look back and see the camp from which I have been delivered, I behold but a host of confusion. Empty controversies have maddened them, and they have turned each his arms against his

fellow;* or vain compromise has terrified them, and they flee away in the dark.† But now a brighter day has dawned. In loyal submission, I can take my place beneath the banner of the Bride of Christ, and ‘stand with confidence and see the help of the Lord over us.’‡

Is my queen and mistress from God and free? Then she is divine and above any enthrallment of earth. Under her Lord, she is supreme and spurns the baubles of earthly crowns, even though in piping voices their wearers would style themselves her governors. What though men enchain her body with the trammels of man-made laws, her soul is free, and her subjects are freedmen, and “have not received the spirit of bondage in fear.”§ All alike share in the grace which she dispenses. “The rich and poor have met one another, and the Lord is the maker of them both.”|| She has no place for proud doctrines of predestination and reprobation, nor for any smug distinctions in rank and power; for her Lord was born in a stable and made it the court of heaven.

A Protestant Episcopal bishop recently forbade the use of incense in any of his poor missions, but lost no time in assuring the rectors of his wealthy Ritualistic parishes that the prohibition did not apply to them. Think of it! For more than thirty years an effort has been made to change the name of the Episcopal Church, and substitute “the American Catholic Church” for the time-honored Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America; and while a goodly company oppose it because they are honest enough to wear their Protestant colors, a majority hold it “inexpedient” and “harmful to the growth of the Church.” So are men made slaves of circumstance and condition, while only the queen moves majestically onward, in “the freedom wherewith Christ has made her free.”¶

* Apoc., xxi, 2.

† Isa., xxxiii, 20, 21.

‡ Apoc., xi, 15.

§ II. Tim., i, 7.

* II. Paral., xx, 23.

† II. Paral., xx, 17.

|| Prov., xxii, 2.

‡ IV. Kings, vii, 7.

§ Rom., viii, 15.

¶ Gal., iv, 31.

Strength and abundance are in her towers.* She is not only my queen, but also my mother. Oh, sweetest name! What though the world ignore and despise me, or smite me to the earth, yet the mother will still believe in me and shield me. What though the storm beat madly about me and the chill of life strike in, there is still a hearth whereon the fire burns brightly and where mother awaits me. What though I fall and my fellows drive me forth an outcast—like Cain, “a fugitive and a vagabond on earth,”†—her dear arms ever wait to embrace me, her dear lips to press the kiss of forgiveness on my brow.

So Holy Mother Church would gather us about her—the free-woman and her children of promise.‡ When the noise of the enemy is at the gate, she folds us closely to her bosom. When I hunger, the Lord prepares a table before me,§ and of its bounty she ministers unto me. When life grows heavy with sorrows and bitter disappointments, and empty of all comfort, she will wipe away my tears, and, pointing me to better things—to “an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, that fadeth not,”||—bid me be of a good courage, and “press toward the mark, to the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.”¶ When eyes grow dim, and straining muscles relax, as death draws near, she will fold me in her dear arms and hold me safe until “this mortal hath put on immortality, . . . and death is swallowed up in victory.”**

She is no stern pedagogue to teach us to reason out a system of philosophy. She is the mother of us all, who rears her walls about us to protect us; who spreads her roof above our heads to shelter us; who feeds us with the Living Bread which cometh down from heaven; who brings from her treasure things new and old to make us wise unto salvation. Her

house is our “home”; for there dwells her Lord and Master. On its walls is depicted the story of His love; in its courts are set up the memorials of His saints. There she gathers us to sing His praises, to invoke the aid of His holy ones, to plead for those who, though they be gone before in the sign of the Faith, yet, like us, wait for the day when they shall behold Him in His beauty.

Jerusalem, Vision of Peace, Spouse of Christ, and mother of us all! Through twenty-five years the tender love of God has led me out of darkness into gloom; out of gloom into the faint, gray light of dawn; out of dawn into the rosy glow of sunrise; on into the full blaze of the noontide glory. And now my eyes are blinded and I can not see,—or, at least, only as through a glass, darkly.*

I wonder if these splendors would have been more real to me had I been born in their midst? Doubtless, I should have been very like a group of urchins I once saw playing hide-and-seek in the ruins of Whitby Abbey, and taken it all as a matter of course. Or as, a few moments ago, I myself trampled under foot that delicate little floweret; it was but a wild blossom, and thousands more are blooming all about me, and I never stopped to consider that the mind of God conceived it, the hand of God fashioned it, and the eye of God, beholding it, pronounced it “very good.”†

O my mother! I have fled from her who bore me but could not nourish me; from a hearthstone ever black and cold; from allegiance to a monarch who was a usurper and unable to command obedience; from a very Babel of distraction; and have found thee, O Jerusalem, which is from above, the free-woman, and the mother of us all.

* I. Cor., xiii, 12.

† Gen., i, 31.

* Ps., cxxi, 7.

† Gen., iv, 12.

‡ Gal., iv, 28, 31.

§ Ps. xxii, 5.

|| I. Pet., i, 4.

¶ Phil., iii, 14.

** I. Cor., xv, 54.

CHRISTIANITY has been too often in what seemed deadly peril that we should fear for it any new trial now.—*Newman*.

A Far-Away Princess.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXVI.



NDER the blow of Royall's complete forgetfulness, not only of herself but of all the facts of their marriage, even Moira's courage sank, utterly crushed. But not for long. The brave heart soon rose up to sustain the spirit, and hope revived as she recalled what Lyndon had reported of the specialist's opinion, and as she realized that she had in great measure prepared disappointment for herself by expecting too much, too soon. She had been unable to believe that recollection would not be awakened in Royall's mind by the first sight of her face, the first tone of her voice; and the shock of finding this not so had proved for a time overwhelming. But she had already rallied some measure of strength and courage when Governor Harcourt came to her; and his distress was so great that she was forced to put aside and almost forget her own in the effort to comfort and encourage him.

"It can not be other than a temporary condition," she repeated again and again; "especially since it seems that his loss of memory is only partial. He remembers his past life up to a certain point; he knew his cousin as soon as he saw him; and — there was no hesitation in his recognition of you, was there?"

"None at all," the Governor answered. "He knew me immediately, as clearly as he has ever known me in his life. But that he should fail to recognize *you*, that he has lost all memory of his marriage — that is simply terrible!"

"Yes, it is terrible," she acknowledged; "or would be if we had not every reason to hope for the recovery of his memory very soon."

"God grant it!" the Governor said fervently. "And I want to tell you that

I am even more anxious for that recovery on your account than on his own. For it is too much that you should have to suffer this after all that you have already suffered for him, and that I should be unable to make the full reparation I had hoped to make for my unhappy refusal to recognize his marriage."

"Don't think of that!" she cried quickly. "You have made the fullest reparation, if reparation were needed, during these weeks when we have been suffering the same anxiety, and when you have let me come so close to you—"

"Let you! Good Heavens! Why, you've sustained and held me up! You've been the greatest comfort I have had."

"And don't you know what a comfort it has been to me to feel that I could help you?" she asked gently. "So don't trouble about me; don't think any more about reparation. Let us only think of Royall—of what can be done to help *him*."

"That is the hardest thing of all,—that there's nothing to be done," the Governor replied in a tone of deep depression. "The doctor whom we've just consulted says that there's absolutely nothing that we can do, except keep him quiet, and, as far as possible, surrounded with cheerful influences, and that after a time memory may awaken; but he can give us no idea of how long that time may be."

"It does not sound very encouraging—for me," Moira sighed. "For do you know he not only fails to recognize me — he is afraid of me?"

"Afraid of you! Impossible!"

"Oh, very possible, as you will see if you think for a moment. Put yourself in his place, and you will feel how dreadful it must be to have a strange woman—one whom he has no recollection of ever having seen before — claiming to be married to him. It was no wonder he shrank from me — my poor Royall! — not knowing what demands upon his life I might make." Her eyes suddenly brimmed with tears, which she could not restrain. "There could be no greater proof than

such a fear of how entirely he has forgotten me," she said.

"My poor child!" The Governor put out his hand and touched hers softly. "I can't tell you how this grieves me. I can give you no idea how distressed I am for you. But take heart. In a little while he will fall in love with you over again, and *that* will rouse his memory in short order."

The eyes which were shining through their tears like sapphires under crystal looked at him wistfully.

"Do you think that is — likely?" she asked.

"No, I don't think it likely, but certain," he answered stoutly. "How can you possibly expect anything else? Don't you know that you are—er—extremely attractive,—in fact, positive fascinating?"

"Sometimes in the past I have been made to feel that some people found me so," she replied simply. "Royall was one of them, but he has forgotten—absolutely forgotten—that he ever felt anything of the kind."

"He will remember, he can't fail to remember, when he is again closely associated with you—"

"But that can not be," she interrupted. "I have promised that I will make no claim upon him."

"It is not necessary for you to make any claim, only to come and live under the same roof with him, and give him a chance to remember you. With association, memory will revive. It can't be otherwise."

"But might not my presence—association with me—be likely to annoy, and therefore injure, rather than help him?"

"My dear, you are talking nonsense! Association with you could never possibly annoy or injure any one; and I'm positive that it would be the best influence for good that could be brought to bear on Royall."

"Ah, if I thought that," she cried, "I would be willing to endure anything, even to meet again the look of fear that was in his eyes a little while ago!"

"You shouldn't think hardly of any such look," the Governor urged. "Remember that the poor fellow isn't really himself—"

"Think hardly of it!" she broke in. "Oh, don't you see, don't you know that my heart is breaking with pity for him,—pity so great that it leaves no room for pity of myself?"

"Yes, yes," he answered hurriedly. "I see clearly enough that you are breaking your heart over his forgetfulness; but that is what you must not do, either for him or for yourself. You must consider him simply as a man who is ill, and you must come and help to bring him back to health."

"What do you want me to do?" she asked docilely.

"I want you to go with us down to the Manor, where Royall can be quiet, and where he will be in the midst of associations that will aid his recovery. I know that you shrink from seeming to force yourself in any way upon him, but I don't ask you to do that: only to be where he can see you constantly; for, in my opinion, association with you can't fail to reawaken memory. If you will do this—"

"I will do anything in which there is the least hope of helping him!" she cried passionately. "That is my duty, as well as my ardent desire. And I shall be glad to go with you down to the Manor, if I can be assured that my presence there will not trouble or injure him."

"We must take the risk of what I consider so improbable."

"No," she said quickly, "we can take no risk. In the first place, we must have the opinion of the doctor whom you've just consulted,—you will be kind enough to go with me to see him, will you not? And, in the second place, you must ask Royall if he will object to my presence in the house. If he does object, I beg you not to urge him to consent. Anything that troubled or annoyed would certainly do him harm rather than good. And—and I couldn't bear to feel that I was making his home unpleasant to him."

"You are beyond all doubt the most

self-forgetful creature I have ever known," the Governor told her. "I can't think that there's any reason for such precaution; but we'll consult the doctor, if you wish it."

"Oh, I do wish it! I couldn't be satisfied otherwise. Can we go at once to see him? There's the telephone if you will ask."

To the Governor's telephoned inquiry a reply was returned that the doctor, although his office hours were just closing, would make an exception in their favor and would see them, if they were able to come immediately. A taxicab was therefore ordered, and they were promptly whirled away to meet the appointment.

They felt themselves fortunate in the fact that the usually thronged reception room was now empty, and that the great doctor, coming in quietly, sat down to talk to them with an air of friendly interest. This was particularly marked as his eyes rested on Moira; for the exquisite distinction of her personality, its rare grace and charm, and the foreign note which was like a perfume brought from an older and finer civilization,—all appealed strongly to the man of keen sensibilities and cosmopolitan culture. His sympathies had already been roused by the young man who had come to him with a lost memory, out of the mysterious desert beyond Tripoli; and now this sight of the wife he had forgotten enlisted a yet keener interest in the story and the situation. As he looked at her, and as he listened to the music of her soft, pathetic voice, he found himself wondering how any blow could be violent enough to make a man forget her. And Moira spoke to him the more readily because there was no mistaking the compassion in his eyes. After she had described her interview with Royall, and the vain efforts she had made to waken in his mind any recollection of herself or of their life together, she told of Governor Harcourt's desire that she should accompany them to their home in Maryland, and then put her question:

"What must I do—or, rather, what is best for *him* that I should do?" she asked. "Please understand that I do not want to consider myself, or to be considered, at all. I want only to do the thing which will have the best chance of helping Royall. If there is any danger of my presence injuring him, I am willing to efface myself utterly,—to let him forget, for the present at least, that I exist—"

"I do not think," the doctor interposed here, "that there is the least necessity for anything of the kind, nor that there is the slightest danger of your presence injuring him. On the contrary, I believe that it may prove beneficial."

"Ah!" (A note of satisfaction this, from the Governor.) "Didn't I tell you so?"

"Then you advise" (Moira looked at the physician with eyes at once the most appealing and the most beautiful he had ever seen) "that I should go to Harcourt Manor, even though I see distinctly that he shrinks from association with me?"

"That will probably not last long," the doctor told her kindly. "He shrinks only because the injured mind instinctively fears that an effort may be required of it which it can not make. When he finds that you do not require any such effort (and I am sure you will be careful not to do so) he will cease to shrink, he will yield to the influence of your presence, and after a little while all will be well."

"You mean" (eagerly) "that he will remember all he has forgotten?"

"Ah, that I can not tell you!" the doctor answered. "How much he may remember, or how soon, no one can say. The injury which he received—it seems to have been a blow upon the head from a heavy, old-fashioned sword—has caused a pressure upon the brain at a particular spot, and we must await the process of nature for the relief of this. Memory may return gradually, or it may come by some sudden shock or blow; or, yet again, it may never return. You must be prepared for any of these things."

"But if it never returns, he will never

remember *me!*" Moira cried in a tone of anguish.

Compassion deepened in the clear, keen eyes regarding her.

"The chances are that it will return, sooner or later," the doctor told her. "But even if it does not, I think that after a short time he will be more than willing to let your memory take the place of his, and believe whatever you tell him of his position toward you. All that is needed to deal with the situation is patience, and" (he hesitated an instant) "the old-fashioned thing called love."

So it came to pass that, being assured that Royall did not object to her presence, Moira went down to Harcourt Manor with his father and himself, and took her strange, anomalous place there; acknowledged by the family as the wife of the son of the house, who had forgotten her.

It was a situation to meet which required all her strength of soul, all the self-forgetfulness which was so marked a trait of her character. But, as she had assured both Governor Harcourt and the doctor, she did not consider herself at all: her only thought was to help Royall on the road to recovery; her only desire to be near him, and to care for him as far as was possible. She had soon to learn, however, that this was not very far. To her acute, love-sharpened perception it became increasingly clear that he shrank from her as he had shrunk at their first meeting; that he preferred service from any one else rather than from her, and the society of any one else to hers.

And to bear this was not rendered easier by two elements of the situation. One was the disapproving coldness of Mrs. Lyndon, who made no secret of her belief that Royall would stand a better chance for recovery without the presence of a wife whom he did not recognize; and the other was the fact that Elinor Fane was a frequent guest at the Manor, that Royall had remembered her at once, as he remembered everyone connected with

his earlier life, and that he sought her society in a manner which indicated that his old fancy for her had revived under the influence of the old environment.

It was some time before Moira grasped the full meaning of this. She could not fail to see that, despite his unvarying courtesy—courtesy paid as to a stranger,—he avoided her carefully, was uneasy in her presence, and was never left alone with her if he could avoid it. But, absorbed in the pain of this, she did not at first realize how eagerly he turned toward the girl who had met him with an outburst of affection and sympathy, and who was associated with all the gayest and most delightful memories of his early youth. In *her* society there was no painful effort required to remember things which eluded recollection, and which by eluding excited a vague sense of resentment. On the contrary, all that she recalled was like a flood of sunshine to his depressed mind, bringing back that intense pleasure in life which had always been so strong in him, and for which he now instinctively longed; while it was, in a certain sense, inevitable that together with these recollections there should have been a revival of the attraction which he had at that time felt for her.

At first everyone was glad to note the effect she had upon him; and Governor Harcourt begged her to come and pay a long visit at the Manor, "to cheer Royall up." To him there was nothing more natural than that she should be able to exercise this cheering influence.

"You see, they grew up together," he explained to Moira. "They have so many associations in common—associations with days when they had nothing to do but enjoy themselves—that it is not strange Royall should find it pleasant to be with her."

"No, it isn't strange at all," Moira agreed, trying valiantly to smile. "She recalls things that he likes to remember—that he *can* remember. One should be very glad of that. It is a pleasure to

hear them laughing together, for he laughs only when he is with her."

The unconscious sadness of the last words made the Governor glance at her with quick sympathy.

"He will laugh with you, too, after a little while," he assured her consolingly. "You mustn't let yourself doubt that."

"It is hard not to doubt it," she replied in a low tone; "for you must see that he turns from me more and more. It is quite clear that I—I do not attract him in the least."

"Not just now, perhaps," the Governor was forced to admit; "but that's because he has gone back, as it were, to his boyhood, and he—er—likes what is associated with that time of his life. As I've remarked, Elinor Fane and he have so much in common."

"While he has altogether forgotten all that he had in common with me!" Moira said, turning away to hide her pain.

But a little later even the Governor grew uneasy at Royall's absorption in the girl, who, on her part, put everything else aside to devote her time and attention to him. How much of this sprang from the impulse to cheer and help him, and how much was of deliberate intention to fan into new life the old flame of fancy for herself, it would be difficult to say; one may charitably suppose that it began with the first, and went on to the second, as she saw how easy such revival of feeling became. At all events, when Paul Lyndon unexpectedly appeared at the Manor, matters had reached a point that immediately excited his concern and indignation. His first step was to remonstrate with Royall, who listened to him with an averted eye and a frowning brow, and then unhesitatingly intimated that he was taking a liberty which the situation did not justify.

"Whatever partial injury my mind has suffered," he said, "I am quite capable of directing my own conduct without the help of suggestions from you, my dear Paul!"

"You must forgive me," Paul persisted,

"if I don't think that you altogether realize your true position, or else you would not devote so much time and attention to Elinor Fane."

Royall looked at him now with a spark of unmistakable anger in his glance.

"When you speak of my true position," he said, "I presume that you mean with regard to the lady who—er—claims to be my wife."

"*Claims* to be!" Lyndon's indignation made him for a moment forget himself. "You must know that she *is* your wife!"

"I beg your pardon!" Royall retorted. "I know nothing of the kind. I am told that I married her in Paris, and it is possible that I really did so. That, of course, is a matter susceptible of proof."

"Would you like me to get the proofs for you?"

"It is not necessary. I am willing to take for granted that they exist; but I am distinctly not willing to be bound by an act of which I have no recollection, and which, if I did remember, I should probably desire to repudiate."

At those words, with their deliberate intonation, Lyndon felt his heart grow cold. He looked at his cousin with a sense of something like despair, for there seemed to him more in this than the lapse of memory: it struck him that there was a recurring note of one of Royall's ruling characteristics—a fickleness which had made him in the past turn lightly from one fancy to another, and find the latest attraction always the most irresistible. So he had forgotten Elinor Fane and all the other charmers round whom he had fluttered, when the lovely French actress, in the glamour of her artistic success, had dawned upon his vision, and given him the delightful triumph of bearing her away from the enthusiastic admiration of the public. How like Royall it was to have been fascinated with her then! And how like Royall also to turn now from the beautiful, wistful presence which, no longer surrounded by any glamour, appealed to him less than the

pretty, alluring girl who, besides amusing him in the present, recalled all the gay memories of his youth! With a flash of intuition the whole situation was, or seemed to be, made clear to Lyndon. The blow in the African desert was accountable for the loss of memory; but it had not created the temperament which made the change of feeling possible, and so significant that the sense of despair already alluded to came over Lyndon as he thought of Moira.

Presently he went in search of her, anxious to learn how far she had perceived or apprehended the meaning of the return of Royall's fancy to the girl he had once played at being in love with. It was some time before he could find her; but a hint from some one finally sent him out into the garden, where, he was told, she liked to go.

It was the first time he had entered the garden since the unforgettable night when he had walked through it with her in the summer moonlight; and it was a very different scene which it presented now, in the late autumn of the year, from that which he remembered so vividly. The flowers were all gone, and places that had been gay with bloom were now bare and brown. But, nevertheless, there was a charm, a sense of beauty that was only sleeping, in the ordered spaces; while the soft, yet subtly melancholy sunshine of an Indian Summer day rested over everything, and brought out the deep green of the great box hedges. Instinct told him where he was most likely to find Moira; and so, following the way they had taken on that past summer night, he finally came to the remote, cloistered space where the lilies had bloomed in such royal splendor.

They were gone now, leaving no sign of that past vision of beauty; and the mellow sunlight, pouring into the enclosure, showed only the sundial in the centre, and a tall, slender, black-clad figure standing beside it, with eyes fastened on the legend of the dial; while

from one white hand, that hung down, there was a flash of jewels as the sunshine caught the amethyst beads of a rosary. As he came forward across the brown turf, Moira lifted her eyes, and, smiling a little, pointed to the inscription.

"*Tempus fugit!*" she said in her soft tones. "Do you remember how I told you of finding comfort in that reminder last summer? I was thinking then that the flight of time would soon bring Royall back; and now — now I find comfort in it of another kind."

"And that is—?" Lyndon asked a little curiously.

"It is, first, in the hope that every day as it goes is bringing nearer the time when he will once more remember everything which he has forgotten; and, secondly—"

"Yes, secondly?"—for she had paused a minute.

"Well, secondly, I find comfort in the chief thought of which this saying is intended to remind us: that time is bearing us swiftly to the place where all disappointments and all pain will end."

"In other words" (he looked at her keenly), "you are beginning to fear disappointment of your first hope?"

She met his gaze fully, and in the depths of her eyes he read at once a great sadness and a great courage.

"I am beginning," she said, "not so much to fear as to realize that we may have to wait a longer time than we expected for its fulfilment — if it is fulfilled at all." She paused again for a moment, and then went on, very quietly: "You see, I was foolish enough to think when I came here, that perhaps my presence, my influence might prove powerful enough to rouse the dormant memory in Royall's mind; or, failing that (and this was the suggestion of the doctor in New York, as well as of his father), that he might again find me as attractive as — as he found me once before."

Her voice dropped over the last words, and Lyndon turned his gaze quickly away

from her face. It was more than he could bear, to read all that was in her eyes now. But the courage he had already read there had not failed, and presently the soft tones went on:

"One must face the truth, whatever it may be; and the truth I now recognize is, that he does not find me attractive at all. Instead of attracting or pleasing him, I—I only annoy and disturb him. It has taken me some time to find this out, but I see it clearly at last. And I was helped to see it by something which, quite accidentally, I overheard him say to Miss Fane. She must have made some remark about me, for he answered impatiently: 'No, I don't admire her at all. She is too foreign in looks and ways.' So you see" (a note of pathos, with a hint of tears, came into the voice now) "I am a Far-Away Princess still, even to him."

"I see that he is mad, infatuated, beguiled!" Lyndon cried hoarsely. She shook her head.

"Not mad," she said, "though perhaps infatuated and beguiled. It is this way, I think. He has, as it were, gone back to the time before he went abroad or—knew me; and only the things and people that pleased him then, please him now. There can be no change from this condition, unless something occurs to touch the other chord. But I have almost given up hope of that, at least for the present."

"Then," said Lyndon, "what are you going to do? You can not stay here, to suffer like this and be treated in such a manner."

As he met her eyes again, he saw a light of resolution shining in them.

"You are right," she answered. "I have decided that I must not stay here longer,—not because of any suffering of my own, but because I feel that I am doing harm to him. It can not be good for him to be annoyed by a presence which seems to be tacitly pressing a claim which I promised him I would never press. So I am going away."

"Where?"

"Ah" (a little wildly), "I have not settled that yet! It doesn't seem to matter much. I suppose I shall go back to my own country, where I shall no longer feel myself a stranger, a foreigner, a Far-Away Princess."

"Wherever you go, you can never be anything but a Far-Away Princess," he told her passionately.

(To be continued.)

The Year '13 in the Christian Era.

IN that species of diary known as "A Line a Day Book" each page shows the notable events or incidents of personal interest that occurred on the same date in a series of consecutive years. Apart from the practical value that such a record may easily possess, there is supposed to be an æsthetic pleasure in looking back at what one did "a year ago to-day," or two, three, four, or five years ago to-day. Somewhat akin to the diarist's gratification in recalling those matters which he once thought most worthy of remembrance, is the historical student's interest in reviewing the larger events that occupied the world's attention "a century ago this year," or five, ten, fifteen, or twenty centuries ago this year. In the following paragraphs will be found the outstanding occurrences which, in each '13 year of the Christian era, have been deemed worthy of mention in two standard historical works.*

If what has been said of peoples, "Happy is the nation that has no history," may be applied to years, the record of the first three centuries of our era is rather opposed than favorable to the once, if not still, popular superstition that thirteen is an unlucky number. The years 13 A. D., 113 A. D., and 213 A. D. do not figure in the tables of dates made memorable by events disastrous or otherwise. And the

* Putnam's "Tabular Views of Universal History." Brueck's "Chronological Tables" in his "History of the Catholic Church."

story of the fourth century would seem still further to contradict the "thirteen superstition." The year 313 A. D. was so far from being an unlucky one that its sixteenth centenary is at this writing being celebrated with notable solemnity and rejoicing all over the Catholic world.

It was in 313 A. D., in fact, that the Emperors of the West and East, Constantine the Great and his son-in-law, Licinius (conqueror, this same year, of Maximinus), issued the famous Edict of Milan, by which perfect religious freedom was conferred on the Christians. Everyone was permitted to become a Christian, and the restoration of all confiscated churches and other property was commanded. The definitive ending of the persecutions waged against the Church by the Roman emperors was an event of such far-reaching consequence that 313 A. D. may well be considered the red-letter year of our whole era.

In the fifth and sixth as in the first three centuries, our special year remained unsignalized by any event of major importance; but it figures in the seventh as the date of several interesting occurrences in Western Europe. In 613 A. D. Clotaire I. united the various realms of the Frankish dominions; and Ethelfrith, King of Northumbria, defeated the Britons and conquered Cheshire and Lancashire. St. Gall, the Irish monk who was the companion and disciple of St. Columban, arrived in Switzerland, or Helvetia, where he later on founded an abbey, which in the ninth and tenth centuries was one of the most famous seats of learning on the Continent.

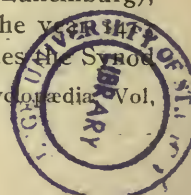
In 713 A. D. Anastasius II. became Emperor of the Eastern Empire; and just one hundred years later Leo V. (the Armenian) was raised to the same high dignity. In 813 A. D., too, Al Mamun became Caliph of Bagdad, beginning a reign which is generally regarded as the Augustan Age of Arabian literature. Ten centuries ago this year, there occurred nothing sufficiently notable to warrant

the tabulating of 913 A. D. among the great dates of history; and 1013 A. D. merits such tabulating for the sole reason that the Danes, under Sweyn, became in that year the masters of England,—the conquered English King, Ethelred, fleeing to Normandy. In the succeeding century, 1113 A. D. was barren of any epoch-making events; although this twelfth century, as a whole, witnessed many important occurrences in both civil and ecclesiastical history.

In the thirteenth, which a present-day Catholic author styles "the greatest of centuries," 1213 A. D. was marked by several happenings of world-wide interest. One was the culmination of that romantic, if ill-advised, enterprise, the Children's Crusade. From forty to fifty thousand children sallied forth from France and England and Germany with the thoroughly laudable purpose of conquering the Holy Land. Their foredoomed failure in nowise detracts from their heroism or their merit. In the same year Pope Innocent III. declared King John of England a usurper, and ordered Philip of France to invade England. John thereupon submitted to hold his crown as a vassal of the Pope. Another event of noteworthy magnitude in this year was the defeat of the Albigenses at Muret by Simon, Count of Montfort,—a defeat which put the victor in possession of the whole country around Albi, or Abiga, from which city the pernicious sect, whom Innocent III. declared to be "worse than the Saracens," took its name. It is well to bear in mind that, in opposing the Albigenses, the Church was combating "principles that led directly not only to the ruin of Christianity, but to the very extinction of the human race."*

The double-thirteen year, 1313 A. D., was signalized only by the termination of the reign of Henry VII. (of Luxemburg), Emperor of Germany. For the year 1413 A. D., Church history chronicles the Synod

* N. A. Weber, Catholic Encyclopedia, Vol. I., p. 269.



at Prague, the convocation of the Council of Constance, the invasion of the States of the Church by Ladislaus of Naples, and the flight of Pope John XXIII. to Florence. In England, Henry IV. was succeeded on the throne by his son, the "wild Prince Hal" of Shakespeare's dramas, who, as Henry V., won the reputation of being an able, brave, and energetic sovereign. In the Eastern Empire, this year marked the accession of Mohammed I. to the sole dominion of the Turks.

In the sixteenth century, for the first time, America finds a place in this summarized historical table. It was in 1513 A. D., on that Sunday which is called in Spanish *Pascua Florida* ("Flowery Easter"), that Ponce de Leon discovered the southeasternmost State of our present Republic; and, in honor of the day, the Catholic navigator named the land Florida. On September 25 of the same year Balboa discovered the Pacific Ocean, or, as he called it, the South Sea. In Europe, the year was made memorable by the elevation to the Papal throne of Giovanni de' Medici, who, as Pope Leo X., became a munificent patron of literature and the arts; and by the Scottish invasion of England, the battle of Flodden Field, and the death thereat of the Scotch King, James IV. "Scarcely one of our families of eminence," said Sir Walter Scott, "but has an ancestor killed at Flodden." The old Scotch ballad tells the same story:

The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

Beyond the plundering of Sinope, on the Black Sea, by the Cossacks, and the accession to the throne of Russia of the Czar, Michael Romanoff, founder of the present ruling line, 1613 A. D. offers nothing calling for special mention; while the corresponding year in the following century is prolific of important events. In the first place, Queen Anne's War was closed by the Treaty of Utrecht, among the provisions of which compact was the cession to England of Newfoundland, Acadia, and Hudson Bay. The Treaty was signed on April 11, 1713.

On September 8 of the same year Pope Clement XI. issued the famous bull "Unigenitus," condemning the errors of the Jansenists. Five months previously Charles VI., Emperor of Germany, issued the ordinance known as the Pragmatic Sanction, in virtue of which his dominions were to pass on his death to his daughter, the Archduchess Maria Teresa. In the neighboring Kingdom of Prussia, Frederick I. died, and was succeeded by his son, Frederick William I.

As for the notable occurrences credited to this particular year of the last century, 1813 A. D., they are so numerous that lack of space necessitates our summarizing their summary. The War of 1812 was still under way; Perry won the Battle of Lake Erie over the British fleet under Barclay; and near the banks of the Thames, in Ontario, the Americans, under Harrison, defeated the allied British and Indians,—Tecumseh, the leader of the Indians, falling in the battle. On the other side of the Atlantic, the Napoleonic war was raging; and 1813 saw the sixth coalition—of Prussia, Russia, Sweden, Great Britain, and Austria—against France. During the year Napoleon defeated the troops of the allies at Lützen, Bautzen, and Dresden, and was himself defeated in the much more important battle of Leipsic. In another part of Europe, Napoleon's great opponent and eventual conqueror, Wellington, won the battle of Vittoria over the French forces, under King Joseph (Bonaparte) and Jourdain; and followed up his victory by invading France. Down in South America, the year was made memorable by Bolivar's driving the Spaniards from Caracas, his being hailed as the liberator of Venezuela, and his appointment as absolute dictator in civil and military affairs.

In the history of the Church, 1813 merits mention as the year in which Napoleon appeared personally at Fontainebleau, and extorted from his prisoner, Pope Pius VII., eleven articles, preliminary to a new Concordat. On the remonstrance

of his cardinals, Pius VII. recalled his concessions; but Napoleon had them promulgated as a Concordat and the law of the Empire. Within a year Emperor and Pontiff changed their rôles. Pius VII. made his triumphal entry into Rome; "while his oppressor," says Brueck—"first at Elba, and, after the one hundred days, at St. Helena,—had ample time and opportunity to reflect on the promises which Christ gave to His Church."

Old Heads and Young.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

II.

LATER in the day, Peggy was standing before the window of Miss Gear's fashionable emporium, gazing admiringly at a large picture hat of pale blue chiffon, with tiny forget-me-nots peeping out from under the brim, when a woman's piercing scream caused her to turn quickly. A little child, escaping from its mother's hand, had darted into the street just as a car swept around the corner. The driver did not see the child until the machine was almost upon her. He tried to stop, but it was too late.

It was Peggy who lifted the apparently lifeless form; while the mother, a poor, working-woman, too numbed by horror and grief to utter a sound after that one scream, stood near, a picture of despair.

"She is not dead!" an authoritative voice exclaimed. "Quick! To Mercy Hospital, Peters!"

Before Peggy knew just what was happening, she found herself, the child still in her arms, in the tonneau of the car, the half-crazed mother beside her; while the owner of the voice, a dark young man, whom she had never seen before, occupied the seat beside the driver.

In a very few minutes they were at Mercy Hospital. Taking the child from Peggy's arms, the young man hurried up the broad steps,

"She is *not* dead," he said over his shoulder. "Try to comfort the mother."

It seemed a long time—a very long time—that they waited. But at last a sweet-faced Sister entered the room.

"She has regained consciousness," she said, glancing from one to the other. "It seems almost miraculous; but, aside from a few bruises, the child is not really injured."

"Oh, thank God!—*thank God!*" the mother sobbed convulsively, in sudden relief, the tears streaming down her cheeks.

"You may come with me now to see her," the Sister said kindly.

The woman started toward the door, then stopped suddenly.

"My hand-bag!" she murmured faintly. "All the money I had in the world was in it, and—it is gone!"

They searched the room; Peggy even ran out to look in the automobile; but to no avail.

"I—I must have dropped it in the crowd," the woman said disconsolately.

Peggy drew out her purse. She had had Aunt Caroline's check cashed; and the purse contained also the price of the hat she intended purchasing.

"Take this," she said hurriedly, thrusting it into the woman's hand. "It—it is for the little one."

The car was still waiting. And as she hurried down the broad steps, and out into the warm, scented early June air, Peggy carried with her a pleasant, if rather confused, recollection of a strong, dark face, and an authoritative voice.

III.

Mrs. Caroline de Ville lived alone with her servants, in the fine old Colonial mansion, "The Maples," which had been her home for nearly half a century. On this particular afternoon, when the spring flowers made gay the well-kept beds, and the birds, in the safe shelter of the century-old maples, were pouring out their little hearts in sheerest joy, the doors of the old house were thrown wide in hospitable welcome; and the still handsome mistress

received her guests with that exquisite graciousness of manner which seemed so thoroughly a part of herself, and which had served to keep her a social favorite all these years.

Into this exclusive gathering came Dick Linville and his daughter Peggy. Mrs. de Ville's attention was attracted to them by hearing a rather stout, overdressed matron say to her neighbor:

"Who are those people just entering,—the rather shabby but distinguished-looking man, and the pretty girl with the unfashionable hat?"

The hostess glanced quickly toward the door. Her nephew was being greeted by an old acquaintance; and she noted, with a little tightening of the throat, that his thick brown hair was generously sprinkled with silver, and that his still handsome face showed unmistakable lines of care. She noted, too, in that first glance that his coat, though unfashionable in cut, was worn with an air that distinguished him even in that crowd of well-dressed people. "And the girl looks a thoroughbred!" she thought, with a thrill of pride.

"That," she said, turning to the young matron,—"that is my nephew, Mr. Richard Linville, with his daughter."

The young matron flushed crimson, murmuring some apology, which the older woman did not wait to hear.

"My dear Dick," she cried, going forward at once to greet the newcomers, "I am, indeed, glad to see you! I had begun to fear you were not coming."

Dick Linville's hand closed tightly, for an instant, over the smaller one. That was all. There was no outward show of emotion; yet each knew that the other was glad to be forgiven.

"And this is your daughter? I am glad to know you, my dear!"

"Come, my dear!" she said to Peggy. "We will leave your father to renew his acquaintance with these gentlemen, all of whom, I think, are old friends."

In the next room, separated from this one by massive pillars, were two pretty

girls dispensing punch. The crowd of young people surrounding them gave way deferentially as Mrs. de Ville and her companion approached. The former glanced quickly around the room; but, evidently, the person she sought was not there.

"He is as perverse as—a woman!" she thought, recalling his words when, a few days before, she had, inadvertently, betrayed something of the plan which had been forming in her mind since catching that glimpse of her great-niece's face framed in the street-car window.

"If I ever marry," he had once said, with a fine light in his handsome eyes, "it will *not* be through any mercenary motive, Aunt Caroline; so don't, I beg of you, make any such plans for me, as they can not but end in disappointment. I would spare you that if I could. Let the girl have the estate; she has as much right to it as I have," he had added, with rare unselfishness. "I have my profession, and" (with a boyish smile) "I have sufficient confidence in my own ability to feel that I shall win out."

But Mrs. de Ville had always found it difficult to give up a cherished hope. If she could succeed in bringing about a meeting between these two perverse young people—for she detected in Peggy's clear, steady glance a perversity equal to that of the young man in question,—she felt sure they must see the wisdom of her plan.

"I expected to find my nephew here," she said. (Peggy's quick ear detected the disappointment in her tone.) "He was called to the hospital this morning, but promised to return."

She might have added that she had with difficulty exacted this promise from him.

"Virginia," she said, addressing one of the pretty dispensers of the iced beverage, "I want you to meet my great-niece, Miss Linville. Margaret my dear, this is Miss Dayton. Your grandmothers were girlhood friends."

Peggy soon found herself quite at home with the merry group of young people, who received her with easy courtesy.

In the music room, a noted pianist was thumping the piano keys in a manner that caused Peggy to think he must be avenging his own and all his ancestors' wrongs on the costly instrument. Now and then the crashing chords ran off into wonderful trills and cadenzas. But in these little lulls, Peggy found herself listening, not to the music in the next room, but to the still more wonderful trills and cadenzas of the wild birds in the maples outside. She was standing beside a low window opening upon a wide veranda. She saw her aunt talking with much animation to a blonde young man, wearing eyeglasses, whom she decided at once was Dr. Robert Chalmers.

The music had ceased; and, under cover of the general movement, obeying a sudden impulse, she stepped through the low window out upon the wide veranda. Virginia Dayton was about to follow, but some one claimed her attention. So Peggy wandered out alone into the beautiful grounds, her mind filled with the thought that it was here her father played as a boy. She paused beside a great bed of scarlet tulips, when quick steps on the gravelled walk behind her caused her to start and turn.

A servant in livery came into view; he was followed by a white-haired priest. Peggy stepped aside, and stood with bowed head until they passed; for something in the priest's bearing told her that he carried the Blessed Sacrament. Then she turned quickly and followed. They entered a back hallway, from which a flight of stairs led up to the servants' quarters. As she ascended the stairs, Peggy heard a low murmur of voices, which ceased as the priest approached. He entered one of the rooms, and a hush fell upon the servants gathered in the hall.

"What is it?" Peggy whispered to a maid standing near her.

"It's Patterson, the old housekeeper. She's dying, Miss; though the Doctor declares she's not. None of us knowed she was a Papist until she begged some-

body to get the priest. The young Doctor went after him himself, in his automobile. John had the side gate open, and brought the priest right up. He's in there now. Oh, there's the mistress' bell!" the girl broke off. "She doesn't know. I'll have to tell her."

But it was Peggy who found and told Mrs. de Ville; persuading that lady, who had a horror of unpleasant scenes, to remain with her guests, and allow her, Peggy, to look after the sick woman.

It took much longer than she expected and, though she hurried back, the priest had gone when she entered the room. The woman lay with closed eyes, a look of peace on her careworn face. Peggy tiptoed across the room, and was stooping to touch the wrinkled hand lying, like a withered leaf, on the coverlet, when a young man bending over a medicine case upon a small stand in a corner of the room, whom she had not noticed, looked up. He took a step forward.

"*You!*" he exclaimed in a low tone.

Peggy started, the soft color deepening in her cheeks. Turning slowly, she found herself looking into the eyes of the dark young man with the authoritative voice.

"Oh, is it *you!*" she said impulsively. "How is she?"—glancing toward the bed.

"Much better. She is sleeping quietly just now. It was a severe attack of vertigo. She will be all right in a day or so."

"But you went for the priest?"

"Yes," the young man returned gravely. "She has not practised her religion for years. It seems no one in the house was aware that she had ever been a Catholic."

"Ah!"

Peggy's face told him that she approved his action.

Slipping his hand into his pocket, he drew out a small but exceedingly beautiful pearl rosary, with a jewelled cross, on the back of which was engraved the letter "M."

"Ah, my rosary! It was my mother's." Peggy breathed softly, a glad, eager light in her eyes. "It was in the purse I—I—"

"The woman gave it to me hoping that

"I might be able to restore it to you," he said, as she broke off in some confusion. "But you slipped away so quietly no one seemed to have seen or recognized you."

"Thank you!" she said gratefully.

They were standing in the narrow hall. The servants, their panic over, had returned to their duties. The sound of the piano came faintly through the intervening rooms. It reminded Peggy of her promise to report to her aunt any change in the old housekeeper's condition. Murmuring some excuse, she ran lightly down the stairs, leaving the young Doctor gazing after her in some perplexity.

"I do not even know her name!" he thought. "But evidently she is a guest, and I shall manage somehow to get an introduction."

Mrs. de Ville, who had already sent her own maid, Jenkins, to sit with the sick woman and attend to her wants, was the centre of a brilliant group when Peggy made her way back into the crowded rooms. The latter waited until she caught her aunt's eye; then bent her head, almost imperceptibly, with a reassuring smile. The older woman returned the smile, with a quick look of relief.

"How pretty she is, and how easily she adapts herself!" Mrs. de Ville reflected, with a thrill of pride, as she watched Peggy join the crowd of young people at the farther end of the room. And it pleased her to note the eagerness with which they received her. "That stupid boy!" she thought irritably. "Why doesn't he come?"

A half hour later, Peggy was again standing beside the low, open window; but with her this time was young Condon, the multi-millionaire. His inane compliments had begun to pall, and she was meditating a second flight into the beautiful grounds, when a low, masculine voice, raised slightly in laughing protest, caught her ear. She did not move or turn her head, yet she seemed to know the instant his eyes caught sight of her; and she was not surprised when she heard the

same voice say, in a quick, low tone:

"There she is,—there by the window!"

A moment later Mrs. de Ville laid a gentle hand upon Peggy's arm.

"Margaret my dear," she said, a wonderful gladness in her voice (at which Peggy for an instant marvelled),—"Margaret, allow me to introduce my nephew, Dr. Robert Chalmers. Robert, this is Miss Linville, the daughter of my nephew, Richard Linville."

In a flash, the brown and gray eyes met for an instant; and the astonishment written on both faces was so apparent that Mrs. de Ville laughed softly, though there was a suspicious moisture in her eyes, as, murmuring something about some one waiting for her, she turned hastily away, taking Mr. Condon with her.

The two young people were left comparatively alone. It was Peggy who spoke first.

"I had not the faintest idea that you were Dr. Chalmers," she said slowly. "I was not anxious to meet that young man," she added, with a whimsical smile.

"And I was keeping out of the way of Miss Margaret Linville," he answered, with an odd, boyish laugh; then gravely: "I humbly beg her pardon!"

Peggy laughed.

Mrs. de Ville, who was still within hearing, said suddenly to young Condon:

"Help me to find my nephew, Mr. Linville. I have an important message for him."

(The End.)

The Heart of Mary.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

THE Heart of Mary, Heaven's Queen,

Is still as loving and as tender

As when she walked on earth, I ween.

The Heart of Mary, Heaven's Queen,

Has pity deep for woes terrene,

Though round her folds the heavenly splendor,

The Heart of Mary, Heaven's Queen,

Is still the loving Heart and tender.

The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

June 15, Fifth Sunday after Pentecost.

THE beauty of the divine virtue of charity, and the all-important place it occupies in our spiritual life is the burden of to-day's liturgy. The Introit is taken from Psalm xxvi, in which David, amid his persecutions, protests his entire confidence in the divine protection. The words chosen are expressive of a humble trust in the Lord, who is so dear to the Psalmist, while they form an earnest petition for His help on behalf of the creature He loves. "Hear, O Lord, my voice, with which I have cried to Thee! Be Thou my helper; forsake me not; do not Thou despise me, O God, my Saviour!" The psalm is one of loving and exultant confidence. "The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear?" True love inspires perfect trust.

The Collect begs "the Lover of charity," as the Church styles Him in one of her prayers, to bestow upon His people the perfection of that supreme virtue. "O God, who hast prepared invisible good things for them that love Thee, pour forth into our hearts an efficacious love for Thee; that, loving Thee in all things and above all things, we may come to the enjoyment of Thy promises, which surpass all that we could desire." The "greatest and the first Commandment," as we hear from the divine lips of our Master and Guide, is: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whole soul and with thy whole mind." And it is love which will win for us the possession of those surpassing joys of heaven "prepared . . . for them that love" God truly.

The Epistle enlarges upon the signs which tell of this true love. Not only does he who desires eternal life refrain from sin and work justice — for, as St. John, the Apostle of love, has said, "This

is the charity of God, that we keep His commandments," — but he shows his love of God by his charity toward God's creatures. The same St. John tells us in unmistakable words: "Dearly beloved, let us love one another; for charity is of God. And every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is charity. . . . If any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar. For he that loveth not his brother, whom he seeth, how can he love God, whom he seeth not?" St. Peter, therefore, in to-day's Epistle, requires Christians to "be of one mind, having compassion one of another; being lovers of the brotherhood; merciful, modest, humble; not rendering evil for evil nor railing for railing, but, contrariwise, blessing; for unto this are you called," he says, "that you may inherit a blessing." The love of God, "above all things" prayed for in the Collect, is bound up with the love of our neighbor, here so strongly inculcated.

This teaching is confirmed by the Gospel. Our Lord declares that the mere external fulfilment of the law, with which the Scribes and Pharisees were content, can never win the "good things" prepared for God's true lovers. He requires real and perfect charity; not that which is external only, but that which affects the whole of life. God will not accept the offering of one who pretends to love Him while he is out of charity with one of His children. "If, therefore, thou offer thy gift at the altar, and there thou remember that thy brother hath anything against thee, leave there thy offering before the altar, and go first to be reconciled to thy brother; and then coming thou shalt offer thy gift."

How valuable the lesson taught by these formulas! So important is true charity that, as St. Peter tells us, the close union of concord by which it binds together the members of Christ's Church is a condition of happiness now and hereafter. And that charity, to be worthy

of the name, must be warm-hearted and generous. It "must make us see God in our fellowmen," says a holy writer; "and that will bring us to look upon their happiness or misfortunes as though they were our own."

The Gradual, in the spirit of the Introit, implores the continued favor and help of the God who loves His own. "Look down, O God our protector,—look down upon Thy servants! O Lord God of hosts" (humility compares God's majesty and power with the lowliness of His petitioner), "graciously hear the prayers of Thy servants!"

The gift of Holy Communion suggests to the devout soul the desire of heaven with its unbroken intercourse with God, who here unites Himself so closely with His creatures. "One thing I have asked of the Lord; this will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life." And our life, let us ever bear in mind, does not end with this world, but is to be prolonged throughout eternity.

The Sign of the Cross in the Liturgy.

THE most common distinctively Catholic religious custom is that of making the Sign of the Cross. It is a custom the antiquity of which leaves little doubt that it originated with the Apostles, and its universality has ever been coequal with that of the Church herself. In the daily life of the practical Catholic of our own times, this sign figures frequently in the performance of various actions,—at the beginning and end of prayers, before and after meals, on entering and leaving a church, during violent storms and other dangers; and in the ordinary routine of existence among the early Christians, it was used still more frequently. Writing in the third century, Tertullian declares; "At the beginning and during the performance of all that we do—when we go in and out of the house, when we dress ourselves, when we

lie down to rest; in fact, in everything—we mark ourselves on the forehead with the Sign of the Cross."

Apart from, or rather giving rise to, this frequency of the saving sign in the private life of the Catholic, there is the official Sign of the Cross employed so continually by the Church in her liturgy. It is made over and over again in the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, in the administration of the different sacraments, as in all blessings and consecrations of whatever kind. The cross is found on our sacred vestments, on religious banners, over the graves of our dear departed, above our altars and tabernacles, on cathedral spire and village church steeple,—nay, our churches themselves are frequently built in crucial form.

In our individual signing ourselves with the cross, we make open profession of our faith, and more particularly of our belief in the most important of all the mysteries of our holy religion—that is, the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity and that of the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ; and through that sign we obtain blessings from God, especially protection from the assaults of the devil and from all bodily and spiritual dangers. In the Church's liturgical use of the sign, and notably its use during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, there is a wider signification and a deeper symbolism. The celebrant, for instance, makes the Sign of the Cross two, three, and five times in succession, thus symbolizing the twofold nature, human and divine, of Christ, or the three Persons of the Blessed Trinity, or the five precious wounds of our Divine Lord,—the sign typifying, in a word, the mysteries of faith which the Mass commemorates.

In the course of the Canon of the Mass the Sign of the Cross is made no fewer than twenty-five times; and a moment's reflection will make it evident that its meaning and symbolism will vary according as it is made before or after the Consecration,—made, that is, over the bread and wine still substantially such,

or directed to our Saviour really present under the sacred species. Whenever, before the Consecration, the celebrant of the Mass crosses himself, or blesses either the oblations or the people, we have the ordinary form of benediction, since it belongs to the fundamental idea of a blessing that it is given to creatures. To bless, however, the Body and Blood of Our Lord present on the altar after the Consecration, would, of course, be absolutely repugnant to both faith and reason; and accordingly the Signs of the Cross made by the celebrant during the latter part of the Canon must have a meaning quite other than that of blessing.

St. Thomas tells us that the Sign of the Cross during Mass, after the Consecration, is to be regarded as a symbol recalling Christ's sacrifice on the Cross and its perpetuation in the Mass. Another liturgical opinion states that it is a symbol of faith,—a profession in symbolical form of the Church's doctrine that, in the Mass, Christ crucified is present both as Priest and as Victim.

As for the sign made with the consecrated Host itself, there is a still deeper meaning attached thereto. Just as the priest, says Durandus, actively draws down God's blessing upon the Sacrifice by his own Sign of the Cross before the Consecration, so now he humbly begs, by the virtue of this selfsame sign, to be made partaker of the blessing of Christ crucified.

It remains to be said that, by the "Gospel Cross," which we trace on the forehead, mouth, and breast before the reading of the Gospel at Mass, we make profession that we bear the Gospel in our minds, confess it with our lips, and love it in our hearts. This prominence of the Sign of the Cross in the Church's liturgy should be an incentive to our more frequent use of it in the ordinary routine of our daily life. As we live so we die, and esteem for the Cross during life is a guarantee of our escaping eternal death.

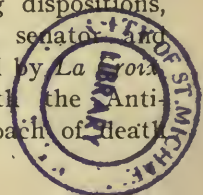
Notes and Remarks.

Discussing the Catholic Press in a paper read at the annual conference, held last month, of the Catholic Young Men's Societies of Great Britain, the Very Rev. Canon Stuart expressed the conviction that a Catholic non-political paper is bound to be a failure, not only financially but in many other respects; and pleaded for a hearty approval and support of all Catholic newspapers, regardless of their political or national leanings. He declared that, whilst catering for those of widely different tastes, they were eminently useful in the Church's service. In reference to the shortcomings of Catholic newspapers, Canon Stuart had this to say:

We need not withhold criticism; but that criticism might be more charitable, kindly, and helpful than it usually is. Do we not notice, week after week, the splendid work done by them,—misrepresentations explained, calumnies exposed, lies contradicted, difficulties met, accusations proved groundless, doctrines confirmed, truths defended, besmirched characters cleansed, defiled history purified; and, besides all this, an abundant supply of news regarding the world-wide, divine organization for the saving of souls of which we are members? What are the trifling defects of political or racial partisanship, of style, of printers' errors, of reporters' mistakes, of trashy story, of advertisement freaks, of insignificant gossip, of blurred illustrations, and a hundred other blemishes that are common to each hastily produced newspaper sheet! What are these in comparison with the incalculable result for good!

More power to Canon Stuart—and a more frequent exercise of it! He is one that can be trusted to say something worth hearing, and calculated to make an impression, when called upon to address a public meeting.

The death, with edifying dispositions, of M. Besnard, a Radical senator and mayor of Joigny, is reported by *La France*. In life he had sided with the Anti-clericals; but at the approach of death



he summoned witnesses to his bedside and formally bewailed his public conduct, repudiating the votes he had cast in Parliament, and denouncing the laws for the dissolution of religious Congregations and the separation of Church and State which he was instrumental in enacting. The victims of this iniquitous legislation will, of course, pray for the soul of M. Besnard; and his Anticlerical friends will derive comfort from the reflection that, whatever he may have said on his deathbed, he expressed himself in good French; and that if he really did shed tears, they were shed decorously.

To the *Nineteenth Century* (May issue) the Rt. Rev. Dr. Frodsham, late Bishop of North Queensland, contributes a notable paper of timely interest to readers in many lands—"Is the Religious Difficulty in Primary Education Insoluble?" American readers will understand that the primary education referred to is that provided by the State and paid for out of the revenue received from general taxation, as in the public schools of this country, and not the education given to the children of a particular religious denomination in schools supported entirely by such a denomination, over and above their *pro rata* support of the State schools,—as, for instance, our parochial schools. With this in mind, our readers will appreciate the following:

Let me raise my voice in warning against any assumption that the religious difficulty in education can be treated like a Gordian knot, and severed by a sweeping blow of secularization. A system of national education, supported out of national funds of any kind, whether from rates or taxes, should be fair to all. To make the national system of education secular will not remove the religious difficulty. It will intensify it in the minds of those who feel that their rights are unjustly dominated by those who do not believe in religious teaching. The assumption that the absence of religious teaching can be compensated by attendance at Sunday-school is untenable, as must be allowed by all who realize the inadequate time for instruction, the lack of training of the teachers, and the comparatively small number of children in

proportion to population who attend these places of education. Sunday-schools have a valuable function, and there is a widespread movement in England for making them more efficient, but they are not fitted to bear the whole burden of religious education. So also the mother's knee is undoubtedly the first and best place where a child can receive religious teaching; but what is to happen when the mother has nothing to teach the children at her knee? This unhappy state of affairs is, only too common under a system of secular education.

Dr. Frodsham buttresses the argument made in the foregoing passage by the pertinent concrete fact that, after a trial, lasting more than thirty years, of purely secular education, Queensland has abandoned it in favor of the scheme that obtains in New South Wales,—a scheme in which the necessity of religion in the school is acknowledged and adequately provided for.

Again and again we have insisted that religion alone can offer the true settlement of issues that vex the mind of the social reformer. When all is said and done, when conditions are ameliorated and the last association for the workers' welfare shall have handed in its last set of resolutions, it will still remain true that the life of man on earth is a warfare, and his sure rest will come only in heaven. We are glad to find this thought elaborated by Father Bernard Vaughan in a sermon preached to East End (London) workers who constitute the Guild of the Blessed Sacrament. Speaking of his return to England and the manifest signs of the decay of religion which he saw on every side, Father Vaughan declared:

I said, "Let me get away down to Commercial Road, that my heart may expand and my soul may be lifted up to see the workmen, living on less than a pound a week, rallying to the Master and more fervent in their Catholicity than in the days when they counted for more." Jesus Christ is proud of you, and, if it were needed, would bleed and die for you. His Heart is centred in you; and you who are the wage-earners, you who have to put out your lives for a sweated wage,—you have His sympathy; and when this workaday world is done,

and the pay-day of the eternal Sabbath shall dawn, He will make it up to you and to your children. You can just trust Him. He knows all about it. You know Him and love Him, and you express your love in terms of service, and translate that service into deeds of sacrifice. You are simply splendid men. You are the men for whom the life and death of Jesus Christ were worth while. . . . I want every Catholic to make his religion not a service merely, but a friendship. You are His friends, and He will see you through. When time shall be no more, it is then that you will be in the full freshness of eternal youth, face to face with Christ, drinking in the plenitude of His eternal life, partaking of the plenitude of His eternal bliss, and reigning with Him forever.

The Socialists, and many others with similarly defective faith, may regard the supernatural solution a forlorn hope; but if it is not the sure and ultimate answer to the world's problems, then, as Cardinal Newman said on a kindred subject, there can be no certainty as to whence we come or whither we go.

That class of Catholics—a large class, we should judge—who consider it of no consequence whether a coreligionist is a member of the Presidential Cabinet or not, and who are always ready with explanations (good and sufficient to themselves) when, as generally happens, Catholics are ignored in filling positions of honor and trust under the Government, would do well to reflect on the following editorial paragraph in the *Catholic Standard and Times*:

We believe that if there had been a Catholic in the Cabinet, the villainous conspiracy of calumny against the Church and the Catholic people in the United States, in the *Menace*, would not have had the free hand that enabled it to attain the dimensions of a national scandal. It was not until after the termination of Mr. Roosevelt's presidency that the infamy was started, it may have been noted. Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte would hardly have permitted so monstrous a misuse of the mails for the defamation of his Church and his coreligionists as branched out and developed under the presidency of Mr. Taft, and is now continued under the presidency of Mr. Wilson. We believe that when our fearless President sees the matter in the light of its true import,

he will take a new view of its tremendous significance as a national issue.

Our "fearless President," being a non-Catholic, presumably needs all the light that can be afforded him on questions in which American Catholic citizens are especially interested. The presence of a Catholic in his Cabinet would certainly be advantageous to him in many ways, and serve to enhance such reputation as he has already earned for perspicuity in seeing the way of justice, and fearlessness in following it.

Another quasi-historical anti-Catholic myth has been shown to be mere claptrap and moonshine. We have heard, all our lives, that the unhallowed, profane, and irreverent, not to say sacrilegious and reprobate, "Continental Sunday" is the natural and inevitable outgrowth of Catholic dogma and practice. The pietistic Nonconformists of England and the unctuously straitlaced Puritans of this country, who have ever been lavish of such qualifying epithets as the foregoing, have coupled Continental desecration of the Lord's Day with the Church as uniformly as if the two were twins. Yet it turns out that Sweden, one of the most thoroughly Protestant countries on the Continent, has the most "Continental" of all Sundays. Writing in the *London Catholic Times*, Mr. Hugh Stott-Taylor remarks:

In such a country, Lutheran to the backbone, one might expect a calm and peaceful Sunday, such as would gladden the English heart. The reverse is the case. If anything, Sweden is more "Continental" than Paris or France. For Sweden enjoys its day of rest and takes full advantage of it. As a consequence, the railway time-table shows no special columns for Sunday traffic, except it be that the trains on Sunday run more frequently than during the week. Pleasure excursions on its many inland lakes are multiplied on the day of rest. The posts are delivered almost as often as on weekdays. The theatres not only have the usual evening performance, but add an extra matinée performance. One often hears of the riotous gaiety of Paris during *Mi-Carême*. But in Sweden the Carnival and riot extend the whole of

Lent through. Her restaurants and cafés—in other words, her public-houses—entertain their lively patrons until the early hours of Monday morning.

The Continental Sunday, though not so black as it has often been painted, is far from being our ideal. It errs in one direction as far as the traditional Puritan Sabbath errs in the other. It is well to know, however, that its errors are in spite of, not because of, Catholicity; and of this fact the example of Lutheran Sweden should be convincing proof.

To the June number of the *North American Review* Mr. Erving Winslow contributes an article on co-operation, which should cause capitalists and employers to "sit up and take notice." He says in conclusion:

The great uprising of our day has given an effectual warning that those opportunities for personal acquisition which have been so successfully used, even though we are willing to admit that they have not under the circumstances been criminally misused, will no longer exist. The people do not want gifts of libraries and colleges, picture-galleries, laboratories and endowments, nor paternal profit-sharing, but real free co-operation. They ask for service rendered, for moderate remuneration. And if we would read the handwriting on the wall, perhaps we may say that the success of genuine co-operation is the one means of escaping State Socialism.

The handwriting is so plain that no prophet is needed for its interpretation. Our kings of finance and barons of commerce and industry are being warned on all sides.

Concerning the revived question of Shakespeare's religion, a correspondent of the *London Catholic Times*, Mr. John A. Francis, proffers this argument, which may be new to some of our readers: "The works of Shakespeare are literally crowded with Scriptural allusions. His was an age when Protestants professed that the Bible, and the Bible only, was their religion; the name was constantly in their mouths, and its abuse gave to the word (through no fault of its own) a disagreeable odor to the Catholic sense

which has not yet altogether disappeared. Then, as now, we preferred to speak of Scripture or Holy Writ; such is the habit of Shakespeare, and we do not find him using once throughout the whole of his works the word 'Bible.' I ought to say his '*known* works,' because there are unknown works (but that is another story), and in one of the lines there he speaks of 'Bible-bearing hypocrites.'"

The Lady Catechist Missionaries, with a mother-house and novitiate at Mission, Washington State, constitute an American secular community, founded by Jesuit Fathers for work among the Indians. *Extension* quotes Father de Rouge, S. J., as saying: "They are the salvation of the mission. They are the mothers of the orphan and the teachers of the poor. They are the nurses of the sick and the comforters of the afflicted. The Lady Catechist Missionaries are the answer to every good work that is being done in this mission. And there is room for more Lady Catechist Missionaries."

Our contemporary adds: "There is a great field out there for good, noble women, regardless of age. There is a chance to labor well for the Master." Those interested in the community mentioned or desirous of joining it should address the Catholic Extension Society, 1133 McCormick Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Father Bernard Vaughan has been unusually prolific of *bon mots* since his return to England; indeed, a longer sojourn with us might have made him a great American humorist. It was in France, however, that the following incident, related by the Father, took place. "A militant lady came to me in Paris and said: 'You go home and tell Bobs the Army will never be right till women get more liberty.' I answered: 'Lady, go home and tell the mothers of France the Army will never be right till they get a better infantry.'"

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

How a Prize was Won.



ABOUT the end of the fifteenth century, when Charles VIII. was King of France, St. Jean de Luz was the most flourishing town in the Basque district.

It was famous for the bravery of its citizens, most of whom were sailors. Some of them went on long voyages to foreign lands; others served the King as privateers; and still others were whalers, for in those days whales were found in the Gulf of Gascogne, although nowadays they never frequent that latitude.

Among the celebrities or notabilities of St. Jean de Luz, the first place was held by Irube "the ancient." For more than fifty years he had lived, like a sea-gull, on the water. Having become rich through fishing and trade, he was now enjoying well-earned repose, enhanced by the esteem and veneration of his fellow-citizens. Despite his eighty years, he carried his head high, and was so active that he never sat down save to take his meals. True to his friends, honest, and somewhat brusque in manners and speech, he esteemed nothing so highly as energy and courage; and he judged people not by their birth or fortune, but solely by their acts.

Of his children and grandchildren there remained to him now only one granddaughter, Blanche-Berthe. She was as pretty and as sweet as the princess of a fairy tale. That is all that need be said about her beauty and her charm. She was Irube's sole heiress, and he often declared that he would give his granddaughter to the bravest and most skilful young man of the town; adding that there would be three trials given to all who wished to compete for the prize. The first

trial was fixed for the festival of St. John the Baptist; for it was the custom, after Mass and Vespers on that day, for the young fellows of the town to hold wrestling matches on the church common,—an excellent occasion to form a judgment of their relative courage and skill.

On the afternoon of the feast the champions presented themselves; and a hardy, robust-looking group they were. But popular opinion was all in favor of handsome Galamus. He belonged to a very honorable family, owned a fishing-smack, waged brave war against all ocean monsters; and on the water was considered the king of harpooners, as on land he was called the prince of wrestlers. This reputation had made him inordinately vain, and no matter what he undertook he expected to come out conqueror. As a matter of fact, on that St. John's Day he threw all his opponents, and was just putting on his coat as the undisputed winner of the first trial, when a young fellow, rather poorly dressed but with a determined-looking countenance, came up to him and said:

"Have a try with me, Galamus."

"Who is that?" inquired old Irube.

"'Tis Petit-Jacques," they told him; and the way they pronounced the name you would think 'twas spelled "Tea-Jock."

The crowd laughed at this last challenge, for the newcomer was only a poor young fisherman,—*very* poor, indeed. With his five brothers, all older than himself, he went fishing every day in a miserable smack, called the *Jacqueline*.

Galamus looked at his new challenger superciliously, shrugged his shoulders, and said:

"Do you want a bit of advice? Get off the grounds. You're as slim and as brittle as a dried stick, and I'm afraid of breaking you in two."

"Well, you may try it just as soon as you're ready," replied Petit-Jacques.

They grappled with each other forthwith. Galamus was the stronger, but he did not have the eel-like suppleness of his adversary, who proved to be just the reverse of brittle. Just when he seemed about to be thrown to the ground he suddenly bounded up again, apparently as fresh as ever. Galamus, after some twenty minutes of struggling, was anything but fresh. Then all at once Petit-Jacques took the offensive, made a violent effort, surprised the champion, and laid him on his back.

Galamus got up in a fury.

"I'm not beaten!" he cried. "My shoulders didn't touch the ground."

The crowd at once divided into two factions, and began shouting:

"They *did* touch!"

"I say they didn't!"

"They did."

"They didn't!"

"Yes."

"No!"

Both parties were growing very excited, when "the ancient," quieting them with a gesture, began to speak:

"You have wrestled well, Galamus. As for you, Petit-Jacques — poor Petit-Jacques, whom I didn't know till to-day! — you have delighted me with your adroitness, and I congratulate you, my boy! You two are the heroes of the day. To my mind, this first trial has resulted in a tie, or very nearly so. Suppose we talk about the second test?"

His auditors pressed closer to the old man, who continued:

"You all know that in olden times there lived in this country of ours the invincible Sigismond d'Espelette. After having for long years fought against brigands, infidels, and other rascals, this knight, feeling that his life was nearing its close, and fearing that his sword might fall, after his death, into unworthy hands, went up the mountain of Rhune over yonder" (pointing to a neighboring

eminence), "climbed — the Lord only knows how — up to the summit of a peak almost as high as a church steeple — a naked peak, nearly perpendicular, — planted his blade there, came down, went back to his home, and soon afterward gave up the ghost. Now, then, I want that sword. I intend to place it on the altar the day of Blanche-Berthe's marriage."

The next day, escorted by their friends and acquaintances, the group of suitors for Blanche-Berthe's hand proceeded to the mountain and soon arrived at the base of Sigismond's rock. At the sight of the high, black wall rising almost straight above them, however, the great majority gave up all thought of attempting so hazardous a climb. Not so Galamus. With an iron hook which he struck into chance holes and cracks in the rocky wall, he began the ascent. He proceeded very slowly and took each upward step only after long consideration. At that rate it would be hours before he reached the top. But while he was thus hesitating, along came Petit-Jacques. He pulled off his boots, started in an oblique fashion up the face of the rock, and made such progress that the crowd said it was miraculous. He clung with his nails to the least inequalities of the surface; and before Galamus was halfway up he had reached the top, and come down again with Sigismond's sword between his teeth. When he handed it to Irube, the latter exclaimed:

"Bravo, my son! That's what I call an exploit!"

"An exploit, sir? Well, not much of a one. Those who find it difficult simply lack practice. Having never been hungry, they have never climbed the cliffs in search of sea-birds' eggs."

As the crowd, toward evening, returned to town by a road that gave a full view of the ocean, Irube was asking himself: "And the third trial, what shall it be?" As if in answer to his question, he saw in the middle of the bay, only a few furlongs from the town, a great mass that

moved slowly along the surface of the water. "A whale!" he cried, and all eyes were turned on the monster.

"My friends," said the old man, "'tis probable that this whale won't be in a hurry to leave its present quarters. 'Twill still be in sight at dawn to-morrow. Come, then, you young fellows, get ready. I am curious to know which of you will give, to-morrow morning, in honor of *Blanche-Berthe*, the best cast of the harpoon."

Galamus smiled as he listened and said to himself:

"If I missed the second test, I'm certain enough to win out in this third one."

He hurried into town, gathered together the twenty picked men who formed the crew of his schooner, and bade them be on board by daybreak the next morning.

On his side, Petit-Jacques gathered his five brothers, and led them by an unfrequented street down to the harbor. Showing them the *Jacqueline* floating on the dark water ('twas night by this time), he said:

"All aboard, and cast off."

"What for? Where are we going?"

"Whale-fishing. We're going to capture that whale we saw this evening."

The brothers went aboard, hoisted their sail, and, with a fair wind, made off from the shore. For an hour they sailed at random, here and there, in the darkness. Then the moon came out, and almost immediately (perhaps in response to Petit-Jacques' fervent prayers to the Star of the Sea) they saw the whale lying motionless only a short distance away. Petit-Jacques seized his harpoon, to which was attached a long rope, and placed himself at the bow, while his brothers lowered the sail, took their oars and rowed silently nearer.

"On arriving within good striking distance, Petit-Jacques hurled the harpoon with such force that it sank deep into the monster's flesh. And then there was excitement! The whale dove, the rope whistled as it uncoiled,—then there was a shock and the smack almost capsized. One-eyed Jacques, as he was called, having

lost an eye in some way, cried out, "We're lost!" and started up with a hatchet to cut the rope. Petit-Jacques held him back. "We are in God's hands," he replied, "and I forbid you to move." The one-eyed sat down, and for a full half hour they were momentarily in danger of losing their lives. The whale fought vigorously and long. Finally, however, its exertions relaxed, and, after a few last flurries, it lay motionless on the surface of the bay.

At daybreak, as Galamus and his crew, accompanied by "the ancient" and some others, were making their way to the harbor—Galamus carrying a great harpoon,—they saw the *Jacqueline* drawing near shore. She was advancing slowly, as she was towing something very long and black.

"What can that be?" said one of the sailors.

"That!" cried Irube, with admiration. "That's the whale; and its capture has been effected by Petit-Jacques: he has won the prize."

The Little Florentine.

BY H. DE CHARLIEU.

VII.

ANNE-MARIE-LOUISE D'ORLEANS (or "Mademoiselle," as the young princess was called) was one of the most important personages in France. She was just twenty years old and the possessor of an immense fortune. She dwelt in the Palace of the Tuileries, in a truly royal style. Every day brought a succession of festivities, at which the Queen Mother and the young king were often present.

On the morning set for Baptiste's visit, the princess was in the worst of humors. There had been music at breakfast, but it displeased her and she had sent her violinists away. While she gazed listlessly out on the shaded avenue of the Queen's Court, a page entered the apartment, announcing a visitor who was the bearer of a letter.

"Show him in," said the princess, with a bored air.

The page then ushered in Jean-Baptiste, who stood pale and trembling before the royal lady.

"What is your errand?" she asked coldly.

"I bear a letter to your Highness from the Duke of Guise," the frightened boy managed to say.

Mademoiselle received the missive and handed it to a lady-in-waiting.

"Read it and see what my good uncle has to say."

The lady cut the silken thread that tied the note, and read aloud:

"MADEMOISELLE AND DEAR NIECE:—The young man who is the bearer of this is the person of whom I spoke to you at the Queen Mother's palace. I confide him to your care, trusting in the promise you made me concerning him.

"I am, with much respect,

"HENRY OF GUISE."

"What promise? I can't remember making any," said the princess, petulantly.

"To place him in your household, I think," said one of the ladies.

"Oh, yes! I *did* promise something of that kind."

Turning to Baptiste, she asked:

"What sort of a position do you want?"

"Madame—your Highness," stammered the boy, in his embarrassment.

"Answer me. You want employment, do you not?"

"Yes, your Highness," replied Baptiste, his embarrassment increasing.

"Very well. You can have it at once. Monsieur de la Ville-aux-Clercs!" called the princess.

"Your Highness," said a page, coming forward.

"Conduct this young man to M. Montalbœuf, my chief cook, and tell him to find a good place for Jean-Baptiste."

On hearing these words, Baptiste felt as if a sword had pierced his heart, but his despair urged him to make a last appeal.

"Your Highness is mistaken, if I may venture to say so. I am a musician: I play the violin."

"I have twenty-four violinists in my orchestra and I have just dismissed them."

"I am a composer, too,"

"We have more composers in the court than we can use.—Obey me!"—addressing the page.

Baptiste stood rooted to the spot until the page tapped him on the shoulder. He then turned, bowed awkwardly, and followed his escort out of the room. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he thought of his fallen fortunes and the flight of his beautiful dreams.

"Where are you taking me?" he asked of the page.

"You heard the order. To Montalbœuf, in the kitchen."

"Let me go away from here," implored the wretched boy.

"By no means. Mademoiselle must be obeyed," replied the page, who was evidently enjoying the little musician's humiliation.

As they crossed the hall, he called out to his colleagues:

"Messieurs, allow me to present to you Mademoiselle's new cook!"

They all gathered around the unfortunate Baptiste, making jokes at his expense. Then they joined hands and circled round, singing popular songs, and laughing at the boy's embarrassment. This done, Ville-aux-Clercs remembered his mission.

"Forward march to the kitchen!" he exclaimed. "And see that you do not spoil our sauces."

When, finally, they reached the kitchen, the *chef* came forward, bowing profoundly.

"Her Highness wishes you to give employment to this young man," explained the page.

"Her order shall be obeyed. Anything further?"

"Yes. You are expected to be very strict with him," continued the page, maliciously.

"Oh, I know how to make myself obeyed!"

"Very well. My mission is done, and I will leave Jean-Baptiste in your hands."

For a time the *chef* paid not the slightest attention to his new charge. Finally he called the boy and began to question him.

"So you wish to become a cook?" he asked. "It is a noble ambition."

"I am obeying the order of her Highness," said Baptiste, evading a direct answer to the question.

"Have you a liking for the profession?"

"Not at all."

"Have you ever worked in a kitchen?"

"Never: I don't know how to cook a thing."

"Is there anything you *can* do?"

"Yes: I can play the violin."

"What did they send you here for, I wonder?" said the *chef*, in dismay. "To interest me in music, perhaps. A whim of Mademoiselle's. Well, since she ordered it, I must try to train you." Calling an assistant, he continued: "Take this boy to the room beside yours, and have him put on a kitchen uniform."

When he was alone in the attic room, Baptiste burst into tears. He felt as if he had really broken all his limbs in the sudden fall from the lofty height where he thought he stood. He still had hopes, however; for he knew that the Duke of Guise, who had been so very kind, would never permit him to work in a kitchen; and he resolved to go to see him at the first opportunity.

When evening came, he was told that he was free to do as he pleased. He rushed up to his room, changed his attire and left the Tuileries by a side door. An hour later he was at the Duke's palace.

"Where is the Duke?" he asked of the surprised majordomo. "I must speak to him at once."

"My master has gone away."

"When will he return?"

"He will be gone for months," was the reply.

"Then I am lost!" exclaimed Baptiste, bursting into tears; and, without waiting for Borromée to recover from his astonishment, he ran down the staircase and out into the street.

He staggered along blindly, his only thought being never to return to the palace where he had been so bitterly humiliated. He passed many people, but he paid no attention to any of them, as he rushed on, trying to escape from the dark thoughts that surged through his brain. What would Fenella and the rest think of him, now that he had fallen so low? At the mere thought of this, his despair became overpowering.

After a time, he reached the Red Bridge across the Seine, where he halted, and looked over the railing into the black waters below. A wild thought crossed his mind. Why not end all his sorrows at once? Just then, however, a star was reflected in the rippling water, and he heard footsteps on the bridge.

"Ah, here's some one who is sad, and wants to be alone!" exclaimed a laughing voice.

"Who are you, Monsieur?" asked the little musician. "It seems to me that I have heard your voice before."

"And I yours."

"I am Jean-Baptiste."

"And I am Quinault. You remember me? These are some friends of mine."

"Yes, indeed, I remember you. And I should be happy, only I am so unfortunate!"

"Unfortunate at sixteen! Come with us. We will cheer you up, and you can tell us all your troubles."

The joyous band started on, taking Baptiste with them. They soon reached Quinault's chamber, a simple place with flowers everywhere, — a typical poet's abode. Quinault lighted all the candles, and brought out some light wine for his guests. Baptiste drank his slowly and mournfully.

"Now," said the poet, "let us hear the music you composed for the song 'In the

Moonlight.' Here is an old violin that I scrape on occasionally."

Baptiste took the instrument and played the air with much feeling. All applauded heartily.

"And to think that the fellow is not happy and contented!" cried the poet. "It was certainly Providence that sent us across the Red Bridge. By the way, Baptiste, tell us now why you are sad."

"Because I am so unfortunate!" replied the boy, dismally.

"But everybody has his troubles, you know. The young King has his and Mademoiselle has hers; for, in her opinion, there is no king or prince in Europe worthy of becoming her husband. And I also am unfortunate, because my good friends here have not honored me by drinking my wine."

"That's so," said Chapelle, one of the party. "Let's drink to the health of Jean-Baptiste, who is going to tell us what is troubling him so greatly."

The little musician then told his whole story, from the meeting with the Duke of Guise in Italy to his present unhappy situation.

"Is this the reason you are so disconsolate?" asked Quinault.

"That is reason enough, I think," sighed the boy.

"I don't agree with you, my young friend. Would being a cook, soldier, or even a king, deprive you of a spark of your genius?"

"No, but my future!"

"Your future is quite safe. You *have* genius, my boy. Work right on, and never mind the surroundings."

"Oh, how can I escape from that dreadful kitchen?"

"Genius has wings. But you must stay where you are for the present, and promise me to do your work faithfully."

"I promise."

"Do you need any money? My purse is light, but I will gladly share its contents with you."

"I thank you!" answered the grateful

boy. "I have plenty of money. The sympathy and encouragement I needed you have given me. I am almost happy again, now that I can hope."

"Remember that you have friends who will stand by you no matter what happens."

As it was now midnight, the men accompanied Baptiste to his new home in the Tuileries.

(Conclusion next week.)

A Unique Book.

The princely House of Ligne possesses a marvellous book called "The Passion of Christ." It is neither printed nor written: the letters are cut in the paper so exactly and symmetrically that lines and perforations seem rather the work of a machine than of the human hand. The leaves of the volume are alternately blue and white, so that it is easy to read the letters thus thrown into relief. The name of the devout artist who executed this labor of love is unknown, as well as the origin of the unique book. Only one copy is in existence. It was placed among the family treasures by the famous Austrian Field-Marshal Charles Joseph, of Ligne, who lived in the eighteenth century, and who was known far and wide for his literary taste.

The Hour-Glass.

AS the sands slip downward
Softly one by one,
See, they mark the moments,—
And how fast they run!

So your every heart-beat
Measures time's swift flight,—
Feel its steady pulsing
Morning unto night!

And remember always,
In time of smiles and tears,
That every little heart-beat
Shortens life's few years.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The death, on June 2, of Alfred Austin, British poet laureate, recalls the fact that at the time of his great predecessor's demise, the names of two Catholic poets were mentioned as being fit heir or heiress to Tennyson's purple. One was Coventry Patmore; the other, Alice Meynell.

—The Macmillan Co. of New York have sent us the assurance that they have nothing whatever to do with and will not sell an anti-Catholic book recently published by "a concern of a somewhat similar name in London." The name of the concern in question certainly is somewhat similar—the Macmillan Co., Ltd.

—"Schatzkästlein des Rheinischen Hausfreundes" is a selection of forty-eight short stories by Hebel, which show the inimitable grace with which he instructed by pleasantly entertaining his readers, principally the middle class. There is not a dull page in this neat little volume. Notes and vocabulary make it an ideal text-book for use in the class-room. Published by the American Book Co.

—The Eucharistic Congress number of the *Daily Malta Chronicle*, edited by Augusto Bartolo, B. Litt., LL. D., is a handsome issue of fifty-two pages, with numerous illustrations. The text deals with Malta past and present. "The Shipwreck of St. Paul in Malta," by the Rev. Fr. A. Cuschieri, O. C., Ph. D., D.D., B. I. C.; "The Knights of Malta," by Mgr. Canon A. Mifsud, Ph. D., LL. B., Kt. J. J., D. D.; and "The Industries of Malta," by Antonio Galea, superintendent of the Government printing office, are articles of special interest and value. We are indebted to our distinguished friend; Commander Alfonso Maria Galea, of Malta, for a copy of this issue of the *Chronicle*, which is well worth preserving as a souvenir of the twenty-fourth Eucharistic Congress.

—A recent pamphlet issued by the Catholic Truth Society, of Pittsburgh, is entitled "Christian Science and the Catholic Church: A Deadly Parallel," by the Rev. Thomas F. Coakley, D. D. The title is well advised; for the writer places in parallel columns quotations from Mrs. Eddy's text—an uninspired text—and the contrary beliefs and practices of Catholics. Following this, he institutes a similar contrast between statements in the text itself, and finally subjects Mother Eddy's lucubrations to a test of common-sense. One's conclusion must be, in the author's words, that "Christian Science is diametrically opposed to almost every

fundamental doctrine of Catholicity; and that, instead of being a new religion, it is in reality a synthesis of old errors and ancient heresies. The conclusion is inevitable that no Catholic, no Christian of whatever denomination, and no one endowed with common-sense, can be a professed follower of the teachings of Christian Science."

—"A splendid conversationalist, a polished orator, a poet of no mean measure, a writer of keen insight and a noble priest, an honor to the Order of St. Dominic and to the American Church," thus is the late Fr. Albert Reinhart, formerly editor of the *Rosary Magazine*, characterized by R. C. Gleaner, of the *Catholic Columbian*, who had known the lamented Dominican for many years.

—The International Catholic Truth Society (407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.) has issued, in diminutive paper-covered booklets: "How to Converse with God," translated from the French of the Rev. M. Boutauld, S. J.; "Is Life Worth Living?" by Archbishop Ullathorne; and "A Little Manual for Hearing Mass Spiritually," by an anonymous writer. These little ventures combine exceeding excellence of matter with as notable cheapness of form.

—A zealous desire to be helpful in the work of promoting and conducting the devotion known as the Holy Hour has led to the publication of a booklet on that subject by the Rt. Rev. B. J. Keiley, D. D. It is published by the Benzigers and entitled "The Holy Hour." After a modest disclaimer of originality in the foreword, the Bishop outlines his method thus:

I would suggest the following method of conducting the Holy Hour. The Blessed Sacrament is first exposed, and, the *O Salutaris* being ended, the celebrant gives the introductory remarks and recites the Apostles' Creed; then the First Mystery is announced and the appropriate meditation given; and while the meditation is being given the people may sit; at the end, the "Our Father," "Hail Marys," and the "Glory be to the Father" are said, while all kneel; and so on with the rest of the devotion. At the end of the Rosary, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given. It adds much to the interest as well as the devotion of the people if some hymns are sung during the Holy Hour. Of course, the people should be requested to sing these hymns as well as the *O Salutaris* and *Tantum Ergo*. For this reason I have given some simple and devotional hymns, which I believe are well known to all Catholics, and which are very appropriate to the Holy Hour.

—From Pierre Téqui, Paris, come two interesting brochures: "Cas de Conscience," by L. Desbrus; and "Matutinaud lit la Bible," by Abbé E. Duplessy. The first is a sort of "Question-Box," solving practical problems on

the Commandments, the Precepts of the Church, the Sacraments, and sundry other dogmatic and moral points. The second work (the fifth volume of a series) is a solution, thrown into dialogue form, of a number of objections to the Bible,—a popular explanation of the difficulties which so-called Science opposes to the credibility of the Sacred Scriptures. Both books are well worth while.

—Two important lectures of the Catholic Summer School Extension course, recently issued in pamphlet form by Mr. John J. McVey, are "The Housing Problem in Philadelphia," by George W. Norris; and "Uniform Social Laws," by Walter George Smith, Esq. The former is an uncovering, by forceful word and striking illustration, of the sore spots of a great city's housing conditions, with a view to that rousing of public feeling which results in effective remedial legislation. Mr. Smith gives a somewhat summary consideration of such recent uniform social acts as Marriage and Licenses to Marry, Wife and Child Desertion, Child Labor, Divorce, and a tentative act for Workmen's Compensation. In the conclusion the lecturer points out the need of religion to make good laws effective.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Westminster Hymnal." (Words.) 20 cts.
- "Holy Communion." Mgr. de Gibergues. 81 cts.
- "A White-Handed Saint." Olive Katherine Parr. \$1.25.
- "The Way of the Cross, and Other Verses." Dismas. 50 cts.
- "Gospel Verses for Holy Communion." A Sister of Notre Dame. 10 cts.
- "The Cause of Beatification of the Little Flower of Jesus." Mgr. R. de Teil. 75 cts.
- "St. Rita of Cascia." Rev. Thomas McGrath. 30 cts.
- "Levia Pondera." John Ayscough. \$1.75.
- "The Fountains of the Saviour." Rev. John O'Rourke, S. J. 50 cts.

- "The Heart of Revelation." Rev. Francis Donnelly, S. J. 50 cts.
- "Three Years in the Libyan Desert." J. C. Ewald Falls. \$4.50.
- "Outlines for Conferences to Young Women." Abbé M. F. Blanchard. 40 cts.
- "Our Lady in the Liturgy." Dom Michael Barrett, O. S. B. \$1.10.
- "Confessions of a Convert." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.25.
- "Pioneers of the Cross in Canada." Dean Harris. \$1.50.
- "Consumers and Wage-Earners." J. Elliot Ross, Ph. D. \$1.
- "St. Gertrude the Great." Notre Dame Series. \$1.25.
- "Cedar Chips." 50 cts.
- "Bodily Health and Spiritual Vigor." Rev. W. J. Lockington, S. J. 90 cts.
- "Our Neighbors: the Japanese." Joseph King Goodrich. \$1.25.
- "Old China and Young America." Mrs. Sarah Conger. 82 cts.
- "The Carol of the Fir Tree." Alfred Noyes. 25 cts.
- "In the Service of the King." Geneviève Irons. 60 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Specht, of the diocese of Columbus; Rev. Joseph McCarville, diocese of Davenport; Rev. Albert Reinhart, O. P.; and Rev. Raymund O'Keefe, C. P.

Mother M. Alphonsus, of the Order of the Presentation; and Sister M. Inizetta, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. William F. Brusher, Mr. John Bowler, Mr. Denis Lyons, Hon. J. B. Mannix, Mr. Joseph Kraus, Mr. John O'Toole, Mrs. Catherine Wills, Mrs. Mary Ryan, Mr. William Denin, Mrs. Ellen Lawlor, Mr. William Irvin, Miss Magdalena Steigerwald, Miss Catherine O'Brien, Mr. Timothy Calnan, Mr. James Padden, Mrs. Catherine Downey, Mr. John Rowan, Mrs. Bridget Farrell, Mrs. Thomas Drysdale, Mr. Raymond Kennedy, Mr. Joseph Dirnle, Mr. John Lamert, Miss Sarah Regan, Mr. L. H. Fox, Mr. Jeremiah Mulvyan, Mr. Joseph Giese. Mr. Edward Markowski, Mr. William Wagner, Mr. Denis Wagner, Mr. Thomas Ayrlay, Mr. John Kenny, and Miss Elizabeth Scholz.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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In Mother's Stead.

BY THE REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.

"WOMAN, Mine hour is not yet come," He said

At Cana's marriage-feast; beholding there
His own espousals with the Bride "all fair,"
And what red dower the Mystic Vine must shed
For Eucharistic banquet ere they wed:

Yet granted the anticipating prayer,
To show what advocate beyond compare
Should one day stand us in a mother's stead.

But now has come that hour. Again He calls
Her "Woman," Second Eve. "Woman, behold
Thy son!" He says—my Church: the child
no less
Of thy Heart than of Mine.

Creative falls

That word. Henceforth her bosom can enfold
Us all with true maternal tenderness.

The Last Days of St. Peter and St. Paul.

BY MARY CRAWFORD FRASER.

I.

THE perusal of the history of Rome, both ancient and modern, inspires the reader with amazement when he realizes that, despite countless invasions, destructions, and changes, certain apparently obscure landmarks of events which took place in the city during the first century after Christ, still exist, uneffaced and unforgotten. Yet so it is, particularly in regard to those connected with the sojourn of

St. Peter in Rome. The devout pilgrim may visit them to-day with as little doubt as to their identity as did his ancestor in the Faith nearly two thousand years ago.

The Apostle's first visit to Rome took place, according to St. Jerome, Eusebius, and the old Roman Calendar of Bucherius, in the year 45 of our era. Among illiterate sectarians it was still attempted, when I was young, to uphold the theory, 'invented by the so-called Reformers, that he had never been in Rome at all. Our separated brethren have since grown more enlightened, and do not like to be reminded of that contention, annihilated again and again even by their own historians,—notably by Barätier, a Protestant divine, who published his "Chronological Inquiry" relating to the Bishops of Rome, from Peter to Victor, at Utrecht, in 1740; and by the learned Protestant Bishop Pearson, who had preceded him in the task of demonstrating incontrovertibly that St. Peter had held that See for many years. On the dispersion of the Apostles after the first persecution in Jerusalem, St. Peter had reserved to himself the perilous enterprise of the conquest of "Babylon," as the seat of empire was at that time called by the Christians. But there was other and nearer work for him to accomplish first, and it was only some twelve years later that he found it possible to carry out his intention.

In the meantime he had travelled and preached unceasingly in Asia Minor, where during those years he organized and held the Bishopric of Antioch; the

third greatest city of the Empire. From thence he instituted the See of Alexandria, of which he constituted St. Mark the Bishop; at the same time decreeing that Alexandria should be the second church of the world, taking precedence of Antioch, which thenceforth ranked as the third.* There had evidently never been any doubt in his mind that Rome was to be the first, the seat of ecclesiastical government, long prepared for that destiny by the decrees of Providence, carried out, as sealed orders, by her conquering armies abroad, and by the perfection of her far-reaching, yet completely centralized, system of organization at home. We all know that the actual computation of the Christian era is a slightly faulty one, owing to the great laxity and confusion prevailing in the chronology of the Empire at the time of the birth of Christ. But this much is certain: some twelve years after the ascension of Our Lord, St. Peter came to preach the Faith in Rome.

St. Leo the Great (440 A. D.), in his splendid sermon on this subject, describes how the capital of the Empire, "ignorant of the divine Author of her destinies, had made herself the slave of the errors of all the races at the very moment when she held them under her laws. She thought she possessed a great religion because she had accepted every falsehood; but the more closely she was held in durance by Satan, the more marvelously was she delivered by Christ." Then, after narrating the partition of the evangelization of the world among the Apostles, he exclaims: "And dost thou not fear, Peter, to come alone into this city? Paul, the companion of thy glory, is still occupied in founding other churches; and thou—thou dost plunge into this forest peopled with wild beasts; thou treadest this ocean, whose depths growl with tempests, with more courage

than on the day when thou didst walk on the waters toward thy Lord! And thou fearest not Rome, the mistress of the world,—thou who in the house of Caiaphas didst tremble at the voice of a serving-maid? Was the tribunal of Pilate or the cruelty of the Jews more to be feared than the power of a Claudius or the ferocity of a Nero? No, but the strength of thy love triumphed over fear, and thou didst not count them terrible whom thou hast been commanded to love."

Would that some faithful companion had written down for us the details of that first arrival of St. Peter in Rome! Did he come by sea to Ostia, or to Parthenopeia, like St. Paul? That seems the more likely conclusion, as, given fair winds, it was the route usually taken from the ports of Palestine or Asia Minor. But what must have been his feelings when from far off he first beheld the gorgeous, insolent city, towering in gold and marble on its seven hills, swarming with its two million inhabitants, of whose very language he was ignorant! Did some of the few brethren there come out to meet him, as they did St. Paul later? If he entered by the Ostian Way, he must have passed quite near to the spot which was to witness their double martyrdom twenty-five years afterward. All we know is that St. Peter's intrepid soul was not affrighted at the wealth and splendor of the hostile city which he meant to win back to his Master before his own labors should cease. From that day, although he had to leave it again and again to attend to the churches elsewhere, Rome was his home, his especial fold, the centre of Christendom, and the Holy City of generations to come, since Jerusalem had forfeited that title forever.

It was not to the owners of Rome, but to the thousands of poor Jews who had been brought there as captives, that St. Peter first came to preach. Already they were the despised hewers of wood and drawers of water for their enemies, and had managed, very early in their

* Constantinople and Jerusalem were added in after times to the list, but only attained this honor by the consent of the reigning Pontiff.

sojourn, to rouse the ire of their Roman masters. At first the Christian converts in Rome were entirely drawn from their ranks, and the Romans called them all "Jews," and occasionally banished them from the city, to that spot near the Porta Capena which afterward became the headquarters of the Church through centuries of persecution. Here, at least, they could do as they liked; and no one seems to have taken exception to their beginning that series of widely spreading underground labyrinths known now as the Catacombs, and usually regarded, quite mistakenly, as having been intended solely for purposes of sepulture. That was provided for as one of its great objects; but the Catacombs contained churches where crowds could kneel together in worship round the tomb of some illustrious martyr; and there were halls and chambers as well, where, as after-history showed, whole communities could live for weeks or months when it was not safe for Christians to show their faces above ground.

St. Peter had it from his Master's lips that he should follow Him in the manner of His death, but the day fixed by the Lord for that "birthday" (as the Christians called martyrdom) was hidden from him till almost the end. He was away from Rome when he heard that his once defeated adversary, the wizard-impostor, Simon Magus, was revelling there in the favor of Nero, and regarded by all as almost, if not actually, a god. The calling of the necromancer appealed strongly to pagan sympathies at that time, and Nero was only too delighted to possess himself of the services of the famous magician. He showered gifts upon him, brought him to live in his own palace, and caused, or permitted, a statue of him to be erected, of which the inscription attested his supposed divinity. So Simon Magus was the chief favorite, and was exercising whatever he had of unholy power, to make himself necessary to the Emperor and feared by the people. Although the fiercest of persecutions was raging, St.

Peter at once came back to Rome to confront and confound the diabolical impostor, even as he had done in Samaria years before, when he (from whom all traffic in holy things was named) offered the Apostles money, if they would impart to him the power conferred on them by the Holy Ghost.

Nero, after reigning for five years with unusual mildness for those times, had, with the murder of his mother, Agrippina, inaugurated a carnival of slaughter, and the Christians were suffering terribly. St. Peter hastened to sustain their courage and also their faith; fearing, as we are told, that the weaker brethren might be led astray by the skill of the magician, who, like all his kind, could sometimes command the powers of darkness, and was able to supplement them by trickery when they failed him.

St. Peter feared for the flock over whom he had ruled in person for some twenty-five years; so, as St. Jerome and other great authorities tell us, he made all possible speed, and arrived in Rome to find the persecution at its height. It was at this time that she who had been Peter's wife in his youth, but whom, ever since the hour when he was called by the Lord, he had regarded as a sister, and who had followed to minister to him in his wanderings, was led forth with other Christians to martyrdom. St. Clement of Alexandria describes the scene, and tells us that, as they passed before St. Peter, who had been blessing them and praying for them, his last farewell to this faithful woman was summed up in three words: "*Oh, remember the Lord!*" All the love and longing of Peter's heart, all the tender memories of the Redeemer's blessed presence in their own house, were in that cry. She passed on, and won her crown first, but the Apostle had only a little while to wait for his.

Simon Magus, crazed with pride, had promised to give the Emperor the most magnificent proof of his supernatural powers: he should behold him fly to

heaven! Nero was delighted. A high and richly decorated scaffolding was erected, from which the magician was to take his flight; a throne was raised opposite to it, whence his patron could watch his triumph; and the whole city crowded to the spot to witness and applaud. Not far off in the crowd, some poorly clad "Jews" surrounded an old man called Peter, who knelt and prayed,—prayed fervently that God would confound the wicked, and not permit His servants to be deluded by the snares of the Evil One.

The great moment came. After pompous orations and loud acclaims, Simon Magus leaped from the scaffolding and—fell, a mangled heap, at the feet of Nero, whose face and garments were sprinkled with his blood. He lingered for two or three days and then expired miserably. The superstitious Emperor believed that magic had been pitted against magic to compass his own humiliation and his favorite's downfall. Who was the offender? Then some courtier pointed out the grey-haired man with the tear-furrows in his cheeks, now returning thanks to God; and from that time the doom of the Apostle was sealed.

Not at once did the tyrant's servants succeed in laying hands on St. Peter. The Christians, themselves ready enough to face martyrdom and rejoin the victors who had gone before, could not reconcile themselves to the loss of the beloved shepherd of their souls, and urged him with wild entreaties to flee to safety. He was still needed, they said; it could not be God's will that the Church should be left desolate of his sustaining presence in such evil times. Sorely against his will, he consented to leave the city; but, as he chose the Appian Way for his flight, it is clear that he contemplated remaining hidden only for a time in the subterranean retreats of the Pagus Triopius; for, had he meant to reach the coast, he would have taken the road to Ostia, emerging from the opposite and lower end of the town. In the very first years of his pon-

tificate in Rome, an edict of Claudius had banished the Jews from the city, and it is believed that St. Peter accompanied them in their exile to this spot, and he would naturally turn to it in an emergency.

But, a little beyond the first milestone, the Apostle's steps were arrested by a vision which must have filled him with joy and yet wrung his heart with memories of pain.* One came toward him through the dusk, bearing a cross. The never-to-be-forgotten eyes once more looked into his. We can almost hear now the wild cry of the Apostle: "Lord, whither goest Thou?"—"To Rome to be crucified anew," was the answer.

The vision faded away; and, with a heart breaking with joy and love, the Apostle retraced his steps and told the faithful of the Lord's will, now so clearly revealed. "The Prince of Pastors" had spoken. The hour for which His great Vicar had waited so long was at hand; the martyrdom for which he thirsted, already prepared. The weeping brethren went out to see the place where Christ had met their spiritual father, and found there the impress of the Saviour's blessed foot upon the stone. Later a church† was erected on the spot; but at that time all that was possible was to cover the sacred footprint and mark the site for veneration. (This stone was afterward removed to the Church of St. Sebastian, but a copy of it is still kept at Domine quo Vadis.) Every trace of the history of the Faith was so inexpressibly dear to those loving hearts! One disciple, who

* St. Ambrose, *Sermo contra Auxentium*, No. 13 Hegisepp, lib. III. S. Greg. Magn. in Psalm IV. Penitentia.

† Cardinal Pole, after much research, came to the conclusion that the site chosen for the church of "Domine quo Vadis?" was a mistaken one, and erected a tiny circular chapel at another crossroad which he believed had witnessed the mysterious encounter. This chapel is a humble little building, only a few feet in diameter. St. Peter's question is inscribed over the door.

must have followed St. Peter at a distance on that memorable night, found in the path a little bandage which had detached itself from his foot. (Were his feet sore and cut from the many weary steps that the saving of souls had cost him?) This was reverently treasured; and a basilica called "In Titulus Fasciolæ," and now known as the Church of SS. Nereus and Achilleus, was erected in after years to mark the spot and guard the humble souvenir.

All this happened apparently in the month of September or October. Within a year, at most, the mourning Christians, led by Clement, Peter's successor, put up the marble tablet (found in 1911)—a small tablet of greenish marble,—on which these words were inscribed: "Here the Blessed Peter absolved us, the elect, from the sins confessed."

But what a chapter of history had been written between! St. Peter returned to the city and disposed all things for his death. His first care was to write his second Epistle general, his last will and testament and his farewell to the faithful. "In a little while," he says, speaking of his mortal body, "this my tent will be folded away, as was signified to me by the Lord Himself,"*—thus evidently referring to the vision on the Appian Way; only the words of our Divine Lord surpass in majesty and tenderness that last Epistle of St. Peter. Heaven was very near as he wrote it; the celestial melodies were already in his ears; the recent apparition of his Master had filled his heart with love and longing almost too great to be borne; but that love translated itself into the most tender parental care for the children he was leaving behind. With what tears and devotion must the letter have been received in the different churches that had known his care, when it came to them accompanied by the news of his death!

More important even than his farewell

to his children was the matter of appointing his successor, the second of the long line of which our own beloved Pius X. is the present representative. Although Linus had been for ten years St. Peter's fervent auxiliary bishop, his right hand in the government of the Church, whose vast growth had made it necessary, in turn, to appoint Cletus as auxiliary to Linus, the Apostle passed them over and chose Clement immediately to succeed him as the Vicar of Christ. Clement, with his noble name, his great gifts and his eminent holiness, was the man needed in Rome at that moment, and, as Tertullian and St. Epiphanius attest, was at this time consecrated by St. Peter and then solemnly installed by him as head of the Universal Church.

St. Clement was soon exiled to the Thracian Chersonnese, a wild and savage spot, where he remained for several years before his martyrdom there. St. Linus filled his place in Rome till the death of St. Clement, and his own succession to the pontificate. Hence, perhaps, many historians call Linus the immediate successor of St. Peter. St. Clement occupied the Papal Chair for nine years, six months and six days; and, whereas modern lay historians give the length of St. Linus' reign as one year, he reigned in reality for eleven years, two months and twenty-three days. The confusion of the various Roman calendars at the time of the birth of Our Lord gave rise to the errors in the calculation of that event and others following it. Our own accepted date is on that account some years in retard of the true one.

(Conclusion next week.)

THE favor of this world is no sign of the saints. The Cross is their portion. The voice of the many is no test of truth, nor warrant of right, nor rule of duty. Truth and right and a pure conscience have been ever with the few. "Many are called but few are chosen."

—Cardinal Manning.

* St. Peter, i, 14.

A Far-Away Princess.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXVII.

IT was not altogether a coincidence that, following close upon her conversation with Paul Lyndon in the garden, Moira found an opportunity to leave Harcourt Manor without the painful explanation of her feelings and intentions which she had unconsciously dreaded. For Lyndon, on his return to the city, lost no time in going to see Mrs. Granger; and what he told that lady had the effect of sending her immediately down to Covertdale, whence she speedily appeared at the Manor, promptly took in the situation there, and as promptly insisted upon carrying Moira back to Baltimore with her.

"It is absolutely necessary," she told Governor Harcourt when he remonstrated. "I have never seen any one so changed as Moira is. She's hardly more than a shadow of her former self. What she is enduring here after the long anxiety she has already undergone, is proving too much—not perhaps for her courage, but certainly for her health. She *must* go away."

"For a time, perhaps, it may be well that she should," the Governor somewhat reluctantly agreed. "I know that her position here is—er—very trying; but I've been hoping constantly that Royall might regain his memory of her."

Mrs. Granger gave him a look which expressed pity and impatience in equal degree.

"With that object in view," she observed dryly, "it would have been well if you had seen to it that Elinor Fane went home—and stayed there."

But beyond this hint, she declined to express her opinion of the situation. Evidently it was too late for preventive measures now; and she had Lyndon's word for it that remonstrance was of no avail with those chiefly concerned.

She contented herself, therefore, with bearing Moira away; and she was not

surprised that, when the latter was relieved from the intense strain under which she had been living, a complete collapse followed, and for several days she lay, with every nerve relaxed, in a state closely bordering on unconsciousness. There was no outburst of grief, of the anguish of intolerable pain and disappointment, but only the utter giving way of the forces of life under an ordeal which had taxed every faculty of body and spirit to the breaking point.

But this condition did not last very long. Once more the brave heart rose up to meet the situation which confronted it, and the forces of life flowed back again at the imperious bidding of the soul. Mrs. Granger was almost startled by the change which she found one day, when she went to the side of the bed where the relaxed figure had lain so long motionless, while the dark-fringed lids hardly lifted from the eyes, and the spirit seemed to have withdrawn to such remote recesses of being that it had proved difficult to draw it back even for the necessity of supporting life with food. So it had been for days. But to-day there was a change; to-day the eyes met hers with their accustomed clear, steadfast light, and the pale lips smiled in answer to her greeting.

"Yes, I am stronger," Moira said. "I seem to have come back from some mysterious place, where I have gathered strength for whatever is still before me to do or to endure. And there is much of both; for I must now decide what I am going to do with my life—"

"There is no need to decide about that," Mrs. Granger interrupted hastily. "I can't tell you how glad I shall be if you will consent to stay with me until—until things adjust themselves."

"My dear friend" (Moira looked at her with eyes filled with grateful tears), "how good you are! But surely you must see that it might mean staying with you altogether; for, alas! we have no certainty when, if ever, things will adjust themselves in the sense you mean."

"You must not give up hope," Mrs. Granger remonstrated. "And you can not forsake Royall."

"Forsake him!" It was a cry of deep and bitter pain. "Do you think I would ever forsake him, if I could help him in even the least degree, at any cost to myself? Do you imagine that I would consider my own suffering if by that suffering I could gain the smallest benefit for him? But, so far from helping, I only annoy and injure him by intruding my presence upon him,—a presence which he is growing to dislike."

"Moira, that is only your fancy."

"Not my fancy at all, dear friend, but what is inevitable under the circumstances; for I—I do not please him any longer; he has not the faintest recollection of me; and yet he is told that he is bound to me by an indissoluble tie. He does not want to dislike me, my poor Royall! But it will be impossible for him to avoid doing so, if myself and my claim continue to be thrust upon him. And so I must go away,—I must go as far as possible out of his life."

"Moira, you amaze me! I should have thought that you would feel it your duty to stay with him."

"It would be my duty," Moira explained, in a tone which pleaded for understanding, "if he needed me, if I could render him any service, or if I were not harming him. But he does not need me, he does not want me; I can do nothing for him, and I am harming him by keeping up a constant irritation in his mind. He has tried not to betray this; but I know him so well that I am as keenly aware of it as he is, and it must be ended."

Mrs. Granger looked at her curiously.

"And how do you intend to end it?" she asked.

"I intend to write to Governor Harcourt to-day," Moira answered, "and tell him that I am going back to France. What I shall do after I reach there I am not quite certain; but I think I shall return to the stage."

"Moira, you must know that Governor Harcourt will never hear of that. He is a rich man; he will insist upon providing for you as his son's wife should be provided for; and I'm confident that he will also insist upon your staying here."

"If I accepted any provision from him he would have the right to insist perhaps," Moira said quietly. "But I shall not accept anything of the kind. It was not money that I was in search of when I came here to win recognition for Royall's sake; and I shall certainly not take, now that Royall has forgotten me, what was denied when it would have averted all this misery."

"I didn't think you still felt resentment for that—"

"I have never felt resentment for it," Moira interposed quickly. "It is not resentment which makes me feel that I can not accept from Governor Harcourt what Royall is no longer able to give, and is not conscious of any necessity for giving. If I needed it, the case would be different. But God has been good to me: I do not need it. I am well able to support myself, and I prefer to do so. That is all."

That was indeed all. The finality of the quiet tones made Mrs. Granger understand that Moira had taken a resolution from which nothing would induce her to recede. And it was not a resolution which had been hastily taken, nor in which wounded feeling of any kind had a share: it was rather an act of the judgment, arrived at after long consideration and not without the help of prayer. Of that the woman who had learned to know her well felt assured. She had not acted hastily: she had put herself and her own feelings aside and given Royall every chance to remember her; and it was only when she saw, with the keenness of a love-sharpened vision, that she was harming instead of helping him, that she determined to remove herself altogether out of his life, and go back to the art she had forsaken for him.

So Mrs. Granger uttered no more futile remonstrances, but watched the letter

written and dispatched to Governor Harcourt with something of the old sense of drama reviving in her. What would be the result when that letter, with its firmly expressed resolution, was received at Harcourt Manor? What would Royall feel? What would his father think? And—most important of all, as she well knew—what would Elinor Fane do?

It was not long before the last question was answered. On the second day after the letter had been mailed, Miss Fane appeared at Mrs. Granger's door, and asked to see Mrs. Royall Harcourt. The request being brought to Mrs. Granger, she herself conveyed it to Moira.

"If you like, I'll see her for you," she offered. "I will tell her that you are not well—"

"I am well enough to do whatever there is need for doing," Moira said; "and I am sure that there is need to do this. Miss Fane is not likely to come to see me without a reason, and I had better know what that reason is."

Mrs. Granger looked at her doubtfully, hesitated, and finally said:

"It is certain to be something disagreeable, and I thought that I might spare you."

Moira put out a hand and caught hers.

"You are kindness itself," she said; "but you can't spare me—in this. I must hear and answer what she has come to say; for—she is more in Royall's confidence than any one else, you know."

Mrs. Granger opened her lips impetuously—and then closed them again without speech. For an instinct told her that she could give no enlightenment to Moira, and that she had indeed no power to spare her anything. Nevertheless, she would have given much to have gone down to see Elinor Fane in her place, and to have had so good an opportunity to express the indignation and scorn she felt.

Such a course on her part would not in the least have surprised Miss Fane, who was, in fact, somewhat apprehensive of it, and was therefore much relieved when the door of the room where she was

waiting opened, and Moira entered alone.

As she advanced across the floor, even the girl who rose to meet her—the girl whose cold blue eyes had in them so unmistakable a look of hostility—was struck, if not shocked, by the change in her appearance, by the fragility of the slender figure, and the pallor of the delicate face under the dark masses of silken hair.

"I'm sorry to see that you have been ill," she said involuntarily. "You are looking shockingly."

"Am I?" Moira's tone was indifferent. "Yes, I have been perhaps less well than usual; but I am better now. Will you sit down and tell me why you have come to see me?"

This was certainly direct; and Elinor Fane felt, as she sat down and met the equally direct and steady gaze bent upon her, that the errand on which she had come was more difficult than she had expected it to be. For an instant she looked down irresolutely; and then, drawing herself together, raised her eyes again, with something of defiance in them.

"I was at Harcourt Manor yesterday when your letter was received," she said, "and therefore I have come to see you to-day."

Moira lifted her brows slightly.

"You will pardon me if I do not perceive the connection," she said. "My letter was addressed to those whom it concerned."

A quick flush mounted to Elinor's fair face.

"And you think that it did not concern me?" she asked. "I would have given you credit for more penetration. I thought you would have known that it concerns me as much as it concerns Royall."

No flush came to Moira's face, and it was impossible for her to grow paler; but, nevertheless, there was a change in her expression,—a slight hardening of the finely cut features, as if she were steeling herself to an endurance which was not altogether unmixed with other feelings.

"Are you quite shameless?" she asked,

in a low, vibrating tone. "I have not lacked the penetration for which you give me credit, and I have seen and understood the full meaning of your conduct toward my husband; but I did not think you would venture to speak of it—to me."

"And why not to you?" Defiance was open and unrestrained now, both in look and tone. "You are only an accident in Royall's life—an accident which he is anxious to put away,—while I am the woman he loved before he ever saw you, and whom he loves again now."

"But I," with infinite dignity Moira told her, "am the woman whom he married."

"And what of that?" the other retorted. "It was an act of infatuation which he is unable to explain, which he has forgotten, and desires to repudiate. You must know that, so far from feeling any love for you now, he—doesn't even like you."

There was an instant's pause before Moira said very quietly:

"Yes, I know it."

"Well, then" (triumphantly), "since you know it, and since you take it so coolly, I'm sure you will be sensible enough to see the obvious way out of the situation,—the way to make everything right for everybody."

"No," Moira replied, with the same quietness, "I do not see that. Nothing can make things right again unless Royall recovers his memory."

"Royall has recovered his memory quite sufficiently to know what he wants, and what he doesn't want," Miss Fane declared positively. "You may take my word for that. And I come to you now, with his full authority, to ask you to release him from a marriage which has become no marriage at all, and allow him to be happy in the way he desires."

"In other words" (Moira had a dim sense of wonder at her own power of self-control), "you are asking me—?"

"I am asking you to take the necessary steps to obtain a divorce from him. It can be very easily obtained, you know. We have talked it over together—yes—

terday we talked it over with Governor Harcourt also,—and we are all agreed that it is the right thing for you to do. You have everything to gain by doing it. You will secure your own freedom and ample provision for the future, and you have nothing to gain by refusal; for Royall will never acknowledge a marriage which he does not even remember."

"I thought you said a moment ago that he does remember it," Moira reminded her. "I was, and am, quite sure that he does *not*,—that if he did, he would come back to me at once. But I am also aware that he may never remember it. We were warned of that, his father and I."

"Then" (impatiently) "doesn't it amount to the same thing? If his mind is a blank so far as that part of his life is concerned, and if he may never remember it, why should he be bound by an act which has no meaning for him now? I tell you again that he wants to be happy,—he wants to marry me."

"And you" (it was impossible to resist the impression that there was a strange compassion in the beautiful eyes bent on her),—"you would be willing to marry a man who is bound by an indissoluble tie to another woman,—not only doing yourself as well as her that great wrong, but taking the terrible risk that memory may awaken at any time, and that he would then hate you and the false tie that bound him to you?"

The voice which had thrilled so many with the poignant music of its tones, thrilled now even the shallow, self-centred nature of the girl, who sat silent, staring at the face so pale, so chiselled, so curiously calm.

"But even if you are willing to do this thing, to take this risk," Moira went on, "it is not possible for me to allow you to do so. Whether he remembers it or not, Royall Harcourt is married to me, and only death can set either of us free."

At those firm, clearly spoken words, the spell which had held Elinor silent

broke, and a sudden spasm of anger convulsed her face.

"You refuse?" she gasped. "You refuse to set him free when you have nothing whatever to gain by holding on to him?"

"You are quite right," Moira told her, with the same extraordinary quietness. "I have nothing whatever to gain; but, nevertheless, I must continue to hold on to him, as you have said, for the simple reason that I have no power to do otherwise."

"No power—when you could obtain a divorce with the greatest ease!"

"You don't understand that what you call a divorce has no power to break the bond of marriage, which is unbreakable except by death."

"I regard that as superstition—and antiquated superstition, too. I can't think that *you* believe it. Nobody believes it now."

"There you are mistaken. Every Catholic knows that no law of man can set aside a law of God."

"But Royall isn't a Catholic. He doesn't believe anything of the kind. And you've no right to hold him bound by the laws of your religion."

"Royall bound himself when of his own free will he married me."

"He has no recollection of ever having done so; but he is sure that, if he did, he was under the influence of a temporary infatuation, and now he wants to be free. He appeals to you, and *I* appeal to you, to give him his freedom. A marriage is no marriage without love, and he has no love for you any longer. You know that: you know that he loves me, and I love him, so why will you not consent to let us be happy together?"

"Because, as I have told you, I have no power to consent," Moira answered with a gentleness that seemed to proceed from an immense pity,—pity for the woman who could come to plead in such a cause. "What you ask is absolutely impossible. I am sorry for Royall,—sorry

beyond all power of words to express; and sorry, too, for you, although you have brought this disappointment upon yourself and also upon him. But I can do nothing for you."

"You mean that you will not do anything,—you mean that you are determined to make yourself an obstacle to our happiness! But I warn you that we will not endure this. A way will be found,—a way that you'll like less than what has been proposed to you."

"To *suffer* wrong and to *do* wrong are two very different things," Moira told her. "And, in return for your warning, let me give you another. Let me assure you that happiness was never found on the road upon which you have entered; and also that whenever Royall's memory returns, Royall's heart will come back to me. I have not the faintest doubt of this, although I could not act otherwise than I do if I were sure that he had utterly and finally forgotten me."

"You have made your position very clear," Miss Fane declared bitterly. "Royall is to remain here, bound by the tie of a marriage he repudiates; while you go back to Paris, where you will no doubt find plenty of men to fall in love with you. We're aware how you find them everywhere—"

Moira rose to her feet with a gesture which stopped the tide of angry words.

"You will excuse me if I leave you," she said coldly. "There is nothing to be gained by prolonging this conversation."

"Nothing at all," the other agreed, as she, too, rose. "I'll carry your decision to Royall. But you need not flatter yourself that he will submit to it."

A faint and very sad smile came to Moira's lips.

"I do not flatter myself at all," she said, "and neither do I deceive myself longer with hope. Whatever Royall may decide to do, the way for me lies too plain and straight to be mistaken, and the rest is with God."

Henri Perreyve.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

THE Ozanam centenary, which revived recollections of the Catholic Renaissance in France in the first half of the last century, and of the prominent part which the great Sorbonne professor played in it, brings to mind another type of militant Catholic whose career is worth studying and is equally suggestive of application to our own times. This was Henri Perreyve. Ozanam showed what a Catholic layman of strong faith and good courage could do to relieve the moral and social misery of his time; Perreyve, working on the same lines, exhibited the power and influence of a sympathetic priesthood among the people, even in an epoch and in a country when their prestige had somewhat waned.

His friend and compatriot, Lacordaire, idealized the priesthood that France required then,—a priesthood “above all parties, though sympathizing with every need”; a conception of the character and mission of the priest, to which he gives expression in one of his letters written when he returned from Rome after the Lamennais episode and withdrew from what he calls “the fatal whirlpool of politics,” to attach himself “exclusively to the things of God; and, through the things of God, to the slowly increasing happiness of nations.” That ideal was realized in Perreyve, one of his most devoted disciples.

The hope of France's future, in the present as in the past, lies in priests of his type; not merely in politicians, publicists, or orators; although, of course, the battle of right against might, of truth against error, of civil liberty against oppressive laws curtailing freedom of action and association, has to be fought on the political ground and in the press. “Our country,” wrote Lacordaire to Perreyve, “is lost if it is not won back

to religion. There will be a fresh movement, doubtless; but all such stirrings will be fruitless until the land opens its eyes to that light which Jesus Christ sheds upon earth through the Gospel. You, my son, are called to labor for this regeneration; and it is a thought which should comfort you through everything. For my own part, it is an untold happiness for me that my conscience bears me witness that for seven and twenty years, from the day of my first consecration to God, I have not said or written a sentence the object of which was not to impart the spirit of life to France, and to impart it in an acceptable form,—that is, with meekness, temperance, and patriotism. Some day you will do the like.”

He did. In the comparatively brief span of life accorded to him—he was born in 1831 and died in 1865,—Perreyve faithfully fulfilled the vocation providentially assigned to him. In his Conferences at the Sorbonne (where he filled the chair of moral theology), the Lycée St. Louis, and the Collège de Ste. Barbe, he placed the great religious and social problems of the day before the listening world of young men who hung with rapture upon his words. After one of the Sorbonne conferences, Montalembert left his card, with these words written on it: “I can not get in; but I must tell you that I have been touched and kindled as I have not been for twenty years,—not since he of whom you are the worthy successor used to enchant my youthful mind at Notre Dame.”

Père Gratry observes: “I doubt whether during the nineteenth century any other priest in France has attained an equal power of dealing with that most difficult of all audiences—boys and young men.” He ascribes Perreyve's success to the fact that he spoke in their own language. “The spirit of love is familiar with every tongue,” he says, “in virtue of the same law which makes a mother able to talk to her new-born babe. Henri felt such love, such respect (he has often spoken

of it to me), and cherished such high ideas of the possible future of each one of these souls, and knew so well the value of the hidden treasures in every heart among them, that practically he held the key which could unlock them, and as soon as he appeared among them they recognized a friend."

What chiefly drew Perreyve, led by his friend, Charles Perraud, to join the infant society, the little group of earnest thinkers and active workers who in 1848 formed the nucleus of the restored Oratoire de France, was that he saw in the Oratory a school of love to mankind, a spot where the main science to be cultivated was a knowledge of the poor, of every fellow-creature suffering in body or mind, of all classes of society who endure or who strive; and, finally, the all-important science which would teach priests how to carry the Gospel of Christ to all such. In their weekly conferences they discussed the working classes, the poor, the outcasts of this world, and sought some remedy for their woes.

The French clergy could at present engage in no work more beneficial to themselves and their country than, dissociating themselves from all political or dynastic parties, going straight to the people and showing them, by acts more than by words, that the Church is the truest friend of the democracy. The base has been shifted, and it is well. Freed from State Control, unstipended and unshackled, the Church in France, as in Ireland, will henceforth have to rest upon the voluntary principle, and will, humanly speaking, have to live upon it and accommodate itself to the new order of things; which, after all, is only, *longo intervallo*, a return to the primitive order.

"The most fertile source of all our ills," wrote Gratry, "is that scourge of hatred and wrath which has been ever waxing stronger during the last century. How blessed and glorious were that truly evangelic toil which should devote itself to the overthrow of wrath and hatred!"

It was the main object of Henri Perreyve to labor to this end. "Either nothing can be done at all," he said, "or the attempt must be made to reconcile modern society with the Gospel, by proving that the primary laws of its existence, so far from encountering an implacable foe in Christianity, have really only come to light under the shelter of Christian thought. It is needed to show that political liberty, if free from revolutionary license and anarchy, is dear to the Catholic Church, is actually one of its stoutest earthly guarantees. One must convince our modern society that the Gospel is the source of all social progress, of all legitimate effort to lessen the inequality of men's lots; the book by excellence of the poor and lowly, without which all social reformation can be but a dream, more or less blood-stained."

Henri Perreyve, like Frederic Ozanam, was not only an advocate of truth and liberty, but an earnest, active apostle of charity, the distinctive notes of which were humility and gentleness. When celebrating his first Mass, the day after his ordination, he asked three things of God; and of these the first was, grace to be a humble priest. His ideal of the attitude of the French priesthood in the presence of persecution was the attitude of Christ in the Prætorium,—never growing irritated; no anger, pride, or haughtiness. "Many among us," he frankly avows, "have been betrayed into using this manner of defence of Thy holy Truth,—a defence of old unknown to Thy Church: we meet contempt with contempt, injury with injury, calumny with calumny. Proud and violent toward the violent, we give back threat for threat; and meet the persecutors, who thirst for blood, in a sanguinary spirit, which may well cause Thy sons to tremble."

He would have God's servants meet contempt with irreproachable purity of life, detachment, and self-denial; prepared, if need be, to exercise their functions in a garret or a cellar, to go back to the

spirit of the Catacombs,—ready to encounter death not only with resignation but with enthusiastic delight. “Amid all our anxiety for the future,” he says, “it is a comforting thought that there are so many kindly hearts among Thy priests. Assuredly it will be these men that will save France and the Church.”

If the *filis égarés* are to be won back, it will be by such men and such methods. It can not be said of Henri Perreyve that he was one of those priests who, chilled by isolation, and recoiling before the contemptuous indifference of a population imbued with scepticism, shut themselves up in their presbyteries, and let the wicked world go its way from bad to worse. He did not wait for the people to come to him: he went to them. He was a pastor who would leave the ninety-nine in the desert to go in search of the lost sheep. His life was brief but beautiful; his years few but fruitful.

“This young fellow,” writes Gratry, “hidden in a lowly community, unknown to the world, asked for mighty things. He obtained more than ambition, glory, or genius has dreamed of: he obtained something of the gift of prophecy—the sacred gift of teaching and comforting men. His prayers were answered, through ten years of vigorous energy amid suffering; and the Comforter Himself vouchsafed to entrust a portion of His own inspiring gifts to His servant. Henri’s life was brief, but he raised up and comforted many souls; and when he died, he left behind him words of light and warmth, which will yet comfort and kindle and sustain many more. He did a nobler work than the most glorious secular task. Following in His Master’s steps, he was a true benefactor of mankind. He was one of those vigorous workers who uphold the Cross of Christ and the life of God in the midst of the world and its nations.”

Père Gratry discerns, however, a note of imperfection where many would recognize a note of heroism. “Why,” he asks, “was this noble creature — this *chef d’œuvre*

de Dieu, as he was well called by one of his best friends, — to be so soon spent? Scarce come to maturity, not having yet attained the full command of his powers, and he was gone! I mourn that he is lost to us through his own fault. He sought death as much through a want of discipline as through impetuous courage, like a soldier who is killed when going beyond his post. In spite of all one’s advice and entreaties, he fully illustrated that cruel dictum of science, ‘Men do not die: they kill themselves.’ I know Henri Perreyve’s whole life; I know the entire history of his mind, body, and soul; and I affirm that he died a victim of that great evil which I can only call *priestly isolation*.”

Every day brought him the work of ten priests. Besides his professorship of moral theology at the Sorbonne (enough to engross whoever filled that chair) and his numerous writings, there were never-ending series of sermons, personal work in all directions, correspondence, hearing confessions, giving direction, reunions of young men, incessant visits, social intercourse without pause or limit. “All this ate into his very life and fairly consumed him.” About five years before his death he regained a measure of strength, which, if wisely husbanded, his biographer says, would have lasted for twenty years; but “he poured it forth in reckless waste. . . . By his own fault he deprived us of all that his mature life, his old age might have been.”

And here his biographer interpolates some very profound and pertinent observations upon the evil which caused the premature loss of this valuable life—the want of self-recollection, of gathering one’s self together and abiding steadfast at the heart’s core,—which he justly calls a universal blot. “We all grow more and more deficient in depth and recollection. The world moves on with ever-increasing rapidity. Movement becomes multiplied and intensified in every shape—moral, intellectual, and physical. And beneath this surface movement, I fear,

one discovers that there is a slackening of central impetus. We whirl about more, but we advance less. . . . The soul without recollection is as the body without sleep: fever must come on, and death ensue. And if the soul be distracted even through the very activity of its zeal, it has not used its powers as God willed it to do. A more recollected labor would have borne better fruit, and life would not have been consumed."*

It was a life consumed in loving self-oblation. Its motive principle, its keynote, was faith working through charity. He realized Dupanloup's as well as Lacordaire's ideal of the priesthood. "To bear the sacerdotal character," wrote the great Bishop of Orleans—"that is to say, to make a daily oblation of one's life,—one should be born great-souled or become so. Commonplace hearts, weak characters, minds with low thoughts, an ordinary education, are not sufficient. Nowadays particularly, people look for other things in their priests, and rightly." To meet that demand, to satisfy that craving, to fill that need, to rise to the occasion, calls for priests of the type of Henri Perreyve.

* Père Gratry, *op. cit.*, pp. 173-177.

My Choice.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF EUSTACHIO CRISPE,
BY JAMES GLASSFORD.

FROM day to day, these many years, some vain
Imagined good has filled my heart and eye,—
Some pleasure slow to come and swift to fly,
By long regret succeeded and disdain.
How much is he mistaken and insane
Who seeks delight in things of earth that die,—
False joys which from the true far distant lie,
A painted cloud, a phantom of the brain,—
Pleasure for which till it arrives we pine,
Which scarcely brings enjoyment when possess,
Which parting leaves us to remorse at last!
Exchanged for such a state, O Lord, be mine
That which embraces, in one moment blest,
The future and the present and the past!

My Godchild.

BY A. RAYBOULD.

I.

I LOOKED up from my work. It was the scent of violets which roused me,—real Parma violets, like a breath from a spring garden. The mere opening of the door would not have caused me to look up; for I was very busy over an article which had to go to the printers next day.

My visitor entered unannounced and handed me her card. I looked at her and remarked—somewhat tartly, I fear:

"I think you have made a mistake."

"You know Lady Elton," she answered. "She told me to come to you. Her card, you see, is with mine."

I took the card, and then stood staring helplessly at the girl. Her appearance was so remarkable that it staggered me. (I may as well admit that I am an old maid, with Old-World notions.) The perfume was well enough; but her face! The paint and powder! Such coloring could not be natural, and such beauty and dress were certainly out of place in my sanctum. Uncharitably, I concluded that they belonged to a world not to be touched by my virtuous, if dowdy, skirts. I pointed an indignant finger toward the door. But the girl stood her ground bravely, smiling a whimsical little smile.

Then I relented. For all its make-up, there was something so good and honest in her face that, when I had time to study it, I knew my suspicions to be groundless, and I motioned her to a chair.

"You must forgive my intrusion," she said sweetly, as she sat down. "But Lady Elton told me to come to you. You see, I want to become a Catholic. I have been instructed, but I want some one to be my sponsor and to help me through. Lady Elton thought that perhaps you would be so kind."

I looked at the girl, at her dress—"creation" I suppose it ought to be

called, — at the golden curls, at the impossible fairness of her skin; and once more my equilibrium was disturbed. My spiritual vision refused to see grace penetrating through such a crust. She noticed my hesitation.

"Perhaps you think I am not in earnest," she said. "I suppose I seem very worldly." (I saw her eyes travelling over my uncompromising flannel blouse and tweed skirt.) "Perhaps I *am* worldly; but, if so, I want to be better. I am an actress, and I must stick to my profession, because it is my only chance of bread and butter. But I want something to help me keep straight. It is not easy on the stage. Life is so hard."

Then I saw that there were tears in her blue eyes, and my heart was won.

"Poor child!" I said, sitting down on the couch beside her, and taking her hands in mine. "Forgive my coldness! I did not understand. You must tell me all your troubles. I am only an old maid, but we women all have mother-hearts when once they are touched."

Then she told me all about her life, and I understood how hard it had been,— understood, too, how God's ways are not our ways. And I realized that I, wrapped up in my own self-righteousness, knew really very little about life's struggles and dangers. Sheltered by faith, protected by the circumstances and limitations of my life, what did I know of those worlds within our world, where souls are tossed about in the stormy waters of unbelief and sin! In the midst of the storm this child had kept her little bark afloat, and God was bringing it safely into port.

Poor girl! How rashly I had judged her, and how my heart went out to her, now that I knew her story! We chatted together long and earnestly; my work was forgotten; the press and its requirements at my hands seemed sadly insignificant to me, now that I was brought face to face with living "copy." From that day we were fast friends.

Some weeks later we were once more

together, this time in a convent chapel. My friend knelt beside me, waiting for her baptism. She wore a simple white muslin frock; her sunny hair was smooth and braided; her fair complexion was untouched by cosmetics; her whole appearance was so modest and childlike that there was nothing to offend even my rigorous ideas of the right and fitting. But as I looked at her in her simple garb I had to acknowledge that it made her more dangerously beautiful.

I could see that she was praying earnestly. When the time came she read her confession of faith bravely, and begged humbly to be admitted to the Church. Then the saving waters flowed over the fair head and the garment of innocence was laid on her shoulders, for she had never been baptized before. At that moment I seemed to see her soul pure and lovely as the soul of a little child; and, in the ardor of my joy, I prayed that it might be preserved so at all cost, even at the cost of pain and sorrow to myself. Then, with a heart full of happiness, I rose to follow her out of the church. Before she left she laid a bunch of lilies upon Our Lady's altar.

That day she spent with me. My little home offered an assured retreat, where the world and its claims could be forgotten. We passed some peaceful, happy hours together. She amused herself turning over with a child's curiosity all my poor treasures. But in the evening the stage claimed her once more, and robbed me of her presence. I did not fear for her soul's safety, feeling confident that God would guard her as His own; but it seemed a desecration, and I could not reconcile myself to the cruel fate which bound her to a life so full of danger.

II.

For weeks I had not seen anything of my godchild, when one morning, as I was feeling unusually weary and depressed, the perfume of Parma violets once more invaded my little sanctum, and she stood radiant before me.

"We are going to have a holiday,—a real holiday," she said. "We shall spend it in the country together. I know a delightful spot, where you have never been, and where we can dream and talk, and wander in the woods, and enjoy ourselves in your own quiet way. Say you will come. I have so set my heart upon it."

"Yes, I will do so gladly. I have been longing for a day in the country, and longing to see you."

"See how well I can guess your wishes, though I am only the godchild, not the fairy godmother!" she answered, laughing. "Now get ready quickly. And then in the evening you must come to the theatre. I am to have a benefit to-night? And you must be there."

The idea of the country expedition was delightful. The weather was warm; the smell of ink and paper had grown nauseous, and I was weary of routine work. But the prospect of going to the theatre did not enchant me, and I demurred.

"You see," I said, "I never go to a play. And, then, I would rather think of you as I know you, than as I should see you on the stage—"

"You are afraid of being disillusioned. You don't approve of the stage."

"I have no right to condemn. It certainly does not fit in with my ideas."

"But just this once! It is a fine piece, and I should so like you to see me in my professional capacity."

She pleaded so effectually that at last I consented, and then went to get ready for our expedition.

In honor of my godchild I donned a new summer gown, which delighted her.

"How nice you look!" she exclaimed. "Do you know, when you wear pretty things you look quite young? I am sure you are not half as old as you pretend."

"Oh, yes, I am quite, quite old!"

"I refuse to believe it!"

Then she grew silent and thoughtful for a while. But afterward we chatted gaily on many subjects, and passed a

delightful day together. When we came back in the evening, she insisted on my dining with her at a little French restaurant, which was as excellent as it was unpretentious. She seemed to divine my tastes in everything, and was determined that I should enjoy myself as much as possible in my old-fashioned, quiet way. She was so simple and winning that I soon forgot her worldly rôle and calling. When our pleasant day had come to an end, she reminded me of my promise to go to the theatre, and forced me to accept a box.

I went reluctantly. It was years since I had seen a play, and the stage had lost all charm for me; besides, I dreaded the possible nastiness of a modern play, with this child taking the part, perhaps, of a foolish or unfaithful wife. I dreaded, too, any failure or disappointment, because I loved her, and could not bear to see her pained. Strange to say, I knew nothing about her theatrical career,—did not know whether she played under her own name, whether she were a successful actress or otherwise. I had simply put the whole subject away from my mind as something unpleasant.

The house was packed, and from the moment the curtain rose the interest seemed to be intense. The play was a modern one and of the usual problem type; but it was wholesome and uplifting. As for my friend's acting, I quickly realized that she was a star. She simply carried everything before her by her beauty and talent, and the applause was uproarious. There could be no doubt that the girl was a born actress and as gifted as she was pretty. I could not withhold my admiration, and was as enthusiastic as the rest, laughing and weeping by turns, and hardly realizing that it was my young friend who had such power to captivate me. I remembered, half sadly, that morning in the convent chapel, and then I began to wonder if it could really be this brilliant woman upon whom hundreds of eyes were fixed in admiration,

that had prattled so innocently to me in the woods a few hours earlier?

When the play was over she came once more upon the stage to bow her thanks to the audience. She wore a shimmering white gown, with pearls, and certainly she looked very lovely. A burst of applause broke from the house, and a rain of flowers fell upon the stage. She bowed and smiled; but the only eyes she sought were mine, and I knew that the innocent smile which lit up her face was intended for me.

At last I rose to leave. When I reached the entrance she was already there, surrounded by a court of admirers. She gently dismissed them; and, putting her arm through mine, led me to her carriage.

"I may come home with you, may I not?" she asked.

"Yes, of course. But why should you care to come to my dull little home? And you need some refreshment after your exertions."

"You can give me a cup of tea, and I don't care for anything else. Do let me come to you! I want to know what you thought of the play and of your godchild."

"Why, I was perfectly delighted. The play was really excellent. And as for your acting, it was splendid. I dare not ask you to give up the stage now. You have wonderful talent."

"Not so much, but I have worked very hard. I had a great object in view. I never told you that I had a crippled little sister. I have worked to give her the very best care and treatment. She is nearly cured, and now I need work no more, because a relative has adopted her. Besides, I can give her quite a little fortune from my earnings. Everything I have will go to her."

"But you will go on making a fortune! You have a great career before you,—so great that even I would not dare to hold you back. I shall only trust and pray that God may keep you pure and good always."

She smiled her child's smile and pressed my hands.

I felt half ashamed when I led her into my sombre little home and into my quiet sanctum, they were so out of keeping with her radiant beauty. But she did not seem to mind in the least, and appeared quite at ease. Throwing off her cloak, she at once set about arranging the masses of flowers she had brought in from the carriage. My room soon presented quite a festive appearance, and she insisted upon helping me to make tea.

"But, dear, what freak is this?" I ventured to ask. "Surely you have had many invitations for this evening."

"Yes, rather too many," she answered, laughing; "but I wanted to spend my last night with you."

"Your last night? What do you mean?"

"Only this, my dear godmother! Tomorrow I am going to X—, to be teacher of elocution in an academy of the Sisters of Mercy. After two years, perhaps—if they will have me,—I shall enter the convent of the Sisters of Charity in A—, where my little sister was cared for. See what your prayers have brought about!"

I almost let my cup drop, for my astonishment was complete. But, remembering in time that it belonged to my mother's best old Worcester set, I retained my presence of mind and put it down quietly. But I was so overcome that I could only stare at the vision opposite to me. It seemed impossible to believe that this brilliant girl, at the height of her popularity, was going to leave the world and hide herself in a convent school. But I saw by her eyes that she was in deadly earnest.

"God's ways certainly are wonderful!" was all I could find to say.

WE must give the spur to this trade of a body of ours, to make it trade and get forward. Many a good soldier dies in battle, many a good sailor on the sea, and many a good doctor in the hospital.—*St. Camillus*.

The Grace of the Earth.

BY M. F. N. R.

A GRECIAN poet calls the rose "the grace of the earth, the queen of the flowers that are growing upon it." And of all the flowers there is none, perhaps, so popular as the rose which lends a joy to every June day. Great and small, old and young, rich and poor, have loved the rose; and an Indian legend tells that the Great Spirit, Hoyawentha, gave it thorns, because even the wild animals were attracted by its fragrance and nibbled off its beautiful blossoms. "Little Sister of the Wild," he said gently, "I love thee well, so I will give thee prickles upon the stem, to pierce the nose of each intruder; and hereafter thou shalt bloom in peace, for marauders will fear the thorns and touch thee not."

Botanists assure us that the rose is a native of Persia, and was introduced into Europe by Alexander the Great; yet there is hardly a country in all the world where the rose is not found, from the luxuriant tropical flower to the wild sweetbriar of Alpine or Arctic snows.

Legend and story are full of the charms of the rose, and the ancients loved the flower as do its modern devotees. With the Athenians the rose was the emblem of secrecy, and was worn in the hair when one wished to speak to a friend privately. The Roman fondness for the rose became a cult. Roses bloomed by the million in the imperial gardens; at banquets the tables were decked with them; and Nero is said to have spent a fortune to provide roses for a single feast. To such an extent was the fancy carried that Horace wrote caustically that "men have gone so mad over roses that there is scarce space in the gardens of the Empire to grow a useful cabbage."

Roses were placed upon bridal altars and upon the biers of the dead. Roman tombs were rich with them, and in Switzerland and other portions of Europe

where once the Roman Eagle held sway, the cemetery is still called the "Rose Garden."

With the early Christians the rose was much beloved; and Clement of Alexandria declared it the flower above all others to be used in religious festivities, since its thorns recalled to mind the Crown of the Passion. Many saints have the rose for their emblem,—St. Elizabeth of Hungary, from the pretty legend of the loaves in her apron turning to roses; St. Rose of Viterbo; St. Rosalia of Palermo, whose body was found uncorrupted after death, her brow crowned with roses from Paradise; and St. Vincent, because Diocletian laid his racked body upon a bed of roses, hoping that luxury might tempt where torture had failed.

Though the lily is her especial flower, roses are frequently given to Our Lady, the litany apostrophizing her as "Mystical Rose," the fragrance and beauty of the rose symbolic of her lonely life. In certain mediæval German cities dedicated to Our Lady, every Jew was compelled to wear a rose in her honor upon her festivals; and to this day, in the Borghese chapel in Rome, on the festival of the Madonna of the Snows, white rose petals are showered from the ceiling in memory of the snowstorm through which the Blessed Virgin appeared to the Patricians upon the Esquiline Hill.

A pretty rose custom in honor of Our Lady is the Feast of the Rosière, held near the town of Solency, in France. Early in June each year a rose queen is crowned with ceremonies, widely attended; the bestowal of the rose crown being an honor coveted by all the maidens of the province. The one selected must be beautiful and good; there must be no word against her. Attended by youths and maidens garbed in white, the "Rosière," as she is called, proceeds to the chateau, whence the lord of the manor attends her to the village church. There Vespers are sung, and the "Rosière" is crowned with a wreath of blessed roses; and the procession marches

out of the sanctuary, chanting the *Te Deum*.

The most popular form of devoting roses to Our Lady is in the Rosary, that chain of flowery beads so long ago devoted to her honor by St. Dominic. Beads were used for praying purposes, however, long before the "Watchdog of the Church" instituted the Holy Rosary. The word "bede," in fact, means a prayer.

Legend has woven into prose the poetic story of the origin of the Rosary from the lovely land of roses and song. A young knight, "without fear and without reproach," had for the Blessed Mother of God a singular devotion. His sword was at the service of all women, his heart allegiance he gave to none save Our Lady alone. For her each day he gathered fresh roses, wreathed them into a chaplet, and with them crowned her statue, vowing so to honor her all his life. At last he sickened of the world and sought a quiet cloister to devote his remaining years exclusively to the service of God. Here the tasks of the monastery kept him, the youngest Brother, occupied from morning till night, so that he found no time to gather flowers for Christ's Blessed Mother; and he asked an old monk: "Father, how can I keep the vow made to Our Lady each day to crown her brow with roses, when here I have scarce time to fulfil my allotted tasks?"—"My son," the good old monk made answer, "fulfil your daily tasks, but say to the Blessed Mother Mary many *Aves*; for prayers are as fair as flowers to her holy heart." And so the young monk did; and each day he said to the Blessed Mother of God countless prayers.

One evening, delayed far from the monastery gate upon some errand of mercy, he paused in a dense wood to pray to his Heavenly Mother; and as he prayed some robbers, passing near, espied him and watched in silence, wondering at his fervor. Then a woman's form appeared above the monk; and as each "Hail Mary" ascended heavenward

she stooped and seemed to take the prayer from his lips with gentle fingers, and each prayer became a rose. Then she bound the flowers together and placed them upon his brow, which shone as with the light of Paradise. And the robbers fell upon their knees and besought him, saying: "Saint of the Rose Prayers, teach us to pray; for we are sick with sin!" And the grace of true repentance was theirs, and he taught them holy things—how to serve Christ and to honor His sinless Mother.

If "the rose is the grace of the earth," the Rosary is the grace of heaven; and when come the autumn days of chill, if Our Lady's roses fade with summer sunshine, still we have their beauty ever with us in October's Rosary, the fragrance of its holy prayers ascending heavenward.

The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

June 22, Birthday of St. John the Baptist.

AMONG the many changes effected in the Calendar of the Church of late years, greater prominence has been given to the feast of the forerunner of Our Lord. Henceforth, to ensure the more solemnity, and enable the faithful to join in the celebration of the festival—although it is no longer a holyday of obligation, as it was formerly in many countries,—it will always occur on a Sunday. It becomes, then, fit subject for consideration in this series.

From the earliest ages, the Church has given special honor to the Holy Baptist. It is scarcely necessary to point out the reason why, contrary to custom as regards other saints, his birthday is kept with greater solemnity than his death. St. Augustine remarks in one of his sermons that in other saints the Church celebrates their birthday to eternal life—i. e., the day of their death,—but an exception is made for St. John. He was always holy,

because he had been cleansed from original sin in the womb of his mother by the visit of the unborn Saviour.

In the early ages, three special Masses were appointed for this feast, just as at Christmas. For the birth of St. John was regarded as enfolding the Nativity of Our Lord. It was like a midsummer Christmas Day. "He was not the light, but was to bear witness of the light," says the Evangelist. Hence his rising was to bring joy to mankind: the appearance of the daystar heralded the dawn. But Christ, Himself the Light, said of John: "He was a burning and a shining light."

The liturgy of the feast is appropriately full of joy. The Collect sums up its spirit: "O God, who hast made this day glorious unto us on account of the nativity of blessed John; grant to Thy people the grace of spiritual joys, and direct the souls of all the faithful into the way of eternal salvation." The promise of the Archangel Gabriel to Zachary seems to have suggested the prayer: "Thou shalt have joy and gladness, and many shall rejoice in his nativity."

The Introit speaks of the vocation of the Baptist. It is the prophecy of Isaias concerning him, which is set forth at greater length in the Epistle: "The Lord hath called me by my name, from the womb of my mother; and He hath made my mouth like a sharp sword. In the shadow of His hand He hath protected me, and hath made me as a chosen arrow." The psalm continues: "It is good to give praise to the Lord, and to sing to Thy name, O Most High!" Formerly, as we have before remarked, the whole psalm was sung; the restriction of it to the first verse obscures the appropriateness of the choice of Psalm xci for to-day's feast. A later verse, which we shall find used as the Offertory, says: "The just shall flourish like the palm tree; he shall grow up like the cedar of Libanus." This was originally employed as the Introit of the second Mass of this feast.

The Gradual is taken from the prophecy of Jeremias, the type of the Baptist, and, like him, sanctified before his birth to prepare him for his ministry. Almighty God is represented as speaking: "Before I formed thee in the bowels of thy mother, I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb, I sanctified thee." The verse is the response of the prophet: "The Lord put forth His hand and touched my mouth, and said to me"—as it stands, the sense seems unfinished; but in the early ages it was customary to repeat the Gradual: "Before I formed thee, etc." The Alleluia verse is taken from the Canticle of Zachary, the *Benedictus*: "Thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest; thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His way."

In the Gospel we have the thrilling account of the birth of the wondrous child, and the striking circumstances attending it, which "were noised abroad over all the hill country of Judea," filling all hearts with awe and reverence.

We must not omit to notice the prominent place given to St. John in the Ordinary of the Mass. In the *Confiteor*, at the Oblation, in the Canon his name is honored. His words—"Behold the Lamb of God"—are put into the mouth of the priest at the solemn moment of Communion, and in the Last Gospel he is again highly praised.

While we strive to honor this great saint, let us beg his intercession. Immaculate in his birth, he will obtain for his clients purity of soul and body; he who shrank from praise will win for us humility; an intrepid martyr, he will gain for us constancy in the service of our Divine Master.

It was a help to me also to look on fields, water, and flowers. In them I saw traces of the Creator,—I mean, that the sight of these things was as a book unto me: it roused me, made me recollected, and reminded me of my ingratitude and of my sins.—*St. Teresa*,

Sacramentals in Summer.

WITH the arrival of the genial summertime, season of holidays protracted during months, or confined to a few brief weeks, comes the annual recommendation to Catholics not to allow legitimate recreation to interfere with obligatory religious duties. The practical Catholic, in selecting the locality wherein he purposes to sojourn during the weeks, few or many, of his vacation, will of course take into consideration the presence or absence of a church near enough to permit of his attending divine service at least on Sundays; and, other conditions being equal or approximately so, his preference should naturally be given to the mountain encampment, seaside resort, or rural district where he will have a daily opportunity of garnering the priceless graces of the Holy Sacrifice.

This much is elementary. The Precepts of the Church are not abrogated during one's summer outing, nor is divine assistance less necessary than in the ordinary course of the year's routine. Most Catholics who take vacations recognize, we like to believe, both these principles, and carry them into their annual practice. But what about sacramentals? Do most Catholics who go off on their summer holiday pay as much attention as they reasonably might to these secondary aids in the prosecution of the Christian journey of life? Does the steamer trunk or the plethoric suit-case contain, for instance, a holy water bottle or a blessed candle? If the pious custom of lighting the blessed candle and sprinkling the room with holy water during violent electric storms or other impending dangers is followed at home, why not also when one is away from home?

We eliminate, of course, any such use of sacramentals as borders on superstition properly so called. Sacramentals are rites which have some outward resemblance to the sacraments established by Christ, but

which are not of divine institution. The name is applied both to the blessing or consecration given by the Church, and to the objects blessed or consecrated. In the name of the Church the priest blesses various things, imploring the benediction of God the Father for the averting of evils both corporal or spiritual. To use such blessed objects—holy water, candles, ashes, palms, crosses, images, rosaries, and medals—with pious dispositions, is so far from being reprehensible superstition that their use increases our fear and love of God, and preserves us from many temptations and from bodily harm,—unless, indeed, such temptations and bodily ills are for our spiritual welfare.

As distinguished from the perfectly legitimate and laudable use of sacramentals, superstition consists in ascribing to created things powers which they do not possess by their nature or in virtue of the prayers of the Church. To believe that sacramentals possess greater efficacy than the Church ascribes to them—to believe, for instance, that our wearing the scapular or our carrying a blessed crucifix or medal will infallibly protect us from death by drowning or other accidental cause—is no doubt superstitious; but to *hope* that, in virtue of the specific blessing of God invoked on these objects we may be preserved from such a fate is an instance of normal Catholic piety to be commended rather than condemned.

And so, during the summer holidays, devout Catholics may well add to their regular reception of the sacraments a frequent use of the Church's sacramentals—candles, holy water, blessed medals, crosses, and the others. The young man who makes the Sign of the Cross before going in swimming, or the old man who blesses himself before beginning to shave, is, after all, merely proclaiming his allegiance to Christ, coupled with a virtual prayer that he may be preserved from evil. And such acts are worth while, irrespective of any direct influence they may exert on the action to be performed.

It is to be remembered, however, that the effect of the sacramentals depends upon the worthiness and the pious dispositions of those who use them. "Those who live in mortal sin," says Spirago, "will derive no more benefit from wearing some blessed object, or from the use of holy water, than the Jews did from bringing the Ark of the Covenant on to the field of battle, when they had incurred God's wrath by their sins. Nor will they profit one who places no confidence in them, any more than prayer profits the man who does not ask in faith, nothing wavering."

Two Kinds of Home Life.

IN a recent pastoral letter addressed to the clergy and laity of the Diocese of Helena, on the subject of priestly vocation, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Carroll contrasts two kinds of home life: the modern, with its paucity of religious vocations; and the old-time family life, so favorable a soil for the nurture of religious ideals. He writes:

Many of our parents, it is to be feared, are so blinded by the spirit of worldliness that, like "the animal man" of whom St. Paul speaks, "they perceive not the things which are of the Spirit of God. It is foolishness to them and they can not understand, because it is spiritually examined." Their life, their thoughts, their ambitions, their aspirations, are earthly. To make money, to enjoy life, seems to be the only aim of their existence. Pleasure and amusement are the only subject of their conversation. Pagan art and frivolous novels in the home take the place of the masterpieces of Catholic sculpture and painting and literature. Oftentimes there is not even a Catholic paper to offset the poison and prejudice of secular magazines and journals. Living in such an atmosphere, how can our Catholic youth understand the higher Christian life, much less rise to those realms of sacrifice where the priesthood is born?

How different the attitude of parents in the countries of most of our ancestors! How beautiful to see father and mother and children reciting the Rosary and night prayers before retiring! Instead of the theatre and the party and the street, there is the preparation of the

school work for the next day. The Catechism lesson is given special attention. Stories are told of the heroes who have shed lustre on Church and country. The dignity of the priesthood is portrayed, with the tremendous obligations it imposes. The life and work of the consecrated virgin is pointed to with special pride and reverence. At stated times father and mother and children approach the Sacred Banquet together. Why all this? Because to such parents the unseen life is a reality; because it is the ambition of their lives that at least one of their sons become a priest and one of their daughters a nun,—or, rather, their daily prayer is that of the mother of Cardinal Vaughan, whose five daughters entered the convent and six of whose eight sons became priests: "I have received all my children from God, and it is my dearest wish to give them all back to Him."

The point of this contrast is well taken. The old-fashioned home here described is, we fear, only too truly a thing of the past. But in its essentials, at least, it may be revived. Indeed, only good will is needed on the part of our people—once the ideal is pointed out to them and shown to be as genuinely sensible as it is intrinsically noble—for them to turn from the barren modern form of home life back to the older, simpler, and saner ideal. Then there will be the more ground for our hope of priestly and religious vocations.

Moreover, it is the fervent faith of all the spiritually-minded that the present great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, particularly the early and frequent Communion of children, will result in a great increase in priestly vocations. Indeed, some such increase will be needed if these little ones are to have the Bread of Life broken unto them; and when has God ever failed to provide for His own? The priest himself, as the Bishop avers, should set the example in fostering vocations. "Then the thought of the debt of gratitude he owes to God for the unspeakable gift of the priesthood should ever haunt the soul of the priest, and leave him no peace until he has presented his bishop with at least one candidate to take his place at the altar when he is gone."

Notes and Remarks.

We are gratified to note, from a circular sent us by the Society, the recent growth of one of the oldest and best of Catholic associations for young men—the Catholic Young Men's National Union. This organization, with the excellent motto of "For God and Neighbor," was founded in 1875, with the object of gathering together, on a parochial basis, the Catholic young men of the country into a union, in which the competition of the members along mental and physical lines might be made a real force for good during the trying period of their development into full manhood. Like many another noble enterprise, it has had to suffer from lack of funds as well as from apathy in certain quarters; though from its inception it has had the highest ecclesiastical approbation. The venerable Archbishop Keane was one of its most devoted promoters.

Again we call the attention of pastors to this association,—especially of pastors in isolated communities, because we believe that their strength will be more than doubled by the feeling and the actual force which come from solidarity in a great cause. The idea is to reach all our young men, to their advantage, and consequently to the good of the Catholic cause in general and the edification of the Faith.

In view of the recent perfervid declamation of some of our legislators on the iniquity of allowing illiterate foreigners to enter this great and glorious and highly educated Republic of ours, considerable interest attaches to an analysis of the Federal census of 1910. As the result of such analysis, Kate Holladay Claghorn declares in the *Survey* that, in the matter of illiteracy, the second generation of foreigners show the phenomenally low rate of 1.1 per cent; and that, notwithstanding the great increase of immigration from countries in which the rate of illit-

eracy is high, foreign-born whites show an actual decrease in illiteracy from 13.1 per cent in 1890 to 12.7 in 1910. On the other hand, remarks the analyst, it seems inexcusable that in the year 1910 there should be over 295,000 native white persons of native parentage, ten years of age, in the Northern States, who can not read and write; 46,294 in the far Western States, and 1,118,573 in the Southern States. Moreover, the total number of illiterates of native white birth and parentage is exactly four-fifths of the total number of illiterate foreign whites.

So there is balm in Gilead, after all. If the foreigners are illiterate when they reach our shores, their children evidently outstrip, at least in elementary education, the offspring of our "native sons." The census is an interesting compilation—and at times a disillusioning one.

The June issue of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* contains the report of the Society for the past year. The statistics presented show a gratifying increase in the resources of the good cause. Some interesting facts stand out; for example, though the United States increased its contribution by almost one-third of what it had been the year before, and though Ireland doubled the sum of its former contributions, nevertheless, France still leads the list with a contribution almost twice as large as that of the United States, the next highest contributor. Gratifying as this general increase is, when it is remembered that our million and a half dollars for foreign missions is but a bare tenth of that which Protestants contribute to their missions, it will be seen that the Catholic handicap is very great; though, of course, it is not to be forgotten that very much private charity of our people never gets into tables of statistics. Not that money is the one thing necessary, or that our Gospel should be an endowed Gospel; no, simply this: as we are constituted in this practical world, means, and abundant means, must

be added to spiritual goods in the making known of the Gospel of Christ, and in laying foundations of the Faith and in putting a roof on the edifice. The cause for which the Society for the Propagation of the Faith works is an ever-timely cause, and one which should appeal to the generosity of our rich and our poor alike.

Writing, in the *Constructive Quarterly*, of "Religion in the Woman Movement," Lady Henry Somerset gives this information about Catholic England of the long ago:

Among the abbacies founded before the Conquest, the abbess, like the abbot, had the power of the bishop within the limits of her own house, and bore the crosier as a sign of her rank. The abbesses of Shaftsbury, Wilton, Barking, and Nunnaminster were of such quality that they held of the king an entire barony, and by right of tenure had the privilege, at a later date, of being summoned to Parliament, though this lapsed on account of their sex. And in still earlier times, the name of Hilda, Abbess of Whitby, stood not only as an example of justice and piety, of peace and of charity, but her house was a centre of learning. Five men who had studied in her monastery were promoted to the episcopate.

And then the distinguished writer adds this rather notable comment: "How much the loss of such regard for women in the church in our land to-day is due to the fact that for three centuries we have shut our hearts and closed our lips to the name of the most 'Blessed among Women,' who can say?"

M. Bunau-Varilla's new book on Panama ("Panama: The Creation, Destruction, and Resurrection") contains no great revelations, but it offers much interesting matter for which one might search in vain elsewhere. After enlarging upon his efforts for the Canal in the interest of France from 1884 to 1906, he presents a detailed narrative of his campaign against the Nicaragua project, and deals in similar fashion with the negotiations with Colombia for the Hay-Herran Treaty.

When France gave up the struggle, M. Bunau-Varilla came to this country, and, according to his own account, arranged the revolution which gave the United States her strip of Colombian territory. There is a report of a conversation with President Roosevelt, in which the author explained his views about the possibility of a revolution which would furnish an opportunity for the United States to intervene and acquire the Zone, the United States being bound by treaty to interfere if trouble broke out. There is nothing novel in the suggestion that our Government knew beforehand of the arrangements for a revolution; but the details given by M. Bunau-Varilla—especially those which concern finance—will be new even to the well-informed. Confidential letters and telegrams concerning the revolution are freely used by the French engineer.

From the *Catholic University Bulletin* we learn that the Catholic women of the United States are taking a very lively interest in the national shrine of the Immaculate Conception that it is proposed to build on the grounds of the Catholic University. Large associations have already been formed at Washington, New York, and Baltimore, under the name of the National Organization of Catholic Women, for the purpose of building to the honor of Mary Immaculate a most beautiful shrine at the National Capital. We are told that ten thousand dollars have already been contributed, mostly in small sums,—from ten cents to a dollar; and it seems certain that, by a nationwide participation, the holy enterprise will be successful.

As an article in such a review as the *Nineteenth Century*, "The Surplice Not a Mass Vestment" will probably impress American readers as the right thing in the wrong place; but "they do these things differently" in England. We are interested in the concluding paragraph

of Mr. Walter Alison Phillips' paper with the foregoing title. He writes: "A Protestant nowadays, seeing for the first time a high celebration of the Holy Communion at St. Paul's Cathedral, where the vestments ordered by the 'Advertisements' and the Canons of 1603 are worn, would probably be more struck by its likeness than by its unlikeness to High Mass as celebrated at Westminster Cathedral. In the same way, under Elizabeth's system, a celebration of the Holy Communion, at least in cathedral and collegiate churches where the celebrant was vested in a cope with 'the Epistler and Gospeler agreeably,' was sufficiently like Mass to satisfy the traditional prejudices of the more uncritical conservatives. But 'the Mass,' in spite of the loose language of contemporary Puritan extremists, it was not; and the outward and visible sign of its not being so was the absolute disuse of the 'Mass vestments.'"

No Mass, because no sacrificing priests; and no priests, because no validity in Anglican Orders. The inference is unmistakable.

The speech on clean and reliable journalism which Senator Works, of California, recently delivered in the Senate Chamber deserves wider circulation, or at least wider reading, than is likely to come to it from its being embalmed in an official publication. Here is one paragraph which will repay thoughtful perusal by journalists, and the readers to whom they cater:

If it be true that the intelligent people demand impure and deleterious news, as some of the newspapers declare, conditions will inevitably grow worse and worse unless their mental food is changed. A depraved appetite grows on what it feeds upon. Such news increases the morbid desire for the sensational, the impure, and the horrible. Intelligent men and women cleanse their bodies, but fill their minds with impurities far more dangerous and degrading than an unwashed body. A pure mind makes a wholesome and healthy body. Purity of thought and conscience on the part

of the people as a whole will make this country great and prosperous in the truest sense. The man who helps to make the public mind impure, whether he be a journalist or not, is a dangerous man and an enemy to the best interests of his country.

In few matters of public import has liberty so very generally degenerated into license as in this question of the press; and in none are so many fallacies put forward in an attempt to justify utterly unjustifiable salaciousness, misrepresentation, and falsehood.

Writing to the *Catholic Union and Times*, a Washington correspondent has this to say of Mrs. White, wife of our Chief Justice:

Perhaps there is in Washington no higher type of the proper official hostess than Mrs. White, and her position as wife of the Chief Justice has not in any sense changed her established order. She is, to begin with, an accomplished homekeeper, one who attends scrupulously to every detail of her home; and is, in the language of one of her intimates, "one of the very few who take full responsibility for the moral and material welfare of every one in her home, servants included."

That last circumstance is worth noting. It is a characteristic of the valiant woman eulogized in Holy Writ to look after the moral, not less than the material, well-being of her whole household, "servants included"; and Mrs. White is setting a laudable example, which, it is to be hoped, will be generally followed.

Down in Santa Fé, New Mexico, a week or two ago, there was a procession of thousands of Catholics, young and old, accompanying the statue of "Our Lady of Victory" which was being carried from St. Francis' Cathedral to Rosario Chapel. The function was the annual observance of a vow registered two hundred and twenty-one years ago. The circumstances that led to the taking of the vow are thus described in Father Defouri's "Historical Sketch of the Church in New Mexico":

On September 13, 1692, Diego de Vargas with his small troop, attacked the Indians, who

were centred on a waste, which is now the beautiful plaza of Santa Fé; they had fortified themselves, and were reinforced by the neighboring pueblos to the number of ten thousand. The battle raged with great ardor on both sides from four in the morning until nightfall, without apparent result. Then Vargas, in the name of his troops, on their bended knees before the statue of Mary, made the solemn vow that, should he take the city, every year that same statue should be brought in solemn procession from the principal church in the city to the spot on which they were camping.

Two centuries and a quarter is a long, long time, especially on this hemisphere; but De Vargas and his vow have been kept green in the memory of Santa Fé's devout Catholics, and year after year "Nuestra Señora de la Victoria" wends her triumphant way to the scene of her soldier servant's effective prayer.

A well-informed English correspondent assures us that the annual procession to Tyburn has never met with the least opposition from non-Catholics. On the contrary, many of them were seen to lift their hats as the crucifix was borne along. The fervor of those taking part in the procession is well calculated to impress the least religious of onlookers. Despite wet weather, the procession this year numbered fully a thousand. "Outside Tyburn convent we sang the Benediction hymns, a choir on the balcony keeping us in touch with those in the chapel; and when the bell rang for Benediction hundreds knelt in the wet road."

Writing appreciatively of St. Vincent's Hotel, an institution in New Orleans, modelled by Father Wynhoven after Father Dempsey's famous hotel for the unemployed in St. Louis, the *Morning Star* makes this suggestion:

Right here is an opportunity for the Knights of Columbus to show their loyal and true spirit. With little trouble and only the expense of erection, they could establish in every large city of the United States a home for the "down and outs," with a free labor bureau. There is at least one priest in every city, with a special talent for that kind of work, who would manage

such a place. Thus having a chain of hotels and bureaus throughout the country, these men could be successfully organized, and would easily find work under the protection of the Knights of Columbus. It would be a means of preventing the good man from going down in despair and of uprooting the bad element; and, as Senator Ransdell wrote Father Wynhoven, "If this movement can be made a success—and I see no reason why it should not,—it will be of material aid in fighting Socialism."

Judging from the beneficent activities of the Order mentioned, and their promptness thus far in their history to take up and carry to successful issue various laudable projects, we have no doubt that the *Star's* suggestion will receive due consideration from the Knights.

A writer in the current *Irish Rosary* gives a rather interesting account of a visit paid last year to Mgr. Nicolas Dobrecic, Archbishop of Antivari, and head of the Church in that region so recently figuring in newspaper headlines, Montenegro. We confess to a feeling of gratified surprise on reading this paragraph of the article:

Mgr. Dobrecic and I then went out for a walk along the pathways that wind here and there through the olive trees. During our walk, his Grace sang out in excellent English "God Save Ireland!" and "The Wearing of the Green," every verse of both of which he knew by heart. I need hardly say how surprised I was, and asked how it came about that he knew these songs. He told me that when he was a student at Propaganda in Rome, some of his greatest friends were Irish students, from whom he had learned them. He has the greatest admiration for our country, which he would like to visit above all other lands, and which he has held up as an example in a sermon to his flock for its fidelity to the Faith.

The Irishman has long enjoyed the reputation of being ubiquitous, and Virgil's *Quæ regio in terris*, etc., may well be rendered:

Is there, friend, he cries, a spot
That knows not Erin's hapless lot?

But a Montenegrin prelate's singing "God Save Ireland!" is about as graphic an instance of sympathetic Hibernianism as we have met with in a long time.



A Common Malady.

BY E. BECK.

IN countries far and islands, in lowlands and
in highlands,

In cities and in hamlets, and in the districts
lone,

In palaces gigantic, in huts 'mid scenes romantic,
A common, yet perplexing, type of malady
is known.

The matron and the maiden, the men with
honors laden,

Boys, too, of every station, philosophers and
quacks;

The artist, bard and stoic, and warrior heroic,
And monarch high and peasant, this strange
disease attacks.

No potion, pill, or plaster this malady may
master,

No surgeon's skill can reach it, no doctor dares
to treat;

No methods how'er drastic, no treatment mild
and plastic,

Relieves the common malady whose name is
Self-Conceit.

The Little Florentine.

BY H. DE CHARLIEU.

VIII.

EIGHT months had passed away since
Fenella came to Paris,—months of
trial for the little Italian. From
the beginning, the girl had been compelled
to work in the company of the servants,
and to submit to the worst of treatment
at the hands of her cruel stepmother.
Her father was afraid to interfere, so
tyrannically did Dame Gudule rule her
household.

One pleasant evening in April, 1648,
the inn was crowded with guests, chiefly
officers and pages. For the officers, the

hostess had a smile and a pleasant word;
but for the pages she had nothing but
frowns. She considered them forward
and impertinent, and she would have
chased them away but for the money
they brought her.

Fenella was expecting a visit from
Baptiste and Spavento on this particular
evening; and when the pages were playing
tennis in the court, she saw her cousin
approaching alone. The pages saw him
at the same time.

"There comes that miserable little
Italian!" exclaimed Ville-aux-Clercs, who
had shown himself so unfriendly toward
Baptiste.

"See how he is dressed!" said another.
"He looks like a lackey that has stolen
his master's clothes."

"I'll wager that I can send a ball right
in the fellow's face," continued Ville-aux-
Clercs.

"We'll take your bet!" cried the others
in concert.

Thereupon the page tossed his ball about
for a time, then sent it in the direction of
Baptiste. The boy was talking with his
cousin when it struck him squarely in the
face. At first he thought it was an accident;
but, on seeing the merry expression on the
faces of the pages, he knew that the ball
had been aimed at him. He said nothing,
however, at the time; but walked along
to the end of the court, followed by his
tormentors.

"How do you do, Signor Cook!" said
one, bowing to the ground.

As soon as Fenella had gone, Baptiste
turned upon his tormentors and said
angrily:

"You insulted me a moment ago, and
I shall demand satisfaction."

This remark was greeted with shouts
of laughter.

"So you want to use your sword, do

you?" said one. "Well, I'm afraid I can't accommodate you. A gentleman like myself would never cross swords with an underling like you."

"I am as much of a gentleman as any of you," said Baptiste, hotly.

"A gentleman of the white apron," was the insulting retort. "That isn't a sword at your side: it's a spit."

At this Baptiste's hand sought his hilt. In an instant the pages were upon him, and he would doubtless have fared badly if Spavento had not appeared upon the scene.

"What's all this?" roared the soldier, brandishing his sword.

The pages fell back for a moment; then, seeing that he had no guards with him, they prepared to defend themselves. The situation promised to become dramatic, and blood might have been shed if a new personage had not arrived on the spot. This was a large, handsome man of about thirty, who wore the uniform of a Lieutenant of the Guards.

"Sheathe your swords!" he commanded. Then, turning to Spavento, he continued: "Are you not aware that it is a crime of *lèse-majesté* to draw steel against any of the royal household?"

"But how could I let them run that boy through like a chicken!" exclaimed the old soldier in a fury.

"Report at the Châtelet prison tomorrow. I have no men here to arrest you. As for you, young men—" addressing the pages.

"As for us," interrupted Ville-aux-Clérus, insolently, "we are in the service of her Royal Highness, and we have no orders to receive from you."

"That is quite true, my young friend; but nothing shall prevent me from reporting to her that I saw twelve of her pages about to attack an inoffensive boy."

"We did not intend to kill him. We only wanted to chastise him with our flat blades for insulting us."

"And who are you?" he asked Baptiste.

"I am in the service of her Highness, too," replied the boy.

"Yes—in her kitchen!" sneered a page.

"Is that true?" asked the Lieutenant.

"It is," answered Baptiste, hanging his head.

"Well, then, go back to your furnaces. That's the best thing for you to do."

The soldier rejoined his friends, who had taken no part in the altercation.

"It served you just right," exclaimed Dame Gudule, as soon as she was alone with her husband, Baptiste, and Fenella.

"It wasn't my fault, aunt," replied the boy, who was still smarting under his humiliations. "I couldn't foresee that those pages were going to knock a ball in my face."

"They did just right!"

"O mother, how can you say that?" cried Fenella, greatly distressed.

"I don't want such scenes repeated here," continued the cruel woman. "You had better remain at home in future."

"Do you mean to drive me away?"

"Well, yes."

"O father," said Fenella. "Protect him! Don't let her forbid him to come here!"

Serta tried to interfere, but he could not appease his irate wife.

"Go at once!" she fairly screamed.

Baptiste went out sorrowfully, without looking behind.

"You are a wicked, cruel woman!" said Fenella, departing from her usual demeanor.

At this, the woman's rage knew no bounds; and before Serta could interfere she struck Fenella.

The girl did not even wince. Looking steadily at her stepmother, she said:

"Since you have struck me, I know what remains for me to do."

She then left the room and went up to her chamber.

The next day she did not come down at all. In the evening her father stole up to her, and found her packing to go away. His pleadings were of no avail,

so he determined to assist her in finding a home. He remembered M. Blancmenil, a counsellor, and his former employer. He surely would receive the girl into his family for a time anyway, until other arrangements could be made. In the evening the two crept away from the house like thieves.

Upon reaching the counsellor's home, Serta was given a hearty greeting. Fenella won the hearts of all the family at once, and M. Blancmenil engaged her to become the companion of his two little daughters.

IX.

The great theatre hall in the Château de Saint-Germain was brilliantly illuminated, and a noble company had assembled there. In the front row sat the young King, Louis XIV., with his mother, Anne of Austria, on one side; and his cousin, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, on the other. Next to them were Queen Henrietta of England, and Charles Stuart, the Prince of Wales.

Myriads of lights were reflected from the jewels of the immense throng of lords and ladies, in magnificent toilets, who sat behind the royal families. Grouped on the sides of the hall, stood the pages and servants of the royal households; and they had been permitted by the master of ceremonies to bring their friends to witness the brilliant performance.

The curtain had fallen on the last act of the ballet of *Alcidoine*, presented now for the first time; and thunders of applause fairly shook the edifice. When this had died away, the King called an official who was in attendance.

"Bring the authors of this charming piece to me," he commanded. "I desire to compliment them in person."

The officer left the hall, and soon returned in company with Benserade, the poet, one of Quinault's companions.

"Are you alone?" asked the King, in astonishment.

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Your ballet is delightful, Monsieur Benserade; but the music by Jean-Baptiste is even better. Why is he not with you?"

"He is an assistant in the kitchen of Mademoiselle, and it would not be seemly for him to appear before your Majesty," replied the poet.

"An assistant in a kitchen! By whose order? Bring him here at once," exclaimed the young King. "Tell him the King commands his presence here immediately."

Again the official departed, returning this time with Baptiste.

"Sire! O Sire!" exclaimed the boy, falling at the sovereign's feet, overcome with emotion.

"Rise," said Louis. "Artists of your worth have the right to stand before all men."

Baptiste rose slowly, joy illuminating his face.

"Henceforth you belong to me," continued the King. "I now appoint you leader of my violinists, Signor Jean-Baptiste."

"Jean-Baptiste Lulli, with your Majesty's permission," rectified the Italian, giving loving emphasis to the last word, which he had not heard spoken since he left home.

"Lulli? I did not know that that was your name," said Mademoiselle.

"I promised my father, on leaving Florence, never to bear his name until I had made myself worthy of it and could bring honor to it; I now take it with pride. The King has consecrated me to Art. I shall not prove unworthy, and I thank Heaven and his Majesty that I was not forgotten at the presentation of my first important work."

"Well spoken!" said the King. "It is my pleasure to encourage and protect artists. I want the reign of Louis XIV. to be a brilliant one, not only because of the victories of my armies, but because of the poets, painters, sculptors and musicians who shall adorn it."

Famous Early Risers.

Frederick II., of Prussia, was ever an early riser; but as age crept on he found that a late nap in the morning seemed necessary to his comfort. With his usual firmness, however, he determined to resist what he considered a temptation, and ordered his page to awaken him promptly at four o'clock.

On the following morning the servant presented himself at the royal bedside at the appointed hour, and said:

"It is four o'clock, your Majesty."

"I don't care if it is!" came back in sleepy tones.

"But you must get up."

"I am so tired! I am going to sleep a while longer."

"But you gave positive orders to be called."

"Just one quarter of an hour more!"

"I must insist upon your rising at once."

"Dear me!" said the King. "What a nuisance you are! But I tell you, my lad, if you had let me sleep longer it would have fared ill with you."

"Yes, that is what I supposed, your Majesty," said the page.

There is a story much like this told of Buffon, the famous French naturalist. It was not a boy-page, as in the case of the Prussian monarch, who was instructed to call him, but his faithful old valet Joseph.

"I must get up by six o'clock," Buffon told him; "and every time you get me out of bed at that hour I will give you five shillings."

Joseph needed no five shillings: the command was enough, and Buffon was called promptly at six.

"I won't stir from this bed!" he said.

"Oh, yes, you will! I am under strict orders. Get up at once!" replied Joseph.

In vain Buffon pleaded and stormed and threatened. Joseph was obdurate.

"And a dozen, at least, of my works," said the great naturalist, with a smile, "do I owe to that faithful fellow."

Clover.

Clover has always been considered a synonym for good fortune,—whether of the four-leaved variety, always considered lucky; or the pretty green trefoils which dot our fields and meadows. The phrase "In clover" signifies good fortune, from the fact that lambs and calves seemed always especially happy when turned into a clover field. In olden times the three-leaved clover was considered a charm against wizards and witches, and a valiant knight would bind a leaf to his sword blade to ward off evil.

The trefoil, a variety of clover, brought good fortune to Ireland, when St. Patrick illustrated with it his famous sermon on the Trinity which converted Erin to the Faith. In America the same variety of clover is called "sorrel"; in Persia the Arabic term is "shamrak"; the Welsh call it "fairy bells"; the English, "cuckoo bloom," since it blossoms when first the cuckoo sings; and in Spain it is the "Hallelujah," because each year its first bloom appears when the Easter choirs sing the Hallelujah.

In South America there are many varieties of clover. In Bolivia the root is eaten, and regarded as a great delicacy. In Mexico and in Peru both the leaves and the roots are used in salad.

 Pictures of Holy Scripture.

Travelling in Palestine to-day, one is surprised to find how accurately the pictures of Holy Scripture are reproduced. Men and women reap and glean in the fields as did Ruth and Booz; women draw water from wells, as the fair young Rebecca filled her water jug in the days of Isaac; mandrakes grow between the rows of grain, as told in Genesis; and when the east wind scatters the sands of the desert, there are showers of quail, reminding one of how the children of Israel were fed on the way to Mount Sinai.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Rev. J. J. McNamee is the author of a learned and interesting essay on "Irish Names, Family and Personal," just issued by the C. T. S. of Ireland.

—The title of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's new book, "The Stane Street," is from one of the most interesting roads in all Britain, and nobody could have written about it more interestingly than he.

—Admirers of Francis Thompson will be gratified to learn that as much as one-fourth of the poems and almost all the essays contained in the new definitive edition of his works are for the first time printed.

—The English Catholic Truth Society has added to its instructional publications "The Christian's Code of Life," translated from the French of Cardinal Mercier. This work, we hear, has had an enormous circulation in Belgium.

—We have received from the Society of the Holy Spirit a series of twenty-two tracts, ranging in subject matter from simple prayers for the faithful to effective controversial treatment of important points of Catholic belief and practice. They may be had on application to the Society, at 516 Natchez Street, New Orleans, La.

—"How Johnnie was Baptized," a narrative with a lesson, as its author and publisher, the Rev. Ambrose Reger, O. S. B., Corbin, Ky., styles it, relates how the Protestant wife of a lukewarm Catholic was moved by a sermon she heard on Baptism to approach the priest to convince him of the error of his faith. The result, of course, is just the opposite: the good woman herself is converted and has her child baptized. The value of the pamphlet is in "Father Austin's" explanation of Catholic doctrine; and the popular way in which it is put makes this little story very suitable for promiscuous circulation.

—The more individual and distinguished the style of a foreign author, the more difficult is the task of his translator. Especially is this the case when the author is a Frenchman, a stylist by birthright, and his work is one of sufficient literary distinction to have merited "crowning" by the French Academy. Accordingly, Mr. John Hannon, who has done into admirably idiomatic English "The Mighty Friend," Pierre L'Ermite's powerful narrative of labor warfare, country life, and Catholic love, deserves particularly well of those readers who have been debarred from enjoying the book

in its original language. The phrase "a modern romance," which we find on the title-page, is scarcely an accurate description of the novel as a whole; there is as much realism as romance in most of the chapters. Benzigers.

—"Shall Rome Make America Catholic?" is a sixteen-page brochure, containing an excellent paper by the Rev. J. P. McKey, C. M., reprinted from the *Marian*, a quarterly published by the Vincentian missionaries at Opelika, Ala. Additional interest is given to the brochure by the incorporation therein of a letter on Socialism by the Apostolic Delegate.

—Printed in Belgium, though published by the *Sentinel* Press, New York, a "Short Treatise on Confession and Communion," prepared especially for the laity, by Joseph Frassinetti, prior of S. Sabina, Genoa, is an exceptionally good piece of work. It is straightforward, reasonable, and very helpful; it sticks close to its subject, and, without diluting the matter presented, it puts it in a manner that is bound to appeal and to do good. In the end the recent Pontifical decrees on confession and Communion are given. No price.

—Among the innumerable favorable notices given by sectarian publications to the Catholic Encyclopedia, we find the Baptist *Watchman* leaving the beaten track in this wise: "Perhaps the most noticeable general feature of the work is the atmosphere of certainty and finality which pervades the whole. In this age of criticism and doubt and uncertainty, we here have something which is fixed and definite and which claims to be sure and trustworthy." If our Baptist contemporary will reflect for a moment, it will probably recognize that in this respect the Encyclopedia is a faithful mirror of the general Catholic mind.

—To the series "Printers of Note," appearing in the *Inland Printer* of Chicago, Mr. Walter C. Bleloch contributes an interesting account of Christopher Plantin (1514-89), "one of the best—if not the very best—of the early printers." He learned the art of printing in the office of the King's printer at Caen, France; and to his skill some authorities credit the excellent work done on several of the volumes which emanated from that office during the time he was connected with it. He established a printing office of his own in Antwerp during 1554, his first work appearing in 1555. The venture prospered and the office grew until, in 1576, he is said to have possessed an equipment of seventeen

presses, all of them in the hands of men who had been trained to secure that high degree of perfection so noticeable in the works issued. The house he occupied is now known as "The Musée Plantin-Moretus," being filled with a strikingly complete collection of practically everything pertaining to the history of printing in the early days. The old printing office with most of its original equipment, Plantin's private office and living rooms, are preserved intact; and to this day remain one of the principal show-places of the town. When Plantin's fame as a printer was at its highest point, the King of Spain conferred upon him the title "Arci-Typographus," accompanying the honor with a good-sized pension and a patent covering the printing of religious works. About this time Plantin opened branch offices in both Leyden (or Leiden) and Paris, continuing to give his personal supervision to the Antwerp office as before. His most remarkable work is said to be a Polyglot Bible, printed in Greek, Latin, Hebrew and Chaldaic, in eight volumes, of which an edition of five hundred copies was printed; owing to a shipwreck, the larger portion of this edition was lost at sea while *en route* to Spain. Plantin's best specimens are almost universally religious works; and competent authorities generally agree that, taken as a whole, they can not be excelled.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Mighty Friend." Pierre L'Ermite. \$1.50.
- "The Westminster Hymnal." (Words.) 20 cts.
- "Holy Communion." Mgr. de Gibergues. 81 cts.
- "A White-Handed Saint." Olive Katherine Parr. \$1.25.
- "The Way of the Cross, and Other Verses." Dismas. 50 cts.
- "Gospel Verses for Holy Communion." A Sister of Notre Dame. 10 cts.
- "The Cause of Beatification of the Little Flower of Jesus." Mgr. R. de Teil. 75 cts.
- "St. Rita of Cascia." Rev. Thomas McGrath. 30 cts.

- "Levia Pondera." John Ayseough. \$1.75.
- "The Fountains of the Saviour." Rev. John O'Rourke, S. J. 50 cts.
- "The Heart of Revelation." Rev. Francis Donnelly, S. J. 50 cts.
- "Three Years in the Libyan Desert." J. C. Ewald Falls. \$4.50.
- "Outlines for Conferences to Young Women." Abbé M. F. Blanchard. 40 cts.
- "Our Lady in the Liturgy." Dom Michael Barrett, O. S. B. \$1.10.
- "Confessions of a Convert." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.25.
- "Pioneers of the Cross in Canada." Dean Harris. \$1.50.
- "Consumers and Wage-Earners." J. Elliot Ross, Ph. D. \$1.
- "St. Gertrude the Great." Notre Dame Series. \$1.25.
- "Cedar Chips." 50 cts.
- "Bodily Health and Spiritual Vigor." Rev. W. J. Lockington, S. J. 90 cts.
- "Our Neighbors: the Japanese." Joseph King Goodrich. \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Patrick H. Cusack, of the archdiocese of Cincinnati.

Brother Albeus, C. S. C.

Sister M. de Sales, of the Order of St. Francis.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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A June Dream.

BY C. R. ROLL.

THE garden is summer-sweet with roses
This golden June;
The bee buzzes above where the lizard reposes
This slumberous hour of noon.
The sky is up near heaven,
With never a cloud to soil its face of blue.
'Tis so warm and still to-day that even
The spangled butterfly will scarce flit away
from you.
Now the soul is at peace; and Fancy, dreaming
Of cooling shade,
Weaves a web of song out of the seeming,—
For so all songs are made.
Our God is tender and good
To give us the sun and the sky and the
summer long,
And, in a silent hour, the mood
Of regret for a vanished hour that finds its
relief in song.

A Figure of the Virgin Mother.

HOW much there is calculated to arrest the attention and captivate the imagination in the account handed down to us in the pages of Holy Scripture of the temple King Solomon erected, and the palace he built for himself! The sacred historian is not satisfied with depicting in general terms the ample dimensions, the architectural splendor, the elaborate decoration, of this far-famed edifice: he enters into details of their form and design,

giving a minute description of court and shrine, of porch and audience chamber; of the treasures they contained, of the furniture and fittings appertaining to divine worship, to regal pomp. The very materials employed in the fabrication of every part are duly noted. We read with astonished admiration of the polished stones, the boards of cedar and olive wood; the ivory, the gold, the brass, wherewith the hand of the artificer, "full of understanding and skill to work," fashioned and adorned a sanctuary worthy of Israel's God, a dwelling-place worthy of Israel's Monarch.

The interest attaching to these records is not simply of an historical or archaeological nature. Each portion of the structure described, all that it contained, has a symbolic meaning, and expresses a divine secret. Of Solomon's palace, it is the more public part alone that is described—the porch of the throne, a kind of long hall or gallery. Long rows of stately pillars cut out of the fragrant cedar, set at measured distances, the capitals carved with wondrous art, supporting square beams, "in all things equal," led up to the royal throne. There the King sat on state occasions, as when granting audiences, receiving homage, or administering justice. It is on this throne, unrivalled by any piece of workmanship in any other country or kingdom, that our attention centres, in order that we may endeavor, with the eye of faith, to discern its mystic significance.

The use of a chair in a country where the usual custom is to sit upon the ground

or⁷ recline upon a couch, was of old regarded as a sign of dignity and power. Solomon, seated upon his regal throne, typifies the glorified Redeemer. By reason of the surpassing wisdom which constituted his distinctive characteristic, he is a type of One who was greater than Solomon, Him "in whom are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."* His throne may consequently be called the Seat of Wisdom—*Sedes Sapientiæ*. "Mary," writes Cardinal Newman, "has this title in her litany; because the Son of God, who is also called in Scripture the Word and Wisdom of God, once dwelt in her; and then, after His birth of her, was carried in her arms and seated on her lap in His first years. Thus being, as it were, the human throne of Him who reigns in heaven, she is called the Seat of Wisdom. In the poet's words:

His throne, thy bosom blest,

O Mother undefiled!

That throne, if aught beneath the skies
Besems the sinless Child."

Hence it will be seen that the throne erected for Solomon was a figure of the Blessed Mother of God, whom the great King chose for the resting-place of the Eternal Wisdom when He took upon Himself the nature of man. Of this throne it is said: "There was no such work made in any kingdom,"† And we know that of all created things, the works of God's hands, there was not one to compare with the Blessed Virgin in greatness and perfection. Her Immaculate Conception singled her out from the very first from all the daughters of Adam; on this account we find the term *Thronus Salomonis* applied to her in one of the antiphons of the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception.

Solomon's throne was, moreover, made of the purest, most costly materials. It was of ivory, overlaid with the finest gold. Ivory is a beautiful substance, fitted to adorn a king's palace; and in quantities sufficient for the manufacture of a throne,

it is extremely rare and precious. By its exquisite whiteness it is intended to suggest to us how transcendent is the loveliness and purity of the Mother of God; just as the fine gold wherewith it was overlaid is meant by its richness, brilliancy, and splendor to give us an idea of the graces, virtues, and spiritual excellences which fitted her for her great dignity. The spotless ivory of her perfect innocence, unmarred by any taint of original sin, was overlaid with that which is among virtues what gold is amongst metals—charity, the crowning virtue which surpasses, or rather includes, all others.

The principal feature in a royal throne is its elevation. Solomon's throne was approached by six steps. These steps are said to represent six virtues wherein Mary excelled all other created beings: humility, virginity, poverty, modesty, patience, temperance. "Twelve other little lions standing, upon the steps, on both sides";* the number of these pairs of lions being, perhaps, designed to correspond with that of the twelve tribes of Israel, or more probably of the twelve Apostles. Mary is, however, Queen of Patriarchs as well as Queen of Apostles; and the former as well as the latter may well lead up to the throne whereon the Incarnate God is seated.

The throne was furnished with arms, or stays, described by the historian as "two hands on either side holding up the seat." These ornaments are variously interpreted by pious writers. Some see in them the feelings of reverent fear and holy affection with which Mary regarded her Son in His eternal divinity and His sacred humanity; others consider them to be emblems of the active and contemplative life, combined in the Virgin Mother in so admirable a way that her exterior occupations aided rather than hindered her meditation on heavenly things.

We are also told that there was "a footstool of gold" fastened to the throne.

* Col., ii, 3.

† III. Kings, x, 20.

* II. Paral., ix, 19.

Gold, as has been said, here means charity. It is for us dwellers upon earth that our Blessed Lady possesses the gold of charity. God has laid up in her the treasures of His graces and the richness of His love, that they may overflow upon us. The footstool is the connecting link between the throne and those who approach it as suppliants. The charity of Mary emboldens the sinful children of Eve to draw near, with humble confidence, to the feet of the great King who sits upon the seat of judgment, that through her intercession they may find mercy.

Solomon's reign was one of peace; it shadowed forth that of the Prince of Peace, in whom all the tribes of the earth were to be blessed; of whom the angels proclaimed, when He rested as an infant on His Mother's bosom, that peace was come to earth. The throne of gold which the great King made for Himself, whereon He sat, is our Blessed Mother, the Advocate of sinners, chosen to be the resting-place of the Most High.

May we not hope, when images cease and shadows retire, to behold the fulfilment of the glorious vision typified by King Solomon's throne, standing in the porch of judgment,—to behold the throne of the Redeemer in heaven, where His Mother reigns with Him, seated on the highest throne in the universe, above all that is not God?

I NEVER in a single instance found an article, dogma, proposition, or definition of faith which embarrassed me as a logician, or which I would, so far as my own reason is concerned, have changed or modified, or in any way altered from what I found it, even if I had been free to do so. I have never found my reason struggling against the teachings of the Church, or felt it restrained, or myself reduced to a state of mental slavery. I have, as a Catholic, felt and enjoyed a mental freedom which I never conceived possible while I was a non-Catholic.

—*Brownson.*

A Far-Away Princess.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXVIII.



T was not a surprise to Moira that the next day brought a telephone message from Paul Lyndon, asking if she would see him. She returned an immediate answer in the affirmative; for, in truth, she was anxious to see him. To her, as to everyone else who knew him, there had come a sense of reliance upon his strength of character and clear judgment of mind. She had been keenly conscious of his intense sympathy for her ever since the day in New York when he came to her with the first news of Royall's loss of memory; and she had known, when they were at Harcourt Manor together, that he perceived with a very fierce indignation the tactics of Miss Fane and the blindness of his uncle and his mother. To discuss the situation had seemed to her then impossible, but things were different now: all shield of reticence had been torn away, and she felt that it would be a relief to open her mind and heart freely to the one member of Royall's family who (strangely as it had come about) stood on her side. For even the Governor had fallen away from her,—of *that* his silence assured her even more than Elinor Fane's statement. And so she was glad, in a sad-hearted fashion, to think of seeing Paul Lyndon, and bade him come to her as soon as he liked.

That was sooner even than she had expected. It almost seemed as if he must have flown in answer to her summons, so short was the time between the giving of the message and the announcement that he was waiting to see her.

She did not keep him waiting long. In hardly more than a minute she stood before him, with a welcome in her eyes which almost made him forget the change in her appearance which had shocked

even Elinor Fane. But that he, too, recognized this change, his first words proved.

"It is good of you to consent to see me," he said; "for I could tell, if I had not heard, that you have been ill."

"Not really ill," she answered, as they sat down, with a curious sense of comradeship of which both were conscious. "But some things are worse than physical illness, and leave deeper marks. I have been through a dark passage of which I would rather not speak. For after darkness there has come a light, — not a very bright light, but enough for me to see my way quite clearly. I am going home—back to my own country. Have you heard that?"

"It is because I have heard it that I am here," he said, frowning heavily. "I have had a letter from my uncle, asking me to see you. It seems that you have written to him."

"Yes, I wrote to him, telling him what I intended to do, as soon as it was made clear to me what that should be. You see, it was a hard struggle to give up all effort, to go away, to leave the field to one who has played so unworthy a part—"

It were best not to inquire too closely what was the smothered ejaculation with which Lyndon interrupted here; but after an instant he asked, with a calmness which evidently cost effort:

"And what gave you strength finally to decide as you did?"

The sapphire eyes he had learned to know so well were never more lovely than when they looked at him now, filled with a light of utter self-forgetfulness.

"It was the thought of Royall which gave me strength," she said. "It was because I saw that there was nothing else that I could do for him,—that there was no other way in which I could help him. You know, I told you when we talked together last that I felt that my presence was injuring, because it irritated him. This feeling became even stronger

afterward; and I knew at last with an absolute certainty that I must remove myself entirely out of his life, in order to give him the serenity and peace of mind which are necessary, if he is ever to be himself again."

"And to gain this end" (there was wonder in Lyndon's tone now) "you are willing to leave him under the influence of Elinor Fane?"

"I can not save him from her influence by staying;" she answered sadly. "That has been fully proved."

Lyndon rose from his seat, walked across the floor, stood at the window for a moment, then turned and came back to her.

"Do you know that he—that she—that they want you to obtain a divorce from him, so that they may marry?" he inquired almost harshly.

"Yes, I know it," she answered quietly. "There is nothing, I think, that I do not know; for Miss Fane was here yesterday. She came to ask me to do what you have said—to obtain a divorce from Royall—in order that they might 'be happy together.'"

"And you told her—?"

There was a note of anxiety in the question which made Moira glance at him with surprise.

"Surely you must know what I told her," she replied. "It is something which I have no power to do."

"Why not?"

Again she stared at him.

"Because only death can break the bond of marriage," she then answered very simply. "I thought you would know that."

"I know that Catholics hold that, generally speaking, the bond is indissoluble," he said; "but are there no exceptions—circumstances under which it may be dissolved?"

She shook her head.

"There are none: no power on earth can dissolve a true marriage."

"But can you call this a true marriage

when Royall does not even remember it, when he refuses to recognize it, and when you are forced to go away and leave him?"

"It was a true, that is a valid, marriage when it was contracted," she replied; "and therefore it is a true marriage now, and must remain so as long as we both live. His failure to remember, his refusal to recognize it, can not alter that fact, because it rests on the unalterable law of God."

There was a moment's silence, — a moment in which, by a flash of memory, Lyndon seemed to see the palm court of a London hotel, and to hear some words which had been flung at him by Mrs. Granger when he talked of Royall's divorcing the woman who now sat before him. "Those whom God hath joined together..." Was it indeed true that those words held a binding force for all ages, and could not be set aside by any law of man? He had rejected the idea then, because it suited him to do so; and, for a different reason, he rejected it now. Whether or not Royall and the girl who had deliberately reawakened his old fancy for her—encouraged to do so by the lax conception of the sacredness of marriage which the world outside the Catholic Church now holds—should 'be happy together,' was to him a matter of supreme indifference; but that Moira, with all her exquisite graces of mind and person, and all the possibilities of her lovely youth, should remain bound to a man who turned from her with distaste, *that* seemed to him altogether intolerable. For it is a result of the individualism which for so long has ruled, and in increasing degree continues to rule, the modern mind, that even a man like Paul Lyndon becomes incapable of looking beyond the individual, and the individual's hardship, to wider results, and perceiving the necessity of an inflexible law for the benefit of human society.

So, with a tightening of the lips, and a setting of the jaw which would have

told those who were accustomed to meet him on legal battlefields that he was about to make an effort to carry a point on which all the force of his nature was set, he answered Moira's last words:

"There is no question of the validity of the marriage when entered into,—we grant that; but if a marriage ceases to be a marriage in anything but name, it is only right and just that it should be dissolved. When Elinor Fane came to you, she based her request on Royall's desire to be free. Was it not so?"

"But, naturally," Moira assented, "she knew that it was the only plea likely to move me."

"And my uncle in the letter which he has written to me makes the same plea. He has come to believe—we can understand under what influence—that Royall's love for you was only a temporary feeling, and that he has returned in a final sense to his earlier attachment to the girl whom—"

"Whom his family always wanted him to marry. Yes, I can see how easily Governor Harcourt might be brought to believe that. And so he wishes me to—how is it that you put it?—to set Royall free?"

It was a pathetic question; for she was thinking of the long weeks when Governor Harcourt had leaned upon her strength, and declared that he found his only comfort in it, while they waited for news of Royall. Perhaps Lyndon read her thoughts, for he said gently:

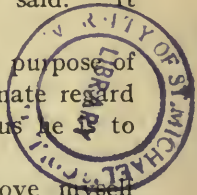
"Try not to blame him. Royall is his only son, and his heart is bound up in him. Here is his letter. Will you read it?"

She shrank a little, growing even paler than she had been before.

"I would rather not," she said. "It could serve no purpose."

"It would at least serve the purpose of showing you in what affectionate regard he holds you, and how anxious he is to provide for your future—"

"On condition that I remove myself out of Royall's life!" she interrupted, with



the first bitter tone which had come into her voice. "Well, I am about to do that any way, though not in the manner he desires."

"There is no condition," Lyndon told her quickly. "He is not offering to buy what he asks. He will provide for you in any event; he makes that quite clear."

"There is no need for him to do so. I shall accept nothing."

"I hope you will think differently about that; and meanwhile he begs you to consider Royall's happiness, and to end the present unhappy situation in the only way in which it can be ended."

"And he does not consider that if I were weak enough to yield to his urging, and take the step he desires, it would in all probability open the way to a far more unhappy situation — if Royall's memory returns."

"He has come to believe that, even if Royall's memory returns, his change of feeling will remain. You see, he knows Royall, in some respects, better than you do; and remembers how often he has forgotten one fancy for another—"

"Does he know so little of what marriage means that he can think of Royall's love for me as one of such fancies?" she asked, in a deep, wounded tone.

"He knows what it means to many men—and women—of the present time," Lyndon answered; "and there is little in that knowledge to prevent his reaching such a conclusion. And I" (he paused a moment), — "I am inclined to believe that he is right."

"Right with regard to Royall, do you mean?"

"Yes, with regard to Royall. Inconstancy has always been the dominant note of his character."

"And therefore—?" She was gazing at him intently now.

"Therefore" (he met her gaze with one equally direct), "I, too, urge you to do what is asked of you, — to give him his freedom, in order that you may obtain your own. For, while everyone else is

thinking of Royall, I am thinking of *you*. And I beg you to have pity on yourself; to consider your own life, — all that it may hold of happiness if you are free, and all that it would hold of misery if you continue in the position you now occupy, bound to a man who desires only release from you — I am talking brutally, but I am forced to put things plainly before you, — and who will not rest until he has obtained that release, now that the idea has been put into his mind."

"If he does, his act will not be mine, and I shall not be accountable for it. I should be accountable for my own."

"But, in that case, he will wrest from you the freedom you might now give as an act of grace. Is it possible that you don't see the difference?"

"Oh, yes, I see it very plainly!" she assured him. "But what you don't see is that I can not possibly act otherwise. I can not seek a divorce, which would give to me, as to him, only a legal, not a real, freedom; for in the sight of God we should remain as firmly married as ever. Nor" (her voice took a stronger note) "if it were in my power, would I do so; for all that has been urged to induce me to consent is false sentiment, based only on the demands of human passion. But there is a higher law than that of passion: there is a law which bids us suffer all things rather than do wrong, and which teaches us that through suffering we may learn what we can never learn through the gratification of our desires. And so—"

"And so—?" he echoed, as she paused, while his eyes, with a deep flame in them, were fastened on her face.

"And so," she went on—and now her voice held a tone of poignant music—"there is still something that I can do for Royall; I can suffer for him. I can offer what I suffer on his behalf, and perhaps win for him the grace to suffer also rather than break the law of God. In that way I can be to him once more his Far-Away Princess, holding before him an ideal of something higher, better,

than that which can be gained without effort or pursuit."

As her voice sank over the last words, silence fell, — silence which lasted while Lyndon, with an abrupt movement, rose and again walked away. Longer than before, he stood at the window; and then, turning, walked slowly back, and halted at her side.

"I want to tell you," he said, in a tone which thrilled her with its depth and intensity of feeling, "that, whether or not you succeed in doing what you hope to do for Royall, you have done this for me—you have taught me a meaning of love which I never grasped before. You have made me understand that its true essence and strength is in its power of sacrifice; and if there is no such power—if self-gratification is its only law—then it is not love at all, but only a base counterfeit. I know now that I was pleading, not only for your happiness, but with a faint hope for myself in the remote future—don't be afraid!" he broke off, as she made a quick movement. "I am not going to speak of that further. I did not intend to speak of it at all; but how can I refrain from telling you what you have done for me? Do you remember how I told you once before—among the lilies, in the garden—that I have always unconsciously, after a time hopelessly, sought an ideal—a Far-Away Princess,—which until I met you I never found? Well, I want you to understand that it is worth all the pain it has cost, to have found that ideal realized at last."

"Ah, you think too highly—far too highly of me!" she cried here. "You don't know—I have never been able to tell you—how bitterly I reproach myself for the pain I have cost you."

"Never reproach yourself again," he said. "It is a pain I would not be without; for it has lifted my soul into a region that I always dimly felt must exist, but which I could never have entered without your help. And in return for this which you have done for me, I beg you

to remember that if ever, in any way, a man's utmost devotion can serve you—"

But with a gesture she stopped him.

"There is no way in which your devotion can serve me," she said gently. "But I thank you for it with all my heart. I can never forget what you have done and what you wish to do for me."

"And will you never allow me to do anything more?" The low, passionate question seemed to break from him in his own despite. "When you go away, is it necessary that I must pass out of your life,—that I can not even seek and serve you as a friend?"

She looked at him, and in the deep, beautiful eyes he read his answer before she spoke.

"It *is* necessary," she said with the same gentleness, but very firmly. "We must not open the way to temptation. If I allowed that it would be a poor return for the devotion of which you have spoken." She rose and held out her hand. "You have called me your Far-Away Princess," she went on; "so you will let me remind you of Melissinde's words to Bertrand:

Every happiness,
Behind it, has an open window so,
Through which there comes a breath that chills
the soul.

The window's ever there to claim its own!
Men turn and crouch. They will not go to look,
For they would see stern Duty's galley there.

But you, my friend, are brave enough to look. You know that for you, as for me, stern Duty's galley is ever there, and never to be forgotten."

"I know," he said in a low tone. "I shall not forget."

Then, stooping, he kissed her hand, and without another word went away.

XXIX.

Even in Paris, where sensations of all kind abound, there was more than a little interest displayed when it became known that the beautiful young actress who a short time before had achieved so great a success in "*La Princesse Lointaine*,"

who had then married some unknown foreigner, and, to the disappointment of the public, especially of its most cultured and appreciative portion, left the stage and retired into private life, had returned and resumed her place upon the boards. Paris shrugged its shoulders, remarked that matrimony and the artistic temperament seldom if ever agreed, that such a result was to have been expected, and that Mlle. Deschanel was fortunate in the fact that she had so soon discovered the disillusioning nature of domestic life. There was, indeed, a romantic story afloat of the man she married having gone to Morocco—or Tripoli, was it?—received there some injury to the brain, and lost his memory, so that he retained no recollection of her or of his marriage. But over this Paris smiled a trifle cynically, remarked that such forgetfulness frequently occurred without the intervention of Tripoli; and, well satisfied to have its favorite back, went in gratifying numbers to welcome her on her first appearance.

And this appearance disappointed no one, not even those who rather feared to put a perfect memory to the test of vision. But they found that memory had not exaggerated the charm of the lovely personality, with its rare grace and distinction; that the dramatic genius, and above all the poetic beauty of acting as of person, were as delightful as when the Far-Away Princess had first brought the breath of a fine and high idealization into a world of art which vibrates between noxious realism and vague mysticism. The more discerning also recognized a deeper note in the acting, and said to each other that experience of life had given the actress a more assured grasp upon her art, and a more poignant power to touch the heart with the tones of her golden voice.

And so Moira Deschanel—for it was under this name alone that Paris knew her—came back to the place she had left, and, more fortunate than others

have sometimes been, found her public loyal and eager to welcome her. What she suffered in returning, in facing the familiar scenes and people, only God and her own heart knew. But she had nerved herself to endurance, and she plunged into work with a sense of intense gratitude for the distraction it afforded. Outwardly she appeared unchanged; her smile was as sweet, her sympathy as ready as ever. But one of those who knew her best—a man who had been an old friend of her father's—said to a person who commented upon this: "Yes, she seems much the same; she bears herself very gallantly; but when she smiles I look away. I have seen a man smile like that after he has had his death-wound."

But others were less discerning. They saw the gallantry, but not the pain it masked; they caught the note of pathos in her acting, but thought it indicated only a more complete mastery of her art; and so she went on from one success to another, until the prophecy went up and down the boulevards that she would one day be known as "the divine Moira."

And then when spring came again to Paris, when the chestnut trees were beginning to bloom, when the lilacs were filling the air with fragrance, and Moira's heart felt as if it must break with the unbearable recollections which the season recalled, she was asked to appear again as "*La Princesse Lointaine*." "Your admirers will like to see you in the poetic rôle in which you made your first success," the director of the theatre told her, with a Frenchman's courtesy; "and it will send up receipts for the end of the season," he added, with a Frenchman's business acumen.

Moira shrank within herself from playing that rôle again; but, having no available excuse, consented, and the result surpassed the director's fondest hopes. The public came in throngs to enjoy the charming poetry of the drama, and the exquisite acting of the girl whose loveliness made her the ideal Lady of

Dreams — and while the revival of the play was at its height, Paul Lyndon and Royall Harcourt suddenly arrived in Paris.

Moir, whose communication with America was entirely through Mrs. Granger, had had no warning of any such intention on the part of either, and therefore knew nothing of their coming. It had been, in fact, determined upon very unexpectedly. Royall had grown intensely restless, moody, and depressed; for as time went on he seemed to become more conscious of the strange lapse in his memory; and after a while it was quite clear that he tired of everything around him, including Miss Fane, her society and attentions. He grew irritable when urged by her to take steps on his own part to obtain a divorce from the wife who had, in the eyes of the law, given him an opportunity to do so by "abandoning" him; and at last answered her with sharp finality.

"My mind has not suffered to such an extent," he said, "that I have forgotten that I am a gentleman, not a cad or a scoundrel. And I should have to be both in order to act as you suggest,—to take advantage of a course of conduct which *my* conduct forced on the woman of whom you speak, and to obtain a divorce by means of a false statement."

Elinor flushed angrily.

"It is done every day," she said. "It is understood to be a mere technicality—"

"Euphemisms of that kind fail in my opinion to justify dishonorable conduct," Royall remarked, and walked away.

After this a coolness ensued between the two "engaged" persons.

"If he were anxious to marry me he wouldn't hesitate to take steps to set himself free," Elinor told Governor Harcourt, when she announced her intention of going with a party of friends on an extended jaunt across the Continent. "I have done a great deal for Royall; but I won't be made ridiculous, and I won't sacrifice my prospects in life to his

scruples. I'm going away to give him a chance to make up his mind as to what he intends to do. If he hasn't decided to get a divorce by the time I return, I shall give him up."

With this ultimatum she departed; and those who knew Royall best thought he exhibited relief rather than regret at her departure. He certainly took no steps toward obtaining a divorce. But the artistic impulse awakened in him again, and he suddenly announced his intention of returning to Paris.

"I want to get back to the old studio and to the boulevards," he said. "There's no place like Paris for an artist. I can't remember very much about my life there, but I do recall something, and I think I may recall more if I go there."

No one ventured to object, but Governor Harcourt appealed to Lyndon.

"You must go with him Paul," he said. "It's a great deal to ask of you, I know; but he won't hear of my accompanying him, and we can't let him go alone."

"There's really no reason why he shouldn't go alone," Lyndon felt bound to say, though his heart had leaped at the thought of going to Paris. "He is perfectly well able to take care of himself."

"I suppose so," his father admitted; "but I should be very anxious, very uneasy indeed, if he went away—especially if he went to that place—altogether alone. We don't know how its associations may affect him. You must go with him, Paul, and remain for a time at least. I don't see any help for it; though you've already done so much for him that I dislike to ask more—"

"You know," Paul interrupted, "that I would do anything, either for him or for you. Of course I'll go—that is, if he'll allow me to do so."

Both men were doubtful on this point. But, to their surprise and relief Royall made no demur at Lyndon's proposal to accompany him. Indeed, he seemed distinctly glad of it. His boyhood affection for his cousin had revived strongly during

the time they had been together in Africa and afterward, and he said at once very cordially:

"Why, I'll be delighted if you can take the time to go over with me."

And so it came about that in the charming springtime of Paris, when the Far-Away Princess was once more delighting with her wistful grace all those who loved poetic beauty, the two cousins arrived in the fair city by the Seine. And it was while they sat at dinner on the evening of the day of their arrival that Lyndon, calling for a journal, and turning eagerly to the announcement of the theatre where he knew Moira was playing, in order to learn in what part she was appearing, caught his breath when he found that it was in "*La Princesse Lointaine*" that she was to be seen.

This seemed to him too strange to be merely chance, and he hesitated hardly an instant before he glanced across the table at Royall, and said as carelessly as he could manage to speak:

"I've been looking over the theatrical announcements—for of course we'll want to go somewhere to spend the evening—and I see that Rostand's poetical drama, '*La Princesse Lointaine*' is being played at one of the theatres near here. Wouldn't you like to see it?"

"I don't know," Royall answered indifferently. "I have some association with the name, but I—I can't tell what it is."

"Perhaps if you went to see the play you might be able to remember what it is."

"Trying to remember fatigues my mind," he said, frowning a little. "I'd prefer to go to see something which is without association, if you don't mind."

"I would really like very much to see this play," Lyndon urged. "It's quite famous, you know, and said to be very beautifully mounted, and—er—played."

"Who is playing in it?—though I suppose I've forgotten all the names of the actors."

"Only one name is mentioned here," Lyndon answered, glancing down at the theatrical announcement. "Mlle. Deschanel appears as the Princess."

"Deschanel!" Royall repeated, frowning again more deeply. "It seems to me that I have heard that name, but I don't remember where or how. Is she a famous actress?"

"Very famous."

"Then we'll go, since you would like to see the play." And a moment later Lyndon heard him murmur to himself, as one who strives to recall a recollection: "Deschanel?"

They were late in reaching the theatre, and the first act was over. But for this Lyndon felt no regret, since he remembered that in the first act the Princess does not appear, and his only desire was to see Moira. The house was well filled; but they were fortunate enough to obtain good seats, in which they had hardly settled themselves before the curtain rose for the second act.

It revealed the beautiful palace hall, "half romance, half Oriental," with marble floor of snowy whiteness, and stairway of porphyry strewn with lilies, which the text of the play so minutely describes. Into this symbolic setting entered a group of pilgrims, with shells, staffs and palms, to await the coming of the Princess, and, like a Greek chorus, tell of the arrival of the strange young knight, just landed from a foreign galley. As they talked, Lyndon was conscious of the hard beating of his heart; for he knew that in a moment Moira would appear, and what would Royall think, feel, or do? He began to regret that he had given him no warning, said no word of what he might expect. But, in truth, he had been afraid to do so,—afraid lest, in that case he might refuse to go. And Lyndon was passionately desirous that this experiment should be made,—that Royall should see Moira in the character and amid the scenes in which she

had first won his heart; and, so seeing, perhaps remember her.

There was a further minute or two of waiting; then a herald announced "The Princess!" The golden door at the head of the porphyry stairs opened, and there she stood—a vision of marvellous grace and beauty, in her jewelled cope, a braid of pearls across her lovely forehead, and surrounded by children bearing tall stems of lilies. It was a picture which no one who saw it could ever possibly forget; and Lyndon, gazing in passionate admiration—thinking, too, of the tall lilies in the distant garden of Harcourt Manor,—was suddenly startled by a sound, the deep intaking of breath, beside him.

He turned quickly. Royall was leaning forward in his seat, staring intently at the beautiful vision, forgetful of his surroundings, and evidently absorbed in the effort to grasp a memory which eluded him. It was clear that the striking picture, the dreamlike loveliness of the figure for which all else was but a setting, had roused the dormant recollection of the mind, and that a painful struggle to remember wholly was going on. What would be the result? Would he succeed in capturing the memory which evaded him, or would this experiment only prove afresh his inability to do so? Lyndon, fearing to speak, fearing to ask a question, almost held his own breath as he watched the rigid attitude, the intent face, the dark eyes, narrowed under the frowning brows, which never left the exquisite form that came slowly down the porphyry stairs, among the fair, symbolic lilies.

But when the applause which greeted her had subsided, and in the stillness which settled over the house, the wonderful, violin-like tones of her voice were heard, addressing the pilgrims:

"So you'll see France again, O happy folk!"

Lyndon forgot the intent figure beside him, forgot the sad problem of Royall's loss of memory,—forgot everything to

steep his soul in the music of that voice, whose enthralling cadences he had first heard, while gazing out over the sea, from the deck of the *Mauretania*.

It was only when the curtain finally fell over the last pathetic scene, when they had heard Melissinde's thrilling tones in her last speech—

"Farewell! No tears—I go to holy peace!

I've learnt at last what bliss essential is!"

and Father Trophime's solemn line,

"Undying love is work for Heaven done!"

that Lyndon roused from the trance of fascination which had held him, and, turning to his cousin, laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Royall," he said in a tone of deep solicitude, "do you remember now?"

But in the sombre eyes which looked up at him he read only pain and doubt.

"Remember!" Royall echoed, like one in a dream. "No, I can't remember—though I have felt throughout as if I were on the point of doing so. It's as if a door were slightly opened, and then closed again,—closed hopelessly." He rose abruptly. "Come, let us go," he said. "I am tired."

Lyndon knew he meant that his mind was tired, intensely tired, of the strain to which it had been subjected, and of the struggle to remember, which had taxed it so hardly; and, blaming himself for having in a manner forced the effort, he followed his cousin out of the theatre.

But Royall's haste—which seemed dictated by a desire to escape from what was painful—exceeded his own, and in the throng pouring out of the theatre they became separated. . . . Lyndon never quite knew what happened then; for, making his own leisurely way out, quite sure of finding Royall waiting for him on the pavement, he was suddenly aware of an uproar beyond—of cries, exclamations, of that electric sense of an accident which passes through a crowd. And, with a quick foreboding of ill, he hurried for-

ward—to find Royall lying senseless, as he had been dragged from under the motor which had knocked him down.

"The chauffeur was not to blame," those who witnessed the accident eagerly informed Lyndon. "The gentleman seemed as if he were walking in his sleep, and he stepped immediately in front of the car."

When Lyndon's card was brought to Moira in her dressing-room, followed closely by himself, she had not yet taken off the robe of clinging white, sown with seed-pearls, which she had worn in the last act; and, as she turned toward him in amazement, she seemed for a moment more like the Princess of the play he had just witnessed than herself. But it was Moira who came quickly toward him,—Moira who cried out at sight of his pale face:

"Paul! What has happened? What has brought you here?"

He took her outstretched hand in both his own, as he answered, with a calmness which was the result of strong will acting on emotion at its utmost tension:

"Royall has had a severe accident. He was knocked down by a motor car in attempting to cross the street. Will you come to him?"

"Come to him!" she gasped. "Is he here—in Paris?"

"He is here, in this theatre. We were just leaving it, after seeing you play, and he went ahead of me. He was not quite himself—"

"Did he remember—did he know me?"

Lyndon made a gesture of despair.

"There were gleams of memory, but he could not grasp them. It was the effort to do so that no doubt engrossed, confused his mind. Don't talk of it now, but come! When I told them who he was, and—and that you would wish to know at once, they allowed him to be brought and laid in the foyer, while I came for you. So come!"

She asked no further questions: one look at his face was enough to tell her

that hope had no place there; so, mutely, she hurried with him through the now empty and darkened theatre to the foyer, where Royall had been laid on one of the silken couches, when the theatre people learned that he was the husband of the beautiful star, whose pathetic story was well known to them.

Those who were there—the director, a doctor, and one or two others—drew back instinctively as she entered. Her maid had thrown around her shoulders the first wrap at hand, which chanced to be the jewelled cope she had worn in the play. And so it was a bewildering vision of the Princess Far-Away—of her who so short a time before had knelt by the dying prince that had come from afar to seek her—who now cast herself on her knees beside the prostrate figure of the man who had so madly loved, so tragically forgotten her.

"Royall!" she cried, in tones which those who heard never forgot. And again, close to his ear, in a murmur of softest music: "Royall, my love, my heart! Royall! Will you not give one look, one word, to your own Moira?"

There was a breathless pause. The doctor, who was watching closely, looked up at Lyndon and shook his head. But even as he did so there came a low cry of joy from Moira, for her voice had touched at last the chord of recollection; and Royall's eyes, unclosing, met her own with a light in them which she had never seen since they parted for the woeful journey which had carried him so far away from her.

"Moira!" he said in the old tone of passionate adoration. "Moira, my heart's delight, have you come back to me? You've been away a long time—or was it I who was lost?"

"It was you who were lost for a little while, my Royall!" she told him in a voice of tenderest sweetness. "But you have come back! Oh, I knew that God was good, and that you would come back to me!"

"How could I fail to come back to you, my Princess!" he murmured. "I remember it all now. I was fighting with the Arabs. But one of them attacked me. I saw the heavy Crusader's sword—they still have swords which were captured in the Crusades, you know—coming down on my head, and — and then I lost you! I've never found you since—until to-night. But I knew my Princess Lointaine when I saw her again—though not as I know you now—Moirá—"

The failing tones trailed off into silence over the beloved name; but the eyes still gazed at her, filled with the light of adoration.

"Royall," she cried, shaking with sudden fear, "you will not go away from me again, now that you have come back! You will stay with me!"

He smiled at her a little, his mind evidently filled with memory of the play he had lately seen.

"Joffroy could not stay," he whispered. "But he was right. I always liked his words:

How many sink exhausted, by the road,
And never see their Princess Far-Away!

But I have seen and loved, and now—
now I have come back to her to die—"

"No, no!" she cried, in wild entreaty. "Royall, you are not going to die!"

She looked up at the doctor, with a passionate demand in her eyes, which he answered by a compassionate whisper in her ear:

"There is no hope: he is fatally injured. Be brave, and do not make it harder for him than you can help."

Do not make it harder for him! That was the appeal which brought her to a realization of what was demanded of her,—which made her put away all thought of self, and think only of helping Royall along the dark road which all flesh must follow. Gathering her courage, she whispered:

"Dear heart, when we were together, you often joined me in some little prayers. You said you liked them. You said my

faith seemed to bring God very near. He is near, very near, now; so you will say the prayers again, with a great confidence in His love and mercy. Say them with me, dear love!"

Then, in a tone which did not falter, she repeated slowly and softly, first a short Act of Contrition, and then the Acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity, while his failing voice followed her like a child's. By the time she had finished it was clear to all that the end was not far off. But once more the lids lifted, and his eyes looked at her with the old gaze of adoring love; then the lips moved, and bending close she heard his words: "The Princess came! My Princess, now farewell!"

(The End.)

Joy and Sorrow.

BY THOMAS EDMUND BURKE.

THERE came a youth unto my door—

A gentle, winsome boy,—
And on my eager questioning
He said his name was Joy.

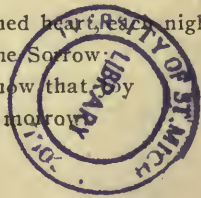
He entered in, and lived with me;
The world seemed like a dream;
And we, as in enchanted boats,
Swept down a fairy stream.

But in the night a spirit came
And whispered: "On the morrow
The Lord of Life will send to thee
His fairest daughter, Sorrow."

So Sorrow came unto my door
And begged that she might stay;
But, though her feet were bruised and torn,
I sent her on her way.

And when Joy saw the passing feet
And noted how they bled,
He turned a-sudden straight from me,
And after Sorrow fled.

And now, with wakened heart, each night
I pray God send me Sorrow;
For if she come, I know that Joy
Will follow on the morrow.



The Last Days of St. Peter and St. Paul.

BY MARY CRAWFORD FRASER.

II.

ST. PAUL had drawn upon himself the wrath of Nero by converting two of his favorites in the palace itself,—one a concubine, the other a chamberlain in close attendance on his person. His doom was pronounced at the same time as that of St. Peter, though the manner of their end was not at once decided upon. St. Paul was removed from the house in the *Via Lata* (now the Church of Santa Maria in *Via Lata*), and, with St. Peter, was thrown into the Mamertine Prison, and kept there for eight months. The very name of this dungeon still brings back a chill of fear when I hear it pronounced; for to me it was the most terrible spot in all Rome. Deep under the eminence which is crowned by the Capitol is a chamber cut in the rock, unlighted, unaired, and lined with the huge uncemented blocks which date from Rome's prehistoric times; a prison dreadful enough by itself, but there is worse below. A square aperture in the floor, just large enough for a man's body to pass through, gives access to another dungeon excavated beneath it, a pit of blackness, where Jugurtha and many other poor wretches, condemned to die by violence or starvation, moaned their lives away before it was honored by the presence of the Apostles.

They were let down into it by a rope, and the men who were lowering St. Peter carried out their task with such brutal roughness that they knocked his dear head violently against the wall in his descent. The wall must have been less hard than their hearts; for it took the impression, and the mark has been kissed for close on two thousand years by the lips of ardent pilgrims. I remember touching it when, as a child, I saw it first, and receiving the most extraordinary thrill of a living reality of some kind. There is

now a staircase by which to descend to the lower prison; but in my early days there was only a rough ladder leading into what, in spite of the guardian's taper, showed as a black abyss. The place is thirty feet long and twenty-two wide, with a height of sixteen feet, and was often crowded with captives. We do not know how many it contained when the Apostles (probably not on the same day) were brought there. Stagnant water covered the floor, and fetid odors made the air a poison; but where St. Peter's feet first touched the pavement a spring of clear water bubbled up, and was running gaily when I visited the spot. We know that St. Peter and St. Paul converted and baptized forty-seven persons in this den, besides the two captains of their guards, St. Processus and St. Marcellianus; so that the little spring served for the most noble ends.

The damp cold of the dungeon is so deathly that the Apostles' lives must have been preserved as by a miracle through those terrible eight months. They had bidden farewell to the light in the golden days of autumn; they came forth to meet its blinding radiance in the dazzle of June. Quickly the news spread among the Christians, ever eager to hear how it fared with their revered pastors; and already, when they had but just emerged from their dungeon, loaded with chains and under a heavy guard, the intrepid crowd had formed in procession to accompany them to their triumph. Their sentences were already pronounced. St. Peter, the poor Jew, was to be scourged and crucified; St. Paul's Roman citizenship forbade these humiliations: he was to be beheaded.

It is a long way from the Capitol to the Ostian Gate and the Vatican; and the Apostles' limbs, cramped from long confinement, must have moved slowly and wearily over the *Via Sacra*, now for the first time deserving of its name. The heat at that time of year is overpowering, and the blaze of midday beat down upon

their heads. At a certain point, about three-quarters of a mile from the present Gate of St. Paul, the cortège halted and divided itself into two; and here the Fathers of all Christianity bade each other farewell—for the few hours which must pass before they should be reunited “in the Lord.” The little chapel which marks the spot bears this inscription: “In this place SS. Peter and Paul separated on their way to martyrdom; and Paul said to Peter: ‘Peace be with thee, foundation of the Church, shepherd of the flock of Christ!’ And Peter said to Paul: ‘Go in peace, preacher of good tidings and guide of the salvation of the just!’” *

The soldiers who had charge of St. Paul led him away to the westward, to a spot whither, as St. Clement gives us to understand, the Emperor Nero deigned to come to enjoy the sight of his sufferings. St. Peter’s escort had been commanded to bring him to the Vatican Hill, the old place for Christian executions, easy for the people to find, because of a very ancient terebinth tree which had stood there for hundreds of years and was a popular landmark. The murderers—when they were authorized ones, as in this case—always sought to give the greatest publicity to such executions, hoping (very much against hope, one would think) that the victims’ courage would give way and fear induce apostasy at the last moment; or, failing that, that the sight of their torments would deter others from embracing Christianity.

So St. Peter, praying and rejoicing, was first scourged after the cruel Roman manner, and then both bound and nailed to his cross,—head downward by his own request, since he said he was not worthy to die like his Lord. The blood that flowed from his wounds was gathered on linen cloths by the weeping Christians, who stood around him for the long hours he hung there.

* Taken from the epistle of St. Denis the Areopagite to Timothy, in which he narrates the incident and records the Apostles’ words.

The ancient antiphon which used to be sung on the feast thus describes the martyrdom of St. Peter. “As they were leading Peter the Apostle to the cross, he, filled with a great joy, said: ‘I am not worthy to die on the cross like my Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, while I was formed of the clay of the earth; therefore my cross must show my head to the ground.’” So they reversed the cross, and nailed his feet at the top and his hands at the base. While Peter was on the cross, there came a great multitude, cursing Cæsar, and there was great lamentation before the cross.

Peter, from the cross, exhorted the people, saying: “Weep not, but rejoice with me, because I go to-day to prepare a place for you!” And, having thus spoken, he said: “Good Shepherd, I thank Thee that the sheep Thou didst confide to me take part in heart with my sufferings. I beseech Thee that they may also take part with me in Thy grace for all eternity.” ’Tis said that he repeated over and over in his heart that humble protestation: “Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee!”

And when at last his praying and blessing ceased, and the beloved face turned grey and stiff, they took him down, washed the stains away from those furrows that the tears of repentance for his denial had been scoring in his cheeks for nigh on forty years, closed the eyes that had looked on the Lord and had been such wells of sorrow and contrition, and buried his blessed body close by, in the stricken soil that the Romans had learned to shun.

And, “by the power of this other cross raised in Rome, Babylon became that day the Holy City, while Sion must forever rest under malediction for having crucified her Saviour. Rome may reject the Man-God as she will; she may shed His blood in that of His martyrs; but no crime of hers can avail against the tremendous fact accomplished in this hour. The cross of Peter has transferred to her all the rights

in the Cross of Jesus. It is she who is now Jerusalem. . . . This tribute of death, Levi knew it not; this dower of blood, Jehovah demanded it not of Aaron; men die not for a slave, and the Synagogue was not the Spouse."*

The Vatican crypt which received the body of St. Peter immediately after his martyrdom, was excavated under a Temple of Apollo, the deity supposed to preside over public games, near the old Circus of Nero. By the year 89 or 90 A. D., when St. Peter's fourth successor, St. Anacletus, became Pontiff, during the reign of the Emperor Domitian, one is led to suppose that this temple was more or less forsaken as a place of pagan worship, since Anacletus was able to "build," as the phrase runs, a tiny oratory around the Tomb of St. Peter.

Here, again, apparent accident served the ultimate designs of Providence in regard to this fore-hallowed site. The Christians desired greatly to deposit the Apostle's remains in the deep and secret excavations, already crowded with the bodies of martyrs, near the fourth milestone on the Appian Way,—the vaults which had more than once afforded refuge to the persecuted brethren and to the Apostle himself. But, with the persecution that was raging at the moment of his death, it would have been impossible to transport the body without attracting notice; so the nearest spot was chosen, regardless of the fact that it was in the close neighborhood of a number of pagan tombs.

The martyrdom of St. Peter attracted little notice except from the poor Christians who gathered round his hard death-bed to weep and pray and receive his last blessing. That of St. Paul, the Roman citizen, was a much more public and popular affair. The intrepid band of disciples who followed him to the chosen spot on the Ostian Way, not far from the other (but divided by the slopes of the Janiculum), risked death more certainly

in doing so, and some of them doubtless paid its penalty.

Before reaching the place of execution, St. Paul saw, weeping bitterly by the roadside, the holy matron Plautilla, one of his converts, who had hastened thither to bid him farewell and ask for his last blessing. As Our Lord, on the way to Calvary, paused to speak to the daughters of Jerusalem, so St. Paul stayed his steps to console this faithful woman. He asked her to give him her veil, that he might cover his eyes with it when he was beheaded; and he promised that he would return it to her after his death. Plautilla, feeling scarcely worthy of such an honor, yet rejoiced to be able to serve him, eagerly placed her veil in his hands, while his jailers mocked at the Apostle's promise. But her faith and love were rewarded, and she beheld the beloved Pastor again with her bodily eyes, when, after his martyrdom, he appeared to her and restored the veil, all stained with his blood.

At the spot called then "Ad Aquas Salvias," St. Paul was tied to a pillar, and the executioner's sword severed his head from his body. The head, in falling, bounded away, touching the ground three times in all; and, at each point where it touched, a spring of clear water instantly burst forth, and is still flowing. The first spring was warm as life-blood; the second, tepid; and the third, icy cold. A Frenchwoman has written of this miracle as only a Frenchwoman could: "At the first touch, the soul has but just escaped from the body: that glorious head is yet full of life. At the second, the shadow of death is already cast over those wonderful features. At the third, the eternal sleep has overtaken them; and, though still radiant in beauty, they announce that the lips will never, open again in this world, and that the eagle glance is veiled forever."

The show is over. The Emperor is borne away by his slaves and sycophants, — sulky, perhaps, at not having

* Dom Guéranger.

seen more blood or greater wonders. But the destruction of Simon Magus and the alienation of his favorites is avenged. That is something to take back with him to the night's debauch on the Palatine. The vulgar crowd has followed him; the quick Italian night comes down, and the mists roll along the river, while the evening star hangs white in the low saffron of the west. The mourners gather up the sacred body and the haloed head, and hasten, as in St. Peter's case, to bury the martyr close by, in a bit of land owned by the noble matron Lucina, who, years later, built on it a splendid tomb for his earthly resting-place.

(The End.)

The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

June 29, Feast of SS. Peter and Paul.

THE festival which sets aside the ordinary liturgy this year on the Seventh Sunday after Pentecost is of such moment that it would be unbecoming to leave it unnoticed. No feast, after those of Our Lord, His Blessed Mother, and St. John the Baptist, is more ancient or more universal. From the beginning, Rome celebrated it on this the day of the martyrdom of the Princes of the Apostles. Formerly a Solemn Mass was sung by the Pope in each of the basilicas sacred to the repose of these Apostles,—St. Peter's on the Vatican, and St. Paul's on the Ostian Way. But the difficulty of celebrating at two such distant sanctuaries led St. Gregory to postpone the Mass in honor of St. Paul until the following day. Hence it is that the liturgy of the feast of June 29 is chiefly concerned with St. Peter, although both Apostles are commemorated in the Collect. It runs as follows:

"O God, who hast consecrated this day by the martyrdom of Thine Apostles Peter and Paul; grant to Thy Church that she

may in all things follow their instruction, by whom she received the Faith."

Gratitude for the gift of the true Faith, secured to all those who keep closely united with the See of Rome, where the successor and representative of Peter reigns over the Catholic world, must endear this festival to the children of the Church. Together with the rest of Catholic Christendom, they will rejoice in the triumph won for the Gospel by the intrepid pastors who on this day shed their blood for its propagation. Peter, on his cross inverted on the Vatican Hill, and Paul, bowing his neck to the sword on the Ostian Way, "in the sight of the unwise," appeared crushed and confounded, but were really the victors in the conflict.

The Introit, contrary to the prevailing usage of the early ages, is not taken from the psalm which accompanies it, but from the Acts of the Apostles. It is the thanksgiving of St. Peter for his miraculous release from prison: "Now I know in very deed that the Lord hath sent his angel, and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews." The psalm is one used in the Office of Apostles: "Lord, Thou hast proved me and known me; Thou hast known my sitting down and my rising up,"—or, in other words, when I should be humbled, when exalted.

The same subject is treated fully in the Epistle, where the whole account of Peter's release is given. There is a connection between this episode and the present festival which is not self-evident. From the house to which the Apostle repaired to show himself to the others who were there praying for him, he "went into another place." This place was Rome, as history and tradition alike affirm; so that the Epistle commemorates the events leading to St. Peter's Roman apostolate, which was crowned on this day by his martyrdom.

The Gradual sings of the glory of Christ's Apostles, and of the numerous

spiritual progeny granted to them in return for having left all for their Master's service: "Thou shalt make them princes over all the earth; they shall remember Thy name, O Lord!" The words that follow are addressed to the Apostles: "Instead of thy fathers, sons are born to thee; therefore shall people praise thee." The Alleluia verse is Christ's promise regarding His Church: "Alleluia. Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church."

The Gospel gives the full account of the confession by St. Peter of Our Lord's divinity, and the reward given to him in return: "I say to thee, that Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it; and I will give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven."

The Offertory verse is the repetition of the first part of the Gradual, and the Communion is identical with the Alleluia verse.

Although circumstances prevent us from paying homage to these great Princes at their respective shrines—at St. Peter's on the Vatican Hill, where the circle of ever-burning lamps betokens the love and loyalty of Christendom; at St. Paul's on the Ostian Way, where Benedictine monks guard that Apostle's tomb in their magnificent basilica,—we can yet join in spirit in the celebrations in both churches, through the unity of Faith and identity of liturgy which link us with Rome.

THERE are many who want me to tell them of methods and systems and secret ways of becoming perfect; and I can only tell them that the sole secret is a hearty love of God, and the only way of attaining that love is by loving. You learn to speak by speaking, to study by studying, to run by running, to work by working; and just so you learn to love God and man by loving. All those who think to learn in any other way deceive themselves,—*St. Francis de Sales*.

The Taming of a Fury.

FEMININE ferocity never reached, at least in civilized society, a wilder pitch than in France during the Reign of Terror, in 1793-4. Readers who remember the remorseless Madame Defarge in Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," or recall the flame-pictures in the lurid chapters of Carlyle's "French Revolution," do not need to be told that the frenzied excesses of the daughters of "the Terror" rivalled all that is recounted of the Furies of pagan mythology.

Eminent even among the worst of these mænads was a street-walker of Mirepoix, one of those exceptional beings who, even in time of peace, seem to revel in crime for the pure love of it. During the Revolution, the delight of Marianne, as she was called, was to accompany, from their prison to the guillotine, the victims condemned by the despotic tribunal, and to shower insults upon them until the fall of the axe dulled their ears to all things mortal. Priests, especially, aroused her frenzy to the highest pitch and evoked her grossest reviling. What particularly exasperated her was the calm resignation of those martyrs, who walked to their death in silence, without appearing to notice her cries and invectives.

Once, however, she did attract the notice of a priestly victim, and it was a red-letter day in her nefarious life. On that day, Father Baclot, well known for the exceptional holiness of his life, walked to his doom because, like so many others, he had been faithful to his God. The virago did not fail to accompany him along the way.—"Let's see," she said, "whether this one will answer me." Then, raising her voice, and brandishing her clenched fist, she launched forth her vilest and most opprobrious insults. The priest turned toward her, and, with a glance of childlike meekness, quietly said:

"Madam, pray for me: I am about to die."

"What's that? Who? Me? You tell me to pray for you!"

"Yes; I ask you to say a 'Hail Mary' for my soul, so soon to appear before God."

It is allowable to think that the holy priest was himself praying at the same time to the Blessed Virgin in behalf of his wretched assailant. Be that as it may, it is impossible to describe adequately the effect of his words on the unfortunate woman. She stopped, grew flushed and pallid by turns, and appeared to be asking herself whether she had heard aright. Her agitated features showed that a hundred warring emotions were struggling within her soul. Finally she replied:

"Yes, I'll say the 'Hail Mary' for you."

And, forthwith, she recited it aloud. No sooner had she finished it, however, than she began to sob and groan, continuing to do so until they reached the guillotine, where she threw herself on her knees, with her hands clasped in an attitude of prayer. The bystanders, at a loss what to think, looked upon her with amazement. This was a very different Marianne from the one who had hitherto gloried in the slaughter of priests.

The execution over, she returned in silence, though still weeping, to her home, whence she issued no more save to purchase the necessities of life. Whenever, during the following days, the drums of the Republic, preceding the funeral train to the guillotine, passed by her door, heart-breaking cries were heard from the interior.

As time went on, and Marianne spoke to nobody, scarcely answered those who addressed her, and never raised her eyes—she who had been so bold and insolent,—the people thought her demented, and believed, though as yet they did not dare to say so, that she was the victim of a miraculous punishment. As a matter of fact, she had undergone a miraculous conversion. This became apparent to all when religious worship was re-established, and it was allowable to call oneself a Christian. Marianne then abandoned her

seclusion, and endeavored by her exemplary conduct, by abundant almsgiving, and by works of penance, to repair the scandal which she had given.

Every year she made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Hermits, travelling on foot and begging her food, even when she had attained extreme old age; although her means would have permitted her to make the journey with ease and comfort. When she finally passed away, manifesting to the last the most admirable sentiments of contrition and penance, she had for years edified the citizens of Mirepoix fully as much as, in her abandoned youth, she had scandalized their fathers.

Sociology that Counts.

AN offshoot of the New York Catholic Protectors, the Golden Jubilee of which beneficent institution was recently noted in these columns, is the agricultural school at Lincolndale in northern Westchester Co., N. Y. To the New York *Herald* we are indebted for the following appreciative notice of a work that must commend itself to all judicious sociologists. Brother Barnabas, the director, is a Brother of the Christian Schools:

A few years ago he obtained the consent of those at the head of the Catholic Protectors to start a farm school, and 600 acres of the best farm land in Westchester County was purchased for the purpose. Buildings were erected to accommodate over two hundred boys. Modern stables and outbuildings, affording opportunity for the practice of the most-up-to-date methods in agriculture, were provided, and two hundred and ten boys were sent up from the Protectors.

It was Brother Barnabas' idea to make the farm school a family affair; and so he divided the boys into seven groups of thirty each, and housed each group in a separate cottage. He also decreed that the spirit was to be homelike, not military or reformatory. Each boy when he arrived at the school was told that all that was required of him was to "be on the level." He was allowed to choose his own styles in the clothes he was to wear, and to follow his individual tastes wherever it was practical.

That was four years ago, and since that time

the idea of individuality for the boy has become the ideal of the school, and is more in force than it was at the start. All the boys who are sent to the school are remanded in care of the Protectory by the Children's Court. They have been involved in petty offences for the most part, although some are burglars and pick-pockets. Many of them when they arrive at the school seem to have a complete knowledge of everything they should know nothing about, and little about that which is good for them.

When the youthful delinquent arrives at Lincolnale he is assigned to a group, and receives what clothing he requires. Having been introduced to the other boys, the newcomer is called by his first name by everyone in the school. He is then started at his work. He is taught the simpler things about plant life and soil, and is then permitted to work his own garden. Horticulture is taught; and, as the boy makes progress, he is led into the scientific end of the work until he finally combines both the scientific and practical sides of farming. His training is a mixture of work and play. There are times when he has to get up at four o'clock in the morning to clean and milk the cows. (Every cow on the place is thoroughly washed and curried twice every day before she is milked.) At other times he will be detailed as one of the squad to do housework.

The boys who are sent to Lincoln school have one thing that the average city boy knows little or nothing about—"the old swimmin' hole." In the winter it is used as a skating pond, and at one end a large toboggan slide offers sporting facilities. Laid out in a large field in front of the cottages are ten baseball diamonds and several gridirons. In the cottages are libraries of boys' books, works on farming, phonographs, and indoor games for inclement weather. The work and play are halved.

The boys are allowed to pick and eat all the fruit they wish that is growing on the farm, and the tables are supplied daily with fresh vegetables, milk, eggs, and butter,—all products of the farm. With all his work and play, each boy gets nine or ten hours' sleep every night. If he has to get up early with the milking squad, he goes to bed earlier. Plenty to eat and plenty of sleep, with plenty of work and play, make up the usual day for the Lincolnale schoolboy.

The boys are allowed to sell the garden truck which they raise, and the money they receive from the sales is credited to them, and deposited in a savings bank for them when they leave the school. After the boys have been at the school long enough to obtain a thorough training, positions are obtained for them with farmers in different portions of the State. When the

boy leaves the school, he does not leave the authority of the Protectory. A representative of the school calls at the farm where he is working at least twice a year, and through correspondence Brother Barnabas keeps in close touch with former pupils.

The boy's general education is not neglected, and he receives instruction equal to the course in the average high school. Of those who have left Lincolnale, nearly all have stuck to farming. Brother Barnabas has received many encouraging reports from the boys who have completed their work at the school and are now on farms; and he says he believes that he has solved two problems—one, how to care for the juvenile delinquent of the city and make him over into a desirable citizen; and the other, how to remedy the increasing shortage of capable farm workers.

As we have said, this is a sociological work that can not but evoke the unstinted praise of men and women really interested in improving the citizenship of our country. One very important matter about which our secular contemporary says nothing—religious training—is, we may rest assured, thoroughly attended to. The Christian Brothers may be relied on to see that the interests of God and the soul are not overlooked in the course of their young farmers' work and play. Even when the agricultural apprentice gets up on a summer morning at four o'clock, it is safe to assert that he says his prayers before taking up his appointed task, and that a similar religious duty is performed before he lays him down for his nine or ten hours of sleep.

Most readers who are at all conversant with the psychology of boyhood will be inclined to applaud the idea of individuality that is being worked out in the school,—the absence of a distinctive uniform, the grouping into separate cottages, etc. The further the institution can be kept from the type of the conventional reformatory, the happier will be its inmates, and the easier the work of their character-building by their preceptors and—themselves. The Lincolnale school is an admirable institution, and there is ample room in the country for many similar ones.

Notes and Remarks.

Under the caption "A Nation in Jeopardy," ex-Senator Foraker contributes to the *Common Cause* a strong indictment of the Socialistic forces now operating in this country. Touching on the contemplated overturn of existing social conditions and legislative polity, he says:

Is it to increase the wages and the happiness, and thus promote the welfare of those who toil, that everything that has been done is to be undone? Thousands of good people seem to think so. They are in bad company; for associated with them is every Socialist, every hired dynamiter, every Anarchist, every Industrial World Worker; every man who believes that "Property is Theft"; every man who believes in the brutal barbarism of "sabotage"; every man who "would take from him who has and give to him who has not, and not be particular about the methods employed"; every man who thinks more of the red flag than of the Stars and Stripes; every man who is against government and law and order. And this fact ought to be enough, without looking beyond the surface to warn every patriotic, intelligent American to quit their ranks, shun their doctrines, and flee from their association as he would flee from pestilence.

The boundary line dividing legitimate trade-unionism and the self-protective activities of labor organizations, from the pernicious theories and reprehensible practices of the professed Socialist, does not always stand out so clear as to be recognizable by the individual workingman; but, if he be a Catholic, such a workingman need be at no loss to acquire expert knowledge in such concrete cases as may affect him personally. In this as in other moral matters, he is bound to hear the Church, and the Church for him is his parish priest.

When sectarian preachers would console themselves for defections in their ranks, more especially when any of their flock "join the Church of Rome," it is usual to publish flaming accounts of the number of foreign-born Catholics won over to the

Baptists, Methodists, etc. Thus do the preachers gloss things over, in order to cheer up the laity, and prevent the stream of contributions for what is called "mission work" from running dry. But we have noticed that when experienced ministers are in "close conference," the doors being shut, for fear of the reporters, there is a disposition to "tell the truth and shame the devil."

Ministers of five denominations attended a meeting held recently under the auspices of the Chicago Co-operative Council of City Missions, described by one of the brethren as "a clearing house for inter-denominational problems." The greatest of these, according to the Rev. Shailer Mathews, is the uplift of the foreign element. "Make Christians of these strangers in the large sense of the word," he pleaded. Whereupon the Rev. James Rowe, of the Methodist persuasion, not supposing that any one was present to repeat his words in the newspapers, pointed out how little success attended the efforts of the different denominations to "save" foreigners. "The Baptists tried for fifteen years to break into the Polish element," he said, "and at the end of that time they had fifteen members. The Methodists got two converts after a considerable campaign." How these statements were received is not stated; it is probable, however, that they were unquestioned, as Brother Rowe is a leading spirit of the Methodist mission movement, and knows whereof he speaks.

The veto by the Governor of Tennessee of a bill by which the State Legislature had granted a sum of \$50,000 to an institute conducted by the Good Shepherd Sisters at Memphis caused considerable comment a few weeks ago because of the utterly inane reasons advanced for his action by the Governor. The nuns were servants of the State, he admitted; indeed, they were the only public servants getting satisfactory results in their line of work. Moreover, this work the State was bound

to do, and could not do without the nuns; and therefore—note the logic—the State could not give them material support because they were—Sisters! It were unconstitutional, forsooth! But it says much for the natural good sense—to put it on no higher plane—of our people that the Governor's action was promptly nullified by the United States Attorney for the Western District of Tennessee, who arranged for their full compensation for such services as they rendered in connection with the work of social rescue.

This should be a lesson to Governor Hooper of Tennessee, and all others who read the Constitution, and indeed their daily newspaper, "not with their eyes, but with their prejudices." For, unless blinded by bigotry, all who run may read daily of the great work done by Catholic agencies in the relief of suffering and the stamping out of sin. Only a few days ago the Governor of a great State said in our presence that if it were not for Catholic institutions, his State would be powerless to cope with problems of juvenile delinquency, and reform. And to deny such agencies State support is to make a boggy of the Constitution; it is to be guilty of an un-American dodge in favor of a sectarianism as narrow-minded as it is idle-handed; it is to discriminate against true patriotism.

When official France expelled the Congregations, it was credited with some little regard for decency because of its exempting from the general decree the Little Sisters of the Poor. Apparently, however, it has repented of its leniency, or at least refuses to yield to any further laudable sentiment. The Little Sisters asked permission some weeks ago to build another wing to their home for the aged at Versailles. They were prepared to erect the wing at their own expense, and—will it be believed?—the permission was refused! No wonder the *Paris Univers* says this fact should be

made widely known. "It is true," is its comment, "that the Little Sisters of the Poor have not been turned out, but they are forbidden to increase the accommodation whereby a greater number of poor inmates might be admitted. And this is called liberty! We can not protest too strongly against such an attitude on the part of our Government."

Surely there are in the Assembly of Deputies enough of fairly respectable atheists, Masons, and others of that ilk, to bring about the withdrawal of the inexcusable refusal. If not, then God help official France!

Those persons who seem to think that until the dawn of Christianity women had no rights at all, and that now, in the twentieth century of the Christian era, they should have as few as possible, would do well to ponder the testimony of the Catacombs as to the position already attained by women in the early ages of the Church. As Miss M. A. R. Tucker pointed out, in a lecture delivered some time ago before the English Catholic Women's Suffrage Society, the houses of the

Roman matrons were the first "churches"; the first Catacombs were excavated under their property; the larger number of those *tituli*, or parish houses, which afterward became the parish churches, were founded by them; and when the basilica church makes its appearance in the fourth century, the chief builders were women. The Roman women had gained the position which made their great rôle possible, before the advent of Christianity; for after the Punic wars they refused to enter into the religious contract which made them the chattels of their husbands. They changed the name *mulier* (the subject-wife) for *matrona*; and retained their complete independence, their property, and their own name. When Christianity reached Rome, and for centuries after, there were no women of great families in the position contemplated by the English common law or the Code Napoléon.

When St. Jerome came to Rome toward the end of the fourth century, he saw no remedy for the greed and luxury round him but the spirit of monasticism. The Roman matrons cherished it, and it was their palaces which were converted into the first monasteries. How

many of us realize that it was to Marcella that Jerome took his difficulties when translating the Scriptures? "In her presence," observes Cardinal Rampolla, "Jerome felt himself in the presence of a master," and "he looked up to her as a superior. . . . Everything," writes the saint, "that I learned with great study and long meditation, the blessed Marcella learned also, but with great facility, and without giving up any of her other occupations or neglecting any of her pursuits."

Miss Tucker is the author of a standard text-book on the Catacombs; they afford a picture of the social and religious life of the first Christians,—a picture which no interpretation can possibly falsify, and no forgery can ever touch.

The number of Presbyterian children attending Catholic schools in New Zealand has become so large as to alarm the preachers of that denomination; and in their annual assembly they were moved to sound a warning to parents whose ignorance was the only excuse that could be found for conduct so un-Presbyterian. Andrew Grant, one of the offending parents, on reading this warning, was moved to indignation proportionate to the alarm of the ministers, and wrote as follows to the editor of the paper in which the warning was published:

In your issue of Thursday last—in your report of the Presbyterian Assembly—it is stated, *inter alia*, that the attending of Protestant children at Roman Catholic schools is causing alarm; and the answers of ministers (presumably to inquiries made) were that there was astonishing ignorance—"colossal and complete"—of course on the part of Protestant parents. Now, sir, as a Protestant parent, and the father of daughters attending a convent, I protest against such language. I have daughters to fit for the battle of life. As a Protestant (and a Presbyterian) I would be lacking in my duty as a father if I did not see to their accomplishments. These I would much prefer carried out at a school of their own denomination; but no such school, with the necessary talent and teaching ability, is at my disposal. So I am perforce to take advantage of the existence of schools of another denomination. I pay for the education my daughters receive, as do hundreds of other Presbyterian parents, while our ministers sit in solemn conclave and

hurl abuse (inferentially) at us for doing our duty to our children. If our ministers are the shepherds of the flock, then let them flock together and establish schools on the same principles as the Catholics have done, and supply suitable teaching, and we will one and all support our own. But don't hurl abuse. That is no argument, and it won't remedy the evil.

The Presbyterian ministers down in New Zealand will doubtless be of opinion that Andrew Grant is a "censorious body," and "no kirk greedy" either, as they say in Scotland.

The late Laureate of England, though not a practising Catholic, seems to have resented being called an apostate. A writer in the *Athenæum*, who must have known Mr. Austin intimately, quotes him as asking: 'When have I proclaimed my defection?' The late James G. Blaine, also a Catholic at the font, was once heard to express himself in similar terms,— "I can not be called an apostate." And there is good reason for believing that, like many another strayed sheep, he sincerely desired the ministrations of a priest when he realized that his end was approaching.

In reference to the Laureate's loss of faith, or failure to practise it, the London *Tablet* observes: "Such lapses as his serve to impress on us our responsibilities to those within as well as to those without the fold; and, meanwhile, this paradox has been presented to all readers of the daily press—that, whereas half a hundred men and women of letters, Austin's contemporaries, with a Protestant upbringing, have found their way into the Church, this particular man of letters, a son of the Church by heritage, drifted away from his moorings."

"Half a hundred," by the way, is a very low estimate of the number of distinguished English authors who have embraced the Faith since Mr. Austin abandoned it.

Although Mr. Stephen Coleridge's "Memories" (just published) abounds in good

stories, the work is not likely to prove of unusual interest to any except Englishmen. A quarter of a century hence it will have little attraction even for them, as it is concerned with events to which only students now give much attention, and with personages whose "footprints on the sands of time," in most instances, are already well-nigh obliterated. "In this book," says the venerable author, "will be found letters and memorials of no one now living." Mr. Coleridge's comments, however, are sometimes of great interest, especially when he is writing of immortals like Cardinal Manning, of whom he says:

He gave the impression of a consciously eminent ecclesiastic, who was determined to lift his Church into greatness in England by all means in his power. His appearance was ascetic, distinguished, and memorable; he was manifestly a man of direct nobility of life, and most lofty purpose. A great statesman for his Church, leading an austere and detached life as an example in every detail for the faithful in his community. A Prince of the Roman Church, fulfilling his august function so conspicuously and faultlessly that to the public eye he seemed to challenge a comparison with the more comfortably fed and sumptuously housed, or rather "palaced," prelates of the English hierarchy, which left them somewhat depressed, undistinguished, and rotund.

This is delightful, and goes to show that, if Mr. Coleridge is still capable of strong animosities, his sense of humor is not dulled.

The "wealthy cardinals" fiction seems likely to go the way of the obsolete "lazy monks." A few years ago, one member of the Sacred College, Cardinal Trippeti, died on a straw pallet, his only bed from the date of his receiving the red hat; and now Cardinal Respighi, Vicar-General of Rome, has passed away, leaving, instead of a will, a letter explaining that there was no need of a last will and testament, since he had nothing to bequeath. That simply means that all his revenues were distributed during his life for charitable purposes.

Notable New Books.

The Missions and Missionaries of California. By Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. Vol. III.: Upper California. Part II.: General History. With Numerous Illustrations and Fac-Similes. San Francisco: The James H. Barry Company.

The author of this monumental work, which promises to vie in interest with the "Jesuit Relations," is to be congratulated on his industry. While his first volume appeared in 1908, and four years elapsed before the publication of his second, the present handsome octavo of 663 pages has been prepared in less than a year. At this rate the complete work will be in the hands of its readers by 1916 or 1917. We need hardly repeat what we have already written of the interest and charm inherent in this detailed and itemized chronicle of the oldtime Padres, the perfume of whose virtues still lingers around the historic monuments of the Pacific slope. Reading these pages, even when one possesses a fairly adequate knowledge of American ecclesiastical history, gives much the same pleasure that a traveller in Europe, familiar with the more frequented routes, derives from excursions into unknown or neglected byways,—attractive scenes and peoples that have hitherto escaped his notice.

Section I. of the present volume deals with events from 1812 to 1830, during which period Fathers de Sarría and Payéras were, successively, *Comissario-Prefectos*; and Fathers Señán, Payéras, Durán, and Sánchez were *Presidentes*. Section II. brings the narrative down to 1836, Father Durán being once more the *Presidente* during this six-year period. Among the most interesting of the eleven appendices are: The Spanish Inquisition, Wealth of the Missions, Religious Orders and their Enemies, and Land Grants during the Mission Period.

History of Rome and the Popes in the Middle Ages. By Hartmann Grisar, S. J. Authorized English Translation. Edited by Luigi Capadelta. Vol. II. B. Herder.

In noticing, about two years ago, the initial volume of this admirable work, we remarked that it dealt with the general subject, "Rome at the Close of the Ancient World," and that a main division, "Rome at the Time of the Extinction of Heathenism," was left unfinished. In the present volume we have chapter vi (concluded) and chapter vii of that division; seven chapters of a second division, "Rome and the Popes during the Gothic Domination in

Italy"; and the beginning of a third division, "Rome, Byzantium, and the Ostrogoths at the Time of the Revival of the Empire in Italy." The Sovereign Pontiffs discussed throughout the book are the successors of Pope Damasus, from Siricius (384-399) to Vigilius (537-555); and the story of Rome is brought down to the twenty years' war in Italy, and the taking of the Eternal City by the Gothic King, Totila.

The concluding chapter of the first main division, under the caption "Roman Art and Culture in their Christian Development," is of exceptional interest, as will be seen from the following among other topics therein treated: Roman Basilicas and Public Worship; Old St. Paul's, Sta. Maria Maggiore, and Sta. Sabina; Rotundas and Allied Ecclesiastical Buildings; Mosaics in Rome; Painting and the Cemeteries; Early Christian Statues in Rome; and Sarcophagi in the Service of Art and of Christian Doctrine. The text descriptive of these different subjects is helped out by good illustrations, of which this volume contains eighty-nine.

The presswork has been well done; there are both a satisfactory table of contents and an adequate index; and, on the whole, this second volume measures well up to the standard of excellence set by the first.

Confessions of a Convert. By Robert Hugh Benson. (Second Notice.) Longmans, Green & Co.

Readers of *THE AVE MARIA* will recognize in this title the series of interesting and practically unique articles which appeared in our pages a few years ago, from the pen of this gifted convert. From an admission of the author in the preface, it proves to have been a wise thing that they were written when they were; for he declares that any attempt to add further "confessions" was rendered impossible by the fast-fading recollections which he had of his life in the Church of England. We can thoroughly understand that fact, because in the interval, short as it is, Father Benson has taken rank as a Catholic of the Catholics.

The previous outside life of such an ardent present "insider" must interest alike the psychologist and the student of the supernatural workings of grace. And there is a lesson in this book for all who have a thought for the meaning of life. It shows that, however Catholic one may be outside the Faith, nevertheless, there is but one true Church, in whose embrace alone the soul finds rest. It is a commentary, writ unmistakably, of the Catholic position that moral dispositions are all important in the preparation of the way for faith. And it is safe to say further that no romance of the many which the author has produced since

these "Confessions" first appeared surpasses them in sustained interest of narration or vivid perfection of style

The Practical Catechist. From the German of the Rev. James Nist. With an Introduction by the Rev. James Linden, S. J. Edited by the Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R. B. Herder.

A catechetical work written by a secular priest, very appreciatively introduced by one Jesuit, bearing a laudatory preface by another son of St. Ignatius (the Rev. M. Meschler, S. J.), and done into English by a Redemptorist, the present volume, a goodly one of 560 pages, scarcely needs any commendation other than what appears in its first few pages. It may be well, however, to note that one merit claimed for the author by each of his patrons is his possessing the rare art of becoming little with the little, of accommodating himself to their mind and heart and will, and of speaking their language with "wonderful transparency and graceful naturalness." As for the scope of the work, 226 pages are devoted to the Apostles' Creed, 140 pages to the Commandments, and 175 pages to the Sacraments. The editor states that Father Nist's method presupposes in the children a certain knowledge of Bible history; and that, in his editing, he has somewhat condensed the original work, and modified certain parts to suit the needs of children in the United States.

St. Lydwine of Schiedam, Virgin. By Thomas à Kempis. Translation and Introduction by Dom Vincent Scully, C. R. L. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

A twofold labor of love is "St. Lydwine of Schiedam"; for both the mediæval biographer, Thomas à Kempis, and the twentieth-century translator, Dom Vincent Scully, C. R. L., put their heart into their work. Indeed, on the latter's part, a pilgrimage to Holland and to the home of the saint was necessary to satisfy both devotion and the historical sense, each so evident in Dom Scully's interesting Introduction. Described as the "least original" of the works of Thomas à Kempis, because it was adapted by that saintly writer from an earlier Life, the present biography is a typical piece of mediæval hagiography. And it is a happy sign of the times that it now finds reissue. There is a reaction against the critical, psychological biography of a dozen years ago. After all, a saint is a saint.

"The Life of St. Lydwine of Schiedam" is the story of one of the most remarkable servants of God in the calendar; and it is related in those short chapters and that simple style so familiar and so dear to readers of "The Imitation."



A Little Medal of Our Lady.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

IN the far depths of the Amazon forests, where the wide-spreading river flows along like a silvery ribbon, there grow strange flowers, almost unearthly in beauty, their exquisite blooms heavy with a fragrance at once sweet and penetrating. Brilliant yet soft in color, these orchids are the wonder of botanists of every land; mysterious exotics of the tropical world, prized for their rarity and their wondrous grace as well as their beauty.

Years ago a prize was offered in France for the most remarkable orchid which could be found anywhere and brought to Paris to deck the altars of Notre Dame for some great feast. Botanists searched far and wide. Rare plants were sent from the Himalayas; Japanese orchids, pure as Fujiyama's snows; blossoms from swamp and tangle of woodland, each seeming more beautiful than the last. Many florists were interested; for the prize was sufficient to inspire cupidity, and all were desirous of excelling.

A young Frenchman, however, had even a greater incentive to gain the prize than any of his competitors. He was pious and devoted to Our Lady, and he was a great student. Interested in flowers and their habits for many years, he had read that curious orchids were to be found in the wilds of the Amazon; and he determined to seek the fairest orchid there, not only that he might win the prize offered, but that Our Lady's altar might be decorated most fittingly for the great feast. A friend who earnestly desired his success, lent him the money for his

passage to South America and return, besides giving him a beautiful gold medal of the Blessed Virgin, blessed by the Pope, to wear about his neck, thus insuring his protection and hoping for his safe home-coming through her motherly intercession.

The young botanist landed in South America and hurried to the banks of the great river, so broad, so majestic, as it flowed between its thickly wooded banks, that it inspired his mind with poetic reverence for the Creator of so much grandeur. "Ah, the God of Nature!" he exclaimed. "How can the people of cities properly realize the majesty and might of the Creator, dwelling as they do in the smoke-grimed creations of mere man! These woods, these vine-clambered trees, these flowers which, bloom in fragrant loveliness, are fresh from the hands of God, pure as heaven itself. I would love to dwell here, if only my duty were to worship my Maker in these solitudes."

The young Frenchman searched everywhere for a flower fair enough to outshine any brought by other seekers. He penetrated into the depths of the forests, through tangles of vines and roots, where the way was well-nigh impassable, but without success, until one day he met a strange Indian, unlike any he had yet encountered. The Indian demanded whence he came and whither he went, scowling fiercely, and seeming strangely hostile. The Frenchman said pleasantly:

"I am come from a land beyond the seas. I am in search of strange flowers, unlike any ever discovered by white man before. Perhaps you can help me to find such." And he smiled upon the Indian, wondering at his unfriendliness.

The Indian frowned more deeply, but finally said:

"Come with me. The chief of our tribe can show you many things."

The Frenchman followed him, and soon they reached an Indian village, quaint and interesting, well-nigh hidden in heavy growth of tropical trees which surrounded it. The chief listened to his story with incredulity, wondering why anyone should come such a distance for flowers.

"Flowers!" he scoffed. "One can find flowers anywhere. To travel here, far from the haunts of the white man! It was not for flowers you came, but for gold or something of evil purpose. We have suffered too much at the hands of white men. We know that they speak not the truth; and that they care only for gold or their own ill way. What shall be done to this intruder who comes to spy upon us?" he cried to the men of the tribe.

One and all answered:

"Kill him! Kill him! We will have no mercy upon spies."

They searched the Frenchman's pockets and knapsack for anything which might tell his real purpose, but found only what money he had—barely enough to carry him back to France. He made no resistance: it would have been useless. He only breathed a fervent prayer to the Blessed Virgin to save him from his enemies. And the chief, looking somewhat surprised, said:

"Is this all your gold?"

The traveller opened his lips to answer in the affirmative when suddenly he recalled the gold medal which lay upon his breast. It had been the sole companion of his wanderings. To these savages it would be only a piece of gold, but he could not tell a falsehood and endeavor to conceal it. Silently he opened his shirt and showed the tiny medal about his neck. The savages pressed forward to see it, and looked from one to the other in surprise. The chief nodded his head.

"This man will not lie to save his life," he said. "He speaks the truth about even his gold. Perhaps he has spoken truly

about his intention in coming here for flowers. Let us see if we can find what he wants; for since he does not deceive, but tells the truth, his heart must be white. He is worthy to receive the hospitality of our tribe."

The Indians returned his gold pieces, gave him food, and beautiful blankets to wrap himself in; and, because it grew chill and dark with the coming night, they made a fire of sweet-smelling wood, and bade him rest in slumber upon a bed of boughs. This he did; and when the morning sun broke in splendor over the rippling river, turning its silver waves to rose and crimson and gold, he woke to find the tribe his friends. Old and young went abroad and searched the woods and jungles, returning with their arms laden with the rarest blossoms he had ever seen. They were orchids of the most wonderful kinds, unlike anything to be found in Europe, and of such great size, fragrance, and strange, unearthly tropical beauty that he felt sure one of them would win the prize.

Thanking his Indian friends, the Frenchman carefully packed his precious treasures and returned home. He was in time for the festival; and, to his great happiness, he learned that one of his orchids had been awarded the prize. The five hundred francs was his, and his Amazonian orchid bloomed in fragrant loveliness upon the altar of Our Lady.

Kneeling in rapture of soul before her lovely statue, he breathed forth in prayer his thanks for her intercession and protection, and vowed his life henceforth to the service of her Son. He returned straightway to the Amazon, and thereafter gave his life to the conversion of his Indian friends. Beloved of all who dwelt within the wilds, he labored for their conversion to the true Faith, that all might know the God and Lady Mary whose medal he wore. And they called the "black robe," whom they all loved dearly, "Monsieur of the white heart of a flower."

Sandani's Plane Tree.

About the time when Xerxes, King of the Persians, was meditating the conquest of Greece—that is, some five hundred years before the beginning of the Christian era,—there lived in the province of Lydia, Asia Minor, a widow named Dicea, whose son was called Sandani.

Dicea was getting very old; her health was delicate, and she could hardly drag herself about the house. Fortunately, Sandani was a good son, loving his mother tenderly. He cared for all her wants, did the household work, and, moreover, cultivated the little farm—or, rather, plot of land—left him by his father. The land was anything but fertile. Why? Because fruit and plants can not get on without the beneficent action of the rays of the sun. Now, the greater part of Sandani's land, situated near the royal highway, was under the shadow of a colossal plane tree. People in that part of the country said that the tree was a contemporary of our first parents. Its trunk was like a veritable tower; it rose to a great height, and at a distance resembled the dome of some splendid cathedral. Up from its roots there bubbled a delicious spring of ice-cold water.

Accordingly, because of the plane tree, Dicea and Sandani were poor. Yet they loved the tree, and were proud of its beauty. If it hurt their crops, it made their little cottage so exquisitely cool and fresh that they were the envy of their neighbors; for the district was a dry, hot, and shadeless one. The roads stretched out under a burning sun; and, whether one looked north or south, no water or verdure was visible. That is one reason why Dicea and her son stuck to their tree. Another was the dying advice of Sandani's father:

"Never give up the plane tree. I feel that it will one day bring you happiness. But, I warn you, beware of Philes the one-eyed!"

Philes was a wealthy farmer, of a cruel

and dishonest character. As his house was exposed to the full force of the sun's heat, he passionately desired to own the plane tree, in order to build a residence beneath its shade. So one day he visited Sandani, and said:

"Look here! That plane tree is ruining you. On its account you are half starving. Now, I take an interest in you; and, although your little property here is really worthless, I'm willing to give you something for it. Do you want to sell?"

Sandani shook his head and replied that he did not. Philes insisted, but it was useless. Then he grew angry, and shouted as he went off:

"You'll repent of your refusal, my boy! Be sure of that!"

From that day the envious farmer did everything in his power to bother the widow and her son,—quarrelled with them without any reason, and humiliated them by mocking their poverty and misery. The poor owners of the plane tree finally grew accustomed to his hatred, and were just about to enjoy that sort of peace which comes from resignation to any hardship, when a new trouble, and a terrible one, threatened to overwhelm them. From the farthest East came King Xerxes with a million soldiers. He wanted a still larger army; and, resolved to crush the bravery of the Greeks by sheer force of numbers, he enlisted as he went along all the youth of Asia. It was said that he would soon reach Lydia, and that Artabazus, the Governor of Sardis, the capital, had received orders to designate beforehand those who should join the army.

It was no false report. Artabazus rode out from the city one morning, visiting village after village and hamlet after hamlet, stopping at even the poorest cabins. Whenever he found a well-set-up man or a sturdy youth, he said: "Hold yourself ready." And his secretary inscribed the conscript's name. It mattered not that the inscribing often meant inevitable want and disaster to the

family thus deprived of its breadwinner. The king willed it, so all was said.

About midday the Governor arrived at the plane tree, and forthwith entered the miserable cottage of the widow and her son. Alas! what indignance was apparent! And what sorrow! Seated on a pile of dried leaves, Dicea, trembling with fever, was coughing piteously. Artabazus was moved to compassion. Approaching Sandani and pointing to Dicea, he inquired:

"Is she sick?"

"Yes, sir,—always sick."

"Who looks after her?"

"Nobody but me."

"And if you were not here?"

"Oh, if I were not here! Poor mother!"

There was silence for a moment while the Governor reflected. Then he went out abruptly, saying to his secretary:

"Never mind inscribing this young fellow. I exempt him from military service."

Never did so few words cause more happiness. As though awaking from a terrible dream, mother and son once more breathed freely. The son was not a coward by any means; and, had he been alone in the world, would gladly have become a soldier. But, knowing that Dicea could not long survive his departure, he rejoiced at being allowed to stay at home. All the neighbors commented on his good luck, and they congratulated him—all but Philes. That envious mortal looked upon the exemption of Sandani as a personal injury to himself.

"A nice business!" he told himself. "What was Artabazus thinking about? Exempting the sick or the infirm is all well enough, but that Sandani should be marching with the other new recruits. His going would have suited me tiptop, too; for either he would never have come back, or would have remained away for a good many years. In the meantime Dicea would have died; and then, in the absence of legitimate heirs, I should have come into possession of the land, the

spring, and the plane tree; would have built my residence on the ruins of their cottage. Sandani, why can't I have you sent to Greece!"

After a day or two of reflections like the foregoing, the one-eyed farmer formed a plan, and set out for the city to work it. Gaining access to the Governor, he told him that Dicea was only shamming sickness; and that, anyway, if she were really ill, she had any amount of money to procure attendance in the absence of Sandani. "They have a whole chest of gold hidden near that great plane tree of theirs," he concluded. "I know, for I have seen it."

Thinking that Sandani had deceived him, the Governor sent a messenger back to the cottage to inform the young man that the King would pass the next day and that Sandani was to join the troops without fail.

"But he himself told me to remain here," protested the youth.

"I know nothing about that," replied the messenger. "The sure thing is that now he commands you to go; and you had better be ready."

It was a long and sorrowful night in the cottage. Sandani was in despair, and old Dicea, as she looked up to the stars, could only murmur:

"It will not be my son who will close my eyes."

The next day broke in splendor,—not a cloud visible, and not the suspicion of a breeze from any quarter; a bad lookout for any one crossing the plains, as it would surely be a hot day. And about noon, it *was* hot, almost insufferably so. Such at least was the opinion of Xerxes, as, seated in a chariot at the head of his immense army, he proceeded toward Sardis. Accustomed to living within the walls of his palace or out in his artificially cooled gardens, Xerxes suffered so much that day from the furnace-like intensity of the heat that his bodyguard actually thought he would die. They fanned him, but to little purpose. Half-suffocating, he

dreamed of and wished for two things only: a little fresh water and a halt under a tree. But there was no spring visible, and no tree either. The ruler of Asia groaned as they told him, and he began to think that his last hour was near, when Artabazus, the Governor, chanced to ride up, and, hearing the monarch's complaint and seeing his agitation, said to him:

"My dear Prince, take courage. We shall soon reach a plane tree that is the pride of this whole country. It spreads out under the heavens like the tent of a giant, and there is a cool fountain at its foot."

The horses pressed forward, the plane tree was reached, and Xerxes was lifted from his chariot and set down upon the mossy undergrowth near the spring. At first he seemed almost lifeless; but the fresh air revived him, his suffering vanished, and, opening his eyes, he gazed up at the wide and lofty green vault above him.

"Beautiful tree!" he exclaimed. "It has saved my life." Then he murmured: "I'm thirsty."

Dicea and her son both ran to fill one of their earthen jars with the delightfully cool spring water, and the King drank long and eagerly. When he finished, he said to Sandani:

"Does this plane tree belong to you, my friend?"

"Yes, my lord, it is mine, the inheritance of my father."

"Then you are rich. That jar you hold will be filled with gold pieces by my treasurers. On the site of your cottage you will build a neat house for yourself and your good mother—"

"Alas! I must leave home,—must go with your army, my lord!"

"No, no! You must stay here, and guard this tree which has to-day surely saved the life of your King."

Sandani and his mother were so overjoyed at their good fortune that all the bystanders sympathized with them,—all

but the one-eyed Philes, of course. He had come to witness the separation of widow and son, and this turn of affairs made him very sad. Artabazus noticed him, remembered the story he had told him, and called him to one side.

"Now, my man," said the Governor, "since you know the hiding-place of Sandani's gold, you'll be good enough to show it to me right away."

Philes began to worry, and stammered out:

"To-morrow—later on—give me a little time."

"Don't try to fool me. Show me the place at once, or get out of this province of Lydia for good. Never let your face be seen here again."

The one-eyed man did not reply. Foaming with rage and disappointment, he went home, put all his money in a belt which he wore around his waist, took a staff in his hand, and started on the road to Exile.

An Illustrious House.

Pope Sixtus V., on account of his humble origin, was the subject of much derision from his enemies. "They do not know," he said gently, "that they speak the truth when they say I was born of an illustrious house. But it is so. The sunbeams could easily find their way through the broken walls and roof of my father's hut, making it indeed illustrious."

This saying of the good Pontiff is one which the peasants of Italy are fond of repeating to their children.

Puzzled.

"**D**OES God go home in the summer time?"

A little girl asked one day;

"They've closed our church since the 1st of June,
And the minister's gone away.

"I can't understand why God should leave
In the long, dry summer heat,
When He lives all year and waits and waits
In that church across the street."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A translation of "Les Contes Moralises de Nicole Bozon, Frère Mineur," a Norman-French MS. of the fourteenth century, is among new English publications.

—Dr. W. H. Grattan-Flood is about to publish, with Introduction and notes, the "Selected Songs and Airs of Turlogh O'Carolan," the famous Irish bard.

—"The Oxford Movement," by Mr. Wilfrid Ward; and "Mediæval Communism," by Fr. Bede Jarrett, O. P., are new additions to Messrs. Jacks' People's Books series.

—Although a sympathizer to some extent with the French Revolution, the author of a new book, entitled "The Abbé Edgeworth and His Friends," pays cordial tribute to the saintly and intrepid cousin of Maria Edgeworth who gave the last rites to Louis XVI. and accompanied him to the scaffold.

—Even the unlearned in natural history will find "A Naturalist in Cannibal Land," just published by Fisher Unwin, most readable, and enjoy the spirit of adventure it exhibits. The author, Mr. A. S. Meek, tells of finding a native boy in New Guinea who was able to call up the birds with their own notes.

—For general school use, a better selection than Cromwell, "England's Uncrowned King," might have been made for the Little Lives of Great Men series, published by Rand-McNally & Co. One's eyebrows seldom are raised higher than over such a statement as that found on page fifty-four to the effect that "the Catholics of that island [Ireland] began a terrible slaughtering and torturing of the Protestants." As a business proposition, the publishers ought to realize that any price asked for a publication containing such an assertion as this would be excessive.

—The latest issue in the series "Doctrine Explanations" to reach us is one which treats of "Communion of Saints, Prayer, Purgatory, Indulgences," and has an appendix on Sacramentals. We continue to be surprised at the uniform excellence of these publications of the Sisters of Notre Dame. As to the grasp of Catholic doctrine and its presentation—in logical division, that is, and necessary distinctions,—they would do credit to a college of theologians; while their general scheme is so simple as to be within the grasp of all. First is given the "Penny Catechism" statement of the doctrines to be explained; then there follow, on opposite

pages, questions and answers designed to bring out the full meaning of the points of Catholic truth considered. Published by R. & T. Washbourne, London; and for sale in the United States by Benziger Brothers.

—The announcement is made that the sketches and reminiscences which have appeared in the *Month* under the title of "Gracechurch Papers," by John Ayscough, will be published soon in book form by Longmans, Green & Co.

—The commune of Florence has put up inscriptions from the "Divina Commedia" to mark all the places there mentioned, as well as the sites where stood the houses of the families of whom Dante speaks. These inscriptions have been collected in a dainty parchment-bound volume, just published by Messrs. Seeber of Florence.

—"A Mass in Honor of St. John the Evangelist" and "A Mass in Honor of St. Peter the Apostle," by R. S. Keyzer, are easy, melodious, and devotional. Each is accompanied with an authorized English version, well adapted for unison singing, and is therefore a step in the right direction toward congregational singing. Published by J. Fischer & Bro.

—Concerning "The Wedding Bells of Glendalough," by Michael Earls, S. J. (Benziger Brothers), it may be well to state that the proper name in the title represents, not an Irish town or district, but an American Catholic college. Father Earls has written a very good novel, but it would have been a still better one had he allowed the action to run on untrammelled, without intimating that many strange developments are to occur. So much being said in the reviewer's self-defence, let it be added that the story is really interesting, its tone uniformly elevating, its philosophy as well as its theology notably sound, and its moral—the abiding impression which survives its perusal—entirely salutary. It should have a place in all our lending libraries.

—"The Book of Hymns with Tunes," edited by S. G. Ould, O. S. B., and W. Sewell, is well produced by Carey & Co., of London, and bears the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Edinburgh. The book follows the liturgical year, and offers a number of hymns for the seasons of Advent, Christmas, etc.; hymns for special occasions, the Common and Proper of Saints, hymns at Low Mass, also the Ordinary of the Mass in Latin. A distinctive feature of this hymnal is that the words are not printed under the score.

This may, perhaps, prove less distracting, as children learn tunes by ear. For sale by Edward Schuberth & Co., New York.

—Reviewing the latest instalment of Ralph Waldo Emerson's Journals, an English critic refers to him as "a prophet preaching in the wilderness of commercialism and materialism. His times are like our times; and the only difference is, perhaps, that prophets are rarer and feebler in the new century,"—more pessimistic, too. Emerson was no pessimist. He does not spare men whose energies are wholly devoted to trade, but he holds that commercialism results in uncommercialism, and that commonplace society may produce scholars and poets. To quote:

A nation is dedicated to trade for some centuries; that occupies the vast majority of men every day for all that long duration. Yet the last day is not more elevated than the first day, and can not command our respect. But, as they grow rich, some men of leisure and study are formed, some men of taste appear; by the very indignation at the general meanness and hurry, some souls are driven into a secluded and sublime way of thinking; these invent arts and sciences, these pray and sing and carve and build. . . .

Men toil and sweat, earn money, save, consent to servile compliance,—all to raise themselves out of the necessity of being menial and overborne. For this they educate their children to expiate their own shortcomings. Art, libraries, colleges, churches, attest the respect to what is ulterior—to theism, to thought, which superexist by the same elemental necessity as flame above fire.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Missions and Missionaries of California."

Vol. III. (Upper California.) Part II. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. \$2.75, net.

"History of Rome and the Popes in the Middle Ages." Vol. II. Hartmann Grisar, S. J. \$4.50.

"St. Lydwine of Schiedam, Virgin." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.10.

"Confessions of a Convert." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.25.

"The Practical Catechist." Rev. James Nist. \$1.75.

"The Wedding Bells of Glendalough." Michael Earls, S. J. \$1.35, net.

"The Mighty Friend." Pierre L'Ermite. \$1.50.

"The Westminster Hymnal." (Words.) 20 cts.

"Holy Communion." Mgr. de Gibergues. 81 cts.

"A White-Handed Saint." Olive Katherine Parr. \$1.25.

"The Way of the Cross, and Other Verses." Dismas. 50 cts.

"Gospel Verses for Holy Communion." A Sister of Notre Dame. 10 cts.

"The Cause of Beatification of the Little Flower of Jesus." Mgr. R. de Teil. 75 cts.

"Levia Pondera." John Ayscough. \$1.75.

"St. Rita of Cascia." Rev. Thomas McGrath. 30 cts.

"The Fountains of the Saviour." Rev. John O'Rourke, S. J. 50 cts.

"The Heart of Revelation." Rev. Francis Donnelly, S. J. 50 cts.

"Three Years in the Libyan Desert." J. C. Ewald Falls. \$4.50.

"Outlines for Conferences to Young Women." Abbé M. F. Blanchard. 40 cts.

"Our Lady in the Liturgy." Dom Michael Barrett, O. S. B. \$1.10.

"Confessions of a Convert." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.25.

"Pioneers of the Cross in Canada." Dean Harris. \$1.50.

"Cedar Chips." 50 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HBB., xiii, 3.

Rev. D. W. Murphy, of the diocese of Monterey; Rev. F. A. Spencer, O. P.; Rev. S. V. Haire, C. M.; and Rev. Rufus Duff, S. J.

Brother Albert, C. S. C.

Sister M. Alacoque (Riordan), of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. James Hayden, Mr. Edward Bauer, Mr. Charles Daunoy, Mr. John Tomey, Capt. Joseph Edwards, Mrs. Catherine Coffey, Mr. Joseph Heim, Mr. Peter Dienhart, Mrs. J. O'Hearn, Mrs. Anna O'Neill, Mr. John Thro, Mrs. E. C. Donnelly, Mr. John Shepard, Miss Sarah A. McCue, Mr. Arthur Schmidt, Mrs. Catherine Coughlin, Mr. L. D. Philibert, Mrs. Martin Walsh, Mr. Albert Hromatka, Mr. William Canavan, Miss Gertude Kuehl, Mr. John Kiley, Miss G. M. Baier, Mr. Daglin Flynn, Miss Anna Weir, Mrs. Lucy E. Mulligan, and Mr. Louis Frey.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)





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Ave Maria.

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